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Drawn by F. Dielman for HARPER'S CHRISTMAS, 1882.

DECORATING THE CHURCH FOR CHRISTMAS.

[See *Editor's Easy Chair*.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXCI.—DECEMBER, 1882.—Vol. LXVI.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

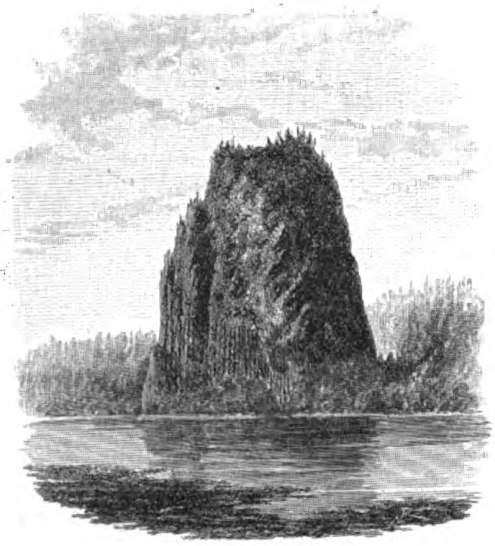
THE early completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad from its eastern connections across the Territories to its western terminus on the Pacific Ocean will establish for tourists and travellers rapid communication with the northwestern corner of the United States—Oregon and Washington Territory. The Columbia River will then become known to others than the student of geography as the largest river emptying into the Pacific Ocean from the American continent, and second only to the Mississippi in length and volume. Some writer has aptly called this the Achilles of rivers; and judging by its vigorous beauty and strength, the appellation is well bestowed, and as that ancient hero of history and song was vulnerable only in the heel, the weak point of the Columbia is said to be at its mouth. The fountains of the Yellowstone region, or National Park, give birth to the triad of great rivers of the United States—the Missouri, Columbia, and Colorado. The mountain-bound lakes of the Kootenay region of British America supply the Clarke's Fork, or main Columbia, with its pellucid waters; and the crooked, tortuous Snake drains the rills and springs of Northern Nevada, and collects the melting snows of the highest peaks of Utah and Wyoming.

The great plain of the Columbia, now a vast grain and grass growing country, received all these waters, and before the Columbia forced its passage through the enormous rent or chasm across the Cascade Mountains, was the bed of an inland lake or sea. These mountains, a continuation of the Sierra Nevada chain, bound this plain on the west, and the Bitter Root and Blue mountains encircle the eastern and southern horizons. The great plain of the Columbia is a vast grazing and farming country. Its natural garment is bunch-grass, the most nutritious of the wild grasses, which grows in the greatest luxuriance and abundance on level ground and steepest slopes alike. This domain of forty thousand square miles belongs to the people of the United States—and the Northern Pacific Railroad. The settler can select a farm, not for the asking, but for the filing, or by purchase of the railroad on easy terms.

Timber there is none except on the mountain ranges; a few willows and cottonwoods fringe the banks of watercourses, the bottoms of gulches, and ravines. Westward from the Cascade Mountains, as far as the eye can reach toward the coast, is a wilderness of forest, covering a broken and diversified country. Snake River has cut its channel deep down through the hard basaltic walls, and its course is impeded by many rocky rapids. After reaching the Columbia, the traveller can enjoy all the comforts of modern travel by rail or on well-appointed steamboats. The navigation of the Upper Columbia and Snake rivers is difficult but not dangerous, though to one unaccustomed to swift water it seems perilous and well-nigh impossible to control a steamboat threading the narrow channel of wild, whirling waters among the black and threatening rocks. Our stern-wheel boat creeps along up stream close to the banks, taking advantage of every eddy, now shooting across to an eddy on the opposite shore, then boldly attacks the rapids. Presently the swiftest water is reached, the race of the rapid. Now commences what Western steamboat men call "bucking"; the wheel flies round fast enough, and there is a great kicking up of water behind, and a tremendous exhaust of steam. But the boat stands still, then draws back inch by inch, and we hold our breath with suspense. But a steady hand and nerve at the wheel

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CASTLE ROCK.

hold her balanced in the flying current like a bird poised on the wing, and soon a rapid feeding of the voracious furnace furnishes the required power. The steam index goes up five, ten, fifteen pounds, and inch by inch the rapid is passed, and we relieve our feelings by a long breath.

Until a few years since stock-raising was the principal industry of the great treeless region of Eastern Oregon and Washington; but it has now been demonstrated that wheat of the best quality can be surely and successfully grown over a large area of the country, and that, too, as cheaply as anywhere in the world. The bunch-grass, unlike the prairie-grass of the Western States, forms no sod or turf, does not need "breaking," and the first ploughing will produce a crop.

We ask if it is profitable. Hitherto transportation charges consequent upon the many handlings at the different portages have not left much margin of profit to the producer. The Columbia, open on a tidal level from the ocean to the Cascades, is there obstructed by the first cataract, a fall of twenty-five or thirty feet, which is passed by a railroad portage of six miles, necessitating the handling of grain twice, from boat to car. Another stretch of river reaches to the Dalles, the second cataract, passed by a rail portage fifteen miles long, requiring again the twice handling of grain, making, with the transfer at each end from warehouse to ship, at least six handlings. The expense of these numerous transshipments is being rapidly reduced. The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company have already completed a line of rails from the Dalles to Walla Walla, and are constructing feeders in all directions from the main artery to tap the grain-growing country. They are also rapidly building from the Dalles down to the Cascades, and preparing their line from the latter place down the river to Portland. The Northern Pacific are also pushing with great energy their continental line from the mouth of Snake River eastward toward Lake Pend Oreille and the pass of the Bitter Root Mountains. The great need of all new countries, the railroad, will soon supply the rapid transportation of all that a new country wants. Transportation charges have already been reduced where railroad connections have cheapened the handling, and the whole farming and grain-growing interest has brightened up at the encouraging prospects of the near future. One is astonished to see the immense numbers of farming and harvesting implements and machinery, in all their glory of fresh red and green paint, crowding the boats and trains on their way to the front of civilization.

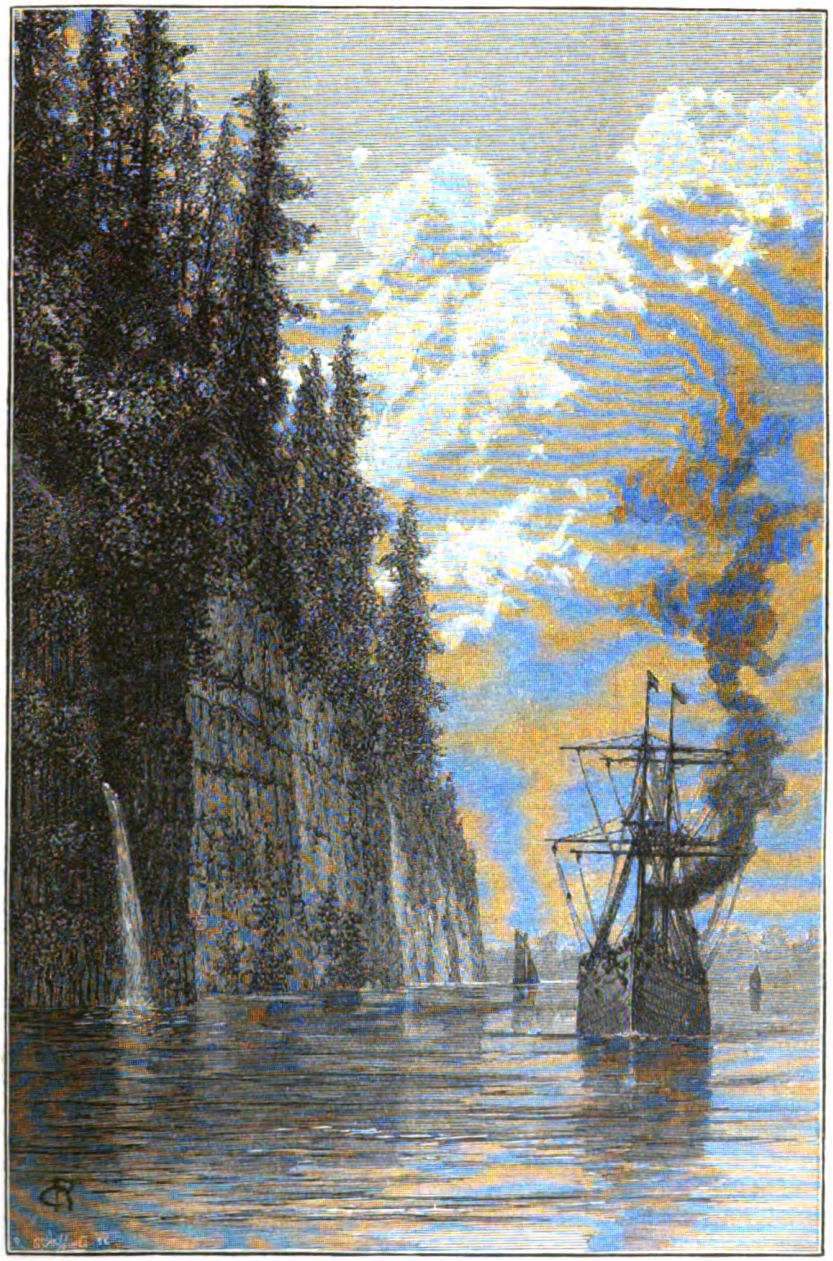
And yet this country has barely been wrested from the control of the Indian, and he still makes spasmodic attempts to check the overpowering flood of whites. Let us not suppose that all the advantages are on the side of the farmer, for there are some drawbacks and disadvantages which prevent a man from being an optimist. To enumerate some of these, we will find that water is not abundant, and often of poor quality, and the absence of forest growth makes lumber expensive.

The winds blow with great force in the summer months, and carry clouds of sand and dust flying through the air. The nights on the highest lands are cool, and occasional frosts are liable to occur. Nothing, however, seems to prevent the growth of wheat, one season's crop often taxing the carrying capacity of boats and trains to the utmost.

Walla Walla has been formerly the centre of the grain-farming interest, and private enterprise constructed a narrow-gauge railroad from there to the Columbia, thirty-five miles. This road has been changed to the standard gauge. We find Walla Walla a thriving, busy town of several thousand inhabitants, its streets thronged with wagons and horses. The

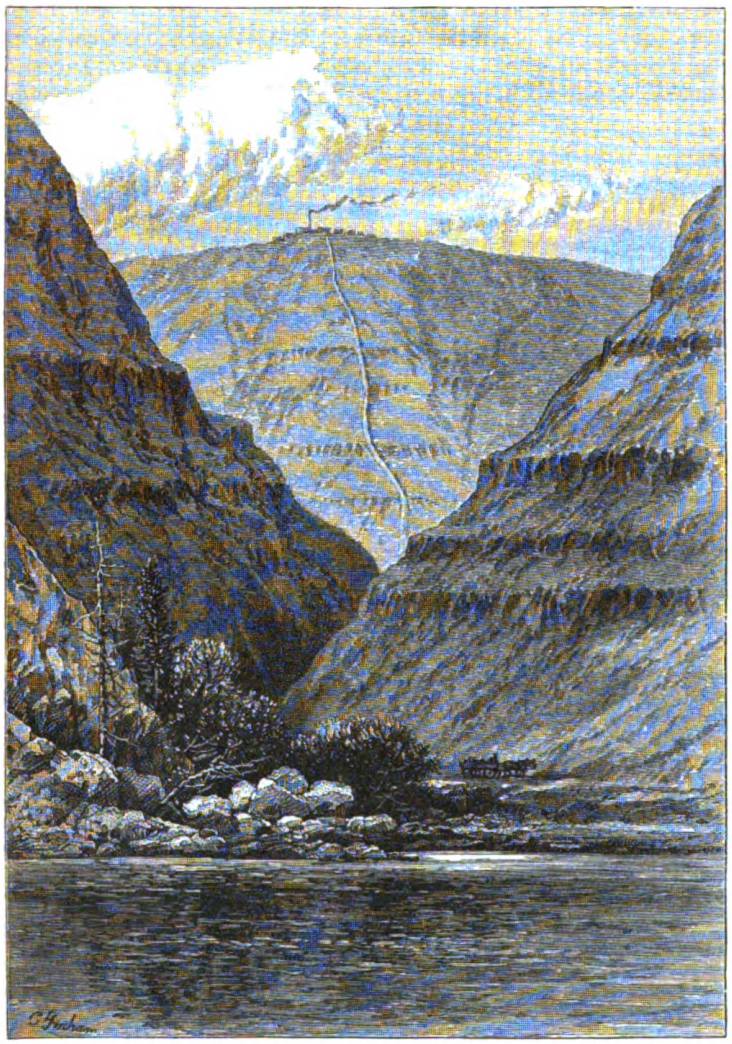
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stage still dashes along the dusty street under the tall poplar-trees, and the prairie schooner, or large lumbering freight wagon, unknown to Eastern residents, looms up in the distance of the country roads. The fort, or military post, of the same name as the town, is on a pretty little elevated plateau a short distance from the village, and the regimental band can be heard playing every evening at sunset. The post is garrisoned by one regiment of cavalry, and is one of the handsomest frontier posts in the West. The services of the army are still needed to subdue the insurrections of the Indian tribes; the war with the Bannocks and Nez Percé tribes, the flying settlers, devastated homes, herds and flocks ruthlessly slaughtered, with pursuing troopers following fast over mountain and plain, attest the necessity of a strong military force for the protection of the pioneer. Since the completion



BASALTIC CLIFFS ABOVE CATHLAMET, ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

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GRAIN PIPE ON SNAKE RIVER.

of the railroad from the Dalles to Walla Walla, but few steamboats ply upon the Upper Columbia and Snake rivers. The head of navigation on the Columbia is Priest's Rapids, forty-five miles above its confluence with the Snake. Lewiston, at the junction of the Clearwater and Snake, is the head of navigation on that stream, three hundred and fifty miles from the ocean. The scenery on the river is grand and peculiar, perpendicular or terraced walls of reddish-brown basalt, carved by the elements into architectural forms of great regularity and beauty, like the mullions and flying-buttresses of some great Gothic temple, tower upward a thousand feet above the water's edge. The rounded summits are covered with bunch-grass and the ubiquitous sage; cattle and sheep can barely be discerned, clinging like ants to the steepest slopes. Long trains of Indians, driving their ponies and dragging their camps, file along the perilous trails high up the frowning cliffs. The general surface of the country being so high above the river level, it is not practicable to construct roads except at certain points. At one point is seen a novel expedient in shipping grain. From the summit of a hill twelve or fifteen hundred feet high a wooden pipe has been constructed down the steep slope of the hill for a thousand feet or more, to a point below where a road can be brought. The grain is deposited in bulk at the mouth of this tube, and pours into a bin at the bottom, where it is sacked and hauled to the river.

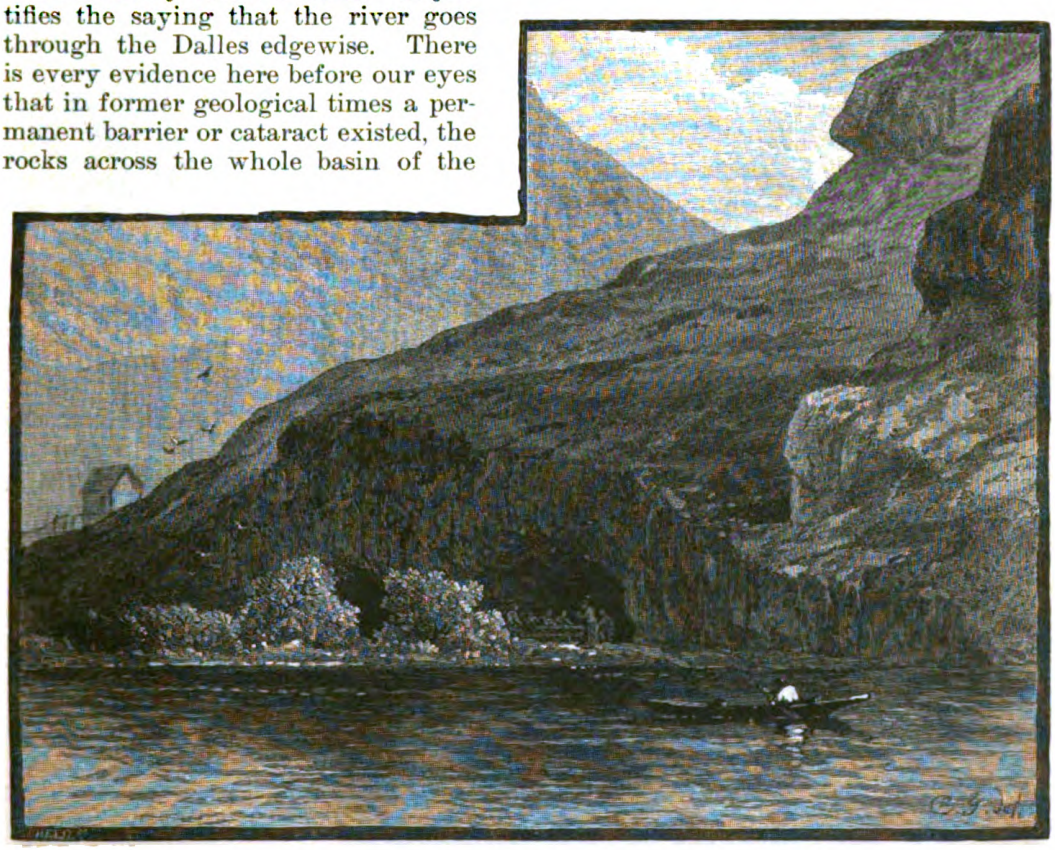
At many points on the river we pass the ferries — flat-bottomed scows decked over, propelled across the rapid current by the water acting diagonally against the side of the boat. A twisted wire cable is suspended from shore to shore, sometimes over high tripods, and again from the solid rocky banks. Sheaves run along this cable, to which the boat is secured by blocks and tackle. They are quite expeditious and effective, but not very safe unless carefully and skillfully handled.

The scenery soon ceases to interest us by the constant repetition of similar forms along a hundred miles of river. It would puzzle any one but a steamboat pilot to make out from the landscape in what particular part of the river he happened to be. Our attention is called to a large open-mouthed cave in the face of the cliffs on the south bank of the river, and noticing a row of children seated against the walls, we are surprised to learn that the cave is utilized as a summer school-house—Na-

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ture's temple of learning. The land bordering the Upper Columbia is nearly worthless, sand and gravel forming the soil, while, strange as it may seem, the best soil is on the highest hills and rolling ridges.

The Dalles of the Columbia, as named by the old French voyageurs and trappers, is a remarkable place, and will well repay us to stop and examine it. The whole volume of water flows through a narrow channel of unknown depth, across which one can easily throw a stone. It justifies the saying that the river goes through the Dalles edgewise. There is every evidence here before our eyes that in former geological times a permanent barrier or cataract existed, the rocks across the whole basin of the river high above the highest water level being stripped of soil, and gullied by the action of rapid water. After the river has passed the Dalles, it flows onward as serenely as though all its troubles were over. For forty-five miles, to the upper Cascades, it resembles more a long, placid lake, and from the strange appearance of a forest of large fir stumps several miles above the Cascades standing broken off in the water, it is apparent that the river stands at a higher level than at no very distant day past. It is well known that the Douglas fir will die when its roots are submerged with water, and to account for this forest of broken stumps we are forced to take either the hypothesis that the land sank below the water-level, or that the obstruction at the Cascades has been raised, perhaps by an immense avalanche of rocks from the mountain-sides of the gorge. The Cascades are formed by a great ledge of solid rock with large bowlders obstructing the current which it has not the power to remove. The mountain-sides along the Cascades are a wilderness of broken crags to the summits, three thousand feet high. The unbroken forest which extends over Western Oregon crosses the Cascade Mountains, gradually becoming thinner, until at the Dalles, the eastern base of the mountains, the great army of pines is represented only by outposts, pickets, and skirmishers. The two portions of Oregon and Washington lying respectively east and west of the Cascade range are as dissimilar in all distinctive features of climate and character as can be conceived : the former, hot, dry, sandy, and entirely barren of forest growth, ex-



A SUMMER SCHOOL-HOUSE ON SNAKE RIVER.

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MOUNT HOOD AND THE COLUMBIA RIVER BOTTOM.

cept on the mountain-summits; the latter, cool, moist, and densely covered with coniferous forests and deciduous trees from the mountain-top to the water's edge. In the former, trees must be planted and raised with care; in the latter, when a clearing is made, constant vigilance is required to prevent the encroachments of the primeval forest from which it has been wrested. Undoubtedly the abundance of timber in one section will compensate for the poverty in the other. West of the mountains the settler looks upon a fir-tree as his natural enemy; when he has cut it down, his troubles have commenced. The settler on the plains would regard it as a friend in need.

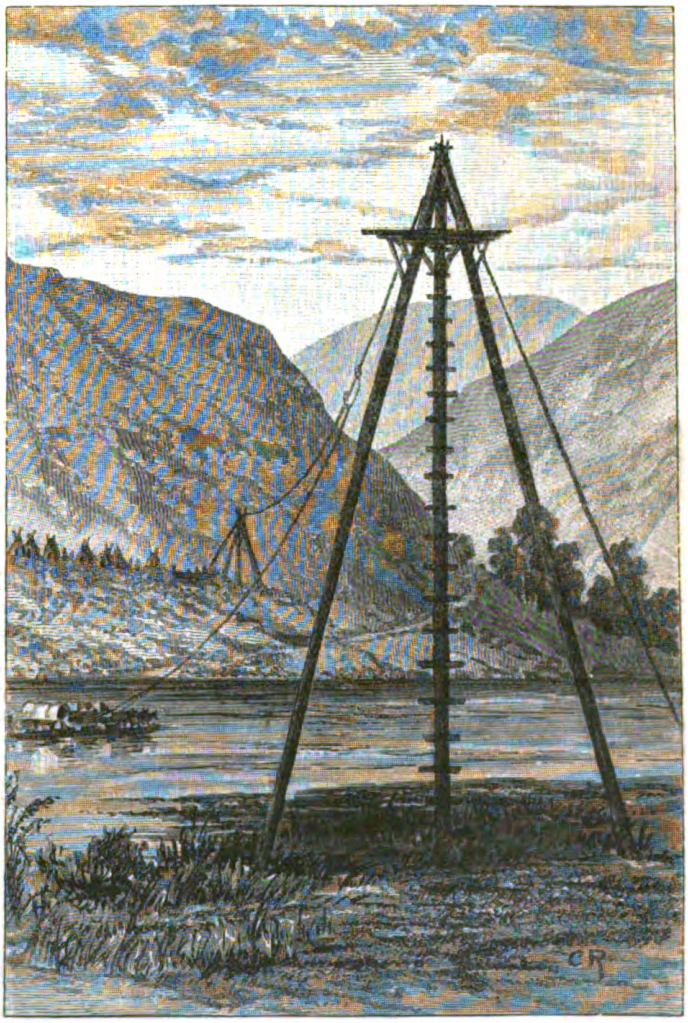
If the Upper Columbia is barren of beauty to lovers of picturesque scenery, the passage of the river from the Dalles to Vancouver, through the heart of the Cascade Mountains, is a panorama of magnificent pictures. The grand towering peak of Mount Hood, its icy slopes and glaciers glistening in the sun, pierces the blue vault over the southern horizon. Our

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gaze constantly returns to his hoary summit, and we find ourselves silently worshipping, overpowered with a sense of littleness in contemplating his enormous bulk. Rising from the summit of the mountain range, with majestic sweeping outlines gradually growing steeper and steeper toward the apex of the cone, like a silhouette his form is set against the empyrean blue. The morning sun, rising behind his vast bulk, casts the whole mountain in one unbroken tint of tender, pearly gray; the early mists around his base enhance the beauties they conceal. At midday, when the clouds born in the gorges round his feet have risen, their shadows chase each other across his face, now dark against the glistening fields of snow, now lost in the shadow of some gloomy gorge. At sunset, when the sky takes on the gold and purple haze, the mountain glows in hues of gold and carmine like a ruby in the eastern sky. Ever-changing, sometimes sad and cold, sometimes bright and airy, like the different moods of woman, but always grand and glorious, we turn our gaze reluctantly away, to feel, in the words of the prophet, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" Opposite Mount Hood stands Mount Adams, looming up against the northern sky; both stretch out their long mountain ridges, like arms, to bar the passage of the river.

The Columbia, at the Cascades, narrowed to half its width, dashes down the rapids in a rush of wild waters, resembling in a manner the rapids of Niagara. The river approaches the lip of the cataract as placid and calm as a lake, its surface dotted here and there with many a tufted rocky islet. Our steamboat approaches at full speed, and swings round to her moorings with the greatest confidence, while a few hundred yards below the angry water is lashing its rocky shores and leaping high over the submerged rocks. The government is building locks on the Oregon side to enable steamboats to pass up to the Dalles.

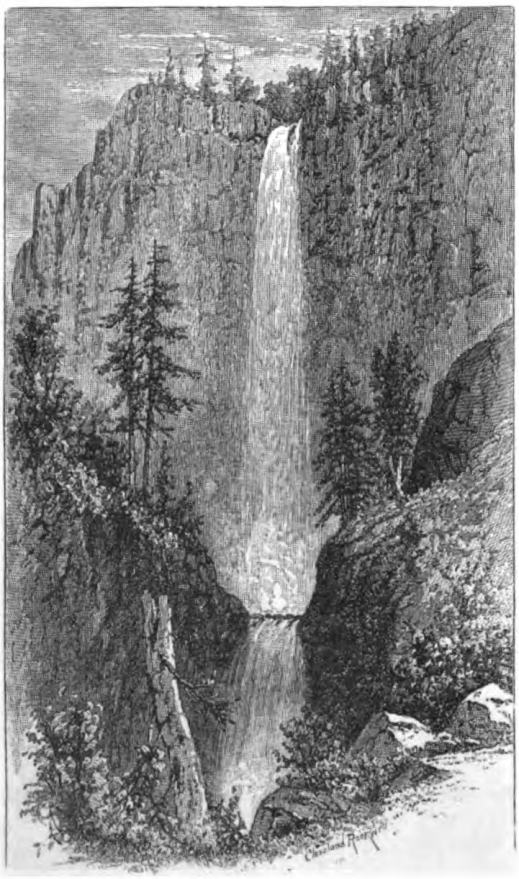
As we pass up and down the river in the early part of May, the scene is a succession of grand and lovely surprises. The cottonwoods along the shores have just donned their spring vesture of tender green; the delicate quaking aspens stand in groups and fringes, their round leaves quivering with the lightest breath of air.



WIRE-ROPE FERRY ON SNAKE RIVER.

Above, the forests of pines and firs with sombre foliage fill the ravines, and stand boldly out on every peak and crag. The tops of the precipitous cliffs are lost in the fleecy clouds, while gleams of sunshine here and there bring out with vivid whiteness the snow still lingering on the north-

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MULTNOMAH FALL.

ern slopes. Crystal cascades come leaping boldly over the lip of some towering cliff, or thread the face of the dark basaltic rock with lines of inlaid silver.

In autumn months, when frost has lighted the flame of the maples on the hills, the red and golden hues are blended by the smoke and haze of Indian summer in dreamy contrast to the blackness of the pines. We are subdued by beauty; our hearts are full, but our lips are silent. We long for the magic brush of a Turner to transfer this beauty to our own possession. The views through the highlands of the Columbia can not be effaced from the memory; the chambers of the imagination are haunted by their shapes, and the heart swells with rapture and contentment that the sense of perfect beauty has been fully gratified.

We must leave these scenes and hasten on our journey, but not before having a nearer look at the beautiful cascade called the Multnomah Fall. This fairy-like veil of water, which seems born in the sky, comes leaping sheer over its precipice of seven or eight hundred feet to the pool below, scarcely to be seen through the spray, which supports a trembling rainbow. Giant pines lift their tapering shafts and sturdy columns around the pool, and the banks are clothed with dense green shrubbery and beds of wild flowers.

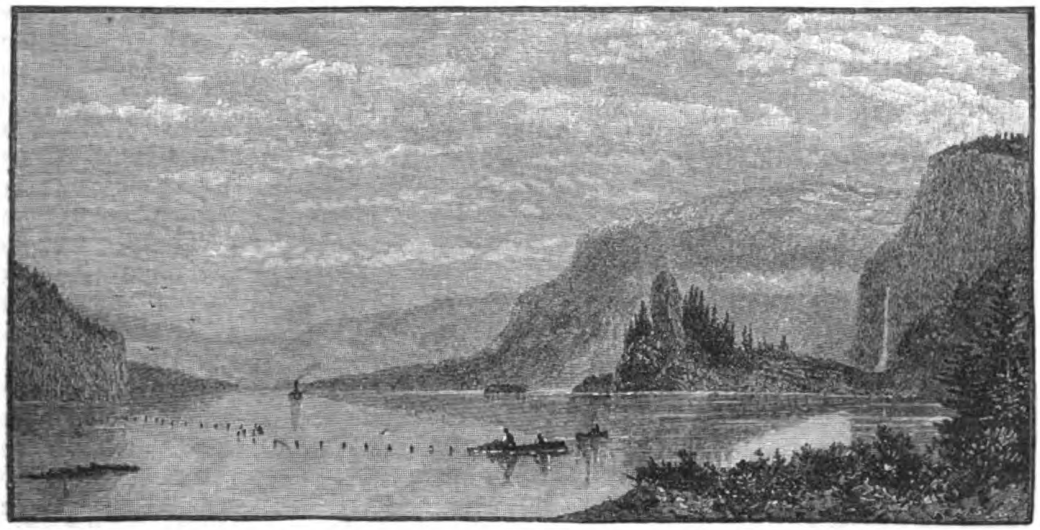
Cascades, as the village is named, was a fortified post during the early Indian wars with the Cayuse tribe, and the old log block-houses are still standing. Here the famous cavalry commander General Phil Sheridan passed some of his early military days, dreaming, perhaps, of some Winchester so many leagues away. General Grant was a young lieutenant at Fort Vancouver, and many excursions to various points, and amusing incidents connected therewith, are still remembered and related by his early associates.

Fort Vancouver is the head-quarters of the Military Department of the Columbia, and is the most attractive post on the west coast. It is only eighteen miles from Portland, and boats run often to and fro. The honorable Hudson Bay Company established the post as their main trading station, and their lumbering bateau and the clipper-shaped



CHINOOK INDIAN AND CANOE.

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HIGHLANDS OF THE COLUMBIA.

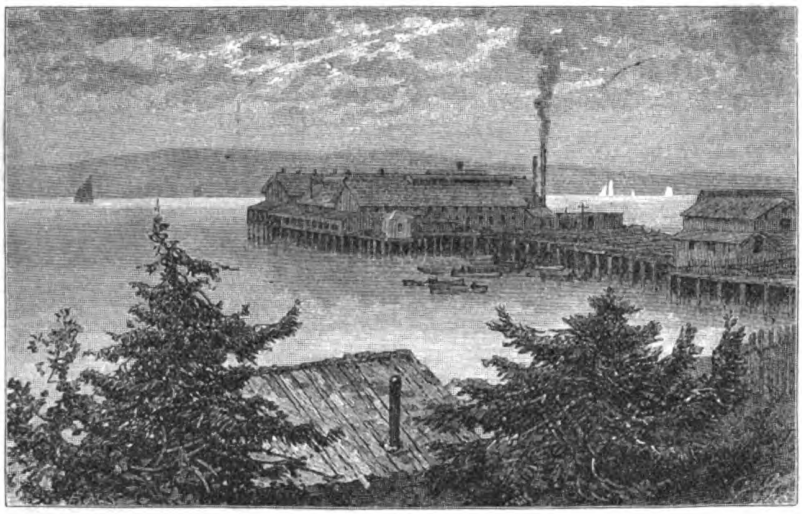
canoe of the Chinook Indian were the only craft that plied the waters of the Columbia in early days. Now swift and noble steamships, of three thousand tons burden, arrive and depart with the punctuality of a ferry. The Lower Columbia is open to the influence of the tides from the sea to Portland and the Cascades. Ships of large draft are towed up the river to Portland to load wheat at the wharves for the English market. To appreciate the rapid development of the grain-growing interest, we have but to remember that only as far back as 1868 the first cargo of Oregon wheat was shipped by an enterprising merchant of Portland to Sydney, merely as an experiment. In the following year a vessel was dispatched to Liverpool, and it was not until 1870 that Oregon became known as a wheat-producing State. The yearly shipments of wheat from the Columbia are steadily and rapidly increasing. In 1879 the exports of wheat were 1,932,080 centals, valued at $3,611,240. Flour exports for the same year amounted to 209,098 barrels, of the value of $1,143,523; and the shipments to San Francisco for the same period were—wheat, 112,155 centals, and flour, 92,016 barrels. Most of this grain has been shipped from Portland, and the largest portion was grown in the Umpqua and Willamet valleys. While farmers living beyond a very few miles from the rivers or railroads in Eastern Oregon can raise fields of grain producing fifty or sixty bushels to the acre, and a volunteer crop of twenty-five, and feed it all to their hogs for lack of cheap transportation, the bulk of the exports will come from west of the mountains. But the time has nearly arrived when, as I have said, cheaper transportation will bring down the Columbia an amount of wheat truly astonishing.

Wool is also one of the great staples of this new country, large areas of which are well adapted to sheep husbandry. In 1879 the shipments of wool amounted to over 26,000 sacks.

The Lower Columbia has no distinctive valley, but flows between its encircling hills, which pitch directly down to the water's edge, or are bordered on either side by low-lying islands flooded in June or July by the annual rise from melting snows.

The lowlands are intersected by an intricate net-work of ponds and sloughs, long vistas of green meadows lying between, affording abundant grazing when the water is off. The resources of Oregon and Washington in timber and lumber are practically inexhaustible, the whole country from the ocean to the Cascade Mountains, except the Willamet and other smaller valleys, being covered by a forest of fir, spruce, cedar, and pine. It is true, fires have ravaged these virgin forests over large areas, and the hoary and blackened trunks on many a mountain-side bear witness to the ghastly devastation; but where fire has not consumed the humus or mould, the Douglas fir, like the phœnix, springs triumphant from its ashes. When the timber shall have been

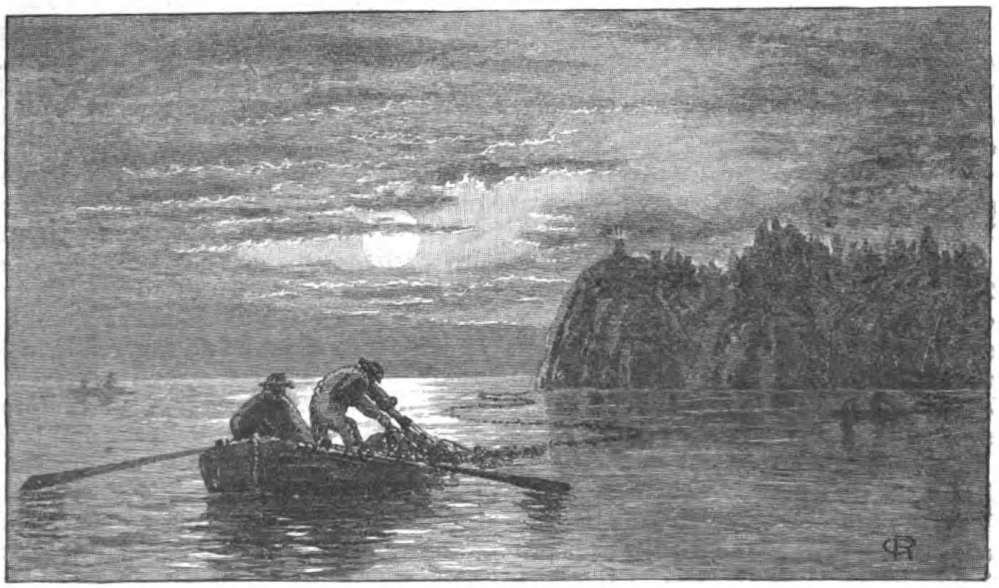
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A SALMON-CANNING ESTABLISHMENT.

stripped from the pineries of Maine, Michigan, and Wisconsin, the magnificent fir forests of the northwest coast will prove a great source of supply. At many places on the lower river the hills come down to the water in beetling cliffs of columnar basalt, the forest overhanging the very edge. In earlier days, when vessels sailed up and down the river, their yards and rigging have become entangled in the limbs of overhanging trees. Bushes, moss, and lichens, in tropical profusion, cling to every projection where it is possible to obtain the slightest footing, and small cascades and trickling streams occupy every little gulch and ravine. The sailor on the ascending ship, just arrived from the long voyage around the Horn, gazes on the placid waters of the river and the towering hills in wonder and delight.

On the first twenty-five miles of the river above its mouth we observe the large buildings of the salmon fisheries, and Astoria is the centre of that industry. From a small beginning in 1864 or 1865, it has arrived at the proportions of a great business, employing large capital and thousands of men. Salmon commence to run into the river to spawn in March or April, and ascend the different tributaries to their sources in the Rocky Mountains. The fish are taken by gill-nets, the size of the meshes being prescribed by law. The nets are several hundred fathoms long, and twelve or fifteen feet deep. When the water is quite muddy, fish may be taken in daytime, but most fishing is done at night. Each boat, being managed by two men, is cast rapidly across the current, and allow-

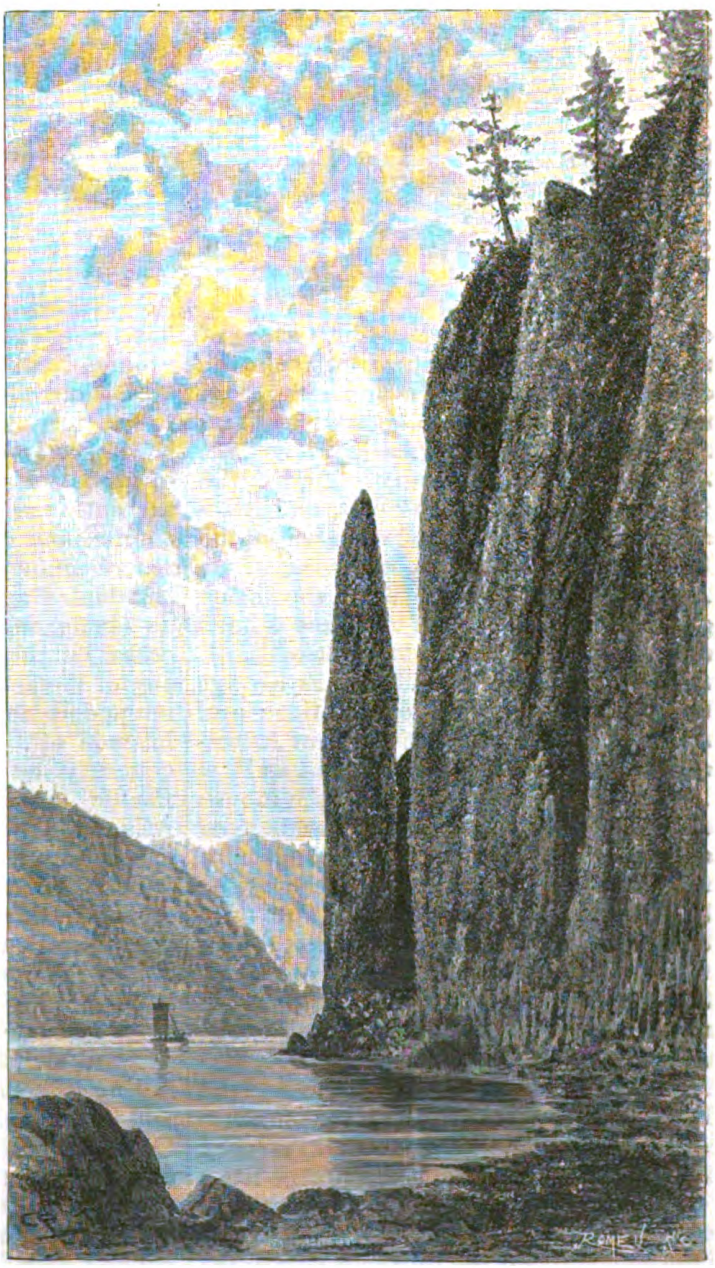


SALMON FISHING ON THE COLUMBIA.

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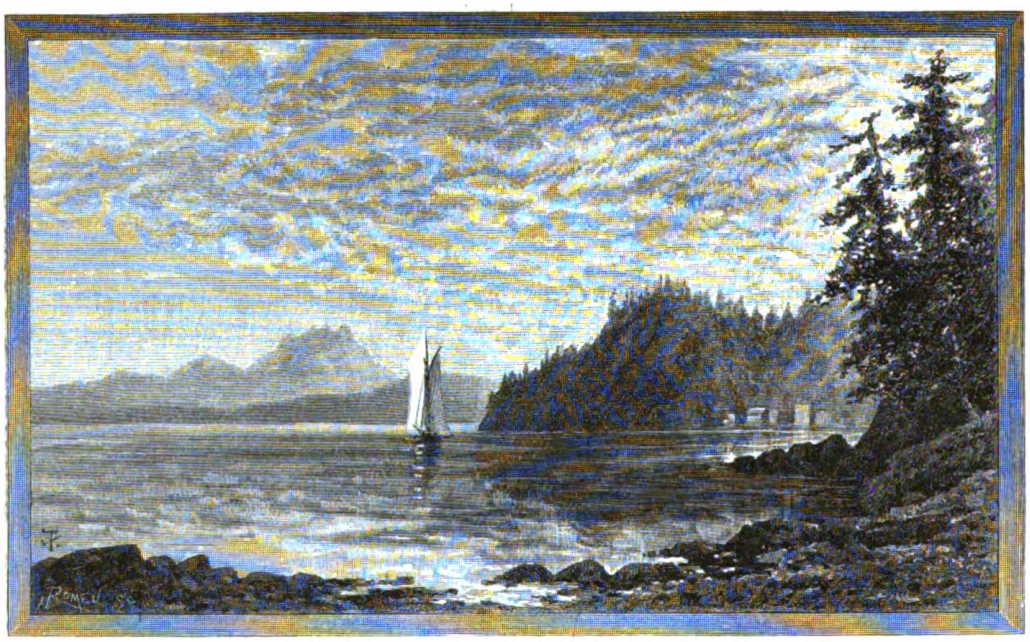
ed to drift down a mile or two before being hauled in. Seals follow the salmon, and are so bold as to take them out of the nets, and are frequently caught along with their prey. The fishermen are a remarkably adventurous and reckless set of beings, in their zeal to outstrip their comrades fishing down to the bar of the river, where at ebb tide no boat can stem the current, and are frequently swept into the treacherous breakers. Very many lives have been lost in these fool-hardy efforts.

The salmon-canning establishments are large unsightly structures, constructed over the water on piles, and without the slightest concessions to architectural effect or taste. The labor employed is almost exclusively Chinese — a monotonous work for which they prove well fitted. On the arrival and departure of every steamboat, the heads (and tails) of John Chinaman fill every window, and their unintelligible gabble drowns all other noises. The products of these establishments have found their way to every market in the world, and salmon packed on the Columbia commands a higher price than any other. It is, indeed, a noble fish, and if means are taken to prevent the diminution of the run, will prove a source of wealth for many years to come. In 1876 the number of cases put up was 428,730, and in 1879 there were shipped to England 106,102 cases, and to San Francisco 238,500 cases. It is a beautiful sight at Astoria on a fair summer evening to look at the fishing-boats start off to take their stations for the night's work. The setting sun off the river's mouth casts its broad golden rays across the water, softly ruffled by a light breeze, and glints on the hundreds of white and tan-colored sails which look like a vast flock of white-winged birds. The cliffs and crags on the opposite shore of the bay are glorified by the beams of the departing orb; the forest of pines casts long dense shadows across the tumbling rugged hills and down the river toward Cape Hancock; the melting haze blends the whole scene in softest tints of ethereal purple. The ancient village



CAPE HORN.

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CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT AND BAKER'S BAY.

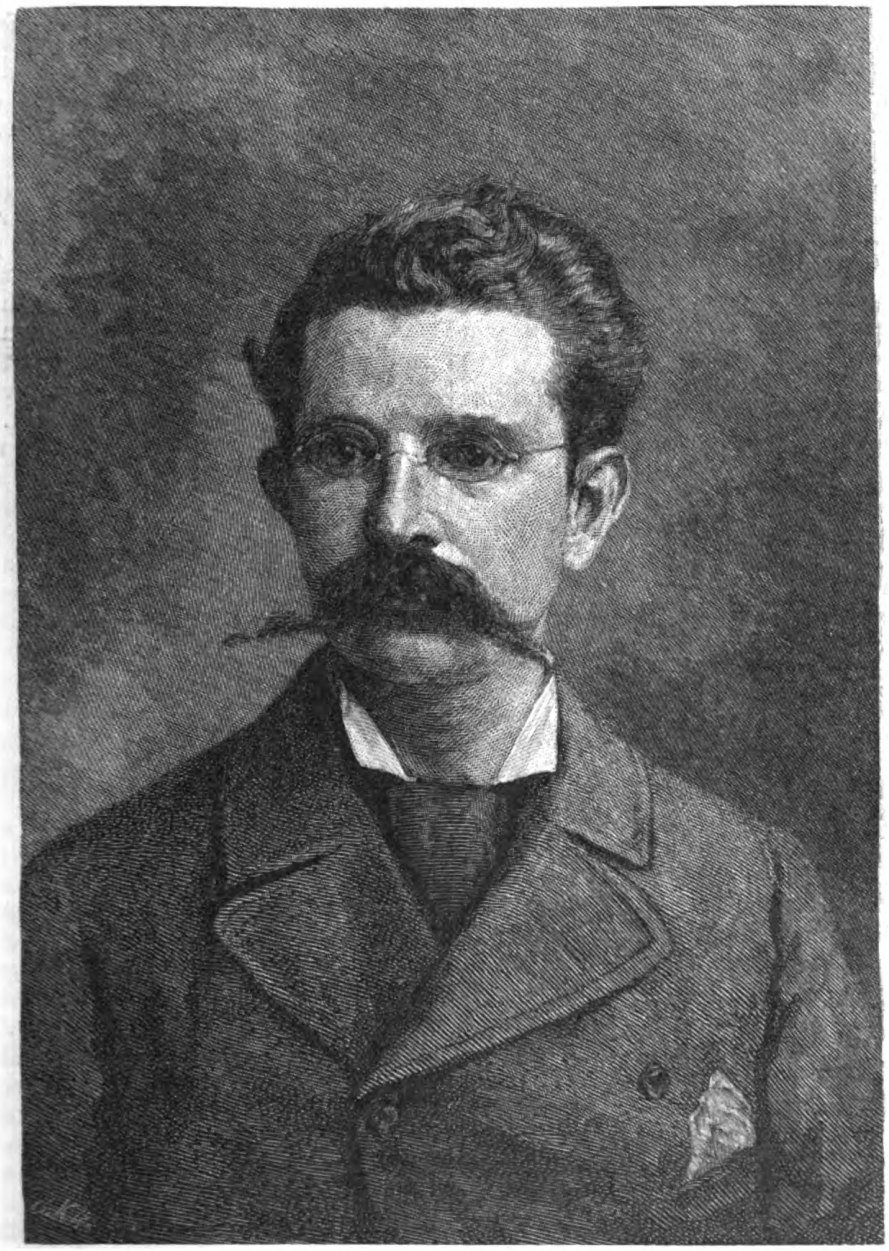
of Astoria, situated on the south shore of the river or bay, fifteen miles from the ocean, looks to us like a very new wooden town, though really the first settlement on the northwest coast. As early as 1811 the Pacific Fur Company occupied the present site as a trading-post, and it became a bone of contention between the English and American companies, whose field of operations covered the same ground. A large part of the place is built on piles over the water, like the lake-dwellings of prehistoric man. It has always been a place of great expectations and tardy fulfillments; but the ancient Astorian will ever adduce the fact that as New York occupies a similar site at the mouth of a great river, *ergo* Astoria must become a great city. Vessels enter and clear at the Custom-house, and are towed over the bar by competent tug-boats. The only building constructed of other material than wood is the Custom-house—a neat structure of stone. During the fishing season in spring and summer the streets are thronged by a cosmopolitan population belonging to every nationality of Europe and the East. On each side of the river entrance is a fortified post, both of doubtful efficacy in resisting the entrance of a hostile fleet.

Fort Hancock is situated on the summit of Cape Disappointment, the high headland which forms the northern side of the entrance. The cape protects the secure harbor of Baker's Bay, the anchoring ground for pilot-boats and bar tugs and all bar-bound vessels.

The terrors of the Columbia bar have been grossly exaggerated. The statistics of losses which have occurred in passing the entrance prove that for the shipping entered and cleared it has a much better record than many other ports not discriminated against in insurance. Vasco de Gama, when he discovered the great ocean on the calm tropical shores of the Bay of Panama, named it the Pacific. The name does not hold good so far north as latitude 46°. The surf which breaks incessantly on the shores of the North Pacific is much heavier than on the Atlantic, and therefore breaks in much deeper water. Like every barred harbor which a great sea rolls across, it is best to cross it at the highest tide; and when proper precautions are taken, no unusual difficulty or danger is experienced in the passage.

At last our trip was over; and as we steamed swiftly down the channel on a falling tide, past the forts on either hand and close under the rock-ribbed walls of Cape Hancock, at the close of a beautiful day in June, the ship rose and fell to the vigorous pulsations of the broad Pacific, while the snow-clad dome of Mount St. Helen's rose higher and higher, and filled the broad gateway of the river.

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WILLIAM BLACK.

WILLIAM BLACK AT HOME.

IF Mr. William Black were an Irishman, I should feel inclined to pay tribute to his nationality by saying that he is most at home when he is out; which is an easy way of saying it, all the same. It is difficult to tell where he is most at home—on the deck of a yacht in the Northern seas; tramping the cliffs at Brighton; studying character in the United States and astronomy in Egypt; brooding over a favorite landscape in an artist's studio; talking politics at the Reform Club; or doing the honors of Paston House. I have seen him under most of these conditions, and have always found him the same pleasant, sympathetic companion, the same thoughtful, unostentatious, quick-witted gentleman. Tightly built, lithe of limb, strong in the arm, capable of great physical endurance, the novelist is nevertheless below the medium height. Short black hair, a thick brown mustache, a dark

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hazel eye, a firm mouth, a square forehead, Black gives you the idea of compact strength—a small parcel, so to speak, well packed. You might sooner take him for an artillery officer who had seen service, a yachtsman, or a man who spent most of his life in out-door sports and pastimes, than set him down as an author, and particularly as a novelist.

Black might pass for a member of any profession except the clerical, or for an ordinary gentleman of the time, until you came to know him well enough to talk to him familiarly, and then you would find, as you always do in men who have made a mark on the current history of the times, in whatever direction, something extraordinary in his talk and in his appearance. You would first be impressed with the bead-like brightness of his eye, and its steadfastness; and then you would probably be struck with the fact, if you were travelling with him, that every bit of natural phenomena going on around him is an object of constant interest to him; that he knows the names of the birds you see and their habits; if you are at a sea-port, that he knows every class of craft, and the name of every rope in its rigging; if you are talking of art, or literature, or politics, that he has strong, well-formed opinions, and that he is perfectly frank and open in expressing them; and, moreover, that if you do not want to talk, he can be silent as an oyster.

It is in these moments of quiet that Black is busiest. His Muse is reflective. She indulges in long periods of incubation. At these times the novelist is possessed not by one spirit, but by many, by spirits both good and evil; and not only by spirits, but by plots, and not only by plots, but by words and sentences.

"My method of work," he says, in answer to my inquiries, "is, I think, a pernicious one, and I should be sorry to have it mentioned if it were to lead any young aspirants for literary fame to adopt it. Every man has his own way of working, and mine, I repeat, is most objectionable, and a way I warn any young man to avoid. From now until October in every year I write nothing, hardly put pen to paper except in the way of a private letter or to make an occasional note. But I am at work on my next novel. I put it into complete shape, even to the very construction of some of my sentences. I often keep these in my mind for two and three months. I am thus always ahead of my writing to the last. Of course the method has this advantage: you can 'work in' any incidents or circumstances occurring in the interval that may suit you, and you get familiar with your characters; they become, as it were, part of your family, part of your daily life, which to me seems the awful part of the business; working in this way you have your story continually on your mental shoulders, a Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea."

We are at the novelist's chambers overlooking the Thames Embankment. It is April. The afternoon is warm, the atmosphere gray. Sitting with his back to the window, my host turns now and then as if to let his thoughts wander down the river with the vessels that pass to and fro—now a lumbering barge, now a penny steamer, now a tug towing along a sort of aquatic procession.

"Do you make a summary or *précis* of your story before you begin to write?"

"Not on paper."

"Do you make notes of scenery, localities, atmospheric effects?"

"Yes, often very elaborate and careful notes, and especially in regard to atmospheric surroundings. If one does not correctly and completely frame a character or an incident, with all the circumstances of the time and place, one gets only a blurred page. For example, one may say, 'It was a beautiful day.' But what kind of a beautiful day? It must be described so that the picture shall be truthful and finished. Every human being in real life has a background, and must have in a novel if the story is to appear real to the reader."

"There is nothing more charming in fiction or in essay-writing," I feel impelled to add, "than the artistic use of natural effects in the illustration of character, and the development and exhibition of incidents, tragic or otherwise; the pathos that may belong to a gray morning or an evening mist, when woven in with a sad thought or a tender episode, must have often touched you who are so great a student of Nature's moods?"

Black rises as I shape my thought into a question, and takes from an adjacent book-case a pamphlet bearing upon its title-page the name of Ruskin.

"There is nothing more pathetic in the direction of which you speak," he says,

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WILLIAM BLACK'S CHAMBERS, BUCKINGHAM SQUARE, LONDON.

opening the book—"the sympathetic influences of natural effects upon art—than the closing sentences of Ruskin's Introduction to his Notes on Turner's drawings and his own illustrations of Turner: I hardly know anything more touching in the language."

He hands me the pamphlet. A leaf is turned down at page 9, and the following words are marked:

"Morning breaks, as I write, along these Coniston Falls, and the level mists, motionless and gray beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawns by the lake shore.

"Oh, that some one had told me, in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colors and clouds, that appear for a little while and vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me, when the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning should be completed, and all my thoughts should be of those whom, by neither, I was to meet more!"

Black stood silently watching the river as I read these words that had been marked down for remembrance, and it seemed to me as if the pathos of them was heightened by the traffic on the silent highway and on the Thames Embankment, that went on all the same, and will continue to ebb and flow whether the gray clouds through which the familiar towers beyond the river are dimly discerned be associated with joy or with sorrow. Down below the windows there stands, crumbling in decay, an object that needs no artifice to paint it in sombre tones and shadow. It is the water-gate of York House, half buried beneath the débris of ages.

"This place in which we are met was York House," says Black, as he follows my glance at the eloquent relic of the past. "Peter the Great lived here, as you know; and in the next room Dickens's Steerforth received David Copperfield."

The entrance to these chambers is at the bottom of Buckingham Street, which is shut in from the Embankment by the low-lying arch of the ancient water-gate. You climb a series of old oak stairs, every footfall accompanied by its echo, and on the uppermost landing you meet your host, if your mount upward should by appointment lead to Black's hospitable door. Here you find him, perhaps having lunch-

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eon with his wife after a journey from Brighton; perhaps entertaining *en garçon* a few artist friends. On his walls you will notice a few good pictures, in his book-case a few familiar books. As to furniture, Spartan simplicity is the order of the day; but the first thing that will attract you is the splendid view of the Thames and the Embankment gardens seen from the old York House windows.

"On a moonlight night, with the varied effects of the electric lamps and the gas, there is nothing in its way finer in all the world than this picture of the Thames," says Black, surveying it with a flash of enthusiasm in his eyes.

"Have you put these rooms into any of your novels?" I ask him.

"Yes; I laid all the night scenes in *Sunrise* here."

"By-the-way, was the collection of societies in *Sunrise* imaginary or not?"

"The plan of them was fictitious, but there is a sufficient foundation in fact to go upon. And this reminds me of a curious thing in general criticism which is perhaps worth mentioning. In regard to dramatic dialogue, of course one's leading idea is to develop character and situation, and not opinions. Some of my correspondents seem to regard me as responsible for the words I put into the mouths of my characters. Nothing is more unfair. Dramatic speaking, the dialogue that emphasizes character, has nothing to do with an author's opinions. Great injustice was done to Tennyson, for instance, in regard to 'Maud.' He was personally beset, you will remember, for opinions spoken by his hypochondriacal character. Fancy what people would make of Browning if they credited him with the opinions of his *dramatis personæ!* Another matter which is worth mentioning is in respect of readers who object to stories ending tragically."

"You once wrote a letter to the *Daily News* on that subject?"

"Yes; signed 'J. Smith.' The point of it was that after some years of what may be called quiet domestic stories, outside the shadows of tragedy altogether, I published a novel which ended with a catastrophe. No sooner was it published than I received a number of remonstrances written in the most earnest spirit, and protesting against what I had done. I had been looking at my work as a piece of literature; some of my correspondents appeared to take it as a cruel and gratuitous stirring up of painful recollections of their own domestic calamities. 'Was there not enough sorrow in the world?' they asked. It is some two years ago since I wrote that letter to the *Daily News*, and, strange to say, the argument, 'Is there not sorrow enough in the world?' has cropped up again under very sorrowful circumstances. A short time after the terrible news of the shooting of President Garfield reached this country a prominent American gentleman, Mr. Carnegie, called upon me, and among other things he said: 'Just before I left home I saw President Garfield. Informing him that I was coming to England, he said, "You will see Black; tell him he ought not to have made *Macleod of Dare* end tragically—life itself is full enough of tragedy."' This could only have been a few weeks before he was shot. It made a painful impression on my mind, though of course from an art stand-point the logic of the argument is in favor of fiction not dealing only with the Rosa-Matilda side of life, and indeed the highest literature that has impressed the world is a standing judgment the other way. After writing novels ten or a dozen years, you have arrived at a time when you know what you can do best, and you do it. That is what I feel about criticism generally."

"You have the reputation, in common with the late George Eliot, of not reading the critical verdicts of the press upon your work: what is your view as to the uses of criticism?"

"For a young author it is of value; it shows him where he is weak, and sometimes where he is, possibly to his own surprise, declared to be strong, and he may learn much from it if he does not allow adverse notices to depress and dishearten him. The difficulty is that hardly any two critics agree. Take my *Three Feathers*, for example. *The Saturday Review* said this was a very good book; *The Spectator* on the same day said it was a very bad one. The criticism which I do read is even still more unreliable; it is that of my friends, written to me in private letters. The truth is, I think by this time I ought to understand my business. Anyhow, it is quite certain that a novelist of any experience has nothing to learn from young gentlemen fresh from Oxford or Cambridge, who are just as ready to lecture him on his ignorance of the canons

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of art as they are to denounce a Chancellor of the Exchequer about his want of knowledge in regard to the first principles of taxation. I can not blame these young critics, as I have already said in some autobiographic lines written for a periodical called *The Patriot*, for I remember my own escapades in that very direction. One can not expect them to understand the full responsibility under which they manufacture their critical thunder, and they certainly can not teach me anything in the way of my business. Returning to the question of natural effects as an adjunct to art, some people think I indulge in too much descriptive matter; they are at liberty to skip it, and judicious skipping is said to be quite an art in novel-reading. My early training with a view to becoming a painter, and my love of being out-of-doors, possibly lead me into what some may regard as an overelaboration of scenic effects and atmospheric influences, though I contend for their necessity as backgrounds for character and incident."

"In which you are not singular," I remark. "Lord Byron's defense of Campbell's 'Ship of the Line' against Bowles's criticism, for example,* graphically demonstrates the necessity of a careful combination of art and nature in poetic imagery; and while Dickens did not dwell much upon the details of scenery, its influence and that of atmospheric effects were leading factors in his development of both characters and incidents; while Shakspeare—"

"Ah!" says my host, "to quote the Ettrick Shepherd in the *Noctes*, dinna ye think we are flying at high game? If we go to Shakspeare, mayhap we will presently find ourselves wrestling with Solomon."



VIEW FROM BLACK'S CHAMBERS IN LONDON.

* "Mr. Bowles asserts that Campbell's 'Ship of the Line' derives all its poetry, not from *art*, but from *nature*. 'Take away the waves, the winds, the sun, etc., *one* will become a stripe of blue bunting, and the other a piece of coarse canvas on three tall poles.' Very true. Take away 'the waves,' 'the winds,' and there will be no ship at all, not only for practical, but for any other purpose; and take away 'the sun,' and we must read Mr. Bowles's pamphlet by candle-light. But the 'poetry' of the 'ship' does *not* depend on 'the waves,' etc.; on the contrary, the 'ship of the line' confers its own poetry upon the waters, and heightens *theirs*. I do not deny that the 'waves and winds,' and, above all, 'the sun,' are highly poetical; we know it, to our cost, by the many descriptions of them in verse; but if the waves have only the foam upon their bosoms, if the winds wafted only the sea-weed to the shore, if the sun shone neither upon pyramids, nor fleets, nor fortresses, would its beams be equally poetical? I think not. The poetry is at least reciprocal. Take away the 'ship of the line' 'swinging round' the 'calm water,' and the calm water becomes a somewhat monotonous thing to look at."—Byron.

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Black is singularly modest in his own view of his work, and is sensitive, not in regard to what his critics may think of it, but as to what they may think he thinks of it. It was himself who told the story of his interview with Carlyle, when the philosopher of Chelsea, speaking of *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, asked him when he intended to do "something serious."

I left him packing his trunk for a journey beyond Inverness, with a view to rent "some shooting" for the autumn, and I engaged to meet him at Brighton a week after his return, and on the eve of his departure for a trip to Egypt.

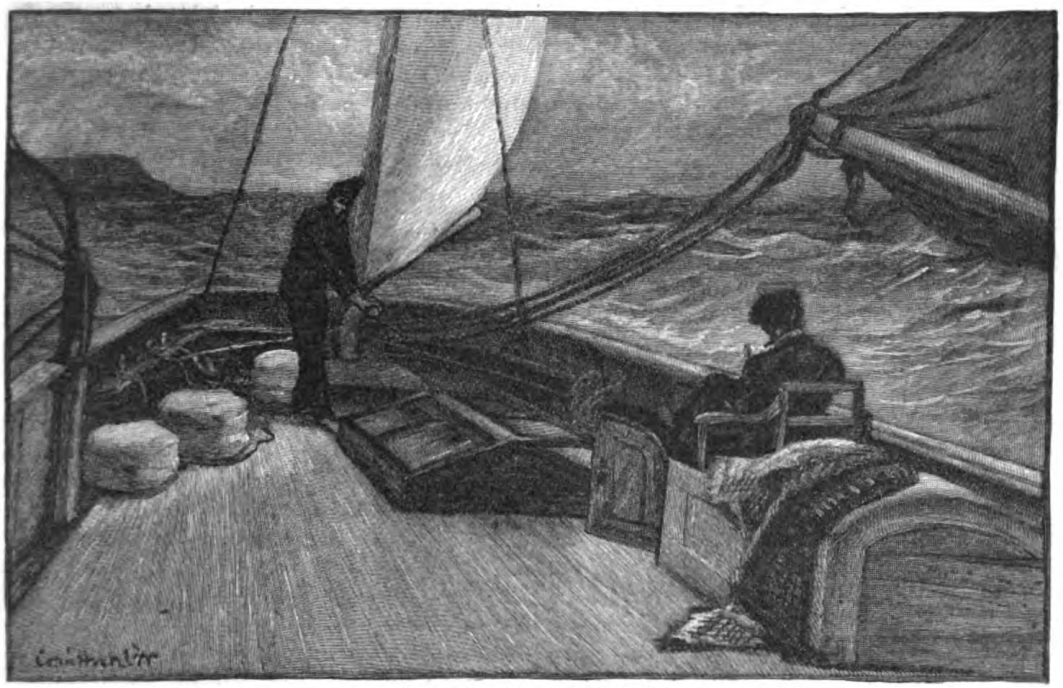
"There is one thing that gets a fellow quit of that Old Man of the Sea I was telling you about. That one thing is grouse-shooting. I defy you to think of anything but the business of the moment when you are watching the beautiful working of a couple of well-trained dogs, with the momentary expectation of hearing the whir of a covey of grouse, and all its attendant excitement."

The gray of the atmosphere was wet with an evening mist from the river as I turned my back on York House and its water-gate, and a week later the spring sunshine was dancing like silvery rain upon the sea that washes the picturesque coast from Newhaven to Brighton. It is the Downs that stretch away from the city by the sea which of late years may be called "Black's study"; for, tramping over these hills and through these valleys at all hours and at all seasons, he has done more real work than he has accomplished in the small room which he devotes to penmanship at home in Paston Place.

Brighton is a little London by the sea: King's Road and Undercliff are its Regent Street and Bond Street. There can hardly be anything finer than this series of buildings, terrace upon terrace, stretching away right and left as far as the eye can reach, only broken by a couple of piers that go out to meet the sea as it comes rolling along, green and blue and salty, health upon its bosom, beauty in its ever-changing colors. At night long rows of lamps mark the coast-line, and variegated illuminations dot the new pier, where strains of orchestral music rise and fall to the accompaniment of "the ever-sounding waves." The splendid city covers a vast area. It has a population of a hundred thousand people. It is a congregation of palaces, lodging-houses, hotels, stores, baths, and handsome private dwellings. It has several seasons during the year. Cheap excursionists swarm over it in summer; as the autumn comes on, the rich Jews of London settle down there in great numbers; from October to February the aristocracy make it their own. In the interim there are special train services every day, and also from Fridays to Mondays; so that Brighton is always more or less gay with holiday life. The city has a high reputation for its healthy climate and its invigorating sea-breezes. Thackeray, in *The Newcomes*, called it "Merry Doctor Brighton," and sporting novels are full of references to the hunting which is famous in the neighborhood. Well-known packs of harriers and fox-hounds meet almost daily during the winter months at points within easy reach of Brighton. The young gentlemen of England can hunt and flirt to their hearts' content from the opening of cub-hunting until the last fox has been killed; for there are balls, routs, concerts, receptions, all the time. Brighton is a gay place for the poor scions of noble houses on the look-out for heiresses; a choice hunting ground for penniless adventurers on the watch for rich widows; modern D'Orsays and Beau Brummels find pleasant occupation here at the clubs and in society; while generals without regiments and parvenus with country estates and houses in town pose in the sun at the most popular hour of the day for doing the three-mile drive by the sea. One day, at the fashionable season of the year, not long since, I stood at the door of the Old Ship, and it seemed to me as if Hyde Park, Regent Street, and Mayfair had just been emptied, carriages, horses, servants, and all, into the King's Road: cabinet ministers and their wives, peers and peeresses, journalists, artists, members of Parliament, actors, ambassadors from foreign courts, operatic singers—a motley crowd—moving along as if engaged in a formal procession *en route* for some stately rendezvous.

The architecture of Brighton is a curious mixture of the Classic and the Gothic, and throwing into the general picture the domes and minarets of the Pavilion, we get a touch of the Moorish, Chinese, and Egyptian. In spite of these incongruities Brighton is a magnificent city. The Pavilion was formerly a royal residence. Designed by Nash, the apostle of stucco,

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From the painting by Colin Hunter.

BLACK'S YACHT.

it was built under the superintendence of the Prince Regent. It looks like the palace of some Great Mogul dropped accidentally down upon Brighton. If Nash had designed it from an inspiration out of the *Arabian Nights*, he could hardly have better realized the sort of palace that might have belonged to Al-Raschid—a mixture of the barbaric styles of Morocco, China, India, and Egypt. It is now used for concerts, balls, assemblies, dinners, and other public purposes. It has a rival in the Aquarium, which is a popular place of resort, and there are other attractions for idlers, visitors, residents, rich and poor, plebeian and aristocrat; for Brighton is a city by the sea, and outside its houses and hotels, its Bagdad palace, its concerts, balls, and assemblies, and away beyond its piers and its three-mile drive, far over the Downs, are wild nooks and corners, tiers of chalky cliffs overlooking reaches of brown beach, and miles and miles of sea, flecked with reflections of sun and shadow, dotted with fishing-smacks, yachts, and commercial craft, great ships in the distance, and steamers with long tracks of smoke; a sea given to moments of anger and passion, a sea of storm and tempest, with sunny calms to follow.

It will be seen that in making his home at Brighton Mr. Black is like a painter who goes to live among the subjects he paints; for here, with London within an hour, he has a second city with its coteries, fashionable and otherwise, its adjacent fishing villages, its contiguous rural population, and the sea with its vast floating life, and its atmosphere that promotes meditation and is fruitful of noble thoughts.

Black's house is in Paston Place. It was built by Cubit, the famous contractor. A plain, substantial building, it is a handsome, compact residence. It was decorated and furnished under the personal superintendence of the novelist and his wife, and under the influence of the modern revival of the picturesque days before Nash. Pleasant combinations on walls and floors, soft rugs of Oriental hues, tiled fire-places and high oaken mantels, wainscoted rooms, good pictures, carefully hung, bits of "old blue," and reminiscences of travel in the shape of china, glass, and bronze; and in all things an eye to comfort as well as picturesqueness is everywhere observable. The hall is decorated in a bluish-gray; the balustrades of the stairs, Pompeiian red. In a recess beneath the staircase is a fine old black-oak Dorser chest that came from the house of Ann of Cleves, at Lewes. It

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is known to have belonged to the ill-treated lady herself. The dining-room is on the ground-floor, the light coming in through a delicately painted window, the walls a golden green, with a dado of Indian matting. There are several interesting pictures here, notably an excellent portrait of Black by his friend John Pettie, R.A., and a couple of dainty sea-pieces by Mr. Colin Hunter. One of this last-mentioned painter's works is particularly noticeable. It is a half-finished sketch of the deck of a yacht, with a bit of sunny sail and a broad view of blue sea and sky. It is a striking study of color, and has for the present reader sufficient special interest to be repeated in black and white in these pages from the famous painter's own hand. It is mainly a portrait of the vessel mentioned in *White Wings* as the *White Dove*. Her original name was the *Ringdove*. She was a government boat, purchased for service in the waters of the Western Highlands. The host's face lights up with a kindling interest as I note the good points of some of his favorite pictures. He takes up my criticism with enthusiastic indorsements of George Aikman's watery effects of sea and sky, and the truthfulness of his clouds after rain. "And yonder bit of Hunter's, a reminiscence of the north end of Skye, looking something like the Irish coast as you see it on your first sight of it when returning from America," he says, "and this sea-piece by Aitken, deal with the spot where the yacht went down in *Macleod of Dare*."

"You speak of it as if it were true," I remark.

"It is to me," he says, quietly.

"I have heard nautical men praise your description of working the yacht."

"Well, I claim to know something about a yacht. An old Scotch skipper once told me I never need starve, because I could always make a living as a pilot in the Western Highlands."

Black's taste for bric-à-brac runs rather in the direction of spirit and wine bottles than in the way of tea-pots. He hands me bottle after bottle from his sideboard. The first is a whiskey jar that belonged to the brother-in-law of Rob Roy. It is followed by many other quaint specimens, chiefly Scandinavian and Italian. One of them contains a rare liquor, which we taste from an ancient droch-an-dorrach ("drink-at-the-door"), Scotch thistle, or stirrup-cup; and these are very appropriately preserved as curiosities in company with an old-fashioned tea-tray, or waiter, bearing the following inscription engraved upon a silver plate:

THIS TRAY
was purchased at the sale of Kingsburgh House,
Isle of Skye, in 1826,
by the late
General CAMPBELL of Loch Nell.

After the burning of Loch Nell House, it became the property of the Rev. Mr. McCalman of Ardchattan, at whose death it was bought by L. G. McArthur of Oban, who, in 1881, presented it to W. Black.

Throughout the tradition has been that from this tray Prince Charles Edward was served when, under the guidance of Flora MacDonald, he was sheltered by the MacDonalds of Kingsburgh on his escape from the Hebrides.

The drawing-room is on the first landing of the staircase, a cool, charming room, lighted by a large bay-window, the centre of which is filled in with a miniature conservatory of flowers. The blinds are primrose-colored silk, a deeper tone of which is repeated on the walls, which have a dado of a very fine Indian or Japanese matting, mounted in ebony. The window is draped with bronze-colored plush, having at the top and bottom wide bands of "metal blue." An ebonized mantel-piece elaborately carved, and having cabinet-like niches and shelves for china, is in artistic harmony with fire-place and fender of brass repoussé-work, the dogs or standards being the brass sea-horses from a Venetian gondola. These and some barbaric-looking but magnificently colored specimens of Moorish pottery are relics of travel in the Adriatic and in the East, as are also some fine bits of Florentine embroidery and Italian silks that are flung negligently here and there over chair or sofa. On both sides of the fire-place are inviting lounges; easy-chairs are frequent incidents on the velvety carpet; so also are cabinets and tables. Upon the latter lie a few books, the latest *Harpers*, an American newspaper, a peacock fan; and it happens that some one has been looking at a MS. copy of one of the author's novels, by which token I find his MSS. all as neatly bound as they are neatly written. They occupy one of the shelves of a small bookcase. Mr. Black's calligraphy is a firm, strong, unfaltering hand; it is the writing of a man who has made up his mind, and is eminently characteristic of his method of composition previously described. The pictures upon the drawing-room walls are chiefly original sketches in black and

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HALLWAY IN BLACK'S BRIGHTON HOUSE.

white, made for the *Good Words* edition of *Macleod of Dare*. They include drawings by Orchardson, R.A., Boughton, A.R.A., Tom Graham, and Wyllie. When the drawing-room door is open you get a fine view of a broad canvas by Aiken, a snow-storm on a Scotch moor; and it may be noted here that this picture is hung upon what may be called the inner hall of the house, where the overmantel is ornamented with some trophies of the chase, including the horns of a fine stag.

But it is the writing-room or study at the top of the house that will most interest the admirer of Mr. Black's novels. Authors have a general taste for rooms near the sky. Do they inherit it from the garret days of their predecessors? I suspect the reason is to be chiefly found in the desire to get away as much as possible from noise. It is for this that many men burn the midnight oil. Night is often still even in London. The postman's knock ceases; the street cries are over; there is a lull in the traffic; the bustle of the household no longer taxes the attention. Poor Tom Hood used to work at night, "when all was quiet and the children asleep."

"I can not endure the least noise when I am writing," says Black; "suddenly becoming conscious that persons are moving about anywhere near my room, I must lay down my pen. I work steadily from October to April two or three days a week, all day, beginning early in the morning, and my wife takes care that all the upper part of the house is kept perfectly quiet;

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that is why I selected this room next the roof for my workshop."

"Do you ever dictate any of your work to an amanuensis?"

"I could not work at all with any one else in the room, under any circumstances," he replied, with a gesture of his arm to emphasize his answer.*

The very notion of having to write with any one in the room seemed to be painful to him; and this will be the better appreciated when I repeat that there is not the smallest affectation about Black in connection with his work. He rarely refers to it, and he certainly never praises it, nor courts either praise or blame. He will talk to you about fishing and shooting and yachting with enthusiasm, the delights of the 12th of August, and the excitement attending the shooting of your first stag, as long as you like, but he will put aside any talk about his books with singular promptitude.

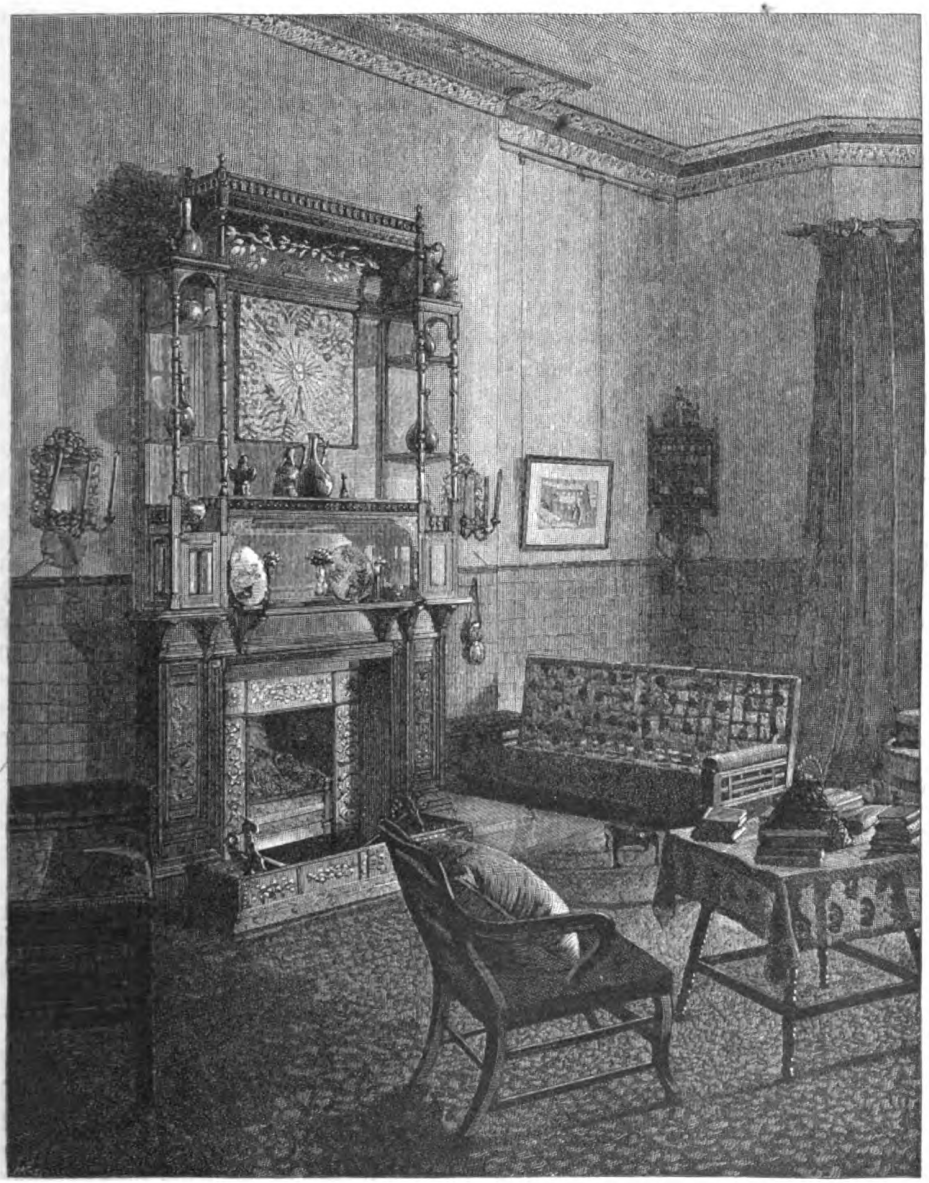
Black's study is a long room; one side of it is filled with books, the other has his desk set between two windows that overlook Paston Place, and at the same time command the Channel, freighted with distant ships. The desk is very simply furnished with writing materials. On the wall there is an Admiralty chart of the Western Highlands, a caricature of the novelist from a comic paper, a couple of water-color drawings by himself of "Night in Camberwell Green" and "Memory in the Western Highlands," and a pair of bronze medals designed by his friend Macphail for the University of Edinburgh; and in a corner stand a pair of Indian clubs. A simple room, plain even to coldness. No luxurious rug or easy-chair breaks the monotony of it, and no bit of color feeds the eye unless you look for it in Nature's own pictures of sky and sea that are framed by the windows. Examine the book-shelves, and you shall find the novelist's favorite authors. They are Heine, Alfred de Musset, Thackeray, and George Sand, and the particular works of the two last-mentioned authors which he has read most are *Esmond* and *Consuelo*. Marcus Aurelius must not be forgotten as one of his constant literary companions. At the same time he is a miscellaneous reader. You can see that his books of modern poetry, politics, history, and travel are not merely ornamental. A journalist for some years as well as a novelist, Mr. Black has found it necessary to be thoroughly acquainted with the current literature of his time, as well as with those classic authors of the past whose wisdom and power are the splendid heritage of the present. It is always interesting to see the author or the painter or the scientist at work. Black's work is, as he has already explained, chiefly done out-of-doors; he transcribes his plots in this room, at this table—not in a fantastic garb like Wagner; not like Schiller, with a flask of Rhenish at his elbow; not like Johnson, throwing off his *Ramblers* as the printers wanted them, nor Goldsmith, in loose apparel; not like Jerrold, taking a turn at intervals in his garden, though Black's desk is as clean and neat and devoid of litter as were those of Jerrold and Dickens. The author of *Pickwick* had almost a morbid sense of order, and required to have an almost idealized condition of it in his surroundings before he could work with comfort. Washington Irving could often write in spite of obstructions and noises of all kinds, but even his muse rebelled occasionally, as is evidenced by a note in his diary at Bordeaux in 1825: "Harassed by noises in the house till I had to go out in despair, and write in M. Guestier's library." Black must have quiet, and that is all. I have seen Charles Reade at work surrounded with notes and books of reference. "I read several hundred volumes to write one," he once said to me, having reference to the realism of his stories, and his working up of facts into them. I imagine Reade labors very much in the way that Victor Hugo does. The illustrious French author must have revelled in a col-

* Remarking later in the day, under my host's mahogany-tree, that Carlyle was evidently almost morbidly sensitive as to disturbance of any kind while he was at work, Black recalled a visit he paid to Carlyle a few years ago at Chelsea, and spoke warmly of the courteous and gracious way in which he received him. "I suffer physically," Carlyle said to him, "and from mental gloom." Leaving the room in which they had been smoking, Carlyle went to put down the window. Black stepped forward to relieve the philosopher of this self-imposed task. "No, no," said Carlyle, "I will not trouble you," and with his trembling hands he put down the sash, and then opened the door for Black, "with," said the novelist, "all that fine old sense of Scotch courtesy, which struck me as very characteristic, the host not allowing the guest to do anything for himself that he or his servants could do. His natural manner appeared to me to be kindly and amiable, and I think it is a pity we have not heard more of this side of it; but we shall, and whether we do or not, the splendid influence of his books on the world will still remain."

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lection of nautical dictionaries before he wrote *L'Homme Qui Rit*, for it required the assistance of some of our most competent Admiralty officers before the translators could master his technicalities of navigation.

nature. He followed it up as an art pupil at the government school. His accurate and picturesque descriptions of natural phenomena to-day are the outcome of those early studies. His first essays in literature were some contributions to a Glas-



DRAWING-ROOM IN BLACK'S HOUSE AT BRIGHTON.

The career of the master of Paston House may be told in a few lines. Let me tell it while you are sitting here in imagination at his writing-table. Born in Glasgow, November, 1841, he was a student at an early age. Botany was the science that most attracted him. This made him a traveller and an observer of

gow newspaper on Ruskin, Kingsley, and Carlyle. Then he wrote a series of sketches in imitation of Christopher North for the *Weekly Citizen*, the staff of which he subsequently joined, and entered thoroughly into the labors of journalism. In 1864 he went to London with a view to advancement in his profession; two years later he

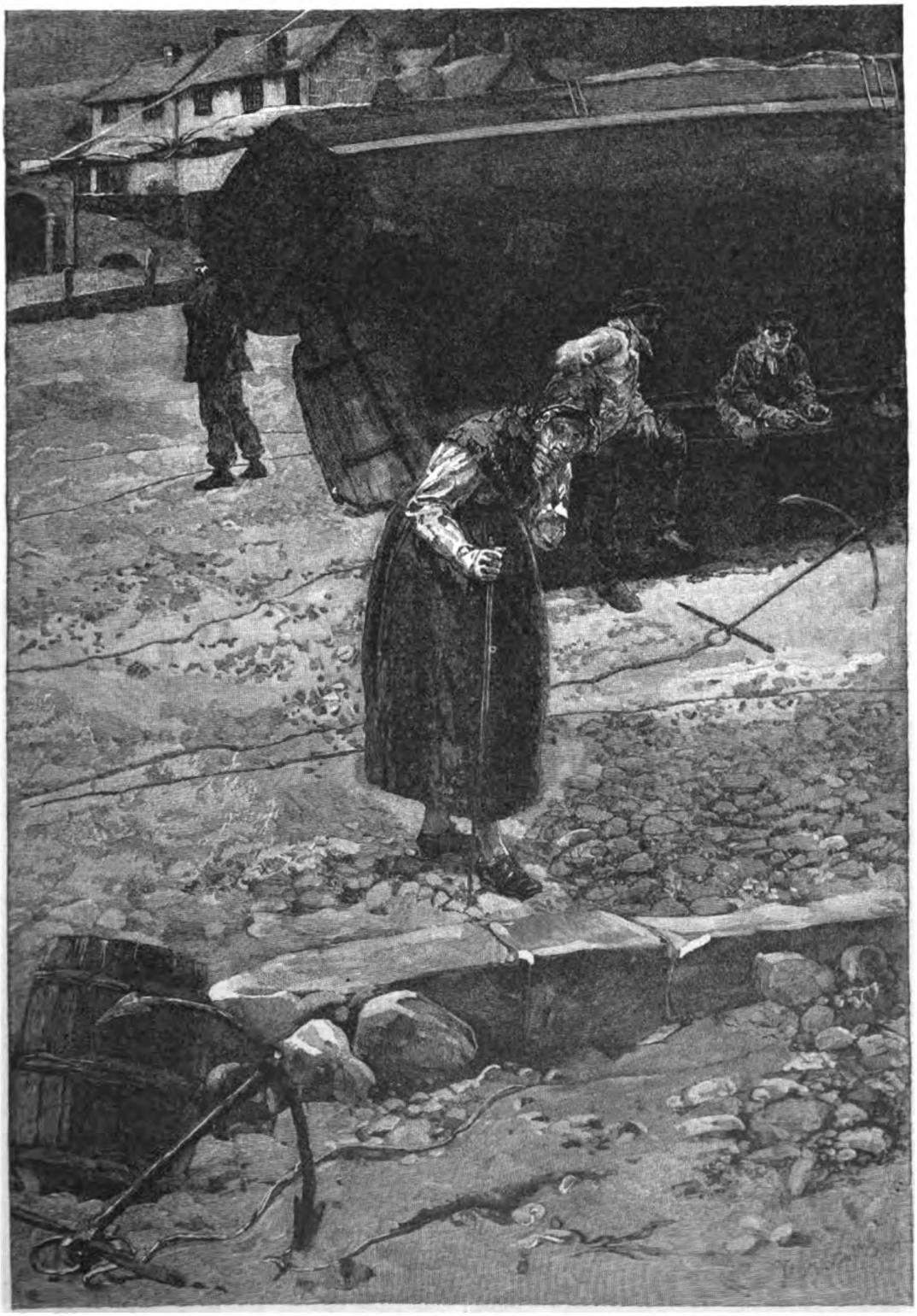
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represented the *Morning Star* as correspondent during the Prusso-Austrian war. Later he became editor of the *London Review*, and afterward assistant editor of the *Daily News*, a position he relinquished in 1875 to devote his sole time to fiction, thus picking up the threads of a career which he had dropped in 1868, when he published his first novel—*Love or Marriage*. The sequence of his principal stories after this is as follows: *In Silk Attire*, *Kilmeny*, *A Daughter of Heth*, *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, *A Princess of Thule*, *Three Feathers*, *Madcap Violet*, *Green Pastures and Piccadilly*, *Macleod of Dare*, *Sunrise*, and *Shandon Bells*. In the intervals of writing these works William Black has travelled much, among other journeys being one to America, where his works are as well known as they are on this side of the Atlantic. It will be seen that the author's career has been one rather of study and work than of romance.* What there is in it of the latter I suspect has been worked up into his books. Many of his correspondents credit him with as much realism as is to be found in the novels of Charles Reade. When *Sunrise* was published he had numerous letters from persons who evidently thought he possessed the pass-words of all the secret societies of Europe. The widow of a distinguished novelist wrote to Mrs. Black, some years ago, desiring to make her acquaintance, and the letter contained references to *The Strange Story of a Phaeton* and *Green Pastures and Piccadilly* as if the stories were entirely true. The majority of Black's works do not close in the gloom of tragedy, though it must be admitted that those which do are, as a rule, even more popular than some of the lighter romances of his pen.

There are childish voices in the novelist's home at Brighton, and they mingle with the tones of a piano as you "join the ladies" in the drawing-room after dinner, and will probably be heard in a merry criticism of your skill, or want of it, at billiards, a little later, between the coffee and the children's bed-time. The board of green cloth is in a handsome room in the basement, a high, light, well-ventilated apartment, and the favorite game is "cork pool," at which you may win or lose little mountains of coppers, and get some excellent exercise. In the morning, after breakfast, you shall find your host a stalwart walker, and a delightful guide to the popular lions of Brighton, and, what is better, to the points that may not be generally regarded as lions; he will go with you to the Chain Pier to watch "the big waves come swinging in," and thundering among the wooden piles; or better still, he will walk you over the cliffs, along his open-air studio, away to the quaint little village of Rottingdene, and there you shall take your luncheon of biscuits and cheese and beer, and if you have walked quickly, you will probably confess that you never drank out of pewter in a country inn with greater satisfaction, or smoked a cigar afterward with a higher appreciation of the taste and perfume of a real Havana. Your visit at an end, you will go back to London or to New York with a better understanding of the thorough conscientiousness of your host's work, his devotion to it, the reality of his scenic descriptions, and the truthfulness of his views of life and character; and in days to come you may in imagination hear the sea washing against the chalk cliffs of Brighton a musical accompaniment to *Shandon Bells*.

* It is interesting, however, to note in this place the possibility of a romantic episode at some future day arising out of a circumstance that is akin to the motive of many a dramatic scene in both fiction and real life. Black is occasionally addressed, in an old lady's handwriting, as "William Black, *alias* MacVean, Esq., Reform Club, London." These letters upbraid him for his ingratitude and want of proper affection in refusing to acknowledge himself her nephew who was mourned by her as drowned at sea. She, however, happened to read *A Daughter of Heth*, and she declares that this story contains family revelations that could only have been known to herself and her nephew, and could only have been written by her nephew. A year or two ago, Black called upon her in the Highlands. He found her a respectable and fairly educated old lady. As soon as she knew he had called in answer to her letters, and that he was William Black, she professed to recognize him as her nephew, and offered to get him a watch and some jewelry which she said had belonged to his mother, and which were at Skye. It was in vain that on the score of age he pointed out that her identification of him must be a mistake. Her niece coming into the room, Black, in telling me the story, said: "I felt that now I should be able to put matters straight. If I was the nephew, this was my sister. 'Surely,' I said, 'you can not think I am your brother; he must have been eight or nine years younger than I am, and see, my hair is beginning to turn gray.' 'Ah, but,' she replied, 'I've knowed young men turn gray at a very early age.' This settled me, and I bolted. I felt that if the entire family had concluded to claim me for the dead nephew, I had better get out of the place quickly, and I did." This incident is none the less curious that it began before the Tichborne case, and is still kept up by upbraiding letters from Mrs. MacVean.

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FOUND DROWNED.

SHE searches, searches everywhere,
As one would treasure find—
Old Susan, with the wandering eye
And long-bewildered mind.

All up and down the shining sands
With eager step she goes;
And speaks with hesitating voice,
Not knowing friends from foes.

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"Oh, have you seen my pretty boy,
My little baby brother?
She left him to me when she died,
And bade me be his mother—

"Our mother. She frowns out of heaven
On me, as once she smiled;
So I go searching night and day
Until I find her child.

"'Tis a few weeks ago"—(alas,
She has lost count of years!)—
"I laid him on the soft warm sand
Asleep, and had no fears.

"I only went a little way,
And sat behind that stone,
Writing to William Beverley,
That is to India gone.

"He will come back and marry me,
He says, in two years more;
I shall be then but just eighteen,
And he scarce twenty-four.

"But can he marry me?" she shrieks—
"Me that was hanged? I mean
They would have hanged me, but perhaps
Somebody told the Queen,

"And she said—what, I do not know:
I think I slept or died,
And woke up in a world of dreams
Most horrible and wide.

"I did not kill the boy," she moans:
"I only left him here—
Forgot him—and the tide flowed in
And ebbed out—no one near.

"Not guilty! oh, my lord, my lord,
Not guilty!" sobbing wild:
"I only let him float away
And drown—my mother's child!

"And so my mother made them shut
On me the prison door,
Till I was dead: yet now, it seems,
I am alive once more.

"I walk along the shining sands,
I hear his shout of joy;
I know I'll find him very soon,
My little darling boy."

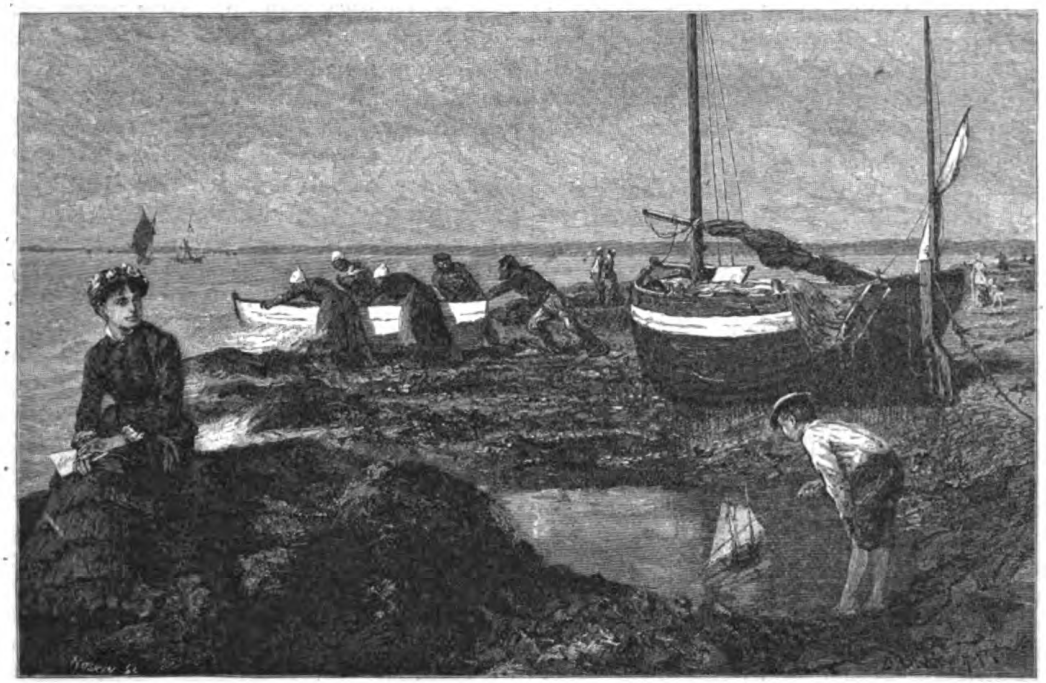
So on she goes with cautious tread,
And eager eyes and wild;
But never, never will she find
The little drowned child.

THE GREAT SEA-PORT OF WESTERN FRANCE.



NAPOLEON the First was accustomed to declare that Paris, Rouen, and Havre formed but a single city, of which the Seine was the principal street. The Parisians of to-day seem to regard Havre as a suburb of the gay capital, and in the hot days of summer they rush thither in great numbers, as the New-Yorkers rush to Coney Island and Long Branch. You can devote the early hours of the day in Paris to business, breakfast at eleven o'clock, take the train at one for Havre, enjoy a dip in the sea at Frascati's before six, and take your dinner at an open window where the cooling breezes sweep in from the Atlantic. You are a hundred and forty odd miles from Paris when you step from the train at Havre, but this distance is the merest trifle in these days of fast expresses and luxurious carriages. The Normandy coast is dotted with places where the Parisians go to breathe the air of the ocean, and from July to September many thousands of men and women, with their proportionate juvenile accompaniments, loiter along the rocks and sands, or bathe in the waters. Havre occupies no mean place in the list of sea-side resorts, as any patron of Frascati's during the warm months can testify. It has the disadvantage of a beach of cobble-stones instead of sand: were it not for this drawback there is little doubt that it would soon be a formidable rival to Trouville and Dieppe. It is a penance of no small moment to walk from the bathing-houses to the water's edge at Havre, and not unfrequently you will see a visitor who pre-

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ALONG THE ROCKS AND SANDS.

fers to divide his weight on four limbs instead of two, by creeping on hands and knees over the unyielding pebbles. At high tide the stones are covered, and the occasion for assuming an infantile attitude does not exist.

As we approach it from the sea the city of Havre seems to shrink from sight like a coy maiden, and it is not until we are close upon it that it is revealed to the eye. It nestles in a cleft in the hills on the northern bank of the Seine, which is here widened into a bay, and not content with the shelter which its position affords, it is wrapped in a veil formed by the smoke from its numerous factories and its incoming and outgoing steamers. Behind and on the left, as we look toward the city, rise the hills of Ingouville and Sainte-Adresse, the suburbs of Havre, whose villas and gardens tell of the prosperity in commerce and the taste in architecture and horticulture of the merchants of Havre. The view is charming in the extreme, and we do not wonder at the declaration of Casimir Delavigne, lyric and dramatic poet of celebrity, that, after Constantinople, he had never seen anything so beautiful. From Harfleur to Cape de la Hève is a panorama of beauty, and when we look across the Seine we see an outline of a similar picture. Trouville is on our right and Honfleur on our left; the undulating coast lies between them, and were it not for the dimness of distance we should behold a repetition of the bouquets of verdure that dot the hills and fill the valleys behind and above "Le Havre de Grâce." By-and-by the harbor opens to receive us, and the semaphore at the entrance is gay with the flags that signal our approach, or tell to the inhabitants of the prosperous city the state of the tide. A leafless forest of masts reveals the maritime character of Havre, and fringes the rows of warehouses that line her quays. A mile or more from land our great steamer pauses and drops her anchor, and we are told that the tide is low and we must be landed in a tender. Unceremoniously and with much discomfort we enter the diminutive craft; steerage and cabin are indiscriminately mingled, and the trunks of all are piled in a confused heap that fills the forward part of the boat. He of the scythe and hour-glass is the greatest leveller, and next to him is the tender in which we land at Havre from the French mail-steamer that has brought us from New York.

The *avant-port*, or entrance harbor, is nearly dry at low water, and our tender, even with her light draught, stirs the mud as she proceeds. But when the tide is in,

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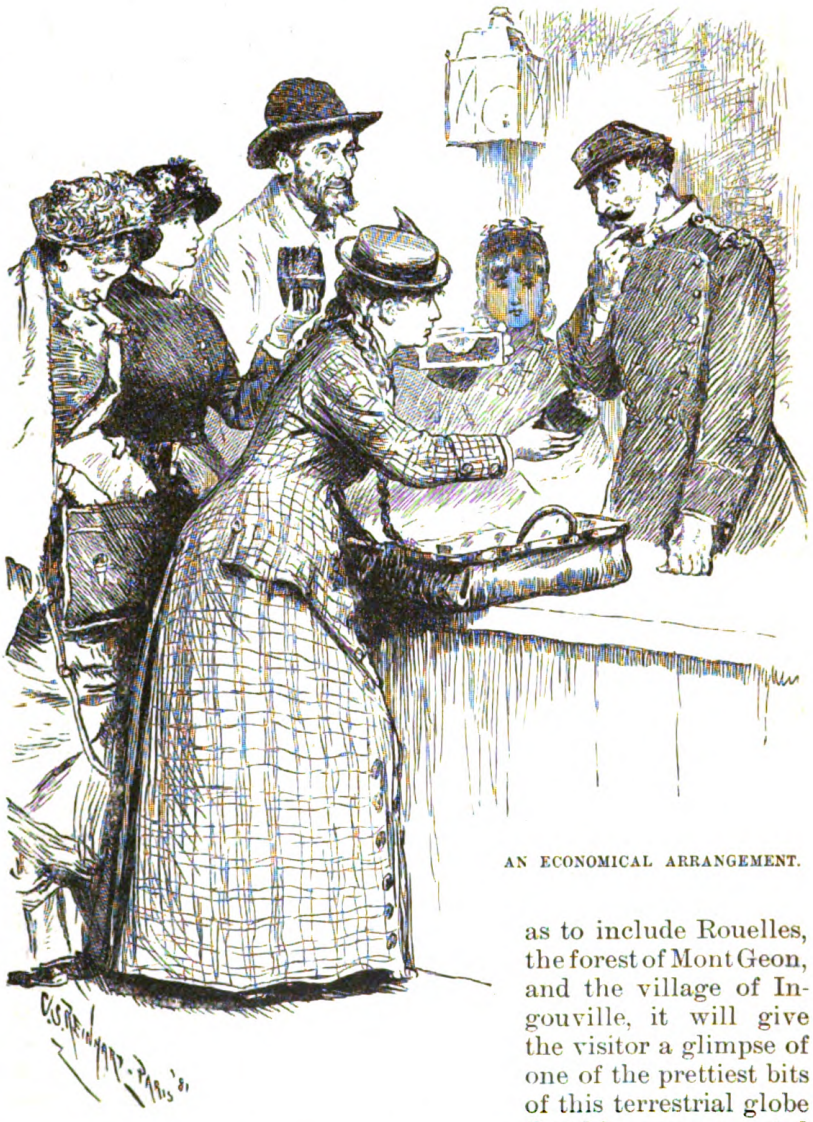
the largest steamers and sailing ships can safely proceed to the docks, that have been dug from the land with an enormous expenditure of money and muscle. The docks and basins of Havre are all of man's creation, and owe their existence to his industry and perseverance. They are eight in number, and a ninth, and perhaps a tenth, will be added before long. Altogether the existing docks will accommodate two thousand vessels, and by crowding them closely another hundred or two might be taken in. The largest is the dock of the Eure, and it has a superficial area of fifty-three acres, with a mile and a quarter of quays. The water in this basin has a depth of thirty feet, and a dry dock opens from it capable of holding any of the ships that visit the port. Think of the labor necessary for making this dock and building the massive walls that form its sides, and then say if Havre is not deserving of all her present prosperity. An older and smaller dock than this is the *Bassin du Commerce*, which is generally filled with sailing ships, and sometimes has held as many as two hundred of them without impeding circulation. At one end of this dock is the square named after Louis XVI., and on pleasant evenings we will find a dense crowd there to enjoy the military or other music, and to lounge under the trees. Beyond the square and in full view from the dock rises the principal theatre of Havre, and at the water's edge is the machinery for removing the masts of ships or restoring them to their places. The oldest dock of all is the *Bassin du Roi*, or *Vieux Bassin*, and it is also the smallest; it was made in 1669, and has latterly been enlarged so as to adapt it to the ships of the present day. It is difficult to ascertain the cost of the docks of Havre, as the old accounts no longer exist, and we have only the modern figures to guide us. Within the last twenty years more than fifty millions of dollars have been expended on them, and the work is still incomplete.

The customs officials are not exacting, and the formalities are soon completed. We are innocent of tobacco in any shape, with the exception of a few Connecticut Havanas that are permitted freely to pass. The rule of the French *douane* permits you to carry a broken package of less than one hundred cigars; you may have fifty, sixty, or even ninety-nine, and not be liable to interference; but the even hundred will cause trouble. Our passenger list includes a family of five persons; its head is a keen New-Englander, and he has a goodly quantity of cigars for his private use. Before landing he divides his stock so that each of the quintette is the holder of about sixty cigars, and they present a queer spectacle as they stand in a row at the douanier's counter and make their declarations. It does not greatly surprise you that Mrs. Blank is a smoker, though you had never seen her "blowing a cloud"; but it rather takes away your breath when the pale and sentimental Angelica opens her satchel and displays a supply of Intimidads, while the azure-eyed Louisa proclaims herself the owner of half a hundred and more of choice Conchas. Paterfamilias observes the expression of your face, and hastens to explain in a whisper that his daughters never smoked a whiff in all their lives, and things are not what they seem. "These Frenchmen," he continues, "won't know the difference, as all Frenchwomen smoke cigarettes, or at least enough of them do so to prevent any suspicion of the joke I'm playing on 'em. They think a Yankee girl is more free in her ways than a French one, and if their own women indulge in cigarettes, it's a matter of course that ours take to cigars." The official is not deceived, however; but as the requirements of the law are observed, and the declarations are promptly made, he allows the family and its cigars to pass. It is possible that the gallantry for which the Frenchman is famous, often far beyond his deserts, may have facilitated the movements of the economical American and his pale and pretty daughters.

If we look for monuments of antiquity as we ride from the Custom-house to our hotel, we shall be disappointed. Havre is a modern city—not modern like Chicago or San Francisco, but the merest child of a place when compared with London, or Paris, or the great majority of the large cities of Europe. At the beginning of the sixteenth century it was only a straggling village of a few houses, and the little niche that formed its harbor was a refuge of fishermen from other points along the coast when overtaken by storms. Harfleur was known as the sovereign port, and all the commerce of the vicinity was centred there. The little village occasionally sheltered the boats of Harfleur, and so François I., in 1520, ordered that a wall-

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ed city should be built there, and be known as *Le Havre de Grâce*—the harbor of protection. The walls of the old city are gone, and only here and there do we find traces of the work of Francis. Down to 1863 the tower of Francis I. remained; but the march of improvement carried it away, and to-day, when we ask for ancient Havre, we are shown a house bearing the date 1520, with figures of a boatman and a man on horseback rudely carved on a stone over the door. The house was originally a hotel, and the enterprising keeper divided his attention between travellers by land and travellers by water. The times have not greatly changed in three hundred and sixty years. The railway has taken the place of the saddle-horse, and the steamer appears as a substitute of the rude caravel of the sixteenth century; but men come and go by land and by water as they did when this little tavern was in its first decade. Havre has grown to a population of more than a hundred thousand, while Harfleur has dwindled to obscurity. The Lézarde, which formed the harbor of the old capital, is filled with sand, and the boat which could now ascend to Harfleur is too small to be worth consideration. The fortifications have gone; but the old church, one of the finest Gothic structures of Normandy, remains, and so does the château where was once the royal palace. The present importance of Harfleur includes only a few factories, and a trifling interest in fishing and the coasting trade; but its population is barely two thousand, and at every enumeration of the inhabitants they are found to be less numerous than on the previous one. The drive of four miles from Havre to Harfleur is a delightful one, and if the excursion is extended so as to include Rouelles, the forest of Mont Geon, and the village of Ingouville, it will give the visitor a glimpse of one of the prettiest bits of this terrestrial globe that his eye ever rested on. Each bend in the road is a surprise, and if you can take the drive, as the writer did, early in the forenoon, and when the ground is moist, and the trees and grasses are glistening from the effects of a heavy shower in the night, you will return with the conviction that smiling France has no more joyous spot than can be found within ten miles of Havre.



AN ECONOMICAL ARRANGEMENT.

Another charming drive is to the lighthouses that show the position of Havre to

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A VOTIVE OFFERING.

the mariner who approaches this great seaport. They are not in the city itself, but on the Cape de la Hève, in the suburb of Sainte-Adresse. The road winds capriciously up and around a hill whose front is quite steep toward the sea, and affords delightful views at every turn. The water below us is stippled with sails even on ordinary days, and if we happen on a regatta, as one frequently may in summer, the number of craft great and small is absolutely bewildering. If we turn our gaze from sea to land, we find that we are in a maze of villas and châteaux and picturesque gardens that afford tantalizing glimpses as we pass their gates. The driver is communicative, and points out various objects of special interest. Here is the summer-house of Sara Bernhardt, the eccentric Sara, who is a native of Havre, and adores the place of her birth. There is a huge chalet built by Queen Christine of Spain, and from its upper windows the entrance of the port and the whole panorama of Havre are visible. The celebrated author Alphonse Karr lived a long time at Sainte-Adresse, and built a house after his own taste, with a garden that must have cost him many hours of study. He did much for the development of the suburb, and though he no longer dwells here, and has no interest in the property, the house is known as that of Alphonse Karr, to the exclusion of the name of the present owner. We pass the Church of Notre Dame des Flots, built by subscriptions of the sailors of Havre and vicinity, and specially venerated by them; they frequently come here in pilgrimages, and though the church is of recent date, it is well filled with votive offerings of mariners who have escaped the perils of the sea, and of the sick who have been healed by the interposition of the Virgin. Near it there rises a curious monument, like an enormous sugar-loaf, and we learn on inquiry that it is in memory of General Desnouettes, who perished in a shipwreck in the early part of this century. His widow caused the erection of this monument in order that it might serve as a beacon for sailors approaching Havre; its whiteness and peculiar shape make it visible for a long distance, and many a blessing has been invoked on the builder, not only by hardy mariners, but by seasick passengers arriving from the English coast. Would that all widows were thus practical in designing the memorial symbols of their grief for the dear departed!

There are two light-houses at Sainte-Adresse, each about fifty feet high, and standing on a cliff three hundred and a few odd feet above the sea. More than a

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hundred years ago these lights were established, and they have no superiors on any part of the French coast. Some years ago the electric light was definitely adopted for them, and it is said that it can be distinctly seen for more than thirty marine miles. The favorite time for visiting Sainte-Adresse is late in the afternoon, in order to have the sunset view. Land and sea are embraced in the picture; the play of light and shade and the glory of the sun as it sinks in the western ocean and tinges the waves with golden and purple rays are beyond the power of words to depict.

Throughout all parts of France there is a prohibition against begging, and those who violate it are liable to fine and imprisonment. But, like many other laws of this and other lands, there is no very strict compliance with this regulation, if we may judge by the frequent appeals to our charity on behalf of the lame, halt, blind, and indolent. Signs are set up in public places bearing the words "La mendicité est interdite"—begging is forbidden—in letters so large that there can be no mistake as to their meaning. On the road from Havre to Sainte-Adresse we read the admonition at a conspicuous corner, and as we respect the laws of the country, and are economically inclined, we at once determine to be guiltless of any infringement of this regulation, either subjectively or objectively. On our return we glance again and with affection at the warning sign, and discover a beggar comfortably seated at the foot of the post that sustains it. His hat lies between his knees with its capacious mouth ready for coins from the hands of benevolent passers, and as our carriage approaches he raises his voice in supplication for a trifle to help a poor man whose family is starving. The humor of the situation is worth a sou at least, and we bestow it on the aged mendicant, who probably is without the least suspicion of the real cause of our benevolence.

It is time for us to return to Havre, since we wish to study the city in its commercial as well as in its picturesque aspect. In its commerce with the United States of America, Havre holds the second place, Liverpool being the first. She imports more of our wheat, corn, cotton, and other products than does London, Hamburg, or any other transatlantic port, with the single exception I have mentioned, and it is not impossible that she will soon surpass the great mart of the Mersey in the importance of her American trade. Certainly the rapid growth of her commerce is a favorable omen for the future, and it is a growth far more rapid than that of the commerce of her English rival. In 1836 there were entered from foreign ports at Havre 524 ships, with an aggregate measurement of 150,000 tons. In 1878 the entries were 3230, with an aggregate of 1,886,100 tons. For how long must Havre progress at that ratio to outstrip every other port of Europe? More than three hundred thousand bales of American cotton have entered the port in a single year, with a hundred thousand barrels of petroleum, and two million bushels of grain. And, like Oliver Twist, Havre is looking for more. The demand for our products exceeds the capacity of the port to handle them; when the facilities are multiplied, the trade will grow accordingly. That I may not be regarded as speaking in riddles, I will explain.

In spite of her enterprise in many ways, Havre is very conservative in other things,



A TWILIGHT EFFECT.

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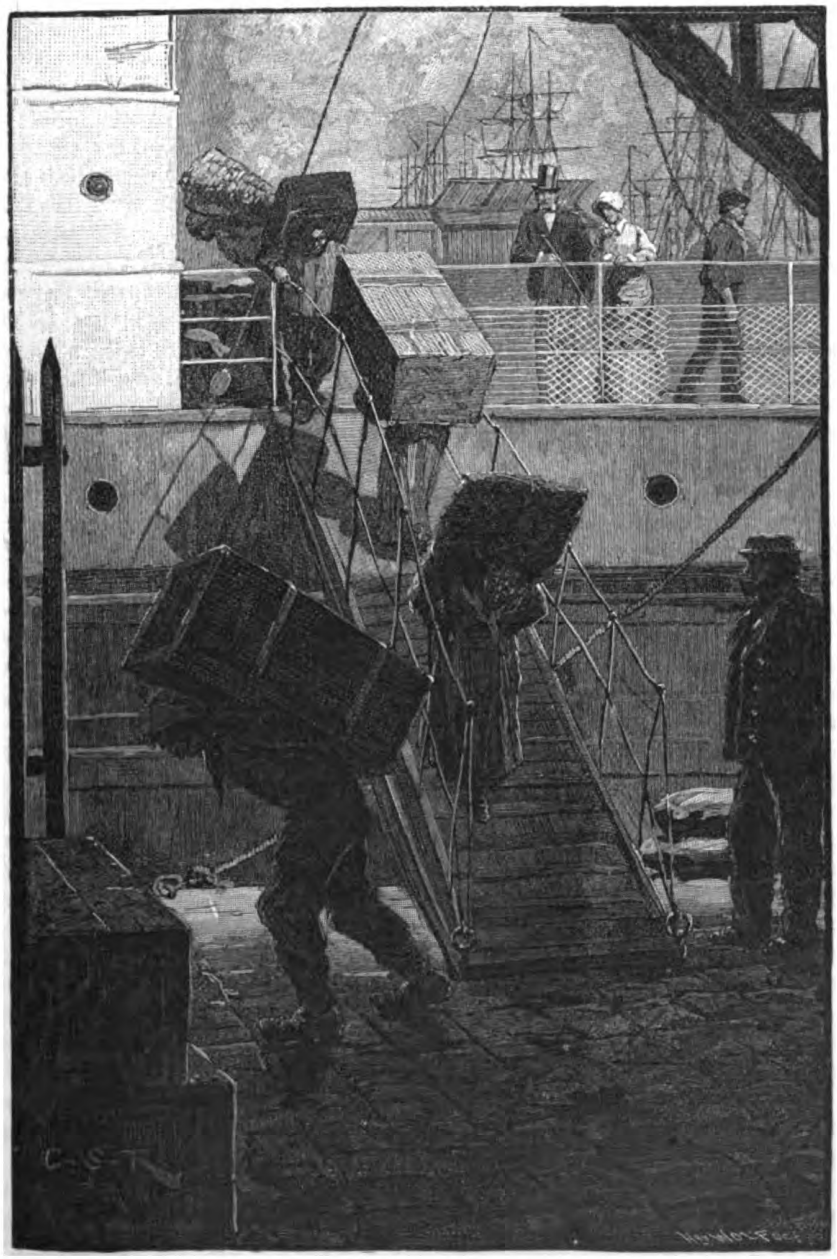
and hesitates at progress. Notwithstanding her large trade in grain, she does not, at the time I am writing, possess a single grain elevator. Ships are unloaded just as they were three hundred years ago, by men and women carrying burdens on their backs, and the process is necessarily a slow one. The American consul and others interested in the development of our commerce have tried to induce the Havrais to adopt the American system by pointing out its advantages. A company was formed for the construction of elevators, but the measure was killed by the owners of the warehouses, who feared that their business would suffer. Quite recently a concession has been obtained for a floating elevator as an experiment; the same warehousemen who objected to the land elevator are opposing the floating one, and it may take a long time to overcome their prejudices, especially as the prejudice is born of personal interest. Sooner or later Havre must have elevators for handling the grain that she imports, and the sooner she gets them the better will it be for all concerned. At present ships are often compelled to wait ten or fifteen days for a chance to unload, and when one has found a berth, it takes a week or ten days for the discharge of the cargo under the old system; then another ship must wait till she is out, and so the delay goes on through the year. An elevator would discharge a ship in a single day, and be done with her, and thus the facilities of the port would be vastly increased without the construction of new docks or the enlargement of the present ones.

Nearly all the docks are unprovided with sheds for the storage of freight, and so the grain, pork, lard, cotton, and other American products landed there must lie exposed to the weather till they can be removed. I saw great piles of grain in sacks lying in the open air, and was not surprised to learn that the annual loss in this article alone, on account of the exposure, amounted to several per cent. on the value of the importations. Then, too, I passed hundreds of barrels of lard and hundreds of boxes of cut meats that had been landed two or three days before, and were rapidly deteriorating under the effect of the warm sun of Western France in July. Our consul had protested over and over again at this wasteful system of business; he had induced the erection of sheds near some of the docks, but they were not sufficient for the shelter of a tenth of the imports that needed them. The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique—the company whose line carries the French mail between New York and Havre—has provided sheds for the storage of its freight, and so has the Hamburg-American company, which has a station here. Havre may be said to have four steam lines to the United States (if we include the Hamburg-American)—two to New York and two to New Orleans. Rumor has it that another is shortly to be added, and it is not impossible that when our shipping interest has its long-expected revival an American steam line will be established between New York and Havre, to the great delight of those of our people who wish to sail under their country's flag when going to Europe, and desire to avoid the passage of the English Channel, with its many horrors.

The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, whose name is frequently abbreviated to "C. G. T.," is the pride and delight of every resident of Havre, whatever his occupation and political faith, and with good reason. The company has expended vast sums of money in the development of the commerce of the port, and has stretched out its arms to various parts of the world. Few Americans have any conception of the vastness of its enterprise. Like nearly all the French steam lines, it receives a heavy subsidy in the shape of a mail contract, and this subsidy has proved a very efficient motor, especially in the periodic visitations of hard times, that are the lot of nearly every company on the face of the earth. It has a fleet of nearly if not quite sixty ships, many of them of heavy tonnage; and when we remember that the line between Havre and New York occupies but six of them, we can begin to understand the magnitude of the company's operations. In additi
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company's service, as it has half a dozen lines in the Mediterranean that bear no relation whatever with the Atlantic Ocean. The seat of the general administration is at Paris, where all questions of magnitude that the administration in that particular instance was threatened with idiocy, you will be answered with a shrug of doubtful import. The officer to whom you speak may have his own views on the subject,



MEN AND WOMEN UNLOADING A STEAMER.

are referred, and sometimes the decisions are not typical of nautical knowledge. If you encounter an absurd regulation on board one of the steamers, and inquire the cause, you will be told that it was made by the administration; and if you suggest but he never expresses them; he is there to obey orders, and not to discuss questions of nautical ethics.

The tariff for passengers on all the lines is arranged with great exactness, and it is difficult to raise a question that is not met

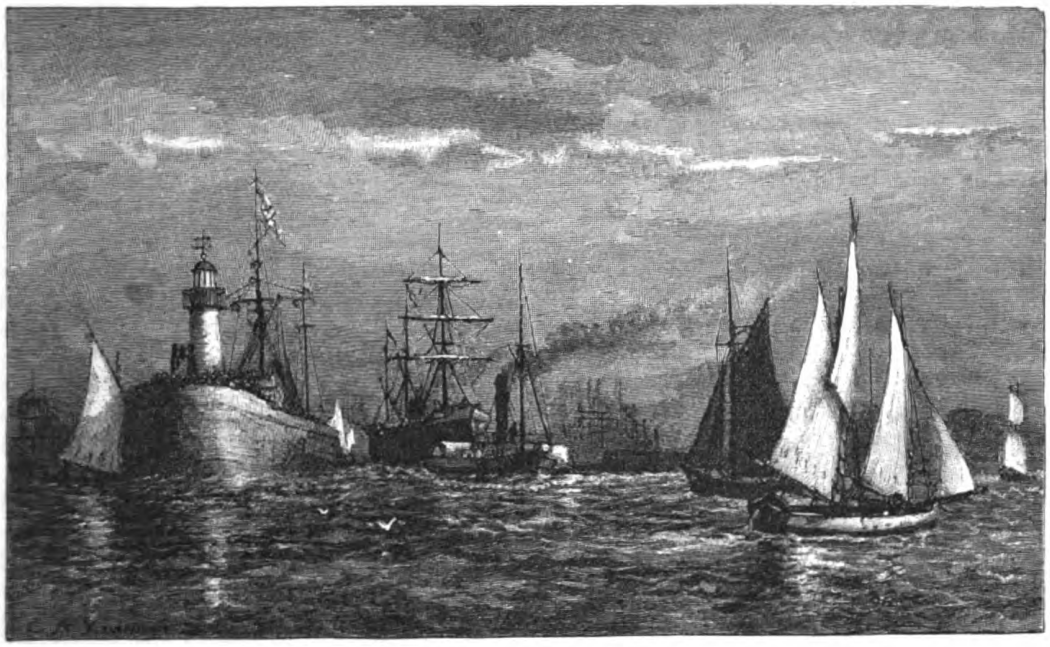
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in the regulations. For example, it is stated in the company's circular that infants below three years of age are carried free, if accompanying their parents; those from three to eight years pay quarter fare; from eight to twelve years, half fare; and above twelve years, full fare. It adds that if a family has several children below three years, the free passage is allowed to only one of them; the rest must pay quarter fare. Then follow a long series of rules regarding baggage, servants, and the rights of passengers in the cabins, and the regulations close with the announcement that passengers must pay fifty francs for each dog or monkey, and twenty francs for each parrot. Nothing is said about snakes or tigers, but I have little doubt a tariff has been made for them, and for every other kind of animated thing that went into the ark with Noah.

The arrival of one of the great steamers at Havre, provided she anchors outside, and you are sent ashore in a tender, has nothing romantic about it. But the case is different when you sail or steam away, as the departure is fixed for the time of high water, and you leave directly from the dock in the Eure Basin. Havre has a decided advantage in one respect over the other ports of the French coast—she has a period of nearly two hours at high tide when the water remains stationary, while at other points it begins to fall in a few minutes after it has reached the flood. The departure from Havre may be delayed a little without detriment, but in other harbors the ships must leave on the instant or wait till the next tide. A friend of mine tells me of his vexation at going on one occasion into a coast port by railway. The train had lost half an hour from some cause while on the road, and just as it rolled into the station alongside the boat with which it was to connect, the latter cast off her lines and steamed away, leaving the passengers astonished and profane on the pier. She could not wait longer without missing the tide. Her captain knew where his passengers would be found on his return, and, as my friend expressed it, "They had plenty of time to wait, and nothing else to do." The steamers leaving Havre take very little risk, and hardly has the appointed hour sounded than they are off. The great gates that close the basins are opened, and with two or three powerful tugs to move her bow and stern at the turnings, the leviathan moves away at a dignified pace. Every traveller has noticed how cumbersome and helpless an ocean steamer becomes when she enters a port crowded with shipping. Her place is on the deep waters, and the river craft that could not live a minute where she could ride in perfect safety are now vastly her superiors. They can turn a dozen times while she is preparing to make a single half-circle; and if she endeavors to move quickly, she is liable to do an amount of damage of no ordinary character. The tenders that assist us in getting to sea are noisy little fellows, but they perform their work admirably, and are evidently as used to it as the old woman's eels were to being skinned. The wonder of the thing is that we seem to be moving through the land rather than the water, as the docks and gates are narrow, and the warehouses rise high above us. It is something like starting in a steamer from the City Hall of New York, following Broadway to Wall Street, and then descending to the ferry, to proceed toward the Narrows and the open Atlantic. But we do it in safety, neither brushing our neighbors nor scratching our sides against the walls, and in half an hour we drop our tenders, the engine pulsates more quickly, the tremor of our accelerated motion begins, and we are off for a ten days' voyage to the land of the free. The crowd at the foot of the semaphore on the pier cheer as we go past them, and the flag dips in our honor; the sunny slopes against which Havre nestles in security seem to smile a farewell blessing and a wish for a prosperous voyage as we leave them to grow more and more dim in the distance, till at last they vanish altogether, and the eastern horizon becomes naught else than sea and sky.

But though steaming away we have not done with this French port; we have learned something of her commerce, but are very far from learning all. Let us glance at the manifest of the last steamer from New York, and see what she brought to the port of Havre. First on the list we find 2000 and odd barrels of lard, besides 300 cases of the same substance. Then follow 3000 sacks of wheat, 400 bales of cotton, 50 tierces of salt pork, 5000 hams in casks, 100 cases of preserved lobsters, 100 of butter, 600 sacks of coffee, 9 agricultural machines, 3 Fairbanks scales, 100 barrels of dried apples, 50 barrels of cider, 56 cheeses, and various other odds and

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STEAMER LEAVING HAVRE FOR NEW YORK.

ends of no great moment. No tobacco appears on this manifest, for the reason that it is not the time of year for the importation of that narcotic luxury. The government sends its agents to the United States every year to purchase tobacco in the localities where that article is grown, and the shipments by single steamers often amount to many thousands of dollars in value. More unmanufactured tobacco is imported from the United States than from any other country, and it is wrought into the proper shape in the government factories. The French buy very few cigars from us, as we find none of these articles on the manifests of the steamers from New York, while they form the principal item in the cargoes from Havana. Of all the government monopolies in France that of tobacco is the largest, and it will doubtless so continue as long as men are addicted to the vice (or pastime) of smoking.

One item on the list I have quoted is open to suspicion. Why should France import cider from America when she has such an excellent product of the apple-tree in the cider of Normandy? I propound the question to a Frenchman who is familiar with the subject, and he tells me, how truthfully I will not venture to say, that the cider of Normandy can not be made into champagne wine as well as that of America, and the importations from our orchards are for that purpose. He declares that the industry is an American one, and had its origin in one of our provinces known as New Jersey. I admit having heard something about Jersey champagne, and regret that I can not fully inform him about it, and then the subject is dropped for another of similar import.

In strolling about Havre, especially in the vicinity of the Bassin du Commerce, I observe large quantities of logwood in process of landing from ships that have come from the West Indies. "Can all this be needed for dyeing?" is the question that naturally occurs to me, and I repeat it to my friend who has told me of the uses of cider.

"Yes," he replies, "it is all used for dyeing, but not for the kind of dyeing you have in mind. Two-thirds of our importation of logwood is for the coloring of tissues, leather, and similar articles, and the other third is consumed in making wine."

"In making wine!" I exclaim, in astonishment. "Do you really mean it?"

"Certainement, monsieur; c'est bien vrai." And then he went on to explain that a great quantity of the red wine of France of the lowest grades is artificially colored. Red wine of pure manufacture

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is dearer than white wine, and so the enterprising dealer makes use of logwood for both color and flavor. The wood is ground in a mill not unlike that used by tanners for grinding bark; the dust is then mixed with the wine in a vat, and allowed to remain there for a week or more, and it is frequently stirred, so that wine and dust are intimately associated. The coloring matter gives the proper tint, and the astringent quality of the wood goes to make the "puckery" taste that is sometimes more than apparent in cheap wine, and may be set down as a staying quality. My friend says that the coloring does not give any unwholesome character to the wine, and many people learn to like the doctored article quite as well as the more primitive product of the vineyard. When the work is properly performed the wine is allowed to settle before it is drawn off, and in such case it is perfectly clear. "But it too often happens," said he, "that in the haste of bottling this precaution is not taken, and then you have a sediment in the casks and bottles, and sometimes a deposit forms on the glass from the settling of the coloring matter. It is only the cheap wines that are thus treated; the high-priced ones contain enough natural color, so that they need no doctoring; and while you may be suspicious of the *vin ordinaire* that is brought to you in a restaurant, you need have no fear of a bottle of Beaune or Chambertin, provided the place where you buy it is fairly respectable."

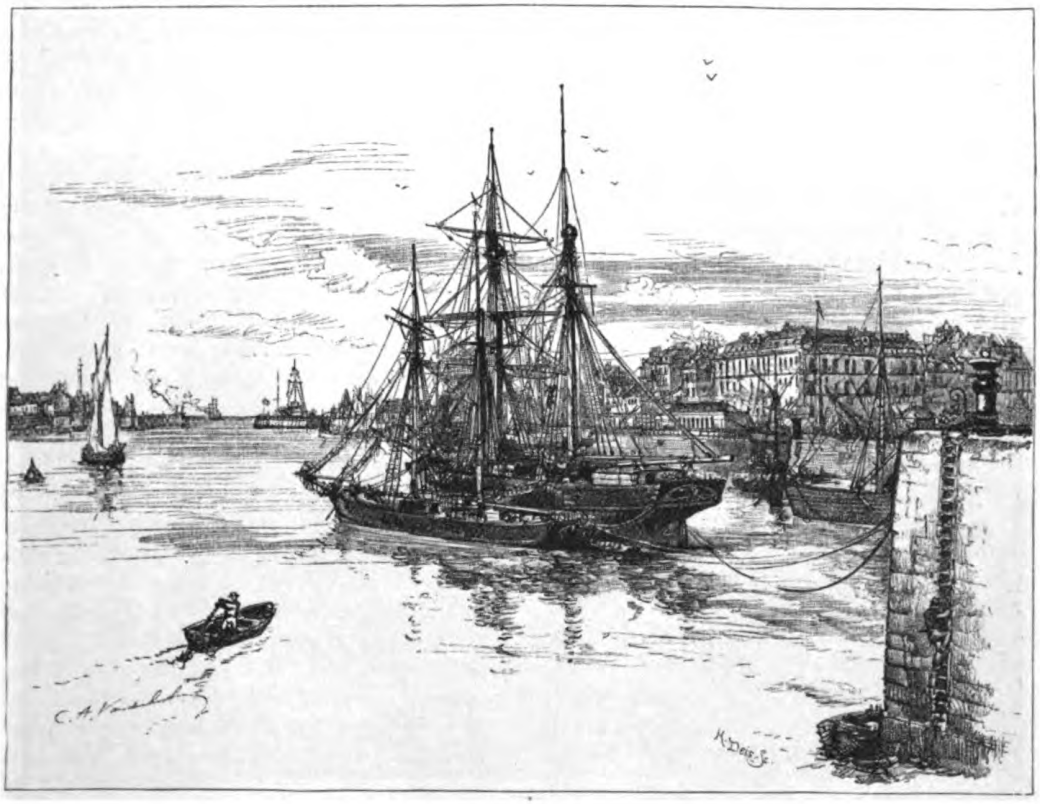
The statement of my French acquaintance is corroborated by others, including an American who has had considerable familiarity with French commerce. The suggestion is not new that logwood is used for coloring wine, and I have heard the red noses of certain free drinkers attributed to this cause.

Several flouring mills in and near Havre consume a large part of the wheat that we send to the port, and the rest goes to points farther inland. The French millers say that our wheat, especially that from California, makes beautifully white flour, and consequently white bread, but it is lacking in nutritious qualities, owing to the small proportion of gluten. They have tried various combinations, and one of them tells me that the most successful mixture he has found is a third each of California, American Western, and French wheats. This gives, he says, a white flour that mixes readily into dough, and contains the necessary amount of gluten. A more glutinous wheat than all others is that grown in Algeria, and it is the one especially preferred for the manufacture of macaroni. My milling acquaintance says that our California wheat has been tried for macaroni, but it totally failed, as it lacked the toughness necessary for drawing the pipe-stems into the required shape. I suggested that it might be compounded with India rubber, or possibly with glue; but he gravely responded that the composition would hardly be an edible one, and the manufacturer who placed it on the market would find his business ruined in a short time.

Havre suffers from the high tariffs of the railway, and were it not for her outlet by the Seine she would have a hard time. The Western Railway of France is the only one that enters the city, and consequently the company can put its charges at whatever figure it pleases. Merchants complain of delays in shipments, which are often worse than the high tariffs, and these delays, when taken in connection with the lack of sheds for storage facilities, are sometimes enough to make an importer lose his temper.

Port charges on the French coast, whether of the Atlantic or the Mediterranean, are very high compared with ours (which are bad enough, in all conscience), and consequently Havre is no worse off than any of her Gallic rivals. Take the *Labrador*, of the New York and Havre line, as an illustration, a steamer of 4500 tons measurement, and capable of carrying 3000 tons of freight. Her port charges at Havre, including pilotage, dockage, and all other ages, amount to 9712 francs, or about $1940. The corresponding charges at New York are 3258 francs, or $650. When we remember that money is of greater value—*i. e.*, has a larger purchasing power—in France than in America, we can readily see that commerce is not greatly encouraged there. The French charges are the same for an empty ship as for a full one, and consequently it is a serious matter for a vessel to seek a harbor under the Gallic flag unless she has a good charter or a full cargo. Here is one reason, at least, for the non-existence of an American steam-ship line to France—the great expense attending a visit to a French port irrespective of the cost of running a ship, and the low price of freight

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IN THE HARBOR.

and passage. Of late years freights have been so low that they did little more than pay the cost of handling. The English lines compete with the French, and it has often happened that freight could be sent from Havre to New York *viâ* Liverpool for a dollar a ton, and steerage passengers were carried for ten dollars. All things considered, there is not a brilliant prospect that the owners of steamers will get rich so rapidly as to turn their heads.

Old merchants of Havre recall the days when the *Franklin* and *Humboldt*, and later the *Fulton* and *Arago*, formed a line between their city and New York. Then came the line established by the enterprise of Vanderbilt, which was broken up by the war of secession, and never restored. The question is often asked when there will be another American line, but thus far it is without definite response.

In return for the products of American soil that we send to France we receive a varied assortment of French manufactures. In the manifest of a steamer for New York I find a much longer enumeration than in the one we have already reviewed, and, taken altogether, the articles named make a queer lot. Of course wines, liquors, and silks occupy the foremost place, and then follow wax, perfumery, drugs, skins, millinery goods, porcelain, clocks, playthings for children, sardines, linen, mineral water, balloons, glycerine, tools, violins, books, ribbons, furniture, and relics of saints. The latter is not a regular article of commerce, and is not quoted in the daily price current; the shipments are somewhat irregular, as genuine relics are not to be had when wanted, and are not always salable when on hand. Water from the holy well at Lourdes is frequently exported, and the trade in it is said to be increasing every year. The cargoes for America are generally much lighter than those that come from there; our steamer is crowded to the very top of her hatchway on her eastward trip, but her westward voyage finds her with plenty of space in the hold, and she yields to the motion of the waves far more readily than before. The balance of trade is in our favor, and is likely to continue so, in spite of our liberal purchases in the shops of Paris and in the vineyards of the country of champagne.

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FISHERWOMEN.

The ordinary population of Havre is much like that of any other French city, and you find no difficulty in regarding the place as a duodecimo edition of Paris. But the mariner and his kindred are a race apart, and form an interesting study. The sailors are bronzed and hardy, like sailors everywhere, and it is just possible that their free potations of red wine and its logwood concomitant have given their faces a ruddier tint than we usually find with the navigator of England or America. The water-side of Havre is not unlike that of Liverpool or New York; the streets are narrow, and not overclean; drinking shops abound; and sometimes the voice of the reveller floats on the air, and calls for the intervention of the police. Sometimes, when foreign ships have allowed their crews to go ashore, there is a Babel of conversation that would set a Mezzofanti in despair, and it is interesting to observe the result of a dialogue between men who can not comprehend each other's language.

The fishing population of Havre, as well as of all the ports of the coast of Normandy, is more picturesque than the one just described. The type of the Normandy fisherman is a striking one; his costume is generally composed of canvas trousers, a knitted shirt, a hat that reminds you of the New York fireman of twenty years ago, the whole terminating in high stockings and heavy shoes of wood or leather. Often he has a sash about his waist to hold his trousers in place, and if he can not afford the sash he is content with a section of half-inch rope. He is rough in appearance but civil in manner, and if you are strolling through the market and ask a question which implies you to be a stranger, he will take considerable trouble to enlighten you. On my first visit to the market I found two men and as many women busy over a pile of dogfish and skates, marine products that are not considered edible in the vicinity of Manhattan Island. They were counting and sorting the lot; one woman in a short Normandy dress, a conical cap, and with a basket over her shoulder, endeavored to persuade me to purchase a skate, which she declared had only come an hour before from the water. I told her I was a stranger, and the hotel supplied me

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with all the fish I needed; then I asked how much she wanted for the one she had in her hand. She told me the price with a smile, and suggested that if I took the fish to the hotel I should be sure of something fresh for dinner. From that we went into a conversation about the value of the dogfish, and whether he was a good article of diet; the whole quartette joined in the dialogue, answered readily all my questions, and volunteered several bits of information that I appreciated. From them I learned that the dogfish and skate are by no means to be despised; the former is abundant and cheap, and the best way of cooking is by cutting him into steaks for frying, the same as we are accustomed to treat the halibut. The skate may be fried or boiled, and a favorite way is to serve him up cold with some piquant kind of sauce to give a flavor. I should add that neither of these products is considered aristocratic, and its purchasers are generally among the poorer classes. I am not aware of having eaten dogfish, and therefore can not speak practically of its qualities, but I can testify to the excellence of the skate, or ray, as I have partaken of him in French restaurants. I can not say if he is identical with the despised skate of our coast, but if not, he is, at any rate, a very near relative. It is a pity that our people can not be educated to consider the dogfish a proper article of food, as he is so abundant along our coast as to be a first-class nuisance to fishermen. He attaches himself to the hook of the marine piscator without invitation, and the only revenge the latter can take is to return his prize to the water after cutting off his tail or otherwise maiming him, and possibly making him the object of a little energetic profanity.

The Rue de Paris is the Broadway of Havre; it has the best shops to be found in the city, and on pleasant afternoons it is crowded with promenaders, so that circulation is not altogether easy. It extends from the quay to the garden of the Hôtel de Ville (City Hall), and passes at one side of the Place Louis XVI., which has been already mentioned. It was laid out and completed while narrow sidewalks were in fashion, and consequently anything like a rush of visitors is sure to make locomotion difficult. The second day of my stay in Havre happened to be a national fête, and it seemed as if half the population of Normandy had come to the city, and of that half at least nine-tenths strolled along the Rue de Paris. Carriages were compelled to proceed at a walk,



A FISHERMAN.

men and women jostled against each other, and sometimes came into close collision, but everybody was in perfect good-humor, and there was not an individual who appeared in the least influenced by the cup that cheers and inebriates. Everybody was neatly, however roughly, dressed, and I looked in vain for man or woman who was ignorant of the cleansing effect of water on face and hands. A French

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ON THE NORMANDY COAST.

crowd is the cleanest in the world, with the possible exception of a Japanese one; the comparison between French and Japanese assemblages may be continued to the element of politeness, in which they are very much alike. Occasionally you will find a good deal of rudeness under the mask of extreme civility, but it is the exception rather than the rule, and, after all, is it not preferable to be robbed by a polished Fra Diavolo than by an uncouth boor who knows nothing of the manners of the drawing-room?

Havre has expended her money with a liberal hand in the erection of public buildings and the establishment of pleasure-grounds for the populace. The Hôtel de Ville, or City Hall, is a handsome edifice in the style of the Renaissance, and is said to have cost about two millions of francs to construct. The Palace of Justice is another fine building, and so is the Bourse, or Exchange, only recently finished. Then there are the Lycée, or College of Havre, the General Hospital, the Tribunal of Commerce, the Museum and Library, several school buildings, the government warehouses, and many other public structures, whose mere list would be tedious. The government tobacco factory is in a large building where John Law, of South Sea Bubble fame, wished to establish a mint for coining the money to be made in his speculations. It employs six hundred workmen, and consumes five million pounds of tobacco annually. Most of the public buildings are modern; one of the oldest is the Marine Arsenal, which was constructed in 1669, and bears the names of Jean Bart, Duquesne, Tourville, and other famous navigators of France, inscribed on its front. The public garden is a charming spot, and in one corner there is an aquarium where artificial rock simulates the natural to such a degree as to deceive many a visitor.

The flag on the semaphore indicates high water. Let us enter the street car, where we pay according to the distance we ride, and not a fixed fare for our journey, whether it be long or short. It has divisions for first and second class passengers, and if we wish to economize a sou we will travel in the cheaper section. We will hasten to Frascati's for a dip in the sea and a study of the gay crowd that assembles there at the hour of the bath. But bear in mind that the French are fastidious on the subject of morality, and it is not permissible for monsieur and madame to bathe together, as at any American or English watering-place. They may walk arm in arm to the water's edge, but there they must separate, and keep on their re-

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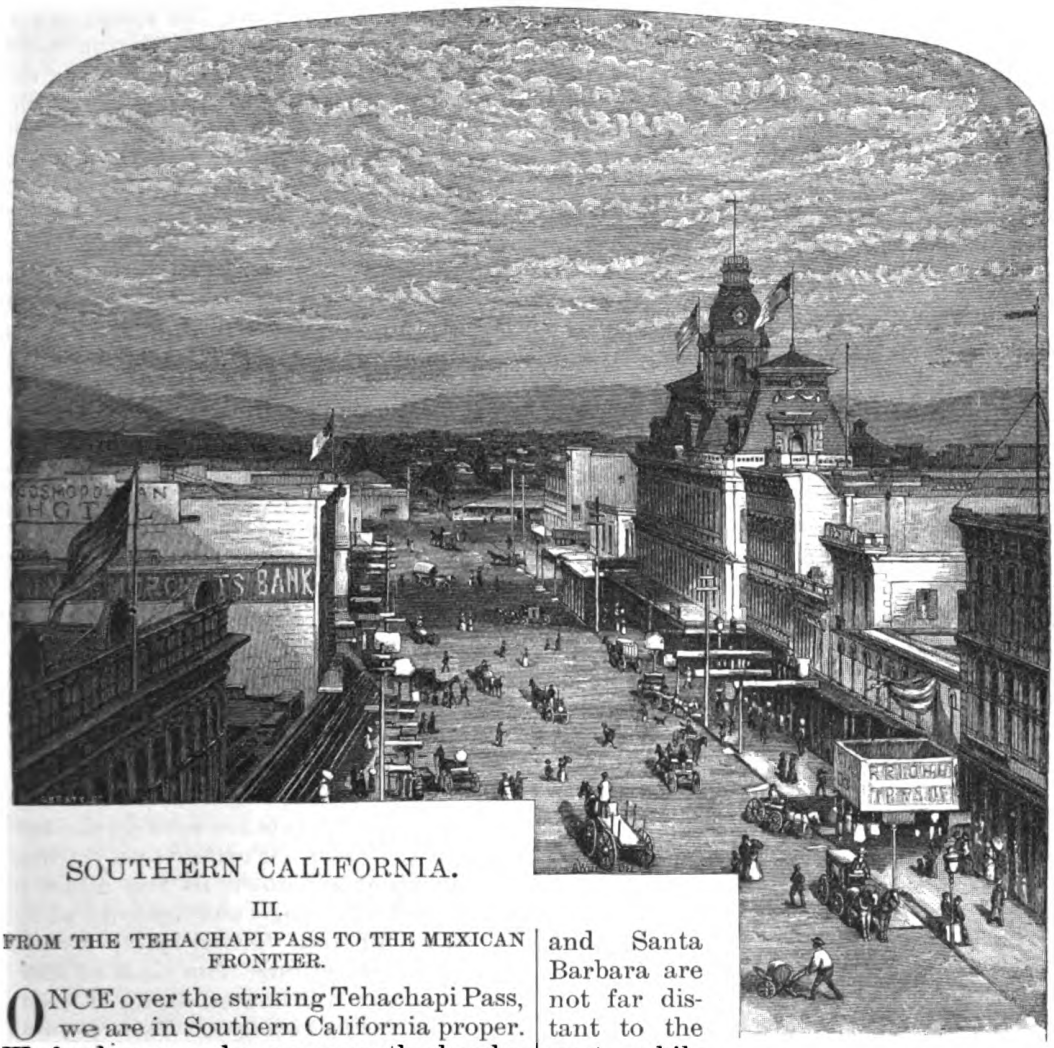
ON THE BEACH AT FRASCATI'S.

spective sides of the narrow pier that forms the division. Queer people, these French! Some of their moralities strike us as bordering on laxity, but in this matter of bathing they are more prudish than we. And to make the thing more absurd, they have a lot of *baigneurs*, bearded and unbearded men, to accompany ladies into the water, and assist them at the bath, where husband, brother, or other masculine friend is excluded. The *baigneur* is generally a fisherman or other person familiar with the water, as unsentimental as an oyster, and as few French women are able to swim, his duties are confined to dipping his fair charge beneath the water, and taking care that she emerges unstrangled.

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MAIN STREET, LOS ANGELES.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

III.

FROM THE TEHACHAPI PASS TO THE MEXICAN FRONTIER.

ONCE over the striking Tehachapi Pass, we are in Southern California proper. We had come a long way south already, it is true. We had met with settlements of pretty Spanish names, with old missions, with Mexican leather breeches and jingling spurs, with vineyards, and raisin-making, and occasional orange and palm trees; but when the dividing mountain range, four thousand feet above the sea at Tehachapi, is passed, all these things are found in their utmost development. The country is older, the Spanish names more musical; the orange and lemon are not grown in fear and trembling, for ornament simply, but as a principal crop. The climate is of a genial mildness which draws hither the greater number of all those who seek California for health.

It is a section that promises no ordinary entertainment. The widely famed Los Angeles, the City of the Angels, is the terminus of the first day's journey. The watering-place of Santa Monica and the important points of San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara are not far distant to the west, while San Diego lies at a moderate remove to the southward, by the Mexican frontier. In the intervals are scattered colonies of vine and orange growers, the number and dimensions of which are being rapidly increased.

The mountain barrier across the State is deemed by some to be of such importance that it should be a political as well as a natural division. They call for the construction of a distinct new State, to be called South California. Its proposed capital is Los Angeles.

"We are different peoples," maintains one of these separatists in the *Californian* magazine. "We are different in pursuits, in tastes, manner of thought and manner of life;.... our hopes and aspirations for the future are different. The restless, uneasy population of the north, ever drifting, without local attachments, has no coun-

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terpart in Southern California; neither has the wild spirit of mining speculation ever flourished here. With this peaceable life, possibly in part as a result of it, there has grown up in the people an intense love of their land.

"And it is for their own section of the State," he goes on, "that this love exists. They call themselves, not Californians, but Southern Californians. The feeling is intense. I can only liken it to the overmastering love of the old Greek for the sunny shores that lay around the Ægean.

"For myself, I feel more and more each time that I visit the upper portion of the State that I am going into a strange land. And the impression never leaves me till upon my return I look down from the crest of the Tehachapi over the warm southland."

I have thought it worth while to quote this passage, partly because it is amusing, partly because it may serve to accentuate the topographical situation, and because it attributes a character to the section almost exactly the opposite of that which exists. Everywhere is found bustle, enterprise, push. The people will sell you a corner lot or a quarter-section of land with the greatest gusto in the world, and at its full value. Whatever effects the lapse of time may have, the present inhabitants, few of them born here or drafted from indolent climes, are certainly lotus-eaters of a very hardy type.

But meanwhile we are waiting without the gates of Los Angeles, and I, for one, had much too warm a curiosity on arriving to wait there long.

The City of the Angels is, in general effect, another San José, only upon a more hilly site. Its population must be about fourteen thousand. The long thoroughfare of Main Street proceeds, from the dépôt, at first through a shabby Spanish quarter, locally known as "Sonora," consisting of one-story, whitewashed, adobe houses. But presently—after passing a small Spanish plaza set out with sharp-pointed cypresses, and the principal hotel, the Pico House—it is lined with excellent buildings of the modern pattern, and becomes the principal street of the town. The handsome Baker Block is particularly notable. Continuing on to the ornate Los Angeles Bank, it is found that Spring Street diverges at this point at a small angle, and contributes, with Main Street, to give to what may be called the commercial skeleton of the town the shape of a Y with a very long stem. On Spring Street you find the common little post-office, the municipal offices, and a brown Dutch-looking brick building, standing free, which was originally constructed for a market, and is now the County Court-house. You may also look into the lobby of a small adobe jail, which lobby some leisurely prisoner of the frescoer's trade has been allowed to convert into a resemblance to the dungeon scene at a theatre. These two streets, with another shorter one, Los Angeles Street, parallel to Main, and containing fruit and other produce, commission houses, comprise all of the commercial portion of the city worth mentioning.

New buildings are going up. The shops are large and well-appointed. On all sides are read placards offering goods in the usual shibboleth of enterprising traders: "To Reduce Stock!" "At a Wholesale Slaughter," and "For the Next Sixty Days." A serious depression afflicted Los Angeles in 1875, at the time of the general depression throughout the State, but that has been succeeded by a new reign of activity. Trim large residences for the more prosperous merchants are seen in the outskirts of the town. Further out yet they become villas, set down in the midst of plantations of orange and lemon, which are ruled off into formal plots by the ditches for irrigation. The class of more modest means are housed along the side streets in frame cottages. The German Turn-hall serves as the principal theatre.

It is held that Los Angeles, with its port of Wilmington, thirty miles away, should be, and will be, now upon the completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad, the entrepôt and Pacific terminus respectively of a new commercial system. San Francisco has too long sat at the Golden Gate, as it is picturesquely put, "levying toll on every pound of freight that passes through." This selfish greed on the part of San Francisco is to be properly rebuked by the diversion of a part of its trade to the places named. Enthusiastic San Diego too expects to have its share. The wickedness seems to depend largely upon who it is that takes the toll. Los Angeles, it is held, is to be the Lyons, and San Diego the Marseilles, of the State, this theory still leaving San Francisco its Paris.

The pepper-tree with its scarlet berries and fern-like leaves forms the leading

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shade and ornament along Los Angeles streets. Apart from this I recollect a clump of well-grown palms on San Pedro Street, and a Mexican *nopal*, or cactus, in front of a curious octagon house on Main Street, which had attained the dimensions of a good-sized apple-tree. In the court-yard of the principal hotel droops a single ragged-looking banana. Tropical features in the vegetation are very scarce, but it is evident that this is not the fault of the climate, but of failure to encourage them. The castor-oil plant grows a tall rank weed in neglected places. In the door-yards are the Mexican aloe and the Spanish bayonet, from the adjacent deserts of Mohave and Arizona. The extraction of castor-oil was at one time an industry of the place, but is now abandoned.

We had not expected to find Los Angeles wholly foreign, but we were surprised to find it in so many respects very much like other towns in the United States. There is Spanish Town, however, and that should be important. Come, let us go through Sonora.

The Mexican element must be something like one-third of the entire population of the place. In Sonora the recollection of Mexico is revived, but of a very shabby and provincial Mexico. You may find *mescal* and *tequila*—the two varieties of intoxicating liquors distilled from the *maguey*, or aloe—to drink. The dingy little adobe shops contain dingy little stocks of goods, samples of which are set in the shuttered loop-holes of windows. A few swarthy, lantern-jawed old-timers hang about the corners, gossiping in a bad patois, and women with black shawls over their heads pass by. Much of the quarter is in a ruinous condition. There remain in it the vestiges of an arcade system of the kind known in some form to travellers in most tropical or semi-tropical countries. The arcades in Sonora are not of massive brick and stone, but wooden roofs, such as are sometimes put out by our corner grocers, supported on light posts. Here and there only the battered skeletons of these awnings remain attached to the ruinous houses. Most California municipalities have borrowed something of this Spanish idea. At Sacramento, for instance, the thriving but flat and not overattractive capital of the State, one can walk nearly all over the business part of the town under cover.

There is a very respectable-looking Mexican restaurant—a vine-embowered cottage—opposite the Pico House, where the familiar *tortillas*, or pancakes, and *frijoles*, or stewed beans, may be had. Alongside it is an adobe church, quaint in pattern, but modern and devoid of interest, with a belfry, from which chimes



DON PIO PICO.

jangle several times a day in true Mexican fashion. Out of Sonora, too, emerges on the 15th of every September a military company, the Juarez Guard. It escorts a triumphal car bearing the national tricolor of red, white, and green. There is an escort also of dark little maids in white muslin and slippers. The whole proceed to celebrate with appropriate ardor the anniversary of Mexican independence.

But this is a people which has gone to the wall. They wear no very pathetic aspect in their adversity. They are for the most part engaged in the coarser kind of work; they are improvident, and apparently contented with their lot. It is only here and there that a Spanish name—a Pacheco, Sepulveda, Estudillo—rises into prominence in the State of which they were once owners. Old Don Pio Pico, the last of the Spanish Governors, resides here, impoverished, in a little cottage, in sight of property of much value which was formerly his, and of the plaza which was once the centre of his authority.

Don Pio is one of the picturesque sights of Los Angeles. With his history and cir-

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cumstances, he would be esteemed an interesting figure anywhere. Above eighty now, with his stocky figure, square head, and bright eye, contrasting with his bronzed skin and close-cropped white hair and beard, he has a certain resemblance to Victor Hugo. He has a rather florid taste in jewelry, and carries himself about town, in his short overcoat with velvet collar and cuffs, with a bearing still erect and stately. It seems strange to tell, but it is true, and evidence of the conservatism and lack of adaptability in this peculiar race, that the old gentleman, though once Governor of the State, and a continuous resident in it as an American citizen ever since he surrendered it to Fremont and Stockton in 1847—strange to tell, I say, that he does not speak a syllable of anything but his own language. The talk of this historic personage suggests but a rude picture of the advantages to be enjoyed in the state of society existing during his youth. Was there anything in the world so remote as the California of the years 1810–30, or thereabouts?

"I am a plain person," the old man says, "who had the chance to learn but little from books. My father did not leave me a mule nor a vara of ground. I worked for the fathers at the old San Gabriel Mission when I was a boy."

He disclaims even being an authority on the events of his fall and the encroachments of the conquering Americans. "There are many," he says, "who have a better head for all these things than I, who will tell you better than I. I was a just man, however," he naïvely admits. "I aimed to judge a rich man who came before me no better than if he were poor. When it was asked who should be Governor, who was *lo mas justo y honrado*—the most just and honest man—for that place, it was answered that it was I, Don Pio Pico."

There are differences of opinion about these old Spanish officials. I do not cite the controversy here with the purpose of disparaging Don Pio. Let such an intention be far from this cursory account of the salient aspects of things in a new country. But it has a bearing upon the situation of landed property in the State to know that these officials are charged with a wholesale issue of patents to lands after the American occupation, which patents apparently belonged to the periods of their respective administrations. Edwin M. Stanton, sent out for this service, reported to the Attorney-General of the United States that "the making of false grants, with the subornation of false witnesses to prove them, has become a trade and a business."

The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1847, by which the war with Mexico was concluded, secured as valid and of full force whatever had been done before the American occupation. Spanish Governors were numerous in those last days, and went in and out of office, besides, with extraordinary frequency, by reason of plots, counterplots, and the inability of the home government to enforce its authority. Alvarado, Carillo, Micheltorena, and Pio Pico reigned separately, or together, or by turns, in a revolutionary, confused, and overlapping way, which furnished afterward excellent opportunity for fraud. One would much prefer, however, not to touch upon such unpleasant suspicions, but to esteem these fallen dignitaries, not many of whom now survive, according to their misfortunes and romantic character.

Even the Chinese, singularly enough, show a greater enterprise than the Spanish population. Perhaps they may be conceded a better warrant here than elsewhere, since a Chinaman is found in the list of the twelve original settlers of the town in the year 1781. They have pushed into the very best of the old Spanish adobes, the residences which were once the best of their kind in the State. They occupy all those which flank the little plaza and an entire street extending from it. The populace are not, however, or at least have not always been, better reconciled to the hapless Mongolians here than elsewhere. One is shown a street corner where, in an outburst of deadly prejudice, in the year 1871, after having been dragged out of their old Spanish houses, they were hung to lamp-posts, to wagon tongues, and their own doorways. They were thus put to death to the number of eighteen, of all ages and sizes. An informant has described them to me as hanging like bunches of carrots. Just at present they were putting up by the plaza an ornate open-air theatre or temple, in anticipation of a triennial religious festival to last a week or more.

I shall call one of my pleasantest days at Los Angeles that which was devoted to a drive with the Zanjero.

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What is a Zanjero?

His title is derived from the Spanish word *zanja* (ditch). It has been continued down from the original settlement into the present times. He is the official overseer of the water and irrigation system. He took me about with him to observe this very important and entertaining part of the economy of civilized existence in these thirsty regions. Not that Los Angeles is so dry a place by comparison, for it has thirteen inches of annual rain-fall as against two at Bakersfield above, but it is in need of abundant irrigation, for all that.

The Zanjero is elected by the City Council annually. Six deputies are given him to aid him in summer, but the force is reduced to three in winter, when the rains render artificial irrigation hardly necessary. All are invested with the authority and badges of policemen.

The city, we learn as we ride along, controls in its corporate capacity all the waters of the Los Angeles River. The Los Angeles River is a Southern California stream of the typical sort. It is a wide, shallow, almost dry bed at the moment, but in spring and winter it brawls in dangerous fashion, and carries away its bridges as often as it can. We ride up to the point near a certain railroad bridge where the water is first diverted. It is taken out by two small canals, one for the city proper, one for the thriving suburb of East Los Angeles. We find that the dam by which the river is checked for this purpose is constructed of earth, with a facing of stout posts and planking. At the beginning of winter the planking is removed, and the rushing stream allowed to sweep away the rampart of earth, to be replaced by a new one in the succeeding spring. Chain-gangs of convicts are brought out from the prison for this labor.

An earlier canal, however, is taken out of the same river twelve miles above. This supplies a pure drinking water for the city, and also water for irrigating the higher level. There are two very decided levels in the configuration of the city, one rising from the other with great abruptness, as at the sea-port town of Santa Cruz, glanced at heretofore.

Let us stop and look off from the vantage-ground of the highest level when we have reached its top. Upon this height are remains of the fort which Fremont threw up when he entered the city. Down below, directly at its foot, is the cottage of Pio Pico; the big hotel, still bearing his name, in which he sunk a handsome share of his fortune; the little cypress-studded plaza; and the shabby white quarter of Sonora. The mass of the city lies to the right, without striking features. Beyond it, toward the river, stretch breadths of a russet bloom which we know to be vineyard; and formal lines and parallelograms of orange and eucalyptus trees, set down as formally as the stiff little trees accompanying boxes of German toys. Across the river, again, "Brooklyn Heights" and "Boyle Heights" rise to a level, which becomes then a wide rolling table-land (*mesa*), which extends back to the blue Sierra Madre Mountains. Reaching out toward most of the horizons on the other sides are patches and expanses of a garden-like vegetation which have a mysterious and attractive quality. They are our dreamed-of orange groves. The supply is unstinted enough to gratify the most ardent imagination.

The city has created a considerable part of its debt by its water system, having spent probably $200,000 on the whole. The works are of an ephemeral character as yet, which will in time be replaced by something more substantial. The simple trenches and wooden flumes permit waste, and are, besides, costly to keep in repair. One of the principal ditches, however, is carried through a hill some three-quarters of a mile by a tunnel six feet in section, and there have been formed also numbers of durable reservoirs or artificial lakes for the storage of additional water in winter to supplement the river when it is low.

We ride out among the outlying villas and gardens and observe the distribution of the water in its practical application. The main ditches are three feet by two, the more ordinary sort two by one. The "head" is the nominal standard of measurement for the cheery, babbling fluid. The head should be a section of one hundred square inches, delivered under a certain uniform pressure, but it is in practice much more loosely administered. "The irrigators want their work *done*," says the Zanjero; "that is the main point. Some land takes more, other takes less, according as it is sandy or holds the water. A head of fifty inches on the east side will do as much as one hundred and twenty around the city."

Fan-palms, India-rubber-trees, and groups of tall plume-like bananas grow

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freely on the lawns where a little pains has been taken with them. One stops to exclaim with delight at a comfortable home embowered in myrtle, oranges, and vines, the dark glossy foliage starred with the golden fruit and with red roses. It is a spot for any tender romance. Again we come to one which has a long arcade or temple of arched windows clipped out of high arbor vitæ extending across the whole front of its garden. In the arches are framed delicious views of the distant blue mountains, their tops now powdered with snow.

What a place it should be, this land of running brooks, for the youngsters to play at sailing their boats in, though as a matter of fact we never see them doing it. Perhaps there is a law against it. There are laws for stealing the water, or for wantonly raising a gate to waste it, or for transferring it to other irrigators outside the city limits. These latter are entitled to it only upon an extra payment and after those within the city have been supplied. As all the irrigators can not be supplied at once, the manner of serving out the water is as follows: Application has to be made in the last week of each month by those who need it. The Zanjero apportions the supply so that it may pass around among the several applicants in the most convenient way. The complete circuit takes about twenty days. The applicant receives a ticket, on the payment of his fee, entitling him to receive the water at such a day and such an hour, and the right to that time is exclusively his. The rates are so fixed as to reimburse the public treasury, and are not intended as a source of profit. The average charge for the use of the water is about fifty cents by the hour, two dollars a day, or a dollar and twenty-five cents if taken during the night.

The subscriber receives the water from the deputy at his own connecting gate. At all other times the gate must be kept fastened with its secure padlock. The little gate with its handles is like a wooden shovel. Or again, as it slides smoothly downward in its grooves, it recalls the guillotine.

Chop! goes the little guillotine down upon the stream, and off goes its head. Then the surprised current, thus checked on its way among the orchards and gardens, writhes and twists in its box, but presently comes to life again, mournfully accepts the situation, and is ready for a new career at a higher level.

Los Angeles is the metropolis of the orange trade, but the greater part of the culture itself is in numerous tracts in the surrounding country, each of which has a thriving settlement of its own as a nucleus. The lands have usually been laid out and subdivided by capitalists under the "colony" system, as described in a former article. Ten or even five acres in the valuable crops here cultivated are a comfortable property. It may be remembered that along the Italian Lake Guarda so small a piece as half an acre in lemon cultivation is found sufficient for the maintenance of a family. It is in evidence that a return of from $500 to $1000 an acre annually is frequently reaped in Southern California from the orange, lemon, and lime, after the trees have arrived at full bearing. But it will be more charming to gather our information on the spot from the orange-planters themselves. Their piazzas command attractive views; the perfume of rose and heliotrope hangs round them; and specimens of all the fruits are brought forth for our tasting, both with a lavish hospitality and an honest pride in their perfection.

We may begin with Pasadena, which is reached by a drive of ten miles from Los Angeles, or take the train and drop down in the village of San Gabriel at once. Pasadena, the Indiana Colony, San Gabriel, the Lake Vineyard tract, the Alhambra, Santa Anita, and Sierra Madre tracts, and others, all of the same general character, adjoin one another. The dwellings in them are those of people of means and a certain taste. Even the least show ambition. There are pretty chapels in the Gothic style, and neat school-houses. Well-dressed children of a city air are seen going along the roads. The roads themselves are excellent. There are no violent storms or thawing snows in this climate to tear them up, and they are kept in order with little trouble. The better yards are inclosed with hedges of lime, arbor vitæ, or rose-bushes. Some curious circles on the places from time to time attract attention. They are either filled with water, or dry, with the appearance of those rings left behind by a departed circus. These are found to be small reservoirs, used to supplement the all-pervading irrigation system. They are usually filled by the Artesian well, which flows

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PARADISE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

from an iron pipe rising a few feet above the ground. The water overspreads the top in a thin film, like a globe of glass, and reflects neighboring objects. These sparkling films from the pipe of an Artesian well can be seen at a considerable distance, and are a frequent item in the prospect in Southern California. As there has never been any forest, there are no unsightly stumps to indicate recent clearings. The country, in consequence, does not look new. Where settled at all, it has a surprisingly "old-fashioned" and civilized air.

The temperature, this late November day—on which there are telegrams in all the papers of snow-storms at the north and east—is perfection. It is neither hot nor cold. A sybarite would not alter it. Bees are humming in the heliotrope, climbing high upon the porches. A lovely Jacqueminot rose on its tall stem, an imperious beauty whose sway will not be gainsaid, makes its vivid crimson felt by the eye from a long distance. When we arrive among the older estates, this is pointed out as the home of Don Benito, that of Don Tomas, so and so, the family name being usually American. Audacious in love as in other things, enterprising Amer-

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icans have married into the Spanish families, both before and since the conquest, and succeeded to their acres. Very few of the genuine Spanish stock still retain any properties of note.

If there be or ever existed any real earthly paradise, I think it might bear some such complexion as that of a place called the Sierra Madre Villa, which is a small hotel on the first bold rise of the mountains. I can not vouch for it as a hotel, but I can vouch for it as a situation. The air was heavy with the fragrance from extensive avenues of limes as we came up to it. The orange-trees were propped, to prevent their breaking under their weight of fruit. Forty oranges on a single bough, so close together as to touch—I have seen it with my own eyes. Some of the trees, by a freak of a recent gale, had been denuded of all their leaves, and only the golden fruit was left hanging, with a lovely decorative effect, on the bare stems. Turning round, a view of thirty miles was had across the garden of the San Gabriel Valley. A strip of blue sea closed the horizon. On the strip of blue sea rests a slight brown spot—one can not fairly call it a jewel—which is Santa Catalina Island.

Flowering vines clustered along the piazza, part of which was inclosed with glass. In a warm nook on the greensward a young couple, reclining in extension chairs, were reading a novel—one reading aloud to the other with a gentle murmur. I trust they were a young couple of recent date, for as a place for the honey-moon it seems ideal. The orange-tree bears a close resemblance to the formal idealized plant, with its symmetrical fruit, which the mediæval painters were accustomed to construct for that momentous "tree of the knowledge of good and evil" of the first chapter of Genesis. It has an appropriate place, therefore, in the earthly paradise.

Hist! The young woman who has been reading the novel aloud rises and places herself at one side of such a tree. The young man who has been listening to it rises also, with a slight yawn, and takes his stand at the other. Oh, what is this? Is she a new Eve? She reaches forth to pluck a fruit, and extends it to him. Oh, this is terrible! Is there to be a new fall in Eden, with all its direful consequences? Why does she tempt him? There should be a Cranach, a Dürer, or Raphael here to take down once more the particulars of this distressing scene. One does not see the serpent, it is true, who should be coiled about the tree, his head half hidden among the foliage. He is more artful in these modern days; he hides himself entirely. What does Eve wish this Adam to do? Perhaps she wishes him to buy lands which have been recommended to her above their value, and go into orange-planting. Alas! he will probably be lost forever to the higher financial life on the San Francisco Stock Board. Perhaps Satan may be figured as the real-estate man whose insidious counsels—But really there may be no pressing need for such a display of fancy upon the basis of a young matron's recommending her husband a fresh orange from the tree before his dinner.

Beware of taking sides hastily on the many controverted points that arise, and are argued with warmth on the piazzas. See too some of the drawbacks that may attend an injudicious entering into this fascinating kind of life. The orange-tree grows all the time. That is to be thought of. It calls for the frequent cares which are its due as well in winter as in summer. Not a few persons of the invalid class who had looked upon its culture as a mere pastime have been broken down through this cause, and having taken up more land than they could manage. The lesson of such cases is not to attempt too much, but to keep to the five or ten acres perhaps within one's personal capacity. Nor has it been politic to put everything into the single crop of oranges. The smaller fruits, peaches, plums, and especially apricots, for canning, which come into bearing quickly, are useful in tiding over the rather tedious period of waiting for the orange-trees to mature, and are always in profitable demand. To start existence comfortably here the new-comer should have a capital of from five to ten thousand dollars. Peculiar energy of course will do with less.

It requires about nine years to bring an orange-tree from the seed into full bearing. On the other hand, it is found that by deftly inserting an orange bud into a small shoot of lemon-tree slitted in an X shape, and setting this in the ground, a tree can be obtained which bears marketable fruit after the second year. The controversy rages as to whether it is worth while to do this, since the product is but a dwarf, like the dwarf pear-tree, and though it yields early it can never yield much, and

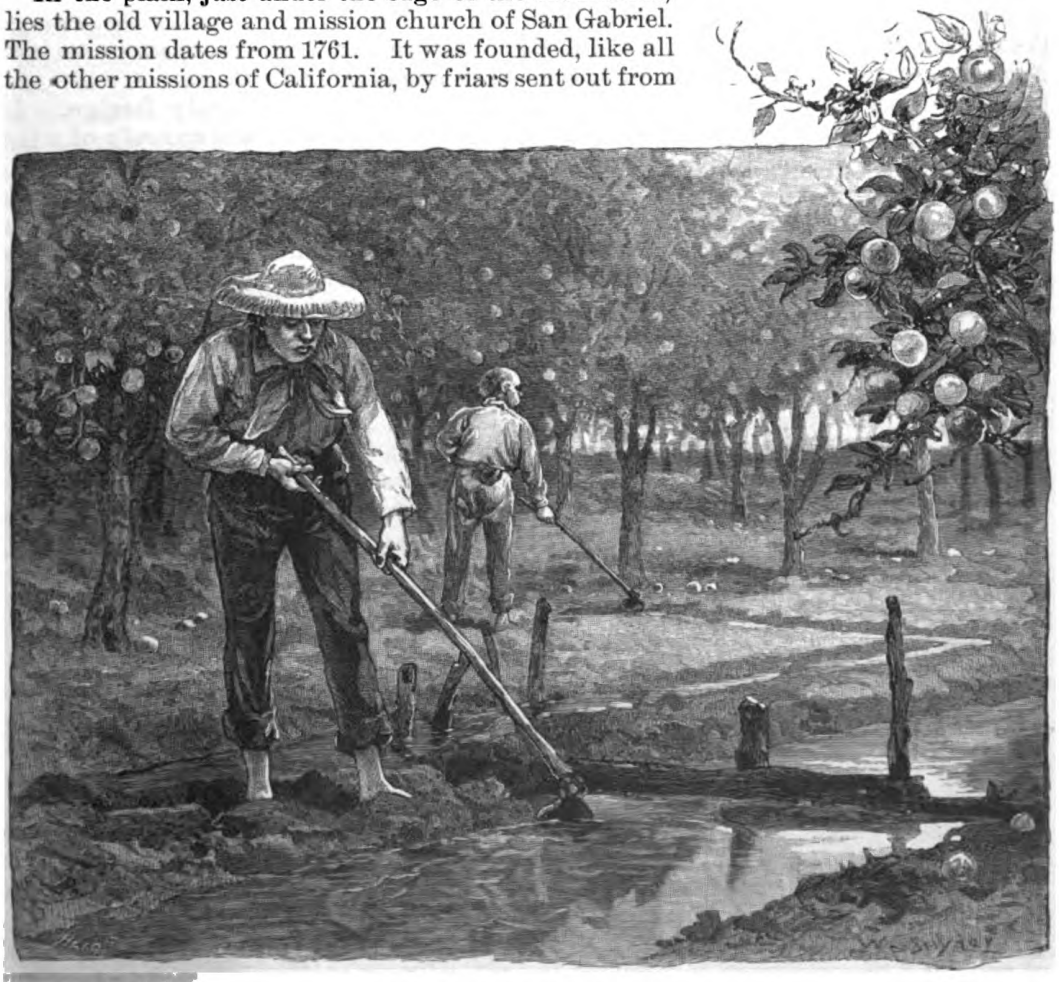
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its fruit does not stand shipment as well as that of the seedling. Against this it is maintained that it lives longer than the seedling, yields choicer varieties of fruit, more uniform in size and quality, and not subject to the singular form of destruction which sometimes overtakes the seedling, that of being dashed against its own thorns.

In the same way conflicting theories of irrigation prevail. A person who bought grapes in large quantities for the purpose of making them into wine told me that overirrigation was rendering them too watery and insipid. He proposed to meet this by establishing a standard. He would pay twenty dollars a ton for all such grapes as contained twenty-three per cent. of sugar, but if they did not come up to this standard, he would not pay as much. Plentiful irrigation, however, is relied upon to counteract that fatal pest of the vine, the phylloxera. Some advocate the theory of irrigation in the winter or rainy season only. All the water possible is to be conducted upon the land at the time it naturally falls, leaving the soil to act as its own reservoir, and store up a portion for the dry season ahead. Others, again, are found to deny the necessity of irrigation altogether. They write to the papers that all that is needed is to keep the surface well scratched with a cultivator, and that thereupon a supply of moisture will always be found a few inches below. It is certain that crops both of grapes and the cereals have been produced from unirrigated ground, often for a series of years. But then has come a dry year, in which everything, animals as well as plants, has been scorched from the face of the earth.

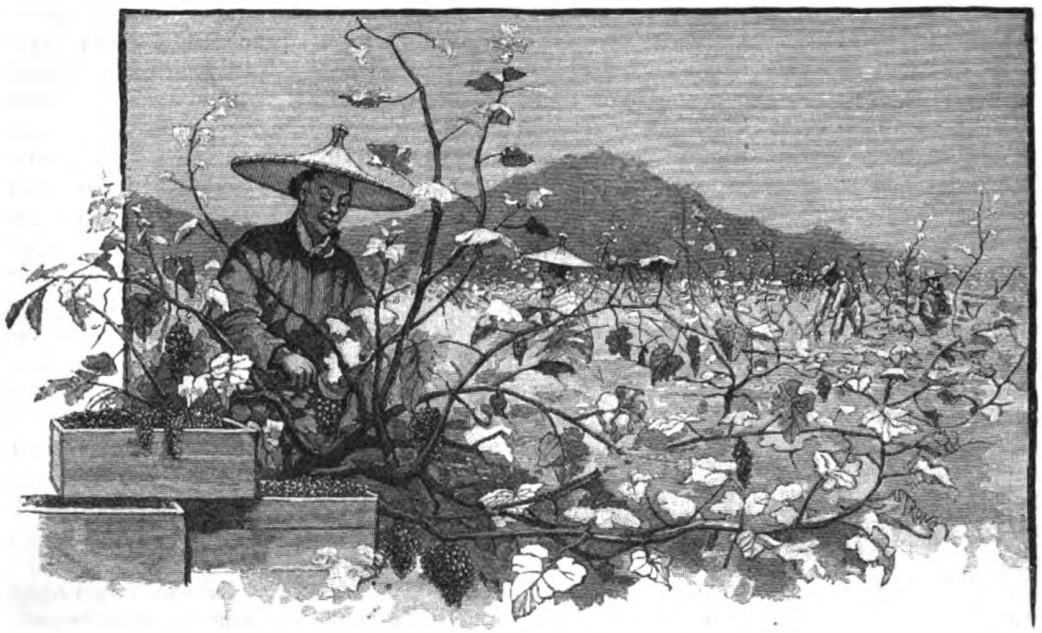
"No," says a brisk informant, "certainty is what is wanted. You may not need a water supply, as you may not need a revolver all the time, but when you do want it, you want it awful bad."

In the plain, just under the edge of the mountains, lies the old village and mission church of San Gabriel. The mission dates from 1761. It was founded, like all the other missions of California, by friars sent out from



IRRIGATING AN ORANGE GROVE.

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VINTAGE AT SAN GABRIEL.

the college of San Fernando, in the city of Mexico. I well recollected the ecclesiastical buildings of this college of San Fernando. They stand yet on the principal street which was the scene of Cortez's disastrous retreat from the city, and are marked, I believe, with an inscription commemorating the site of the famous Leap of Alvarado. The buildings founded from this picturesque source are thoroughly worthy of it. The same massiveness, the same taste for bright color, the same quaint rococo details, including the peculiar battlement, which was a kind of Spanish horn of dominion. At this one six green old bronze bells hang in as many niches together. The fern-like shadows of a line of pepper-trees print themselves in the sunshine against the time-stained white wall. No more than the church now remains, the great agricultural establishments connected with these missions having been swept away years before the American occupation by edict of the Mexican government. Some bits of broken aqueduct, and a few orange-trees above a hundred years old, in what was once the mission garden, are the only vestiges of former prosperity. The interior of the church contains a few battered old religious paintings, always of the worst type of their kind. It is doubtful if the luxury of good pictures was ever superadded in these establishments to the excellent architecture, for which there seems to have been a natural instinct.

The village is piquantly foreign. Its single street is composed entirely of white adobe houses. One of them, with a tumbling red-tiled roof, is so full of holes that it looks as if it had been shelled. All the signs are in Spanish. Here is the Zapatero, or shoemaker, and here the Panaderia, or bakery. The south walls are hung with a drapery of red peppers drying in the sun to prepare the favorite condiment. The population are a humble class who gain their livelihood for the most part by day-labor on the surrounding estates. They are not too poor, however, to retain their taste for festivity still. On the occasion of some notable wedding among them they will manage to mount on horseback, and surrounding a bridal carriage driven postilion-fashion, return from the ceremony at the old mission whooping and firing pistols in the air in the most gallant and hilarious fashion.

Near by here is the large estate known as Sunny Slope, one of the most successful instances of the actual putting in practice of the sanguine representations about the capacity of the country. It has been entirely acquired and developed by its owner from very small beginnings. It consists of some nineteen hundred acres of land, most of it in vineyard and oranges. There is a large wine and brandy making

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establishment on the place. Eight thousand boxes of oranges and lemons, with four hundred thousand gallons of wine and one hundred thousand of brandy, have been produced at this place in a year.

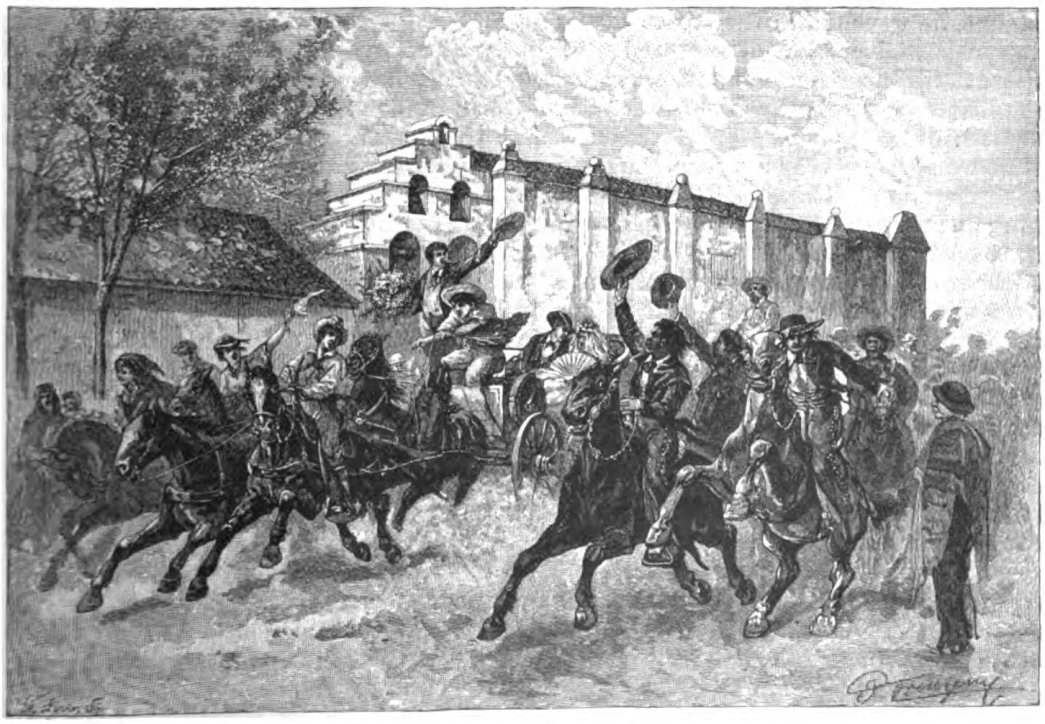
The dwelling-house was approached up a stately double avenue of orange-trees, three-quarters of a mile in length. The road to the large substantial buildings of the winery was bordered by a deep orchard of oranges on one side and of olives on the other. The vineyards were seen stretching out below, in effect at a distance like vast reddish-tawny meadows. At the winery, blacksmithing and coopering were going on on a large scale, and a deft Chinaman was constructing the light orange boxes. The rich juice of the grape poured in floods, and the more concentrated essence which makes distilled spirits came from its still as clear as water. It appears that it is naturally colorless, and the color which it obtains for market is given it by burned sugar, to gratify an artificial taste.

The hands are both Chinamen and Mexicans. The superintendent tells us that the former do the most work and get less pay, but that there are certain things which they can not do. They can not plough, for instance, nor prune the vines, and they are awkward at the management of all animals. Indeed, a Chinaman on horseback, owing probably to their lack of experience in their own country, or even in a wagon, seems almost as incongruous as Jack Tar. We visited one evening the quarters in which they have their abode. It would be hard to find a more cleanly and domestic-looking interior among men of any other nationality in the same circumstances of life. They seemed much more orderly in their arrangements than their Mexican confrères, either those who came from the village or those who had a settlement on the estate itself, on the slope above.

There is much native Indian blood among these latter. We found their dwellings half wigwams, patched up out of rubbish. Mongrel dogs, a donkey, and a foundered horse wandered about among them. A reddish-brown urchin of large liquid eyes came out from one of them to look at us.

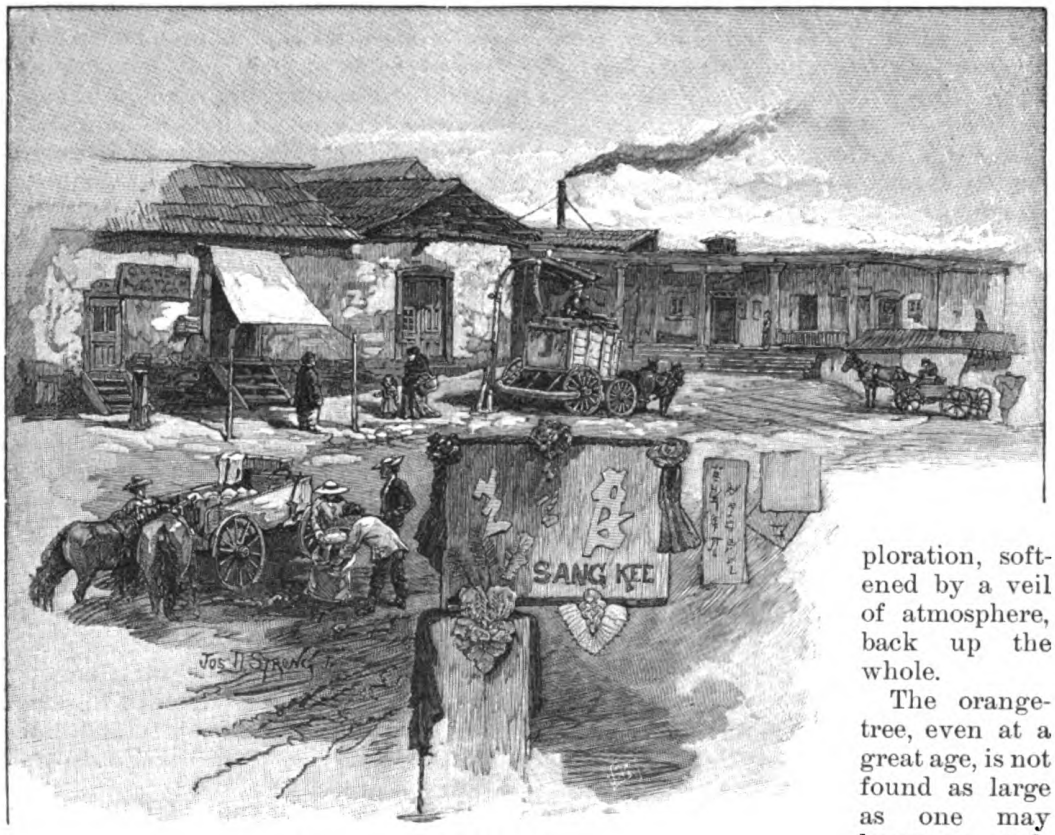
"*Cor-r-re, demonio de muchacho!*" (R-r-run, demon of a boy!) cried his slatternly mother, who appeared behind him, endeavoring to urge him upon some expeditious errand.

But the demoniac boy, exemplifying the traits of his race, had no idea whatever of being in a hurry. On the con-



A MEXICAN WEDDING.

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MONGOLIAN AND MEXICAN.

trary, having removed himself to a safe distance, he dawdled in the most exasperating way, and continued to stare round-eyed at the strangers who had arrived near his abode on their critical tour of inspection.

The work of the year now was the pruning of the vines. Stripped of all superfluous runners, the rugged little stocks, regimented like veterans, were to stand bare and brown till the exuberance of a new spring should start forth in them. Faustino, Gaetano, Incarnacion, and the rest of their picturesque companions appear to good advantage in this work. Their swarthy faces are framed in slouching sombreros. They wear red and blue shirts, and handkerchiefs about their necks. They move forward in line, each with a pruning-knife in his hand, and a small saw at his belt for the tougher knots. The bright spots of color stand out upon the russet of the vineyard; the pruning-knives flash as they turn to the sun; the ground has a gentle, agreeable fall; and the splintered granite mountains, with a promise of attractive cañons among them for exploration, softened by a veil of atmosphere, back up the whole.

The orange-tree, even at a great age, is not found as large as one may have expected. Those in the old mission garden are not above two feet in diameter. It is gratifying to be at full liberty to examine this attractive kind of vegetation, which one may have known before only in its tub in the conservatory, or on the staircase at a ball. There seems but one drawback to an orange grove, and that is that it can not have a greensward below it. It is very exacting; it requires all the nourishment the soil can give. No other crop, not even grass, can be permitted between. The soil must be kept loosened and free around its roots. It must be irrigated about once a month, and the surface gone over with a cultivator afterward to prevent its baking.

The orange grove is lovely at all times. It has a mysterious air when the long alleys are dark against the red of sunset. At twilight the fruit glimmers on its boughs like a feast of lanterns not yet fully lighted. Or in the free pleasant mornings we watch the sparkle of the yellow globes among the glossy dark leaves, and catch, perhaps, the perfume of some few blossoms heralding in a new crop while the last still hangs. Here

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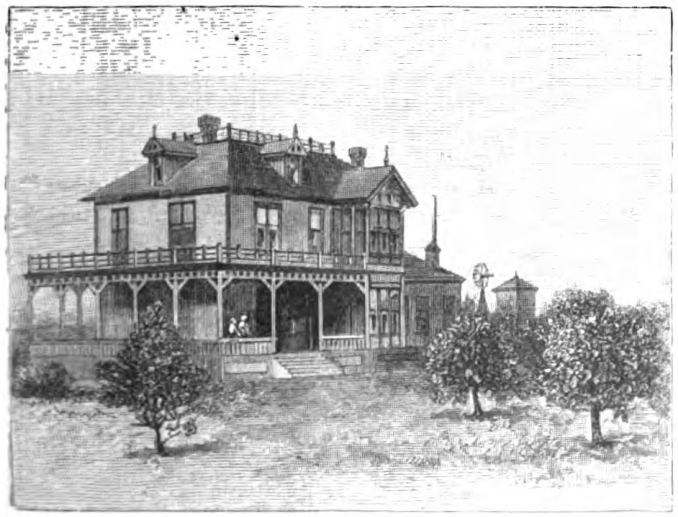
and there an enormous shaddock, resembling the orange in appearance but the lemon in character, varies the uniformity. The lemon itself, less hardy in rearing than the orange, is not cultivated on the same large scale. The Chinamen, with ladders and baskets, are seen gathering the fruit, and chattering to one another from the trees like magpies. It is irrigation-day. All at once the water is let on. Twisting and turning it runs out eagerly upon the land from its conduit. Chinamen with hoes follow it, throwing up little dams before it, which it tries to dodge and evade. Elsewhere, when it runs too sluggish, they open little channels before it, and lead it where it should go. The whole surface of the orchard is soon babbling musically with running waters, and in train to be efficiently soaked.



PRIVATE RESIDENCE AT RIVERSIDE.

These and kindred scenes are to be met with in fifty, and I know not how many more, localities, towns, hamlets, "colonies," of a similar sort. San Fernando, Florence, Compton, Downey City, Westminster, Orange, Tustin City, Centralia, Pomona, and Artesia, in various directions, may be mentioned as among leading examples. The "colony" government is of a simple sort, consisting of a justice of the peace, constable, water overseer, and school trustees. Anaheim, settled by Germans, one of the first established colonies, has become a town of importance. Santa Ana has a special bustle of its own just at present, as the terminus for the time being of the railroad building from Los Angeles to San Diego.

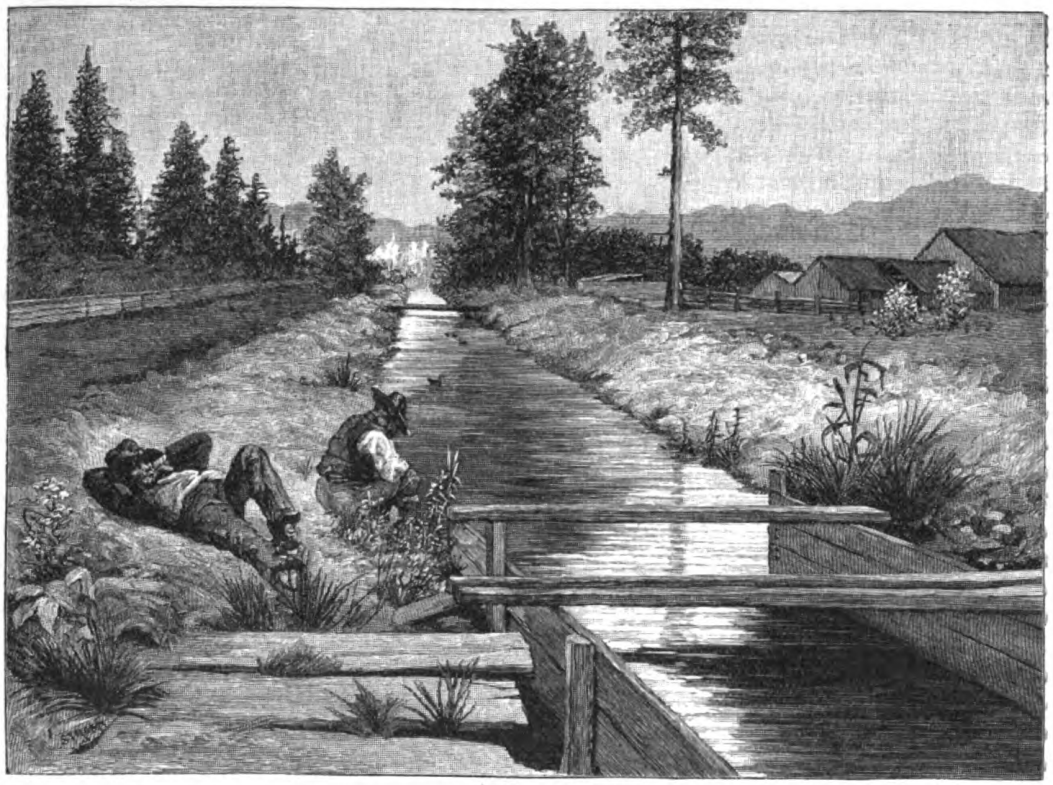
Perhaps, however, the greatest air of general distinction is worn by Riverside. This colony seems to have been sought to an exceptional degree by persons in good circumstances. It is fifty-seven miles lower down than Los Angeles, and is reached by a drive of seven miles southward from the Southern Pacific Railroad station at Colton. Four miles northward from Colton takes us to San Bernardino, an important place of six thousand people, originally settled by Mormons. The real Mormons were withdrawn to Utah by order of Brigham Young on the threat of coercive war in 1857, and only a few "Josephites" now remain, whose practices do not differ greatly from other people's.



COTTAGE AT RIVERSIDE.

At Riverside is found a continuous belt of settlement and cultivation twelve miles long—to be twenty when it is finished—by two miles in average width. The population is not large, but it requires, as is seen, a

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A SYLVAN GLIMPSE, RIVERSIDE.

great deal of room. The general situation is a valley of about forty miles square, and an elevation of twelve hundred feet above the sea. The only access to this valley is by four several passes, one each to the north, south, east, and west, as if so many doors had been providentially left in the encompassing mountain ranges. The settlement forms an oasis in the midst of the desert, as before described. Its fresh greenness and clear water canals, along which sylvan glimpses, almost English, are to be met with, derive an added charm and interest from the contrast. The rest of the high quadrangular valley, capable, no doubt, of as great development if water could be brought upon it, as yet remains in its natural condition.

A lovely drive, called Magnolia Avenue, planted with double rows of pepper and eucalyptus trees, extends through the whole length of the place from north to south. It is bordered with homes, many of which make pretensions to much more than comfort. The best of these are at the division called Arlington, located four miles below the post-office of Riverside proper. The native adobe, or sun-dried brick, supplemented with ornamental wood-work, has been used as material with excellent effect. In the interiors are found rugs, portières, Morris's wall-papers, and all the paraphernalia of Eastern civilization. Arlington rejoices, besides, in an archery club and a "German." Invalidism is heard of with considerable frequency as an excuse for the migration hither. Certainly many advantages are offered the invalid. The climate permits him to be almost constantly out-of-doors. The sky is blue, the sun unclouded nearly every day in the year, and he can go into his orchard and concern himself about his Navel or Brazilian varieties, his paper-rind St. Michaels, and his Tahiti seedlings, without let or hinderance. Orange culture affords him both a career and a revenue. If the unchanging blue of the sky grows sometimes monotonous, there are other distractions to turn to in the noble mountains on the horizons. Riverside has from this source a touch of the charm so attractive in Switzerland. Your entertainer points out to you from his piazza the great peaks of Greylock, San Bernardino, and San Ja-

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cinto, from ten to twelve thousand feet in height, and crowned with snow for a considerable part of the year, just as the Jungfrau is pointed out from Interlaken and Mont Blanc from Geneva.

To say a word further as to the climate, it is a description that applies to all of Southern California, that however great may be the heats by day, which in midsummer often rise to a hundred and five in the shade, the nights are always cool and refreshing. Neither is sun-stroke known. Nor are the violent thunderstorms with which nature with us endeavors to restore the equilibrium after having exhausted its utmost efforts in the way of oppressive warmth. The great drawback here—as there must be some drawback from perfection everywhere—is occasional heavy winds, the "northers." The northers sometimes gather up the dust from the dry surfaces over which they pass, and produce painful dust-storms of two or three days' duration.

In autumn and winter the temperature is chilly enough to make fires a necessity morning and evening, and even all day long in apartments shut off from the influence of the sun. I was astonished to find the air so keen at these times, and the thin scum of ice forming upon water in the mornings so formidable even as far down as San Diego and its vicinity. The cold has a penetrating quality far beyond that of its register by the thermometer. This is usually overlooked, and it is important to be understood, since fuel is very scarce and correspondingly dear. Fagots made from prunings of the cottonwoods, sycamores, and mesquit-trees along the beds of the streams are the principal resource. Such coal as can be obtained is both costly and of wretched quality.

The water for the irrigation of Riverside is taken from the swift little stream of the Santa Ana River, which falls so rapidly within a short compass that it has been found feasible to take out two separate canals with a difference of thirty-five feet in their levels. On all sides lands are held at $200 and $300 per acre, and when the orange-trees have come into good bearing, at $1000 per acre, which but a few years ago were purchased at one dollar and a quarter.

All these places have their local rivalries, though the section of Southern California, as a whole, is ready to unite jealously, on any point involving the validity of its claims, against the outside world. All have their pamphlets to distribute, their tables of mean temperatures and altitudes, their analyses of soils, and their claims to regard based upon nearness to or absence from some particular natural feature. Thus the coast counties pride themselves upon the genial average at which their temperature is kept by the sea, free from the extremes of heat and cold afflicting those which are shut in behind the mountain barriers. The inland counties, on the other hand, congratulate themselves on their lot that the mountains form a charming defense against the raw fogs and stormy gusts blowing in directly from the chill ocean.

These petty rivalries are a part of the history of new countries, and will pass away with the development of population and trade. There seems no need of jealousies, since there is encouragement enough for all in their several ways. The Territories of Arizona and New Mexico have just been opened to transportation by rail from this quarter. The lands suitable for the cultivation of the "citrus fruits," too, are limited in extent. The market is much more likely to improve than decline, even when the production shall have increased greatly over its present scale. High railroad freights were at one time a cause of alarm. The making of "orange wine" was proposed as a resource for using up the surplus crop. This was not a success, and fortunately it is not likely to be needed. Railroad freights have declined, and will decline more still with the building of the new roads. Shipments of oranges have been successfully made from this section as far away as Denver, Chicago, and St. Louis.

Great things are predicted of Wilmington, a little port twenty-two miles to the southwest of Los Angeles. The extensive works undertaken there by the railroad and the United States government are still incomplete, and it is but a dreary little place in its present condition. However, great ports have never been selected primarily for picturesqueness, but in accordance with such commercial necessities as short lines of transit, easy grades, and convenience for shipping. Wilmington had few natural conveniences to offer. There were originally but eighteen inches of water on its bar. This has been increased to ten feet. An enormous jetty 6700 feet

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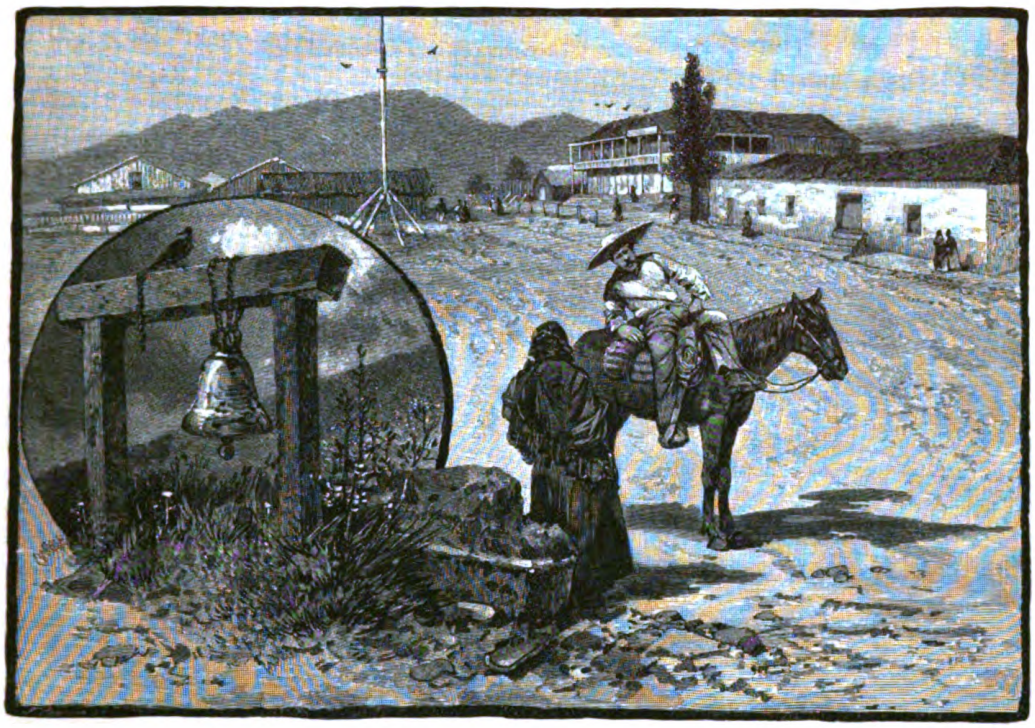
long, extending out to what is called Dead Man's Island, is in progress of construction. It is to force the tide itself to do the duty of scouring out the bottom, so that a ship channel several miles long will eventually be utilized. Santa Monica is another small port at the end of a branch railroad from Los Angeles, sixteen miles directly west. It is somewhat famed as a sea-side resort. It has a hotel of considerable size, and a bold situation on a pretty horseshoe bay. The beach is of a fine hard sand, and the temperature admits of bathing, if one be inclined for it, all the year round. The hopes which were at one time entertained here also by capitalists like Senator Jones, of Nevada, of making the place a great shipping point, have been for the present abandoned. It was to have been the Pacific terminus of a new through line from the East, coming by way of the Cajon Pass. A wharf 1500 feet long was built, and a breakwater proposed.

From here, or from Wilmington, one sails up the coast to San Buenaventura and to Santa Barbara—favored of invalids. These places have as yet no railroad, but must before long become connected with the general system. Both are on that sheltered stretch of the coast which from Point Conception makes a sharp turn to the eastward, and has the direct southern exposure and a view of the islands of the Santa Barbara Channel. Santa Barbara, considered on its practical side, has devoted more attention than most places to the culture of the olive—an industry, however, which is still in its infancy. Some of the cultivators have provided themselves with a machinery, which costs about a thousand dollars, for expressing the oil. As a condiment the fruit is not pickled green here, like the Spanish olive, but ripe and black. It may be that a special education is needed for liking each variety of olives, as it is to acquire the taste in the beginning. Those in cultivation here are of a small variety, descending from the old mission times, and it is hard not to find them just at present either insipid or bitter. A leading industry of the county of which San Buenaventura is the capital—Ventura County—is the raising of honey. A product of one million pounds per annum is not an unusual quantity.

We sailed from Wilmington to San Diego. We embarked in the evening at this place in a small tug, which steamed down the tortuous windings of the channel, past black lighters that Whistler would have liked to etch, and past Dead Man's Island, and transferred us on board the coast steamer waiting without. Next morning we were at our destination, a hundred miles below. San Diego, rising on a gentle slope, makes a pretty appearance from the water. A United States barracks of yellow buildings, with a flag-staff rising in the centre, is the most prominent detail of the foreground. We rounded an immensely long narrow sand-spit of a peninsula, which contributes to form the excellent small harbor, and made fast to the long mooring wharf. It is a feature of California ports to have an immensely long wharf. To the left is "Old Town," its *playa*, the beach where Dana once loaded his hides in his "hide drogher," now become the site of a Chinese fishing village. To the right is the brand-new "National City," the location of the shops and extensive dépôt grounds for the new railway. In the centre, at a distance of about four miles from each, lies "New Town," or San Diego proper. All together have a population of about five thousand.

As we came up to the wharf a locomotive and tender, starting out from National City, made, on the new track, the whole circuit of the water-front with a formidable noise. Its whole progress was one long shrill scream, which was taken up by the hills and echoed back with terrific effect. Gods and men could no longer remain ignorant that San Diego had at last its railroad—had at last, to this extent, overtaken its future. It was cruelly disappointed once before when it was to have been the terminus of the Texas Pacific, transcontinental, road, and the panic of '73 prevented the capitalist "Tom Scott" from negotiating the foreign loan which was needed for its completion. That enterprise was abandoned, and a half-mile of graded road-bed alone remains as a sort of tumulus erected to the blighted hopes and bitter memories of the time. The name of "Tom Scott"—perhaps happily since defunct—has remained a by-word and reproach. Now, however, the "California Southern" is actually at work, and under contract to complete the one hundred and sixteen miles necessary to meet the Southern Pacific, at a point near San Bernardino, within a very short time. This road is to be a link in the new "Atlantic and Pacific," which is to follow the thirty-fifth parallel, and become a transcontinent-

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PLAZA AT SAN DIEGO, OLD TOWN.

al road by means of connection with the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe.

The capital and management of the California Southern are largely supplied from Boston. It is important to know that the same parties have leading interests in works under the new railway era which is revolutionizing Mexico, particularly in the Mexican Central, from El Paso, in Texas, to the city of Mexico. They have also the line from the Mexican port of Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, to the Arizona frontier at Calabasas. A further road is projected by them eastward from San Diego to Calabasas, passing through Port Ysabel, at the head of the Gulf of California. This could be built more cheaply just below the Mexican frontier than on this side of it, owing to special exemptions from taxation, and the lower rates of labor there prevailing. It is thought that the Southern Pacific will be compelled by competition to build across from Yuma. Hopes, it may be said, are still entertained of the derelict Texas Pacific. With all this in prospect, it may be seen that San Diego has at present justification for making a good deal of stir over the facts that it is many hundreds of miles nearer than San Francisco to New Orleans and New York on the one hand, and to the Orient on the other, and for being correspondingly cheerful.

A low hand-car running on a track upon the long wharf conveys our baggage up into the town while we walk beside it. The town on being reached is found to be a place of loose texture. It has a disproportionately large hotel, the Horton House, which was built in anticipation of future greatness, and proved a loss to its proprietor. The blue shades are down and the plate-glass windows dusty also in much of the "Horton Block," opposite, which still wears an expectant look. After '73, it is said, half the shutters in San Diego were nailed up. They have now come down, however, no doubt to stay. There is a charming view of the harbor and of deep blue ocean beyond from the upper slope. A part of the view is a group of Mexican islands, particularly the bold Coronado—a solid mass of red sandstone, which American prospectors have tried to get a cession of as a quarry, but without success. Yes, there is old Mexico again close by; we have come back to it. A high flat-topped peak, Table Mountain, of the type of those we used to see in our geographies, rises out of it as if to distinguish it without fail.

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DON JUAN FORSTER.

It is common to drive down from here to "the Monument," set up to mark the dividing line from the Mexican province of Baja (Lower) California.

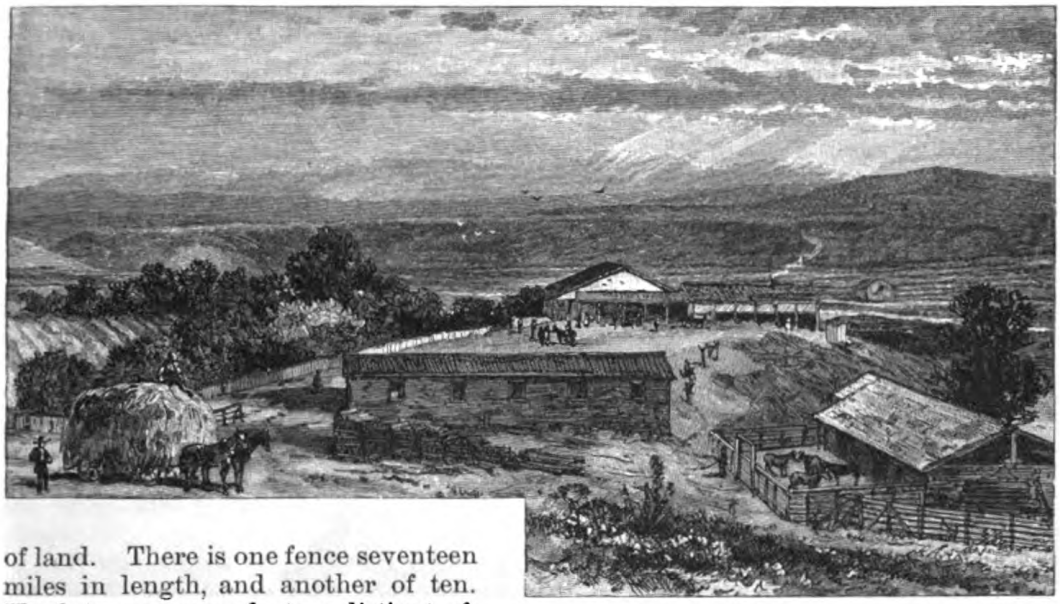
The chronic condition of shutters in San Diego "Old Town" is to be nailed up—that is to say, so far as it can be said to have shutters still remaining. It dates from 1769. Having been found disadvantageously situated as regards the bay, it began to be deserted in favor of the newer site about ten years ago. Nothing is more desolate now. The usual old mission, with a few palms and olives about it, stands in a valley up the pretty San Diego River, and the earth-works of Commodore Stockton, who threw them up one night before the enemy knew he was ashore, are seen on the hill. Rents should be cheap in Old Town, and yet, according to the few gossips who still sit around under the piazzas by the decayed old plaza, they are not. The owners hold them stiffly, on what theory Heaven knows. The plaza has a toppling flag-staff, a decayed music stand, and vestiges of a number of burned-down edifices which it has never been worth anybody's while to build up again. The broken "Merchants' Exchange" will never supply cocktails to thirsty souls again; the Cosmopolitan Hotel, though wrecked only financially, is without a guest; whole rows of weather-beaten adobe houses—whole quarters of them—stand vacant. It should be a famous place for ghosts, provided they care for one another's society. The children of the place, all Spanish apparently, coming home from school—for there is yet, it seems, a school—knock loudly at the vacant doors, peer in at the window-panes, and run away.

Instead of leaving San Diego by more conventional way, we traversed the surveyed line of the new railroad, the direction of which is almost due northward. The journey, after the thirty-mile section of railroad already built, was made chiefly by wagon, with an occasional half-day's pedestrianism, for which the dry, smooth surface of the ground is well adapted. It afforded an opportunity of making the acquaintance in a leisurely way of some of the ranchmen, small and great, of the old school. The principal one of these was old Don Juan Forster, a man (deceased since this visit) very well known in his section. He was an Englishman by birth, but came out when a youth with his father in a trading vessel, and became a Mexican subject and a resident of California long before the American conquest. It was so long before that he had well-nigh forgotten his English, and had to learn it over again when they arrived. His señora, a sister of old Governor Pio Pico, never learned it more than her conservative brother. Don Juan's estate, called the Santa Margarita Ranch, comprised an area of twenty-seven miles by fourteen, or one hundred and forty-five thousand acres



SEÑORA FORSTER.

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FORSTER'S RANCH.

of land. There is one fence seventeen miles in length, and another of ten. The late owner made two distinct efforts to colonize a portion of this land, but without great success. He offered in London to give forty acres and the use of three cows and two horses to whoever would put upon the land improvements in the shape of houses, vineyards, etc., to the amount of $1000.

The Santa Margarita ranch-house was of adobe, very thick walled. It was approached by a terrace, and had an interior court-yard. The waiting at table was done by a broad-faced Indian woman in calico. All the domestic service was performed by those same mission Indians, except the cooking, for which a Chinaman had lately been secured, with the view of having meals on time. The manner of living on these great places was found comfortable, but without the "princely" features attributed to it by some imaginative narrators.

The greater part of the available land in the section through which we passed was devoted to pasture. The cereals were cultivated, but not as yet much fruit. Barley is the favorite cereal, since it is less liable to "rust" than wheat. Hay is made, not of grass, but of wheat and barley straw, cut green, with the milk in it. Bee-culture is an important industry. A number of varieties of wild sage, with wild buckwheat and sumac, furnish bees an exceptionally good support. The rows of square hives, painted of different colors, are seen districted into regular streets upon some hill-side, or at the mouth of a small cañon, like a miniature city.

Before reaching Don Juan Forster's, the old mission of San Luis Rey, at a hamlet of the same name, is met with. It is almost Venetian in aspect. The whole exterior was at one time faced with a decorative diagonal pattern resembling that of the ducal palace. The pile was ruined by a Mormon contingent of the American force encamped there during the invasion. Parts of the heavy adobe walls and buttresses, fallen in, have resolved themselves back into their original elements, and become mere earth heaps. Within, the images have been shot and hacked down, and a yawning cavern excavated behind the battered altar in search of fancied treasure. Upon a floor strewn with such débris and fragments of red tiles from the roof a quaint daylight falls from holes in the broken dome.

The railroad traverses some striking natural scenery, notably the Temecula Cañon —a gorge of the wildest and grandest description, some ten miles in length, through the Coast Range. A brawling stream runs down its centre. The gorge was filled with a busy force of men when we passed through it. They were terracing up the track, sometimes along the natural rock, sometimes upon a cyclopean retaining-wall, composed principally of immense bowlders. Toward evening daily the firing of heavy blasts reverberated up the defile like cannonading. The main part of the laboring force consisted of China-

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men. They had utilized the shelving ledges and random nooks by the stream for their tents and cooking ovens with great ingenuity. The Mexican and Indian laborers, who formed the next contingent in importance, were in every way less provident. The surveyors were found pleasant and hospitable fellows, as surveyors when met with on the scene of their cyclopean labors are apt to be. Their tents were small, but compactness and convenience had been reduced in them to their lowest terms, and a pleasant existence seemed quite possible. A Chinese cook was attached to each camp, and the provisions were excellent. Coming up with the engineers in the construction train over the first section of completed road, we had the distinction of being waited on by a servant of somewhat uncommon pretensions. This was a certain "Charley"—a shock-headed boy of fourteen, a son of the last Tichborne claimant, who has strangely



SAN DIEGO.



SANTA BARBARA.



SAN LUIS REY.

sprung up at San Diego. Though condemned to a menial capacity while his father (who claims to have good and sufficient reasons for keeping silent till the present time) is taking the necessary steps with his lawyer to secure the long-lost title and fortune, our "Charley" is deaf to all banter on the subject, and superciliously firm in the faith that he too is Tichborne, "and don't you forget it."

Coming out of the cañon at the van of the construction work, we were on the Temecula Plains, a part of the Upper San-

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ta Ana Valley. The course of the road was marked henceforth only by an occasional surveyor's stake. We rode along it through fifty miles of absolutely treeless and verdureless desert. It was desert, however, with a certain fascination in its utter sterility. It had, too, a distinct beauty of coloring. The brown, drab, and blackish waste, catching some sparkles of light on its flinty surface, shimmered in the warm sunshine. A gentle breeze tempered the heat. Crags of black water-worn rock, which had once been the reefs of an inland sea, rose boldly out of it in fantastic shapes. Noble mountain ranges stood up along the distant horizons, their native harshness deliciously softened into the blues and purples of veiling atmosphere.

Half-way across we fell in with the one sign of human life, in the shape of an abandoned pine shanty. On going around to the rear, the boards constituting that side were found to have been knocked out of it, though from the front it looked quite presentable. Some former travellers, halting here like ourselves, had occupied their leisure in covering its walls with inscriptions. Under some direction by one about obtaining drinkable water, another had written vigorously, "Lyor!!" The sole piece of furniture remaining was a rusted cooking-stove on three legs. It had a



YOUNG TICHBORNE.

quaintly diabolic and knowing air; one suspected it of holding high carnival with the coyotes, the gophers, tarantulas, and lizards that dropped in to pay it visits.

SOME DAY.

Some day I shall be dead.
Some day this tired head,
With all the anxious thoughts it now doth know,
Shall be laid low.

This body, pain-racked, ill,
Shall lie at length, and still,
Under the clover and the wind-swept grass,
Nor hear you pass.

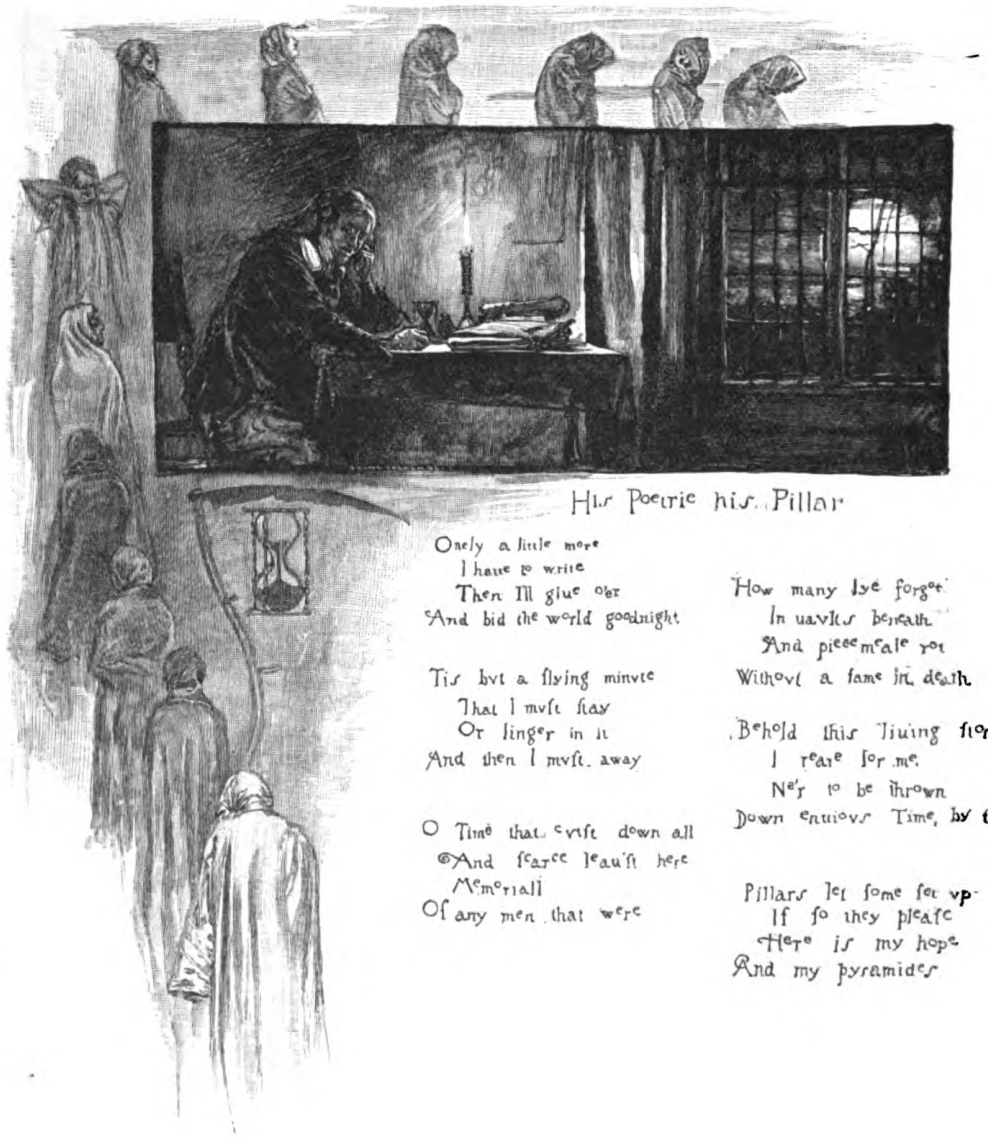
That were, indeed, strange sleep,
When even you might weep,
And come, and go—even you—unheard of me
As bird or bee.

Nay, sweetheart, nay! believe
Here is no cause to grieve.
One so wayworn, of trouble so opprest,
Is glad of rest.

Perchance, when that release
Hath wrought its spell of peace,
O'er this unquiet heart, long vext with woe,
Heart's-ease may grow.

Who loves me will not weep
When that I lie asleep,
But rather joy to think such sorrow may
Have end some day.

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His Poetrie his Pillar

Onely a little more
I haue to write
Then Ile giue o'er
And bid the world goodnight

Tis but a flying minute
That I must stay
Or linger in it
And then I must away

O Time that cutst down all
And scarce leau'st here
Memoriall
Of any men that were

How many lye forgot
In vaults beneath
And piece meale rot
Without a fame in death

Behold this liuing stone
I reare for me
Ne'r to be thrown
Down enuious Time, by thee

Pillars let some set vp
If so they please
Here is my hope
And my pyramides

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CAMEOS OF COLONIAL CAROLINA.

IN the drawing-room of a fine old house on the Cooper River hangs the portrait of a knight in full armor, and the visitor is told that it represents Sir Nathaniel Johnson. A somewhat painful effort of memory is, however, needed to remind one that this gentleman was Governor of an Anglo-American colony for two terms, embracing a rather stormy period of history.

It was with no wish to mystify us that the stout old knight caused himself to be painted in the panoply of the fifteenth century, for the picture bears date 1705; nor was it a mere caprice of vanity, for it was a custom to appear in armor on canvas long after men had ceased so to figure in the field.

But notwithstanding all his care, no prominent character in early American annals seems so unsubstantial; he stalks a very *eidolon* through the historical pages even of his own colony. And yet, when we come to gather up the few recorded facts concerning him, and join them with the traditionary fragments still remaining, it is not difficult to frame the story of a life full of strange experience, and not without much of dignity and pathos.





Sir Nathaniel Johnson, the son, it would appear, of a private English gentleman, a Tory and devoted royalist, was born in



LADY JOHNSON.

1644, the year which witnessed the battle of Marston Moor. Whatever were the fortunes of his parents during the civil war and the subsequent administration of Cromwell, they afforded their son a good education, and early devoted him to the profession of arms. He appears in history for the first time in mature years as "a soldier well reputed for valor and military skill." He may have been at Tangier when, in 1666, young John Churchill, then sixteen years old, sailed to aid in its defense; he must have been with the future Duke of Marlborough, however, in the English contingent of six thousand men who, under Monmouth, and directed by Turenne, contributed so much to the glory of the French campaigns of 1672, and who fought, indeed, throughout the war, which only ended in 1677.

Sir Nathaniel next appears as a member of the British House of Commons. Here, again, we are not told how long he thus served, but the time marked perhaps the happiest period of his life. It is likely that he now married the lady whose portrait hangs beside his own, and who be-

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came the mother of the brave and pure-hearted Robert Johnson, himself for two terms Governor of Carolina.

In 1686 our knight was appointed Lieutenant-General of Nevis, St. Christopher, Montserrat, and Antigua, comprising the Leeward Islands.

Three years after this, James was dethroned; but the trusty soldier, who was by this time no doubt forgotten in his far South Atlantic home, refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, choosing rather to forfeit the royal sword of his services than to seem unfaithful to his king.

Soon after the surrender of his office in the Leeward Islands, Governor Johnson came to Carolina as a private gentleman; Here, bitterly opposed to the changes which had taken place in England, he seems to have shunned public life, devoting himself to the development of new industries in the colony. He established salt-works on Seewee Bay, cultivated grapes for wine-making, and paid much attention to raising silk-worms, from which he obtained considerable quantities of silk. His most valuable efforts, however, lay in the cultivation of rice and its preparation for market. Dr. Ramsey tells us that by his example many of the settlers were induced to undertake its growth.

Judging by contemporary literature preserved in private letters, Carolina was not at this time a pleasant place of residence. If the settlers escaped the rigors of winter and the warlike tribes which beset the more northern colonists, they had to observe ceaseless vigilance over the Spaniards to the southward, and encounter new and violent forms of disease. The robust Englishman, fresh from the mother country, was just the material for the calentures which infested the low river-lands. He knew neither by what precautions to avoid their seizure nor how to escape a fatal issue in the event of sickness. With our present knowledge of what those fevers were, it is sad to think of the remedies then in use. It was what might be called the flowery age of medicine, when syrups of roses and violets and decoctions of pimpernels were much relied on.

Here was a remedy of the time: "Take two roots of crow-foot that grows in a marsh ground, which have no little roots about them, to the number of twenty or more, and a little of the earth that is about them, and doe not wash them, and adde a little quantity of salt, and mixe all well together and lay it on linnen clothes, and bind it about your thumbs between the first and neather joynt, and let it lie nine daies unremoved, and it will expell the Fever." After reading this, how piteous is it to turn to such a passage as the following, in a letter written in 1695, and thus addressed:

For Mrs. Ann Harleston,
or in her absence to
Mr. James Bownoll or Mr. Bowsfield,
in Dublin,
Ireland.
This from Carolina.

....."My dear Husband died on the 1st day of November last of the gout, which seized him after a violent manner for several months, with fits of extreme shaking and coldness till he died within and without and as extreme a burning followed, the like I never saw or heard of before; which caused him frequently to pray that God would deliver him, which he was pleased to do about an hour after; and my dear man told me death is now come, and he bid it welcome."

Through another letter by the same lady we learn that three years after the above date a period of unusual distress and gloom settled upon the colony. The account is curious enough to warrant its literal presentment to the reader:

"DEARE SISTER,—I am sorry y^{t} I should be ye messenger of so sad tidings as to desire y^{u} not to come to me tell y^{u} can heare better times y^{n} here is now for ye whole country is full of trouble & sickness tis ye small pox wch has been mortall to all sorts of ye inhabitance & especally ye Indians who tis said to have swept away a whole neighbouring nation all to 5 or 6 wch run away & left there dead unburied lying upon ye ground for ye vulters to deour beside ye want of shipin. This fall wintter & ye sring hitherto is ye cause of another trouble & has been follow'd by an earth quake & burning of ye towne [Charleston] or on third part of it wch they say was of equall vallu w^{h} w^{t} remains besides ye great los of cattle wch I kow by w^{t} has ben foun dead of mine y^{t} I thinke is because of ye hard winter y^{t} has bin & being ouer stockt what all these things put together makes ye pace looke w^{h} a terrable aspect & non kows w^{t} will be ye end of y^{m} I have lived going of 4 years since ye death of my husband (wch I thinke in my heart was ye best in ye world) as a shepe amongst woulues but I am resolv'd now by good helpe from god to feare non of these things hauing been by duine prouidence so marackalusly preseru'd through so many troubles and dangers remember me in y^{r} retirements w^{h} my loue & seruice to all my cousens:

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& lett not these things discourage y^{e} for I hope to be y^{e} messenger of better news to y^{u} y^{e} next writing for thing y^{t} are violent selldom last long they will end on way or another as its decreed aboue

"Y^{r} sister in trouble
"AFFRA COMING.

"Coming T
"*March* 6: $^{9}/_{8}$."

Governor Johnson, however, determined to stand by the country notwithstanding the gloomy outlook, and was after a time so far drawn out of his seclusion as to consent to become a cassique. In 1702 Lord Granville, then palatine of the Lords Proprietors, sent him a commission as Governor of Carolina; but Queen Anne, with a prudence which did more credit to her worldly wisdom than her filial piety, refused to confirm the appointment of a man who, faithful among the faithless, had been true to her father, until she learned that he had given in his allegiance to herself. If it be possible to heap coals of fire upon a royal head, the coiffure of good Mrs. Morley singed for this before the passing of another lustrum. Royal approval was granted Sir Nathaniel in 1703 as Governor of Carolina—an honor likely to confer upon its possessor many more curses than blessings.

For fate, in some grimly jocose humor, seems to have determined to create in this colony a happy family out of singularly discordant elements. English and Scottish Cavaliers, seeking adventure, or to retrieve broken fortunes; Puritans fleeing the consequences of the Restoration; Huguenots escaping religious persecution in France; Germans, Hollanders, Swiss—all from time to time found refuge here, and brought with them their various theological feuds and national antipathies. In a mass so composite serious consequences were likely to ensue from any changes in the political temperature. The colonists were always ripe for revolution. The term of the colonial Governor was three years; yet, to show the temper of the people, in four years—that is, between 1682 and 1686—five of these dignitaries had passed on and off the stage of Carolina. For the government of such a colony an elderly man was now chosen, a man worn out by European wars, with a constitution impaired by long residence in unwholesome climates, and nearing the close of a life overshadowed by disappointments. Yet we are told that the colonists received the appointment of Sir Nathaniel with general approbation. His tried courage and reputation as a soldier especially commended him to them at a time when the air was thick with omens of danger and war.

The new Governor set himself with military promptness to the task of reducing the colony to order. A majority of the settlers were dissenters from the Church of England, but the home government favored the Cavaliers (who were the Church party), and granted them special privileges. The Lords Proprietors had at the outset granted religious liberty to all settlers in the colony. The Governor summoned a meeting of Assembly "in the season of the planting of rice"—a time most inconvenient to the Lower House, the members of which were for the most part Dissenters. But few, therefore, attended on this occasion, while the Upper House was full; for the cassiques had their agents watching over their planting interests. At this session Governor Johnson caused an act to pass, by a majority of one, disqualifying from service in either House all who did not worship according to the usage of the Church of England.

At the next meeting of Assembly the Lower House was full, and proceeded by an overwhelming majority to rescind the obnoxious act; but the old Governor was master of the position. He perhaps remembered Cromwell for the first time with pleasure, and while a grim smile lighted up his face as he told his secretary the story of "Pride's Purge," he penned a reproachful letter to the House, dismissing them under the title of "the Unsteady Assembly." Before we also dismiss this House there is one memorial of it, and only one apparently, yet remaining which may repay examination. To overawe the independent spirit of the distant colonists, there hung in the hall of Assembly a life-size portrait of Queen Anne, said, by-the-way, to have been painted by Godfrey Kneller. When the flame of 1776 lighted up the hearts of Carolinians, this picture, as an emblem of royal tyranny, received but scant grace at the hands of the patriots, and was removed in a mutilated state to the private residence of the Manigault family, where it remained until 1822, when the late Mr. Charles Fraser obtained permission to cut out the hand with the crown, the head and shoulders having been previously cut out by some

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HAND AND CROWN OF QUEEN ANNE.

person unknown. In 1842, Mr. Fraser presented the fragment to Mr. Charles Manigault, a grandson of one of the last speakers under the crown. This relic is now in the possession of Dr. Gabriel Manigault, to whose kindness I am indebted for a copy.

But to return. The colony had never evolved so severe a storm as now broke upon the head of the Governor and his Council. The Lords Proprietors were appealed to, Parliament was memorialized, royal interference invoked. The measure was denounced in the House of Lords, the Queen declared the law passed null and void, and directed her attorney and solicitor general to take the necessary steps for placing the colony under royal protection. The matter was, however, at this stage unaccountably dropped, and the measures of the stern old knight remained in force.



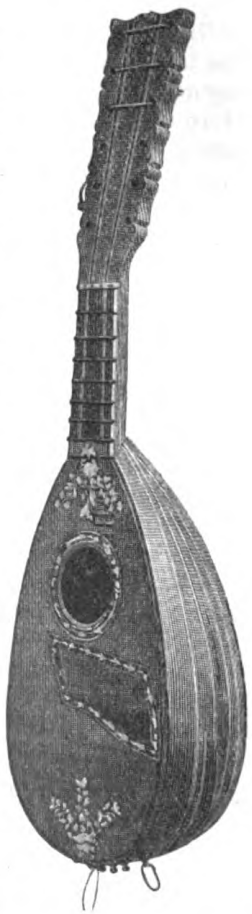
MANDOLIN IN EXETER HOUSE.

Within two years Carolina was divided into ten parishes; arrangements were made for the building of a church and the endowment of a parish priest in each, and a large number of books sent over from England. Up to the year 1776 about one hundred regularly educated clergymen had been introduced into the colony. Writing of the results of the Establishment, Dr. Ramsey says: "Religion assumed a visible form, and contributed its influence in softening the manners of dispersed colonists, who, from want of school-masters and clergymen, were in danger of degenerating into savages."

But a bare recital of historical acts can not convey any idea of how the actors of the period lived and moved. Fortunately abundance of material yet remains to show us something of the social life of the early Carolinians.

We have but to step over the threshold of one of the old houses to cross a chasm of two centuries. Let us, for instance, visit Exeter, the country home of Sir Nathaniel. As we enter, two cabinet pictures, representing respectively a blonde and brunette of the time of Charles II., welcome us, clothed, as to their shoulders, in wonderful folds of white and blue and crimson. Their stories and their names are alike forgotten.

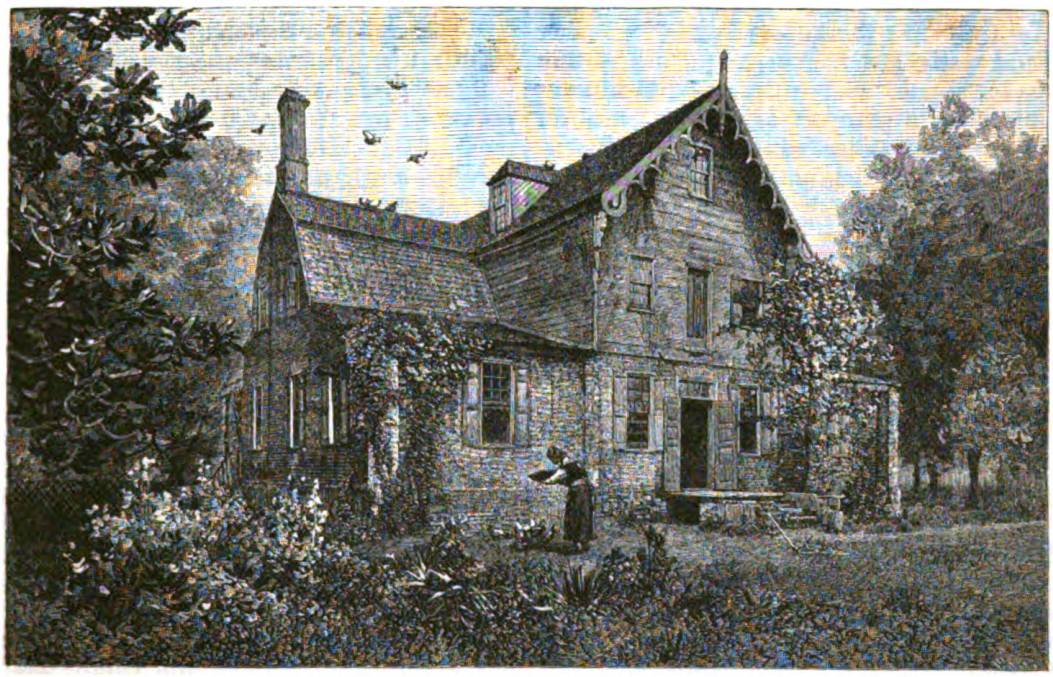
Skied up over a door of the hall is the portrait of a young Huguenot maiden dressed as a shepherdess, and taken in London, it is said, by Sir Peter Lely, as she passed on her way from France to Carolina. On the left of the chimney a robust English matron appears in heavy bronze satin, while over her shoulders



LUTE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE LESESNE FAMILY, CHARLESTON.

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is thrown a snowy kerchief of lawn. On the opposite side is her daughter as a younger matron, born about 1703, with a complexion as fair as the wide band of pearls encircling her neck, and a face eloquent of sweet womanly virtues. She is dressed in blue silk, cut away from the neck only enough to show its slope, the waist just under the arms, wide sleeves held open by a fall of lace, a heavy piece of corded silk several shades lighter than the dress passing down the entire front, looking as straight and stiff as a cuirass of steel. In another place we see a boy of five clad in a short-waisted light gray surtout reaching almost to the ankles, white stockings, and crimson shoes. Into a room with walls so peopled it would not seem very strange to see the good Sir Nathaniel himself walk, dressed in a shag gown trimmed with gold buttons and twist, silk tops for his legs, and a camlet cloak thrown over his martial shoulders.



EXETER HOUSE.

But paintings are not the only art treasures which these colonial houses contain. Pieces of old jewelry are here—diamonds and brilliants set in silver; rare specimens of napery, which have escaped by successive miracles the accidents of great wars and fires, expressing in exquisite damask-work legends such as Elijah fed by the ravens; antique musical instruments, which have by turns shivered to the Cavalier tune of "Green Sleeves," or pulsated responsive to the rhythm of some soft air born among the vine-clad hills of France; time-stained inventories of the furniture once filling a stately English home in the days of Charles I.; and deeds of the same period conveying now in their hieroglyphical characters to the heirs nothing but doubt and confusion. These, with fragments of old lace, moth-eaten letters, vellum-bound diaries of the time, and remnants of beautiful china and glass, may yet be seen.

With such a treasury to choose from, it would not be difficult to furnish forth an old-fashioned tea table on the lawn at Exeter, realistic in its minutest details; nor would it be hard to fill the punch-bowl again with genuine Barbadoes shrub, if Carolinians could be made to agree whether the sweet orange and lemon should be used in the brewing or the juice of the sour orange alone. Good arguments remain in support of either practice, and excellent ones in favor of both. Sadder associations cling to the delicate-tinted brocade lying in empty folds across the old chair, but with flowers as rich in color to-day as when they first bloomed

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and blossomed under the artist's hand. There is a lost individuality in those dainty useless slippers, and the little child's shoe, and that idle painted fan, which some eye in the far past could discern and some heart mourn.

Judging by the size of the tea service, genuine Bohea must have been a rare commodity in those days, and in looking over an old bill I find Dr. William Rind to have been a debtor to Alexander Cramahe and Co. "to 1 lb. Bohea tea, £4 10*s*." Dr. Rind was a gay bachelor, and in case the reader should wish to know what was required by a man of fashion in Carolina during the first half of the eighteenth century, I will quote another bill against him by the same firm:

	£	*s.*	*d.*
To 1 Wigg Comb		2	6
To 1 pr. Pumps	2	0	0
To 1 Thread hose	1	15	0
To 7 yds. blue silk	10	10	0
To 1 doz. gold breast buttons	1	0	0
To 2 bottles treacle water	1	5	0
To 1 pair glaz'd white gloves	0	12	6
To 1½ doz. silver breast buttons @ 25*s*.	1	17	6
To 1 prayer-book	1	0	0
To ¼ cask rum	24	10	0

In the social life of Carolina caste distinctions have existed from the first, but they can in no way be fairly traced to the influence of slavery. Aristocratical feelings were imported into the colony with Cavalier prejudices and predilections, and they have been chiefly kept alive through old pictures and parchments and coats of arms. To dance a galliard, or, on occasion, wear "a masque," entitled a newcomer to respect; but to own a prayer-book was almost to possess a patent of nobility.

But, as a letter of that time by Mr. Harleston informs us, the great social feature of the period was the dinner, and he records the fact that Sir Nathaniel was present at one which must have been a stately affair. Bills of fare were not known in those days, and it is impossible to supply an accurate list of the delectable things which were provided on such high occasions; but there lies before me an old volume of Markham's *Country Contentments*, published in 1637–8, which has been carefully preserved by the descendants of Mr. Harleston, and was doubtless a great authority among the housewives of Carolina about the beginning of the eighteenth century. Markham warns the housewife that though she "be never so skilfull in the parts of Cookery, if shee want skill to marshall the dishes," failure must attend her. "It is," he says, "like to a Fencer leading a band of men in rout, who knowes the use of the weapon, but not how to put men in order. Shee shall first," he admonishes, "marshall her Sallets, delivering the grand Sallet first, which is evermore compound; then green Sallets; then boil'd Sallets; then some smaller compound Sallets. Next unto Sallets she shall deliver forth all her Fricases, the simple first, as Collops, Rashers, and such like; the compound Fricases; after them all her boyl'd meats in their degree, as simple broths stew'd—broth, and the boyling of sundry fowles. Next them, all sorts of rost meats, of which the greatest first, as chine of Beefe, or surloyne, the gigger or legges of Mutton, Goose, Swan, Veale, Pig, Capon, and such like. Then bak'd meats, the hot first, as Fallowe-deere in Pasty, Chicken, or Calves-foot-pie and Dowset. Then cold bak'd meats, Pheasant, Partridges, Turky, Goose, Woodcocke, and such like. Then lastly, Carbonadoes, both simple and compound." Now with all these dishes well prepared and arranged on the dresser, the critical moment has only just arrived; for Markham further says that the server must not set the viands down as he received them, "but, setting the Sallets extravagantly about the Table, mixe the Fricases about them; then the boyl'd meats amongst the Fricases, roast meats amongst the boyl'd, bak'd meats amongst the roast, and Carbonadoes amongst the bak'd, so that before every trencher may stand a Sallet, a Fricase, a boil'd meat, a roast meat, a bak'd meat, and a Carbonado, which will both give a most comely beauty to the table and very great contentment to the Guesse." This constituted the first course. The second and only remaining one—unless the reader be already surfeited—consisted of "Mallard, Tayle, Snipe, Plover, Wood-cocke, Chicken, Pigeon, Partridge, Raile, Turky, ... Bitter Hearne, Shoveler, Crane, Bustard, Puets, Gulls, and such like. Then hot bak'd meats, as Marrowbone-pye, Quince-pye, Florentine, and Tarts. Then cold bak'd meats, as red Deere, Hare-pye, Gammon or Bacon pye, etc."

At such a feast did Sir Nathaniel sit with Chief Justice Trott, Colonel William Rhett, and the élite of the province, toasting the bride at intervals in Muskadine,

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"great, pleasant, and strong, with a sweet scent and amber color," while they held talk of the prices of indigo and furs, of French intrigues with the Indians to the westward, of the Spaniards tampering with the slaves on the southern border, of the consequences of a servile insurrection, the proportion of whites to negroes being at that time one to ten. Then the talk settled on the subject of silk-making and the growth of rice.

Ramsey tells us that among the colonists there was an impression that rice was not a very wholesome article of diet—an opinion to which Markham no doubt largely contributed; for although he says, "If you take a quarter of a pound of Rice, and boile it in a pottle of water till it come unto an indifferent thicknesse, and then put into it a good lump of potted or barrelled Butter, and as much sugar as shall saltwise season it to an indifferent sweetnesse, it is a dish of meat meet for an Emperour at Sea, wholesome, good, and light of degesture, and will be as much as foure reasonable men can eat at a meal," yet he adds, "I doe not wish any man of shipboard to make this a continuale feeding dish, for it is both too pleasant and too strong, and—may breed inconvenience in strong bodies; but rather to use it once a week as a physical nourisher, or for the comfort of sick and diseased men."

Not much time was given either Sir Nathaniel to enjoy his triumph or the colonists to brood over their religious grievances. Queen Anne having declared war against France and Spain, news was brought the Governor that the French and Spaniards were fitting out a joint expedition against Carolina. The colony was in a poor state of defense. With the fortifications of Charleston in a ruinous condition, the inhabitants depressed from a recent fruitless expedition against the Spaniards of St. Augustine, and "an epidemical distemper" (probably yellow fever) raging in the town and sweeping off numbers of the citizens, the outlook was in the last degree gloomy. Yet doubtless our gallant old knight rejoiced in the opportunity thus given him to emerge from the dusky shadows of church and state polity, and stand with his trusty sword in a light in which his conduct should be known and approved of all brave men.

He put the inhabitants under martial training, appointed gunners for the bastions, intrenched White Point, built a fort on James Island (now Fort Johnson), and made Sullivan's Island a signal station. Having put affairs in some order, he withdrew, much, we are told, to the consternation of the good citizens of Charleston, to Exeter, his country-seat, about thirty miles from the town. Such an act in these "swift and giddy-paced times" would likely cost a commander his official head; but Sir Nathaniel knew something both of the intricacies of the Charleston bar and of the sailing qualities inherent in the bluff-bowed ships of his day. At any rate, he had seen enough of war to feel assured that even in a great battle there are intervals of leisure—that only the raw soldier at the whistle of the first shot throws away his blanket and canteen. Perhaps an interesting family of silk-worms needed the veteran's care, or it may have been the time of the vintage at Exeter.

He left Charleston in military charge of Colonel William Rhett, a man whose dauntless courage, regulated by perfect coolness, made him worthy of the post. In due time the tall masts of a French frigate, in company with three ships and a galley, appeared above the low white sand ridge of Morris Island. A courier was immediately sent to Governor Johnson, who the next day, much to the satisfaction of the inhabitants, rode quietly into the town. He forthwith called a council of war, the minutes of which read like some old English burghers' meeting during the reign of Elizabeth; for it was "quickly agreed to put some great guns on board of such ships as were in the harbor, and employ the sailors in their own way in defense of the town."

Of this fleet Colonel Rhett, who, although commanding the militia of the colony, seems to have been quite as good a sailor as soldier, was made "vice-admiral."

The enemy, with a deliberate movement which must have been very imposing, sailed up abreast of the town, and sent in a flag of truce, which was landed at Granville Bastion. The site of this bastion, by-the-way, is still marked by a section of *tapia* work that outcrops to the surface on East Bay Street, at the head of the present stone battery. The bearer of the flag was carefully blindfolded before being allowed to enter the works—a precaution intended, however, only the more effectually to hoodwink him after he was permitted to see. In truth, the good old Governor

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COL. RHETT'S RAPIER.

had at this time a mere handful of men at his disposal, and it was needful to economize them. When the bandage was accordingly withdrawn from the eyes of the envoy, he saw before him the warlike figure of Sir Nathaniel at the head of a picked body of troops. The situation was dramatic; but no time was given the visitor to study the effect in detail. Our knight, with noble courtesy, did not even give him an opportunity to declare his mission before hurrying him off as a welcome guest to inspect the works. It is strange that no suspicion seems to have been awakened in the Frenchman by being conveyed from point to point through circuitous routes; yet the Governor was simply using the various blocks of houses in the town as shifting scenes, while the splendid body of men from Granville Bastion, marching along the straight line of the water-front, stood ready to meet them at every halting-place. The conception produced, indeed, a very excellent stage effect, one which many a manager since that time might have studied with profit in bringing out such a play as *Macbeth*. When bastion after bastion had been thus visited, Sir Nathaniel inquired of the envoy the object of his coming. He had been sent, he answered, by M. Le Febvure, admiral of the French fleet, to demand the surrender of the town and country, and of their persons (the English) as prisoners of war; he added that "only an hour was allowed for the answer." The words kindled for the last time the ardor of battle in the breast of the brave old soldier to whom they were spoken. "There is no occasion," he said, "for a minute to answer that message. I hold this town and country for the Queen of England, and can depend on my men, who will die sooner than surrender themselves prisoners of war. I am resolved to defend this place to the last drop of my blood."

We may almost regret that after the laborious preparation for defense, and the brave stand made by the Governor, fortune had not sent him a more determined enemy. As it was, M. Le Febvure, after getting safely into the harbor with his ships, contented himself with landing marauding parties on the neighboring islands, every one of which was driven off with heavy loss by the troops sent to meet them. At length Sir Nathaniel, measuring with a soldierly eye the fighting quality of the invaders, determined to take the offensive, and ordered his vice-admiral, Colonel Rhett, with his six small merchantmen, to bear down upon the Franco-Spanish fleet. Doubtless many a fever-smitten face within the town that day watched the result with dark forebodings. But the affair was soon over. For when the French admiral observed the English ships in motion, he tripped his anchors, and putting immediately to sea, finally disappeared from the coast. A few days after this, Colonel Rhett, still acting as vice-admiral, captured, without firing a gun, a French ship in Seewee Bay, with two hundred men on board, including General Arbuset, commanding the land forces of the invading army. The repulse of this invasion in its results far exceeded the hopes of the colonists. It had been accomplished by skillful manœuvring rather than by hard fighting, and the loss of the English was comparatively small; on the part of



PATEN OF BEATEN SILVER IN ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON.

the enemy it was very severe. Out of five well-appointed ships and a galley sent against the colony, one ship was taken; out of an invading force of eight hundred men, three hundred were killed or made prisoners. General Arbuset offered

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as a ransom for himself and his officers ten thousand pieces of eight.

It is pleasing to contemplate a life so checkered over with broken hopes as was that of Sir Nathaniel drawing to its close under the light of a triumph so complete, and amid the praises of men many of whom, but a short while before, were his bitterest enemies. It was surely one of those singular sarcasms which history at times evolves, that the very man who, for want of loyalty had been driven from the Governorship of the Leeward Islands, whose title as Governor, years afterward, in a remote province, was disputed on the ground that he was not well affected to the reigning sovereign, should, when, "Nestor-like, aged in an age of care," and at a time when the home government could not spare a single man-of-war for the defense of the most important city in the southern half of America, rid the royal bosom of an anxiety so great as the Franco-Spanish invasion of Carolina.

The Lords Proprietors sent their thanks to Governor Johnson in these words: "We heartily congratulate you on your great and happy success against the French and Spaniards; and for your eminent courage and conduct in the defense and preservation of our province we return you our thanks, and assure you that we shall always retain a just sense of your merit, and will take all opportunities to reward your signal services." What is better, however, they made this promise good by conveying to Sir Nathaniel a large grant of land on the eastern branch of Cooper River, which he characteristically named Silk Hope.

Sir Nathaniel, as already mentioned, served the colony as Governor for two terms. He was the first one of these officials who set an example of civil service reform by alienating from himself the monopoly of the Indian trade—a perquisite which his predecessors had apparently enjoyed without embarrassment.

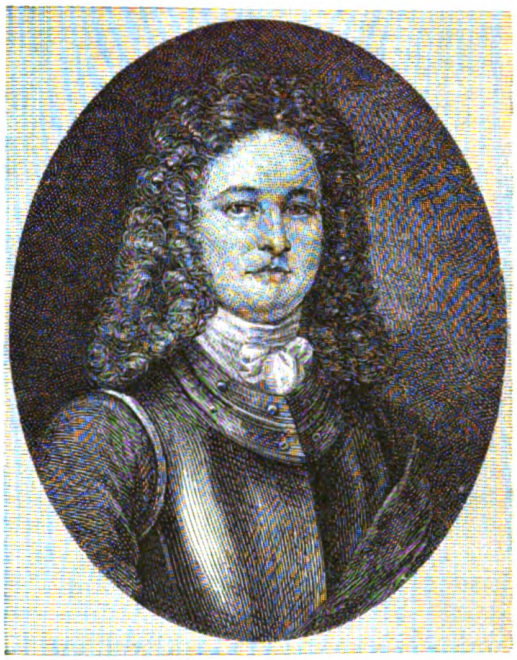
Governor Johnson was at pains during his administration to conciliate the Indians, and they did him "yeoman's service" when the province was invaded.

In the parish register of St. Thomas and St. Denis, one of the parishes which he founded, under the date 1712, we may now read these words:

The Right Honble Sr NATHANIEL JOHNSON.
Buried ye 2^{d} of July.

His grave lies on Silk Hope plantation with not even the traditionary cornerstone which it is said Americans offer to the manes of their illustrious dead.

Colonel Rhett, whose gallantry contributed so materially to the defeat of the Franco-Spanish fleet, lived long after the death of Governor Johnson. No man in the province ever held a higher place in the popular regard for coolness and daring. The risk of no enterprise seemed too great for his dauntless spirit. Among the many services, however, which he rendered the colony, there was one that eclipsed all others for desperate bravery—his capture of Stede Bonnet, the famous pirate.



COLONEL WILLIAM RHETT.

Among the sacramental vessels of the Church of St. Philip, Charleston, may yet be seen a curious heart-shaped paten of beaten silver, and said by those learned in such matters to be of Spanish workmanship. Its history, however, is buried in oblivion. It is possible that it is one of the pieces given by Colonel Rhett. Did he capture it among the treasures of Stede Bonnet? And was it first used in some church or monastery on the Spanish Main?

The worth of Colonel Rhett at length attracted the attention of the home government, and he was appointed Governor of the Bahama Islands; but he died before his commission reached him.

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"IT IS A BEAUTIFUL AND A THRILLIN' SIGHT, GENTLEMEN."

THE SINGULAR VOTE OF AUT TILBOX.

DURING the time I spent at Amity I made every effort to ingratiate myself with the citizens of the place as the bearer of an honorable if not of a profoundly aristocratic name; but in the occasional brief notices taken of my existence, I was designated only as "that young man from Boston." Moreover, to gain any idea of the sublime scorn, the severe and overpowering ridicule, implied in those simple words, one should hear them as they fell from the lips of the Amity town oracle, the occupier of the arm-chair in the Amity country store, Colonel Sonorous B. Bacon. The Colonel's own pseudonym of "Snore," which might even be supposed to bring a smile to the features of the uninitiated, was regarded among his townsmen as a title of ponderous dignity and respect.

"That young man from Boston," said Colonel Snore—to whom my insignificant presence at the opposite end of the store had not been as yet on this occasion revealed—"that young man from Boston everdently has a towerin' opinion of himself. I consider it a dooty and a kindness to that young man to take him down a peg." To which the others of the Colonel's audience, unfortunately conscious of my presence, although they graciously forebore to make any audible assent, replied by an expressive silence.

This imputation of inordinate conceit, I found afterward, was solely attributable to the fact that, during my stay in Amity, a severe cold in the head caused me to have frequent recourse to some white linen pocket-handkerchiefs; while, as a still further taunt to this unmanly weakness on my part, the Colonel's own method of blowing his nose, by the unaided means of his thumb and forefinger, was brought, I now remember, into loud and frequent requisition.

Yet, despised and ridiculed as I was, I clung meekly to the ever-varying theatre of interest afforded me by the conduct of the Amity magnates, and so that I might occupy a humble seat in the auditorium of the country store, bore the Colonel's derisive shafts with silent resignation.

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"It is a beautiful and a thrillin' sight, gentlemen," Colonel Snore began, seated now amid a transient company of drovers, his whole countenance glowing with a splendid consciousness of the occasion and of his own ability to shine. But here I was seized with the fatal impulse to sneeze. I drew out my despised pocket-handkerchief with a deprecating gesture. But the Colonel paused.

"Been to Boston lately?" he inquired of the group, with an expressive wink and a slight inclination of the thumb in my direction.

"Wa'al, yes, tol'able so," one answered.

"I hear they've been a-tryin' to get it incopperated as a city—eh?" the Colonel continued, indulging in a still more vastly facetious play of the eyebrows.

"Wa'al, yes, I believe they made it out some little time sence," replied the willing votary of this heartless wit.

"Glad to hear it!" exclaimed Colonel Snore, with loud emphasis—"glad to hear it! Let perserverance and virterous industry have their reward."

Having paused to crush me in one fleeting moment of amusement, the Colonel now resumed that thread of his discourse to which the pompous gravity of his tone had been so evidently adapted:

"It is a beautiful and a thrillin' sight, gentlemen, amidst the party strife which is devastatin' our country, the fraud and pussonal ambition ragin' in the capertols of our land, to turn for a moment to view the perlitical sittuation as it is here in our little country town of Amity. Yes, gentlemen, we may not be great, we may not be fastijous, we may not be yet incopperated as a city, but we can thank Heaven that there is yet *one* place in our land onblighted by the hand of perlitical corruption, and where patterotism is still a name.

"Not, gentlemen, but what we have had here in Amity some very closely contested elections, and on some occasions I do not deny to have witnessed no small display of party spirit; but this is owing not so much, gentlemen, to our discord as to our *u*quanimity. Sech is the *u*quanimity of our vote here in Amity that we have become distinguished fur and wide for our *ties*. And in our caukerses I have frequently heard it brought to a point of issoo, not to defeat this party or to carry that party, but, 'Countrymen and fellercitizens, let us on this momenchous occasion nerve ourselves to the conflict, brace up our scattered cohorts, and do our durndest to av*i*de a tie!'

"As clost a perlitical contest, perhaps, gentlemen, as I have ever witnessed occurred here some year or more ago, when Jedge Marlborough and me, one and severally, competed ag'inst each other for the j'int office of Town Clark and Reegistrar of the town of Amity. Though often urged to it by my feller-citizens, I had always prev'ously refused to run, a lukertive business of my own—ownin' perhaps the largest tobacco farm in the State, gentlemen—havin' made it ompossible for me to engage to any extent in polertics. But Beardsley come to me, and says he: 'Snore, the fate of the Rerpublican party of the town of Amity is a-hangin' on your hands. You and you only can afford to meet the Jedge on this campaign.' Jedge Marlborough bein', with perhaps one exception, gentlemen, the richest man in Amity. 'I have carried the Rerpublican party on my shoulders for five years,' says Beardsley, 'and should continnoo in it as my dooty and my priverlige. But my tobacco crop has gone back on me this year, and I know my figger. I know that I ain't competent to the Jedge.'

"'Beardsley,' says I, 'at what figger do you place the impendin' election of the town of Amity?'

"'Snore,' says Beardsley, 'patterotism may rage high, and there's no makin' percise calkerlations. I put it, Snore, at *two hunderd dollars*.'

"'Beardsley,' says I, '*accept my note*.'

"'Snore,' says Beardsley, 'that's patterotic, and it's munifercent; but no, Snore, it won't do. There's got to be some degree of popplearity. Sence I foreclosed on Tim O'Rian I've lost my hold on the Irish element. I thought o' runnin' Jones, but sence his darter got the deestrict school away from Wright's darter there's been a split in the party. No, Snore, the issoo lies with you and you only, and you must meet the Jedge.'

"'Beardsley,' says I, amusin' myself by takin' a last desprit measure, 'in considerin' a canderdate for any office, we must consider his qualerfications *for* that office. My extensive business responserbilities and dooties as a man of property has not as yet give me no time to pay much attention to the art of penmanship.'

"'Snore,' says Beardsley, '*ef you can't write, you can talk*.'

"Wa'al, gentlemen, there didn't seem

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to be nothin' further to be said. The caucus was held, and I was nommernated; and after positively refusin' the nommernation, my onwillingness was declined, and I was acknowledged to be run, after the usual form.

"'Gentlemen, there was various reasons why that campaign was calkerlated to be a clost one. For more'n a year young Hec Aspinwall, up on the mountain, simultaneous with Marl Junior here—Jedge Marlborough's son—not to speak of our little Parson Waters and an ondefinite number of others, had all been a-holdin' court to my darter Fairblow. It's a singerler fact, gentlemen, that before I married the present Mrs. Bacon, although the town was full of purty gals, lively and interestin' creeturs, she was *the* one sought after. And jest so it was with our Fairblow. By the time that gal got to be sixteen years old she was so primmatoorly handsome and smart, and so deuced fascernatin' in her ways, that her ma and me—whose boodwar adjines the parlor—on Sunday nights in especial, almost despaired o' keepin' on her till she come o' age. But on that p'int Mrs. Bacon was strong, Fairblow bein' our only child—which Mrs. Bacon on one occasion regrettin', 'Mrs. Bacon,' says I, 'madam, a woman that has raised sech a darter as that has done her dooty.'

"'Of all the pursooers of my darter's affections, I was inclined at one time to think most fav'rably of Marl Junior as a well-ballasted young man—though a member of the Dimmocracy—and carryin' an old head for business. But Mrs. Bacon—and to me, gentlemen, a woman's penetration in sech matters will never cease to be surprisin'—Mrs. Bacon informed that if Fairblow ever consented to any of 'em, it would be our young Republican, Hec Aspinwall. 'Your reasons, Mrs. Bacon,' says I, 'and her reasons?' 'They are proberbly jest as foolish, Snore,' says Mrs. Bacon, resortin' to that playful mood in which Mrs. Bacon and myself sometimes indulges, 'as them for which I married you.'

"'Wa'al, Hec *was* as handsome a dog as ever you see, as tall and straight as a Norwejjan pine, with a black mustache a-swoopin' down under as straight-cut a nose as ever adorned a stattoote, but somehow it seemed as though Fairblow had fairly took a notion *ag'in him*. She had a good word for Marl or Waters or any o' the rest, but when it come to Hec, he was too big or too rude or somethin', and always a-flushin' up at him as ef she was mad when he come in, until I swan I sometimes felt like takin' up on the young man's part. Howsumever, the dog was puffectly able to manage his own affairs, mind ye, and there's no knowin' what might 'a happened, ef it hadn't been for Mrs. Bacon's supernateral instinct as to how things stood; and in spite o' Marl's wooin' and Hec's threatenin' and little Waters's whinin', that onparalleled woman put her foot down strong that Fairblow shouldn't leave her father's house with *no* man till she come o' age.

"'It chanced that Fairblow was jest a dawnin' into her eighteenth year, gentlemen, when I competed with the Jedge on the campaign before mentioned; and it appears to me that it was the very night of the caucus—a singerlarly beautiful and starlight night, gentlemen—that Marl and Hec and the rest on 'em was a-settin' around in the parlor afterwards, and Marl and Hec was givin' it to each other purty sharp on polertics, and a-gittin' omcomf'tably warm, teasin' Fairblow as to which she'd keep company with on some pertickler occasion, until by-and-by the gal flushes up and gives a sort of a 'Now I dare ye!' look to Hec, and says she, 'Of course I goes with the winnin' party!' And the minit she'd said it she give Hec the first sorry look that ever I see; but Hec stretches himself up, 'And so you shall, Fairblow,' says he. 'And so you shall, Fairblow,' says little Marl; and them two simultaneous riz, and went out.

"'Gentlemen, in the campaign that follered, wherever I see fit to lend an old friend and constittuent a dollar, the Jedge lent him two. Where the Jedge lent two, Hec lent three. Where Hec lent three, Marl Junior lent four, leavin' in many sech cases a consid'able surplus of five dollars to be supplied by myself. Where I sought popplearity with the Irish element by a six months' release on a foreclosure, the Jedge sent a new image over to the Catholic church, say nothin' of attendin' papal services four weeks regerlar with his wife and darters. Where I obliged a neighbor by the temperrary loan of a hoe, the Jedge accomerdated with a spade, which responded to by a plough on my part, the Jedge in turn reciprercated by a hoss-rake, until the Jedge's domains and mine was as fairly dernuded of all farmin' appurternances as though we'd been swep'

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over by the Old Testament deluge. But when Griggs came in one day to borrer my bell-crown, Mrs. Bacon declared that there *was* bounds, and that they had now been reached, and I was obliged to take Griggs outside, and compermise with him for a soft felt, to which, though somewhat worn, I have no hesertation in sayin', gentlemen, I had become pertickerlarly attached.

"By the fifth day of that campaign I see that all there was left for me was the honor, the other perrogatives bein' prev'ously more'n swallered up in the defense of my country. Howsumever, havin' once set out, I was not the man to flinch in my dooty; and as the Jedge hounded and anticerpated me, so there was no perlitical measure took by the Jedge but what I and my constittuents riz up to defeat it.

"Gentlemen, I wish the whole world might pause to witness an election like that which I am about to relate to you as havin' took place in our little country town of Amity.



"OF COURSE I GOES WITH THE WINNIN' PARTY."

"From a night unbroken by any incerdent, except for the continual sound of cannonadin', and a slight skirmish between the Boys in Blue, headed by Hec Aspinwall, and the Boys in White, led on by Marl Junior—in which some was oncapacitated, but no serious loss to life or limb—the day rose calm and bright. Ere Phœbus had yet fully riz to light the orb of day, teams might 'a been seen a-wendin' their way from mountains and valleys toward the scene of interest. The wimmin stopped to the houses of their more centrerly located sisters to spend the day in them pursoots dear to the femernine heart, while the men congergated in and around the precincts of the Town-hall.

"By nine o'clock, gentlemen, I don't believe there was an able-bodied voter in the town of Amity but what had arrove punctual to the polls, while the lame and the halt and the blind from fur and near was a-bein' escorted thither in teams dispatched for the purpose by the reprersentatives of our respective factions; but I regard it as a stain upon our history, gentlemen, yes, as an infamous blot upon our history, that, in the ondue crowd and excitement of the hour, Jedge Marlborough was even known to employ the Amity town hearse. *And I wish that I might add, gentlemen, that his attentions was confined exclusively to the outside seat.*

"Gentlemen, it is not the practice at our elections to cast a hurried and onpremeditated vote, and then fly from the scene of action. Sech is not the brotherly feelin' which has always annermated the voters of the town of Amity. Many was the friendly discussions held that mornin' in and around the hoss-sheds and the Town-hall. Sech as had long been enermies was seen a-walkin' arm in arm, and sech as had never known each other was witnessed affectionertly reclinin' ag'inst the same fence rail. And I ventur' to say that not a vote had as yet been cast when it was announced that the *i*ysters was now ready, and our stomachs—which had only been sustained hitherto on a little weak cider, I do assure you, gentlemen—hastened to partake of them delicious varmints.

"Gentlemen, when I say that I am

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fond of *i*ysters, I speak warmly, but with limertations—with limertations. But the capacity displayed for *i*ysters by some of my constittuents that day, I do not hesertate to say, was thoroughly alarmin'. Gentlemen, I consider a quart bowl full of them delightful insects, well seasoned with a quantity of crackers, a most nourishin' compound, grateful and satisfyin' to the needs of man. But when it comes to two, three, four, and, yes, gentlemen, in some insternces, *six* bowls full, devoured by a single individooal, I am disposed to tremble for my country and my cause. Howsumever, I was determined not to flinch, and as often as a reprersentative of my own party was borne over to partake of that mis'able cider dispensed by the constittuents of Jedge Marl, so often was some weak and totterin' member of the Dimmocracy led triumpherntly up to partake of Rerpublican *i*ysters. Everywhere Hec and Marl Junior was conspicuous a cullin' detachments from the ranks of their rerspective enemies, and leadin' their scattered cohorts on to victory.

"I have stood in the thick of battle in defense of my country's cause, but, gentlemen, never have I witnessed a more thrillin' contest than that which I am now relatin' to you. Never, gentlemen, have I beheld sech an onparalleled display of patterotism. Of the supply of the enemy's ammernition in the shape of sech cider as I have above mentioned there could be no doubt. The only question was, would the supply of *i*ysters prove equal to sech an onexpected and onparalleled capacity. I am grateful to say, gentlemen, that it did; but I must not anticerpate.

"Perhaps the most curious incerdent connected with this eventful day, or, indeed, as ever occurred in all my perlitical experience, is what I shall reveal to you at the close of this narrative concerning the singerlar vote of Aut Tilbox. For the present I will only say that Aut is the derscendant of an ancient race which assumes to have suffered much pecunerrary loss through the war, bein' now some sixty years old, of a tall and corperlant phys*i*ke, and though a nomernal member of the Dimmocracy, has long, as to his practercal vote, been considered more'n waverin'. I had seen Aut on this eventful day led enticin'ly from *i*ysters to cider, and from cider back ag'in to *i*ysters, ontil, irrespective of party issoo, I was about to interfere in the general cause of humanerty. But Hec assured me that he had known him to stand fur more on prev'ous elections, and I watched his perceedin's at last in silence with a solicertude which was only exceeded by my amazement and cur'osity. From *i*ysters to cider, and from cider back ag'in to *i*ysters, Aut was winnin'ly and engagin'ly meandered by our rerspective factions, a prommernant figger in the general confusion, and one to which I confess, gentlemen, my eyes had now become glued with an onaccountable fascernation.

"In certain stages of his inebr'ancy Aut has a reppertation for elerquence onequalled by any one in our town. Yes, gentlemen, and I think there is not a platform in our land which would have been disgraced by his address delivered that day in the Town-hall of Amity. But though speakin' most elerquently of patterotism and dooty, and denouncin', with a voice of thunder, the ragin' sea of perlitical corruption in our land, he give no hint as to which way he was pussonally inclinin' to vote on this pertickerlar occasion, ontil, jest as he was closin', Marl Junior was seen to press somethin' affectionertly into his hand. 'When my eyes has closed on earthly scenes,' then says Aut, 'and I hear the flusterin' of angels' wings, let my last words be that I voted'—here Hec in passin' was seen still more affectionertly to press somethin' into the speaker's hand—'let my last words be,' says Aut, pausin' for a moment, and rollin' his eyes up'ards, while a lingerin' smile played over his features, '*i*ysters, *i*ysters, *i*ysters.'

"Aut descended, and was now almost despairin'ly by Hec and Marl meandered back and forth ag'in, ontil I was compelled to observe that his symptoms grew still more elerquent, and he was only with great differculty pervented from castin' a primmatoor and inerfectooal vote for the deceased Horace Greeley. 'Stay me not!' cries Aut. 'He was the savior of his country, the institooter of a new order, a martyr in the glor'ous cause of liberty, and, *above all, the pussonal friend of Aut Tilbox!*' And he endeavored wildly to reach the polls, but was rerstrained, and on bein' told that the illustrious canderdate was dead, he retired into a corner, and for some moments was seen to weep onrestrainedly.

"He was again rescued by Hec and

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Marl, and led tremblin'ly from *iysters* to cider, and from cider back ag'in to *iysters*; but it begun to be everdent that his capacity was well-nigh reached. His elerquence was gone. He set harmlessly down on the hearth of the box-stove, which fortinitly contained no fire, and refused every inclernation to move. But when Marl whispered to him once more the accustomed invertation, a dangerous gleam shot from his closin' eyes: 'Young man,' says he, 'there is but one word left that I can hear, and that word is not a pleasant word, and that word is, *iysters and cider*, and woe be to him that speaks it!' And he riz up, and leanin' on the shoulders of his compatterots, disappeared emperrarily from the scene.

"It bein' now somewhat advanced in the afternoon, a suggestion was made that we should perceed at once to the polls. But the brotherly feelin' which has always annermated the voters of the town of Amity, as I have said, gentlemen, has never permitted the castin' of a hurried and onpremeditated vote. I fear, however, that Williamston had been indulgin' somewhat too freely in the cider of the Dimmocracy, when, after some differculty, he succeeded at length in reachin' the chair, and pounded an entirely onnecessary length of time on the counter perlimmernary to introducin' a bill. His tones, which at first was husky, grew clear and loud as he perceeded.

"'I move,' says he, 'that an injunction be put upon the publercation, cirkerlation, or perusin' of any almanick save and exceptin' Robert B. Thomas's old-fashioned, old farmer's, yaller-covered, ten-cent almanick! Gentlemen,' says he, 'I was induced last year to accept another almanick as a gift from an acquainternce. I took it home to my family as a instructor and a guide. Gentlemen, that almanick was the work of a incenderrary and a fiend. My wife and me was made to go to church on Saturday, and wondered to find the doors of the sanctooary closed ag'in us. We was made the scandal of our neighbors by washin' on Sunday, and bakin' in the middle of the week. Gentlemen, the moon in that almanick was seen at first quarter in perigee in the mornin', and fulled in apogee before night, besides bein' reprersented of a shape to draw tears from the eyes of science. December was set down as showery and January without a thaw. Moreover, in the back part of that almanick was receipts, among which was given one for removin' stains from the mouth after eatin' huckleberry pie. My wife and me innercently applied the mixter. Gentlemen, for days we was in torments, and our blistered burnin' mouths was closed to our family and friends. Gentlemen, shall not sech dastardly and inhuman perceedin's be stopped?' Here Williamston sunk exhausted into his chair, and the motion was put and carried by an overwhelmin' majority.

"Scarcely had Williamston been removed ere a member of my own party was brought triumpherntly forrerd by his compatterots and set upon the chair. His emotions was sech that the ruler sunk lifeless from his hands, and it was some moments before he could perceed. He begun in a fur-away dyin' tone that graduerly burst into a voice of thunder.

"'I am tired,' says he, 'of party strife and perlitical intrigues. I am sick of campaigns and nommernations and 'lections and caukerses. I want to settle it once and forever by nommernatin' a good squar' hereddertary king. And I hereby move and nommernate that Colonel Sonorous B. Bacon be app'inted hereditary king!'

"There is no knowin' what action might have been took in regard to my rash though well-meanin' constittuent, had not our attention been diverted by the fact that the voters of the town of Amity was suddenly seen in a body wendin' their way towards the Deep Gully and Loud Western railroad tracks, which tracks, gentlemen, runs parallel with each other through the sand-gap, at a distance of some three or four rods from the Amity Town-hall. Soon I perceived that I was standin' alone by the deserted polls, and I turned and follered my compatterots to learn what might be the cause of this singerler conduct.

"Gentlemen, I have already narrated to you more than was my intention of the brotherly feelin', the friendly and am'able perceedin's, which was carried on in our little town of Amity durin' this important occasion, but I think I should fail in my dooty if I neglected to say that, as I j'ined my companions in the gap, it was everdent that the bettin' had been high and the stakes was about equal. For I beheld Jones settin' with his hoss and buggy on the Deep Gully railroad track,

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calmly awaitin' the arrival of the Loud Western train, with which, yes, gentlemen, with which it was his intention to run parallel in a race through the gap!

"As I gazed upon Jones, gentlemen, I can not describe to you the emotions which temperrarily overcome me. I had expected much of my constittuents, but I was not prepared for sech a display of patterotism as this. I was about to rush forrerd to assure him that this was onnecessary, when the roar of the approachin' train was heard, and, calmly waitin' to git abreast of the Loud Western engine, Jones loosened the reins on his palpertatin' steed, and disappeared like a met'or up the track.

"Gentlemen, I have heard it said that there is a singerlarity about the hosses and waggins of the voters of Amity which would cause them to be easily distinguished anywheres on the face of the globe. And I will not deny that the back to the seat of Jones's buggy was formed of a mahogany pew door procured from the ruins of the old Presbyterian church, and upon which the figger 6, representin' the number of the pew to its former occupants, was still strikin'ly visible. Moreover, Jones's wife, bein' of an estheticky nature, has tacked around the ramparts of the buggy consid'rable of the old pulpit fringe, simerlarly procured from the ruins.

"But now, gentlemen, as I watched that figger 6 disappearin' up the track in a wavin' sea of fringe, and heard the clatterin' of Jones's hoss and buggy risin' even above the roar of the engine, all lesser emotions was forgotten. I was compelled to lean upon a neighbor for support. But when the breathless excitement had died away, and it was announced, by sech as had stationed themselves to the termernation of the gap, *a tie*, perlitical issoos was for the moment swallered up in our mutual despair. We grasped each other's hands in silence, and I don't believe, no, gentlemen, I don't believe there was a dry eye amongst the voters of the town of Amity. But the sun was fast westerin'. The polls was about to close. Realizin' this fact, the voters of Amity rushed permisc'ously toward the Town-hall. Leavin' our valiernt constittuents to defend for a moment our interests at the polls, Hec and I sped to the hoss-sheds, where Aut Tilbox was still loudly, sweetly sleepin'. We spoke to Aut in gentle and entreatin' accents, but he answered not. We shook and we threatened him, but the sound of his resoundin' slumbers was the only reply borne to our waitin' ears. There was a despairin' gleam in Hec's eye, and then an onaccountable flash of triermph. In less time than the words leaves my mouth, Hec was exchangin' clo's with the unconscious Aut. Heights was equally tall, and corperlancy was supplied by means of a half sheaf of straw procured from a neighborin' waggin, and which was stuffed under the perdigious waistcoat Hec had now assumed. There was but one thing wantin': Aut's beard was of a peculiar yallowish tinge, growin' in perfusion from under his chin, his face bein' otherwise smooth. Hec's lightnin' eye fell upon the tail of Jedge Marlborough's hoss, standin' near. Yes, gentlemen, there was no denyin', that beard and that hoss's tail was of the same singerlar and onnatural color. Gentlemen, it was no sooner said than done! Marlborough's hoss stood without a tail—that is, gentlemen, without no tail to speak on. But a differculty arose on account of Hec's mustache: 'I half anticerpated this,' says he, and, groanin', drew a razor from his pocket. 'It's all for Fairblow,' says he. And 'It 'll grow ag'in,' says he; and without another word that beautiful curvin' mustache fell to the earth. By means of some pine pitch the tail of Jedge Marlborough's hoss was quickly adjusted under the chin of my youthful constittuent; and then assumin' Aut's beaver hat as a last tetch, and thrustin' one arm akimbo, and steppin' out with that peculiar tread for which Aut is distinguished, and which I can only describe to you, gentlemen, as a kind of a hop and a skip, as though he was a-keepin' time to the insperation of invisible music, Hec wended his way towards the Town-hall.

"Gentlemen, sech was my emotions that I set weakly down on the nearest rail, and if my life had been the issoo at stake, for some moments I could not have riz. Positively, gentlemen, I could not have riz. Gentlemen, if the actual Aut Tilbox had rose up to take his place by the side of Hec he would not have been believed in. His identerty would have been questioned, and he would have been cast aside as an impostor. For, gentlemen, as my youthful constittuent wended his proud and amblin' and corperlant way towards the Town-hall, it could not be denied to my amazed and gaspin' vision that he was the Aut Tilboxest Aut Tilbox that

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ever I see! Gentlemen, he was Aut Tilboxer than Aut Tilbox himself!

"So the persumptive form of Aut entered the Town-hall, and marchin' towards the polls, and swingin' his Rerpublican ticket derfiantly aloft, he dropped it inter the box; and powerfully thrustin' to one side the wonder and exclamations of his disapp'inted compatterots, he was permitted, in the excitement of the moment, to disappear unfollered from the scene.

"Five minutes afterwards, as I was a-standin' with Hec, rehabertated in his own clo's, the loss of his mustache and a little griminess under the chin not bein' at sech a time made no account of, I was declared Town Clark and Reegistrar of the town of Amity by a majority, gentlemen —*by a majority of one!*

"I will not linger longer over the scenes which happened to the close of this eventful day. Serficient to say, that when Jedge Marlborough's hoss was brought around to him, as he stood discoursin' loudly on the Town-hall steps after the election, and he observed the sittuation of that hoss's tail, his language was sech as I should hesertate, gentlemen, to describe in this narration. 'Anybody,' says Jedge Marlborough, in resoundin' tones—'anybody that 'll disfigger and muterlate the tail of a noble animal like that, is not worthy of the name of Dimmocracy!' And the continuation of his language was simply petrifyin'. Howsumever, as I wended my way homewards that evenin' my thoughts was gratefulness and peace, which could not be disturbed even by observin' the constittuents of Jedge Marl hilar'ously burnin' me in effergy over in the shadder of the Hornpike woods.

"And on the following day, gentlemen, Fairblow Bacon and Hector Aspinwall was j'ined together in matrimony, to the residence of the bride's parents. The incerdents of yesterday was forgotten. The voters of the town of Amity, with their wives, gathered festive to my house, irrespective of perlitical differences. If little Parson Waters's eyes was tearful when he tied the knot, gentlemen, I do not consider it a thing to be onfeelin'ly commented on. And earnestly shakin' hands with Marl Junior, who stood somewhat pale in a corner, 'Marl,' says I, 'I wish that I had another darter like Fairblow for you, I do indeed.' 'Colonel,' says Marl, 'I wish you had, but that would be ompossible.'

"Fairblow and Hec have lived most happy together. Their house is, perhaps with one exception, the finest reserdence in Amity, bein' pleasantly surrounded by piazzers, a fountain, and a cowpello, and, two weeks ago, an infant cherrib, which bears, gentlemen, the name of Sonorous Bacon Aspinwall.

"But some days after the 'lection Aut Tilbox was struttin' around, in his proud and amblin' and corperlant way, makin' his boast of bein' diserfected with all existin' polertics, and of not havin' cast his vote for *no* party. On bein' overwhelmin'ly informed by the Dimmocracy that he had been seen on the prev'ous election to cast his vote for the Rerpublican canderdate, his denial and indignation knew no bounds. 'Then I was dragged into it when I was onsensible,' says he. 'It was intimerdation! It was intimerdation at the polls!' he cries. 'No,' says they; 'you walked in onassisted and of your own accord; and, more than that, Aut,' says they, 'you made a boast and a spectacle of it. You swung your Rerpublican ticket derfiantly in the air, Aut, and then dropped it into the box.' The number of witnesses was overwhelmin'. A sad and bedizzened look crept over Aut's face. He give them one last beseechin' gaze, and then turned and walked sorrerfully away.

"Gentlemen, it is safe to say that from that hour Aut Tilbox was a changed man. 'What is this mystery in science or in natur',' I have heard him say, 'that a man may, onknowin' to himself, commit sech desprit and onnatural deeds? It is solemn and myster'ous, and it bids us pause.' And Aut has forsook the ondue use of cider, and may be seen—yes, gentlemen, he may be seen on any Sunday, arrayed in his 'lection suit and beaver hat, quietly wendin' his way with Mrs. Tilbox down towards the Methodist meetin'-house."

Colonel Sonorous B. Bacon paused. Listening with rapt attention to his narrative, I had long been struggling with the fatal impulse to sneeze. This desire, together with the thrilling close of the Colonel's recital, at length proved irresistible. Assuming, as my last resort in this extremity, an air of meek abstraction, I cautiously sought for my pocket-handkerchief. But the Colonel detected the movement. A slow and bitter smile, in which there was more than usual of withering contempt, overspread his features. Lifting his thumb and forefinger to his nose,

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he gave utterance to a blast which startled his audience from their seats, and shook the dishes upon the grocery shelves. When the surcharged atmosphere had cleared a space, the Colonel sat calmly majestic in his chair, while I observed that every eye had become fastened upon me, the writhing object of his disdain.

"So they've got it incopperated as a city, eh?" continued Colonel Snore. "Have they nommernated a Mayor yet, I wonder? For everdently, gentlemen," said Colonel Snore, with the last severe thrust which his merciless sarcasm could give—"everdently we have here a canderdate!"



STORING ELECTRICITY.

IN order to understand the true nature of the operation which is designated in the language of the day as storing electricity, it is essential to begin with those fundamental and important principles of modern science, namely, the conservation of energy and correlation of forces.

Far-reaching and important as these principles are, and obscure as the words indicating them may seem, they admit of very simple exposition, and can be easily comprehended if judiciously approached. The best way of treating the subject, we believe, is by taking an example and developing the general principle from it.

Suppose we have a large reservoir for water on a hill near a river-bank, and at the foot of the hill a pump, by which water from the river may be forced up into the reservoir. Suppose that the pump is worked by a steam-engine, horses, men, or any other *motors*, until the reservoir is filled. Two things will then be manifest: first, that we have expended the energy of the steam-engine, horses, or men in lifting the water from the river into the reservoir; and secondly, that the water so lifted has acquired a power of doing work, or an energy, which it did not possess before. In other words, it can now work a hydraulic engine, water-wheel, or the like, which it could not do while it remained below in the river.

Yet more than this, however—we shall find that if the water from the reservoir were used to operate a hydraulic engine or the like, it would develop an amount of energy exactly equal to that which was expended in raising it from the river into the reservoir. We of course leave out of consideration such side issues as losses by friction and the like, and consider only the energy expended in lifting the water up, and the energy redeveloped in letting it down.

It is manifest, then, that in the case supposed we have a *storage of energy*, or "conservation of energy"; for the energy of the steam-engine, horses, or men expended on the pump is recovered from the hydraulic engine after a greater or less interval of time, during which it has been *stored* or *preserved*, ready for use when wanted.

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It is manifest, however, that the energy, *while stored*, was in some very different condition from that in which it existed in the steam-engine, or other motor, when that was working the pumps. There the energy existed as motion of masses of matter, and varied with the weights moving and the velocities with which they moved.* In the reservoir, however, all was at rest, and the energy of the water was in no way manifested or measurable from any action there taking place.

In fact, the energy of the water, while in the reservoir, consisted only in *a capacity of developing energy when it was let out*, and not in anything then active.

This distinction is fully recognized in the scientific treatment of the subject, and we call the energy of the water in the reservoir "potential energy," while that of the steam-engine, or that developed in the hydraulic engine by the water when it is allowed to run out of the reservoir through such hydraulic engine, we call "actual energy."

The potential energy of the water in the reservoir is often called "energy of position," because it manifestly depends on the position of the water at a height above the river into which it can flow. In fact, it depends on two things—the attraction between the earth and the water, *i. e.*, gravitation, which gives the water weight, and the distance through which the water can move in obedience to this attraction.

A few words as to the meaning of the word energy and its distinction from force would, we think, be desirable in this place. Energy implies the combination of two things—force and motion—and is the equivalent of the result of its exercise, which we call *work*, which is also a compound idea involving the exercise of force through space.

Force alone exhibits no energy, and does no work. Thus a weight resting on the ground is attracted toward the centre of the earth by the force of gravity, and exerts against the ground on which it rests a certain force expressed by its weight, but it has no energy, and to the end of time, while simply lying at rest, would do no work.

To do work, or have energy, it must move or be capable of moving in obedience to force. Thus if we raise it from the ground one foot, the force of gravity on it will be the same, but it will now be able to move down one foot, and so develop energy and do work. If we raise it ten feet, it can move ten times as far, and can thus develop ten times as much energy and do ten times as much work. If the weight actually moves, we say that it has "actual energy" in it; if it is only so placed that it can move, we say that it has "potential energy."

The above illustrations will, I think, give a true general idea of the relations between actual energy, or energy of motion (often called kinetic energy), and energy of position, or potential energy, and will show how potential energy comes to be in a certain sense a storage of actual energy, inasmuch as it gives us the ability of turning on at will and re-obtaining actual energy in consequence of a previous expenditure of actual energy in securing the conditions essential to the existence of the potential energy.

Thus by using a small steam-pump running constantly we may accumulate in a high reservoir water enough to operate occasionally a hoist or other machine for a short time with an intensity of power the small engine could not at any one moment exhibit. Of course, however, the total amount of work done is in no case *greater* than that yielded by the small engine, but in fact is always less, by reason of friction and other causes of loss; but the same total amount, or even a less total amount, may be more desirable if furnished in a more concentrated way, or if held in reserve, ready for use when called upon.

There are many other similar applications of the general principle embodied in the above example, such as the "accumulators" used with hydraulic presses, reservoirs of compressed air used to operate drills and various other machines, the winding up of the weights of a clock or the spring of a watch, and the like. In all cases energy is converted from its active into its passive condition by causing motion in opposition to some natural force, by reason of which the substance moved is put in such a position that it can move back again in obedience to the same force, thereby developing actual energy again.

Thus when we wind up the clock weight we expend actual energy of motion in lifting the weight from a position in which it was unable to move, in obedience to the force of gravitation, to a position

* We of course refer to the product of mass by square of velocity (mv^2).

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where it *can* move in obedience to that force.

So again when we wind up a spring, we change the relative positions of its particles from those in which they are exactly where the elastic and other forces tend to place them (and therefore can not move in obedience to these forces any further) to such relative positions as are *not* what the acting forces would cause them to occupy, and from which, therefore, they can and do move in obedience to these forces whenever they have the opportunity.

So again with compressed air. In its ordinary condition the air particles are as far apart as their mutual repulsion* tends to drive them under existing conditions, and therefore they have no tendency to separate farther; but if by a compressing pump we crowd a vastly greater number into the same space, they are forced to approach each other within reach of powerful repulsion, and are thus in condition to move apart in obedience to this force when the occasion comes.

In all these cases we have a storage of energy in so far that we can at any time reproduce again (losses excepted) the same amount of energy that was expended in producing the change effected in the material acted upon.

So far we have considered this transformation of actual into potential energy only in connection with what may be called mechanical forces, such as gravitation, elasticity, and repulsion; but precisely the same principle applies to any other simple force, such, for example, as chemical affinity. Here likewise we can convert active into potential energy, and then reverse the process in a manner closely analogous to that which we have already described, nor in this case are we at all confined to mere sensible mechanical energy, like that of a moving steam-engine, as the form of energy to be converted.

Thus, to take an example which has been made familiar to most readers of late years, the active energy of the sun-rays acting on a growing plant causes it to separate, to a greater or less degree, the hydrogen and carbon present in the earth's atmosphere in combination with oxygen as water and carbonic acid, and to build up these elements in its structure as wood fibre. While combined in water and carbonic acid the strongest attractions of these elements were satisfied, and no further combination under ordinary conditions was possible; but when torn away by the energy of the sunlight from this condition, and arranged in the relatively feeble combination in which they exist in wood fibre and other related products, they acquire *potential energy*, or the capacity of obeying their stronger attractions, and of uniting again with oxygen so as to reproduce the very form of actual light and heat energy to which they owed their existence.

In this sense a log of wood may be considered as a reservoir charged with sunlight, and the contents of a coal-scuttle a magazine loaded with the tropical sun-rays of the carboniferous era.

So, again, when metallic zinc has been prepared from one of its ores by the use of fuel in the ordinary manner, the active energy of the burning fuel has separated the metal from the other elements with which it was combined in the ore, and has thus given it the power of entering again into like or other combinations, with the reproduction of active energy such as that expended in its production.

In this sense a mass of metallic zinc may be regarded as a reservoir charged with energy, which it will retain unchanged until the proper conditions are fulfilled for its redevelopment in active form.

Instances of this sort may be multiplied indefinitely; nor is the transformation of energy confined to the change of active or actual into potential (although this interests us most in the present connection), but every form of energy may be transformed into every other. As, for example, the potential energy in a mass of coal may be converted into heat energy in the furnace and boiler of a steam-engine; this, through the engine, into mechanical energy in the moving parts; this, by means of a dynamo-electric machine, into electric energy; this again into light and heat energy in an electric lamp; and this again, falling on growing plants, as in Siemens's recent experiments on the growth of plants at night under the electric light, may be transformed into the potential energy of wood fibre fit for fuel. Such cycles as this might be indefinitely multiplied, for every process of nature and art which we

* It is unnecessary to consider here what is the *cause* of this repulsion, as this would only complicate the statement without modifying its general character.

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see going on around us involves one or many of such transformations.

In each and every one of these transformations, also, this further rule holds good, that precisely the same amount of energy which disappears in one form appears in some other, neither more nor less, so that amid the countless changes every moment in progress the total energy of the universe is absolutely constant.

Such as we have described them being the general relations of all forms of energy and all varieties of forces, we will now turn to the special relations existing between chemical and electrical forces and the energies which are developed in connection with them.

Chemical force is a peculiar sort of attraction existing between the molecules or ultimate particles of unlike substances, causing them to combine together, with the result that compounds are formed having properties which did not exist in any of the combining bodies beforehand.

Thus the two gases oxygen and hydrogen combine to form water, which is a liquid. Copper, a ductile red metal, and sulphuric acid, a colorless liquid, combine to form sulphate of copper, a bright blue brittle solid, and so on.

In most cases chemical combination, when it takes place, develops actual energy in the form of heat; but if some other form of energy is produced, such as light or electricity, then a correspondingly less amount of heat energy is manifested.

Electric force is a peculiar one, involving both attraction and repulsion, and obeying laws whose statement is of necessity rather complex, and which we need not here consider, because we are at present only concerned with electricity in the condition of actual energy, as when it is moving as a current through a conducting circuit. This we know as a *galvanic current*, and its relations to chemical force and energy are the following:

When two dissimilar conductors are plunged in a liquid capable of reacting chemically with one of them, and are united by some conducting substance outside of the liquid, then a current of electricity will be established, starting, as we assume, from the surface where the metal and liquid are reacting, passing through the liquid to the other immersed conductor, and then through the exterior conductor back to the first or active conductor. The amount of this electric current will be directly proportional to the amount of the chemical reaction between the active conductor and the liquid, and its total energy will be exactly equal to the total energy involved in the chemical reaction which goes on between the active element and the liquid.* Thus if the total energy of the reaction between zinc and sulphuric acid is expressed by 3006. thermal units, the total energy of the electric current produced by the solution of a pound of zinc in such a combination would be 3,006. such units, or, in other words, a pound of zinc would heat 3.006 pounds of water one degree, if combined with sulphuric acid directly *without* the development of an electric current, and if it was so arranged that it *did* produce an electric current, then the current so produced would heat 3.006 pounds of water one degree, all losses being excluded.

It is on this principle that we obtain electric currents by what are known as galvanic batteries. These consist in their simplest form of vessels containing dilute sulphuric acid, in which are set plates of zinc for the active element, and carbon for the other (Fig. 1). When these elements are connected by a conductor such as copper wire, the zinc combines with the sulphuric acid, and sets in motion a galvanic current, which continues to flow in the direction already described as long as there is any zinc and acid left to keep up the action.

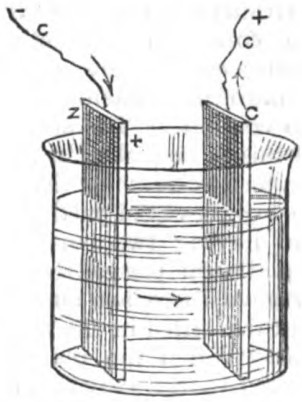


FIG. 1.—SIMPLE GALVANIC COUPLE.

In this case we have the potential chem-

* I intentionally omit all reference to the establishment of difference of potential by contact and other matters of detail, as likely to complicate the subject, and as not essential to an understanding of the phenomena now before us.

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ical energy of the zinc converted into actual electric energy so soon as the circuit is closed by means of the copper wire, and this conversion is arrested as soon as the connection is broken, so that we may look upon the zinc, when thus arranged in the battery, as a reservoir of electric energy which will remain charged for an indefinite time if not used, and can be drawn upon at any moment by the mere closing of the circuit.

Of course the zinc is not a reservoir of electric energy in the sense that it has any electricity stored in it. All that it contains is potential chemical energy, or the capacity of combining chemically with sulphuric acid; but as this renders it capable of developing electric energy at any moment, we may with as much propriety call it a reservoir of such energy as we can call a water tank on a hill a reservoir of mechanical energy, because it can at any time produce mechanical energy by giving motion to a hydraulic machine, though there is no such motion in the tank.

The galvanic battery, as we have just seen, is a means of converting chemical into electric energy. We will now turn to an apparatus for reversing this operation, or for converting the active energy of an electric current into the potential energy of one or more chemical substances tending to combine. The simplest illustration of this is furnished in the apparatus known as a *voltameter* (Fig. 2). We have here a glass vessel partly filled with water, and having two small plates or wires of platinum passed through from below. Above these are supported two graduated tubes filled in the first instance with water. When the platinum wires are connected with a galvanic battery of sufficient power, the water in the vessel is gradually decomposed, one of its constituent gases, hydrogen, rising in bubbles from one wire, and the other, oxygen, from the other wire. These gases will be collected in the two graduated tubes, and can be there measured and examined.

It is hardly necessary to say that these two gases have a powerful chemical attraction for each other, and if mingled will unite, on the application of a spark, with violent detonation, exhibiting actual energy in a most conspicuous way. As long, however, as they are not mingled, or, being mixed, are not ignited, their energy is purely potential.

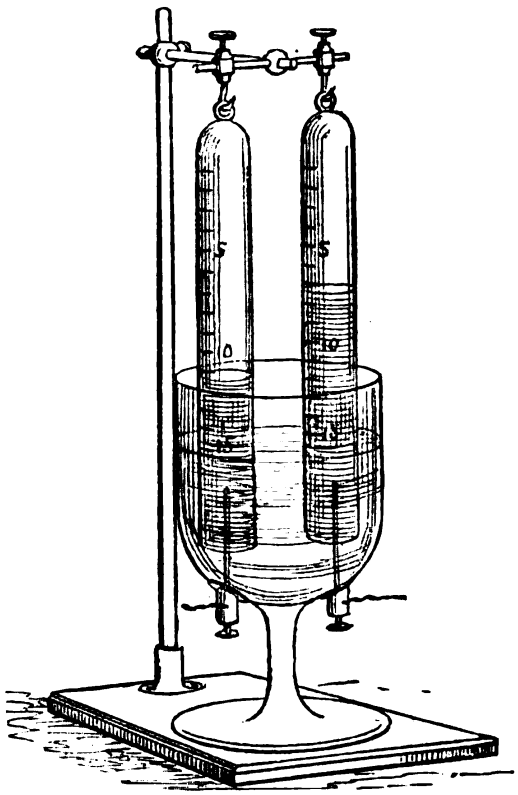


FIG. 2.—A VOLTAMETER.

This sort of electric separation of chemical compounds, with the necessary result that the compounds so separated may unite, and by so doing develop other forms of energy, is by no means rare, but occurs with a multitude of substances, and is manifestly a first step in the direction of that sort of storage of electric energy which consists in converting the active energy of the current into some potential form of energy, capable of indefinite preservation, and of being reconverted into the actual energy of the galvanic current at will. It remains to be seen, however, whether this last conversion is possible, and if so, how it can be carried out in a manner practically useful. This part of the subject we can best develop in a historic sequence.

As early as 1801 a French investigator, by name J. N. Gautherot, observed that when wires of platinum or silver had been used as terminals of a galvanic battery for the decomposition of water containing some salts, they acquired the power of yielding a galvanic current without the aid of the battery, for a brief time.

Ritter of Jena, soon after, in 1803, made a similar observation, and in fact followed it up to the point of producing

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what he called a "secondary pile." This he constructed of disks of copper and moist paper alternately, and he found that if its ends were connected for a time with a galvanic battery, it would acquire the power of producing by itself for a short time all the effects of the ordinary galvanic arrangement.

Among other curious experiments, he "galvanized" a coin by connecting its two surfaces with the poles of a battery, and showed that it would retain the power of producing certain galvanic effects for many minutes.*

Neither of these experimenters seems to have understood the true nature of the reactions which he observed and studied. Ritter, who gave much attention to the subject, regarded it as a mere charging with electricity, similar to that observed with the Leyden-jar. The error of this view was pointed out and proved experimentally by S. Marianini, Professor of Physics and Mathematics in the "Lycée" of Vienna, who showed that the result was due neither to the action suggested by Ritter, nor to the polarization of the fluid between the plates, as suggested by Volta,† but to a polarization of the metallic plates of the secondary battery. This memoir is printed in the *Annales de Physique et de Chimie*, 1828, vol. xxxviii., pp. 5–40.

Meantime the theory and true nature of the action of a galvanic current on a liquid conductor had been discussed by Grotthus‡ in 1806, by Sir Humphry Davy§ in the same year, De la Rive‖ in 1825, and in 1833 Faraday established what are known as his laws of electrolysis.

In one or another of these memoirs the true character of the actions taking place in Ritter's secondary battery was more or less fully developed. It was not, however, until Grove, in 1839, began his researches on the "gas battery" that the subject was thoroughly investigated, and the correct theory fully demonstrated.

In a postscript dated January, 1839, to a letter addressed to the editors of the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*,* the distinguished lawyer and scientist W. R. Grove described an arrangement which corresponds exactly with the voltameter shown in the last figure, but which was operated in the following manner: The two platinum wires were connected through a galvanometer (an instrument to measure galvanic currents), and then the glass tubes, in place of being filled with water, were filled one with oxygen and the other with hydrogen gas, and were then lowered over the platinum wires. As soon as the gases reached the wires a strong galvanic current was shown by the galvanometer, and continued for days. The gases slowly disappeared, and the current ceased when they no longer reached the platinum wires. Here manifestly was a galvanic battery utilizing the potential chemical energy of oxygen and hydrogen gases to develop a current of active electric energy.

In a letter addressed to one of the editors of the same journal, and dated October 29, 1842, Grove details further experiments with such a gas battery made with certain improvements in construction, and among other things shows that a series of such batteries will decompose water in a voltameter such as we have above described, and draws attention to the remarkable circumstance that in this case oxygen and hydrogen, by their combination in one place, are furnishing the energy to decompose water into oxygen and hydrogen at another.

In the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society* for 1843, pp. 91–112, Grove gave a detailed account of numerous experiments with various forms of his gas battery, of which in its most convenient form of construction Fig. 3 will give a good idea.

The jars M M contain water mixed with a little sulphuric acid, in these are supported glass tubes closed at the top by closely fitting brass caps cemented to them, from which hang strips of platinum coat-

* *Nicholson's Journal*, 1804, vol. vii., p. 288; vol. xii., p. 99. *Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine*, 1805, vol. xxiii., p. 54. *Bulletin des Sciences*, October, 1803, no. lxxix., p. 145. *Journal der Chimie und der Physik*, of Van Mons, March, 1805, no. xvii., p. 183.

† Volta's article, *Annales de Chimie et d'Histoire Naturelle de Brugnatelli*, vol. xxii., p. 16.

‡ Grotthus's memoir on decomposition of water and bodies held in solution, *Annales de Chimie*, vol. lviii., pp. 54–74; also, *Philosophical Magazine*, vol. xxv., pp. 330–339.

§ *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society*, 1807, pp. 1–56.

‖ De la Rive. Some phenomena presented by voltaic electricity in liquid conductors. *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, vol. xxviii., p. 190. Also *Quarterly Journal of Science*, vol. xix., p. 346.

* *Philosophical Magazine*, 1839, vol. xiv., Third Series, p. 129.

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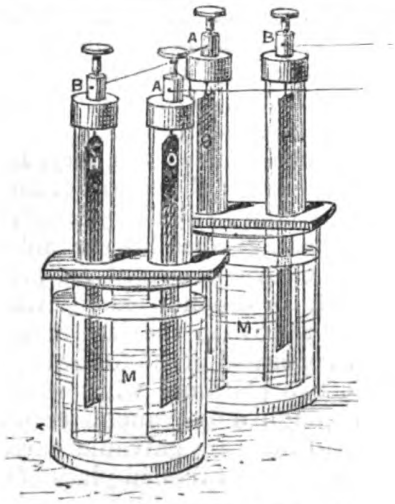


FIG. 3.—GROVE'S GAS BATTERY.

ed with the same metal in a state of fine division obtained by electrolytic deposition in a solution of chloride of platinum. The tubes are filled alternately with hydrogen and oxygen gases, as indicated by the letters H and O.

The elements, or platinum plates, are connected alternately in the several cells by wires, the element hanging in the oxygen of one cell or jar being connected with that hanging in the hydrogen of the next. In some of his experiments Grove used fifty or more of such cells.

The action which takes place in these cells is as follows: The hydrogen in the hydrogen tube is to a certain extent absorbed by the platinum strip, and then, in consequence of certain contact actions which it would occupy too much place here to describe, this absorbed hydrogen acquires an exalted affinity for the oxygen of the adjacent water, which it combines with, just as does the zinc in an ordinary galvanic battery.

The hydrogen thus displaced from the adjacent water molecule travels by a series of interchanges through the mass of liquid to the oxygen tube, where it finds oxygen, likewise in contact with platinum, with which it combines to form water. This is precisely analogous to the action in many forms of ordinary galvanic batteries, and, as in them, the electric current travels in the same direction as the hydrogen.

After what had been already done by Gautherot, Ritter, and others, it was of course perfectly manifest that in place of filling up these tubes with hydrogen and oxygen gases from reservoirs of the same, they might be filled by passing a galvanic current through them from a battery, exactly as if they were so many voltameters.

If this were done, the result would be a storing of electric energy in the sense that we have already explained, namely, a conversion of electric energy into potential chemical energy under conditions which would allow of a reconversion at any time.

Such a "gas battery" as we have above described was, however, a relatively feeble source of electric power, and would have no practical advantage over an ordinary galvanic battery for any of the uses to which such an apparatus is generally applied.

The first important step in the development of a storage battery on the principle involved in Ritter's experiments, and fully developed in those of Grove, was made in 1859 by Gaston Planté.

SECONDARY BATTERY.

In the *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy, vol. l., p. 640, appears one of the earlier formal accounts of Planté's labors, and from that time to this various notices of his work are to be found in the scientific publications.

In 1879 he published a book entitled *Recherches sur l'Électricité* (Paris: A. Fourneau), which contains a full account of all that he has done. A good abstract of this book will be found in *Gordon's Electricity*, vol. ii., p. 140 *et seq.*

The chief results of Planté's investigations are the following: His secondary batteries consisted each of two sheets of lead about three feet square, kept apart by a sheet of felt or several narrow strips of gutta percha, and rolled up into a cylinder, and immersed in a jar or other vessel filled with dilute sulphuric acid. Fig. 4 shows the appearance of one of these cells. Conductors passed out from each of these plates, and were connected as occasion required.

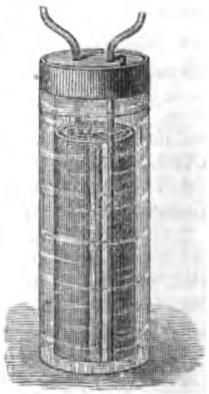


FIG. 4.—A PLANTÉ CELL.

In order to prepare this battery for use it was found desirable to

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treat it in a manner which brought it more rapidly into the condition it would otherwise arrive at after prolonged use. To accomplish this it was first repeatedly

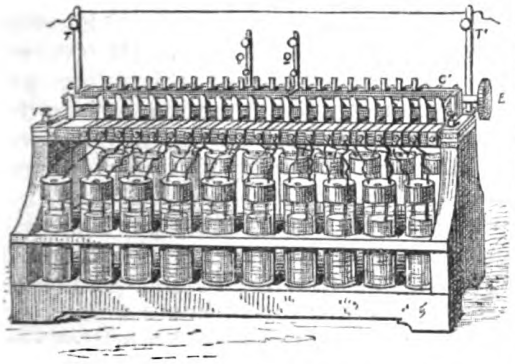


FIG. 5.—BATTERY OF PLANTÉ CELLS.

charged alternately in opposite directions; then charged and allowed to stand for some time; discharged, and charged again. The reason of this treatment will be manifest presently.

The charging is effected by connecting the two plates with the terminals of an ordinary battery of two or three Grove or Bunsen cells in series for some time, when the one plate becomes coated with peroxide of lead, and the other with pure metallic lead.

The repetition and reversal of the action causes a penetration of the same into the substance of the plates, thus securing the formation of a larger amount of peroxide of lead on the one surface, and of a spongy layer of metallic lead on the other.

When the battery is charged, which means that as much as is possible of peroxide on one surface and metallic lead on the other is deposited, the charging battery is disconnected, and the secondary battery is ready to go into action whenever its terminals are connected by a conductor.

It then operates like any other battery, the metallic lead on the one side combining with the sulphuric acid to form sulphate of lead, while the liberated hydrogen is combined by the oxide of lead on the other plate into water, the oxide being thereby reduced to its lower form, which then combines to a greater or less extent with the sulphuric acid present to form sulphate of lead. When by this means both plates have been reduced to a nearly identical condition, the action ceases, and the battery is "discharged," or becomes incapable of yielding any further current, until by a fresh application of the charging battery the lead sulphate on one plate is reduced again to metallic lead, and on the other is oxidized into peroxide of lead.

It is manifest that the "storage capacity" of such a battery will depend largely upon the thickness of the layers of peroxide and of spongy metallic lead which are formed on its plates, for the thicker these layers, the more chemical action will they develop in being reduced to sulphate, and the more electric action will they absorb in being changed back again into oxide and metal respectively. Hence the repeated reversed charging employed by Planté in preparing his cells.

A very simple and ingenious method of saving the loss of time and energy involved in this preparation has been recently devised by M. Camille Faure. He coats both plates, before rolling them up, with a paste of red lead and sulphuric acid. This red lead is largely converted into sulphate of lead by the action of the acid mixed with it and present in the battery. Then on the first action of the charging current the sulphate of lead on one plate is reduced to a sponge of metallic lead, while that on the other is oxidized into peroxide. This is the only difference between the "secondary battery" of Planté and the "storage battery" of Faure. Both operate on the same principle and in the same way, with probably some considerable improvement in efficiency (*i. e.*, capacity) in the Faure arrangement. Both batteries are frequently made in the form of numerous flat plates covered with some woven fabric, and packed near together in a rectangular box filled with dilute acid. The sole novelty in the Faure device is in the use of a porous coating of decomposable substance, by which a thick layer of active material can readily be obtained on both plates of the battery.

The general appearance of the Faure cells as they are now constructed for industrial use is shown in the accompanying wood-cuts.

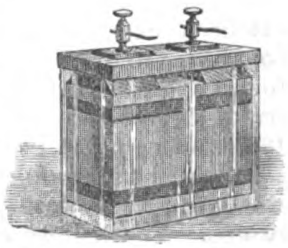


FIG. 6.—A FAURE CELL.

Fig. 6 shows a single cell in a rectangular glass jar, and Fig. 7 a series of cells con-

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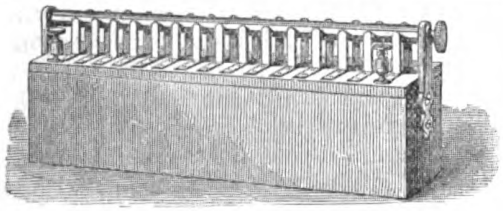


FIG. 7.—BATTERY OF FAURE CELLS.

nected for use, and made with boxes of wood impregnated and heavily coated with an asphalt varnish which enables them to withstand the action of the acid solution which fills them. The weight of a single cell of this battery is about ninety to one hundred pounds.

The great interest which they have excited at the present time comes largely from two causes. First, the enormous improvement in dynamo-electric machines, by reason of which electric currents can be supplied at a small fraction of what they used to cost when they were obtained only from galvanic batteries; and secondly, the great need developed, in the attempts to apply the cheap electricity furnished by dynamo machines to various uses, for some means of storing the electric force either actually or practically.

In order that this desired result should be obtained in a way commercially valuable, several conditions must be fulfilled: 1st, the storage must not involve any great loss of energy in the charging; 2d, the stored energy should be retained with little loss; 3d, the cost of the storage apparatus should be moderate; 4th, the apparatus should be within moderate limits of bulk and weight; and 5th, it should be enduring, and not wear out so as to require frequent replacement.

The most interesting tests of the Faure battery, with a view of determining in how far it fulfilled these conditions, were made at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers in Paris, by a committee of which M. Tresca was president, and MM. Allard, Le Blanc, Jubert, and Pottier were members. An extensive extract from the report of this committee to the French Academy will be found in the *Telegraph Journal and Electrical Review*, of London, for March 18, 1882, vol. x., p. 196.

Passing by all details of the experiments, we will only note the general facts and results. The battery experimented upon consisted of 35 cells weighing about 95 pounds each, or in all 3325 pounds, say 1½ tons. It was charged by a Siemens dynamo-electric machine, which absorbed the mechanical energy of 1.558 horse-power during 22 hours 45 minutes, which would be equal to one horse-power for 35 hours 26 minutes, or in foot-pounds, 70,158,000. Of this mechanical energy thirty-four per cent. was expended in useless work in the machine and battery during the operation of charging, and sixty-six per cent. was stored as chemical energy in the battery. Of this stored energy sixty per cent. was recovered as electric energy. This would amount to about 27,782,700 foot-pounds, or one horse-power for 14 hours 4 minutes. In other words, the actual work of one horse for 35½ hours, after being stored in 1½ tons of battery, could be recovered to the extent of about 14 hours' work of one horse, or the equivalent of the same in electric or other energy. Thus Mr. Edison's 16-candle electric lamps require about one-sixth of a horse-power each, and therefore six of them could be run for 14 hours with the energy stored in this battery as above stated. Mr. Edison's smaller lamps, which give about eight candles each, or the same light as an ordinary German student's-lamp, require but half as much power, and thus six of them could be run for 28 hours by this same battery.

This is, of course, not a high degree of efficiency, but, as the above-named committee remark in their report, "In many cases the loss would be fully counterbalanced by the advantage of having at hand and entirely at one's disposal so abundant a source of electricity."

The occasion of the losses experienced in the storage battery, and also the exact character of the actions, chemical and electrical, which go on in it, are very fully developed in a paper on "The Chemistry of the Planté and Faure Accumulators," by J. H. Gladstone and Alfred Tribe, in the English journal *Nature*, of January 25 and March 16, 1882. The main sources of loss there shown are, first, local action between the negative lead plate and the peroxide of lead deposited upon it, and second, the resistance of the oxide and sulphate to the passage of the current, by reason of which energy is lost by being converted into useless heat in the battery both at charging and discharging.

By so regulating the discharge of the battery as to reduce this loss, and by giving seasons of repose in which the battery

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recovers some of its deterioration, Messrs. Ayrton and Perry succeeded in recovering eighty-two per cent. of the power put into one of these batteries.

A single cell weighing eighty-one pounds without the dilute acid yielded, in three discharges of six hours on three successive days, an electric current whose total energy was 1,440,000 foot-pounds, which represents about one horse-power exerted for about three-quarters of an hour.

This is almost double the efficiency per weight of battery shown by the French experiments, and the recovery of eighty-one in place of sixty per cent. of the stored energy would indicate also a more than double efficiency in this respect also.

Experiments in using the Faure battery for industrial purposes have already been made in various directions. It has been employed to run street cars and other vehicles (including even velocipedes), to propel boats, to operate sewing-machines and others requiring a small amount of power, to illuminate houses and single rooms, and also steamers and railway carriages.

As yet it has only been shown to be economically valuable where peculiar conditions protect it from competition with other means of effecting the same results more directly. Thus it has been used in France at the establishment of M. Duchesne-Fournet, where linen cloth is bleached by exposure to sunlight on bleaching greens, to run a train carrying out the cloth from the factory to the green, and to wind in the cloth from the green after it has been bleached. An ordinary steam-engine could not be used in this case on account of its smoke and cinders. Again, in railway cars it is much more convenient to use a Faure battery than to have a dynamo-electric machine, either run by a special engine or by the motion of the train. The latter would of course be impracticable without some storage arrangement to provide a light when the train stopped.

Indeed, as a regulator of electric currents, to equalize them, or bridge over brief interruptions of the generating machines, a storage battery would seem to have a wide application.

As is well known, a number of these Faure batteries were recently used to maintain four incandescent lights when required on the steamer *Labrador* during her passage to New York, and they accomplished this work successfully. Arrangements are now being made to light some cars on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad in the same manner.

FOR THE MAJOR.

CHAPTER II.

"YOU are a little tired, Major?"

"Possibly. Somewhat. Sara has been reading aloud to me from the *Review*. She read all the long articles."

"She does not know how that tires you. I must tell her. She does not appreciate—she is still so young, you know—that with your extensive reading, your knowledge of public affairs and the world, you can generally anticipate, after the first few words, all that can be said."

The Major did not deny this statement of his resources.

"I am going to the village for an hour or two," continued Madam Carroll; "I shall take Sara with me." (The Major's face seemed to evince a certain relief.) "We must call upon Miss Honoria Ashley. And also at Chapultepec, upon Mrs. Hibbard."

"Yes—widow of General Hibbard, of the Mexican war," said the Major, half to himself.

"I do not pay many visits, as you know, Major; our position does not require it. We open our house—that is enough; our friends come to us; they do not expect us to go to them. But I make an exception in the case of Mrs. Hibbard and of Miss Ashley, as you have advised me to do; for the Ashleys are connected with the Carrolls by marriage, though the tie is remote, and Mrs. Hibbard's mother was a Witherspoon. I know you wish your daughter to understand and recognize these little distinctions and differences."

"Certainly. Very proper," said the Major.

"We shall be gone an hour and a half, perhaps two hours. I will send Scar to you for his lessons; and I shall tell Judith Inches to allow no one to disturb you, not even to knock at this door. For Scar's lessons are important, Major."

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"Yes, very important—very."

"Good-by, then," said his wife, cheerfully, resting her hand on his shoulder for a moment, as she stood beside his chair. The Major drew the slender hand forward to his gray mustache.

"Fie, Major! you spoil me," said the little woman, laughing.

She left the room, making, with her light dress and long curls, a pretty picture at the door, as she turned to give him over her shoulder a farewell nod and smile. The Major kept on looking at the closed door for several minutes after she had gone.

Not long after this the same door opened, and a little boy came in; his step was so light and his movements so careful that he made no sound. He closed the door, and laid the book he had brought with him upon a table. He was a small, frail child, with a serious face and large blue eyes; his flaxen hair, thin and fine, hung in soft scanty waves round his little throat —a throat which seemed too small for his well-developed head, yet quite large enough for his short puny body. He was dressed in a blue jacket, with an embroidered white collar reaching to the shoulders, and ruffles of the same embroidery at the knee, where his short trousers ended. A blue ribbon tied his collar, and his slender little legs and feet were incased in long white stockings and low slippers, such as are worn by little girls. His whole costume, indeed, had an air of effeminacy; but he was such a delicate-looking little fellow that it was not noticeable. From a woman's point of view, he was prettily dressed.

He crossed the room, opened a closet door, and took from a shelf two boxes, which he carried to the table, making a separate journey with each. He arranged these systematically, the book in the centre, a box on each side; then he pushed the table over the carpet toward the Major's chair. The table was narrow and light, and made no sound. He moved onward slowly, his hands, widely apart, grasping its top, and he paused several times to peer round the corner of it so as to bring it up within an inch of the Major's feet, yet not to touch them. This accomplished, he surveyed the position gravely. Satisfied with it, he next brought up a chair for himself, which, while not the ordinary high chair of a child, seemed yet to have been made especially for him on account of his low stature. He drew this chair close to the table on the opposite side, climbed into it, and then, when all was prepared, he spoke. "I am quite ready now, papa, if you please." His slender little voice was clear and even like his mother's; his words followed each other with slow precision.

The Major woke, or, if he had not been asleep, opened his eyes. "Ah, little Scar," he said, "you here?" And he patted the child's hand caressingly. Scar opened his book. Then one of the boxes, which contained white blocks with large red letters painted upon them. He read aloud from the book a sentence, once, twice. Then he proceeded to make it from memory with the blocks on the table, working slowly, and choosing each letter with thoughtful deliberation.

"Good—blood—can—not—lie," he read aloud from his row of letters when the sentence was completed. "I think that is right. Your turn, papa."

And then the Major, with almost equal slowness, formed, after Scar had read it, the following adage: "'A brave father makes a brave son.' That's you and I, Scar."

"Yes, papa. And this is the next: 'The—knights—are—dust.—Their—good —swords—rust.—Their—souls—are—with —the—saints—we—trust.' That is too long for one. We will call it three."

Father and little son completed in this slow way eight of the sentences the little book contained. It was a small flat volume in manuscript, the letters clearly printed with pen and ink. The Major's wife had prepared it, "from the Major's dictation," she said. "A collection of the fine old sayings of the world, which he thinks should form part of the preliminary education of our son."

"Eight. The lesson is now finished, papa," said Scar. "If you think I have done sufficiently well, I may now amuse myself with my dominoes." As he spoke he replaced the letters in their box, put on the cover, and laid the manuscript book on the top. Then he drew forward the second box, and took out his dominoes. He played by himself, one hand against the other. "You will remember, papa, that my right hand I call Bayard and my left Roland."

"Yes," answered the Major, looking on with interest.

Roland won the first game. Then the

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second. "The poor chevalier seems to have no luck to-day. I must help him a little," said the Major. And he and Scar played a third game.

While they were thus engaged, with Bayard's fortunes not much improved as yet, the door opened, and Sara Carroll came in. The Major was sitting with his spectacles on and head bent forward, in order to read the numbers on the dominoes; his hand, poised over the game while he considered his choice, had the shrivelled appearance, with the veins prominent on the back, which more than anything else betrays the first feebleness of old age. As his daughter came in he looked up, first through his spectacles, then, dropping his head a little, over them, after the peering fashion of old men. But the instant he recognized her his manner, attitude, even his whole appearance, changed, as if by magic; his spectacles were off; he had straightened himself, and risen. "Ah! you have returned?" he said. "Scar had his lessons so well that I have permitted him to amuse himself with his dominoes for a while, as you see. You are back rather sooner than you expected, aren't you?"

"We had to postpone our visit to Mrs. Hibbard," said Sara.

The Major's lips formed, "of the Mex—," but he did not utter the syllables aloud, and immediately thereafter seemed to take himself more vigorously in hand, as it were. He walked to the hearth-rug, and took up a position there with his shoulders back, his head erect, and one hand in the breast of his frock-coat. "It is quite proper that you should go to see those two ladies, my daughter; the Ashleys are connected with the Carrolls by marriage, though the tie is a remote one, and the mother of Mrs.—Mrs.—the other lady you were mentioning; her name has just escaped me—"

"Hibbard," said Sara.

"Yes, Mrs. Hibbard of the M— I mean that Mrs. Hibbard's mother was a Witherspoon. It is right that you should recognize these—ah, these little distinctions and differences." He brought out the last words in full round tones. The Major's voice had always been a fine one.

He was a handsome, soldierly-looking man, tall, broad-shouldered, with noble bearing, and bold, well-cut features. He was dressed in black, with broad, stiff, freshly starched white cuffs, and a high standing collar, round which was folded a black silk cravat that when opened was three-quarters of a yard square. His thin gray hair, mustache, and imperial were cut after the fashion affected by the senior officers of the old army—the army before the war.

"They are not especially interesting in themselves, those two ladies," remarked his daughter, taking off her little black bonnet. "Miss Honoria cares more about one's shoes—whether or not they may be dusty enough to injure her oiled floors—than about one's self; and Mrs. Hibbard talks all the time about her ducks."

"True, quite true. Those ducks are extremely tiresome. I have had to hear a great deal about them myself," said the Major, in an injured tone, forgetting for a moment his military attitude. "What do I know of ducks? Yet she *will* talk about them."

"Why should you listen?" said Sara, drawing off her gloves.

"Ah, we must not forget that her mother was a Witherspoon. It is not necessary for us, for you, to pay many visits, my daughter; our position does not require it. We—ah—we open our house; that is enough; our friends come to us; they do not expect us to go to them."

Sara was now taking off her mantle; he watched to see whether she would keep it or put it down. She threw it over her arm, and she also took up her bonnet and gloves. "You will let me come back and read to you, father?"

"Thank you, my dear; but it is not necessary. I have still another of Scar's lessons to attend to, and Scar's lessons are important, very important. There are besides various other little things which may require my attention. In short, my—ah—mornings are at present quite filled. Besides, reading aloud is very fatiguing, very; and I do not wish you to fatigue yourself on my account."

"Nothing I was doing for you could fatigue me, father. You don't know how I have longed to be at home again so that I *could* do something for you." She spoke warmly.

The Major looked perturbed. He coughed, and glanced helplessly toward the door. As if in answer to his look, the door at that moment opened, and his wife came in.

"Mr. Owen is in the drawing-room, Sara," she said. "Will you go in and see him, please? I will follow you in a moment. I met him on his way here, and

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offered him your vacant place in the carriage."

"He comes rather often, doesn't he?" said Sara, her eyes still on her father's face.

"Yes, he comes often. But it is natural that he should wish to come. As the Major has observed before this, the rector of St. John's must always rely for his most congenial society, as well as for something of guidance too, upon the household at the Farms."

"Certainly," said the Major. "I have often made the remark."

"I suppose he comes more especially to see you, father," Sara said.

"Mr. Owen knows that he must not expect to see the Major in the morning," said Madam Carroll. "The Major's mornings are always occupied, and he prefers not to be interrupted. In fact, it is not Mr. Owen, but you and I, Sara, who have been the chief sinners in this respect of late; we must amend our ways. But come, you should not keep the rector waiting too long, or he will think that your Northern education has relaxed the perfection of your Carroll manners."

She took her daughter's arm, and they left the room together. But only a few minutes had elapsed when the little wife returned. "Go get your father's glass of milk, my pet," she said to Scar.

The boy climbed down from his place at the table, and left the room with his noiseless step. The Major was leaning back in his easy-chair, with his eyes closed; he looked tired.

"We went to the Ashleys'," said his wife, taking a seat beside him. "But there we learned that Mrs. Hibbard was confined to her bed by an attack of rheumatism, brought on, they think, by her having remained too long in the duck-yard; and so we were obliged to postpone our visit to Chapultepec. I then decided to take the time for some necessary household purchases, and as Sara knows as yet but little of my method of purchasing, I arranged to leave her at Miss Dalley's (Miss Dalley has been so anxious to talk over Tasso with her, you know), and call for her on my return. But she must have soon tired of Miss Dalley, for she did not wait; she walked home alone."

"She came in here. She has been here a long time," answered the Major. Then he opened his eyes. "It was in the midst of Scar's lessons," he said, as if explaining.

"Yes, I see. That must not happen again. She will at once understand—that is, when I mention it—that Scar's lessons should not be interrupted. She is very fond of Scar. You will have your lunch in here to-day, won't you, Major? I think it would be better. It is Saturday, you know, and on Saturdays we all rest before the duties of Sunday—duties which, in your case especially, are so important."

But the Major seemed dejected. "I don't know about that—about their being so important," he answered. "Ashley is always there."

"Oh, Major! Major! the idea of your comparing yourself with Godfrey Ashley! He is all very well in his way—I do not deny that; but he is not and never can be *you*. Why, St. John's would not know itself, it would not be St. John's, if you were not there to carry round the plate on Sunday mornings. And everybody would say the same." She laid her hand on his forehead, not with a light uncertain touch, but with that firm even pressure which is grateful to a tired head. The Major seemed soothed; he did not open his eyes, but he bent his head forward a little so that his forehead could rest against her hand. Thus they remained for several minutes. Then Scar came back, bringing a glass of milk, with the thick cream on it; he placed this on the table beside his father, climbed into his chair, and went on with his game, Bayard against Roland. The Major took the glass and began to sip the milk, at first critically, then appreciatively; he had the air of a connoisseur over a glass of old wine. "How is it this morning?" asked Madam Carroll with interest. And she listened to his opinion, delivered at some length.

"I must go now," she said, rising; "Sara will be expecting me in the drawing-room."

She had taken off her gypsy hat and gloves, and put on a little white apron with blue bows on the pockets. As she crossed the room toward the door, with her bunch of household keys at her belt, she looked more like a school-girl playing at housekeeping than the wife of a man of the Major's age (or, indeed, of a man much younger than the Major), and the mother of Scar. But this was one of the charms among the many possessed by this little lady—she was so young and small and fair, and yet at the same time in other ways so fully "Madam Carroll" of "the Farms."

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The Reverend Mr. Owen thought of this as she entered the drawing-room. He had thought of it before. The Reverend Mr. Owen greatly admired Madam Carroll.

When he had paid his visit and gone, Sara Carroll went upstairs to her own room. She had her mantle on her arm, her bonnet in her hand, for she had not taken the trouble to go to her room before receiving his visit, as Madam Carroll had taken it: Madam Carroll always took trouble.

Half an hour later there was a tap upon her door, and her step-mother, having first waited for permission, entered. Sara had taken the seat which happened to be nearest the entrance, an old uncomfortable ottoman without a back, and she still held her bonnet and mantle, apparently unconscious that she had them; the blinds had not been closed, and the room was full of the noon sunshine, which struck glaringly against the freshly whitewashed walls. Madam Carroll took in the whole—the listless attitude, the forgotten mantle, the open blinds, the nearest chair. She drew the blinds together, making a cool green shade in place of the white light; then she took the bonnet and mantle from the girl's passive hand, folded the mantle, and placed the two carefully in the closet where they belonged.

"I can do it. You must not give yourself trouble about my things, mamma," Sara said.

"It is no trouble, but a pleasure. I am so glad to see other feminine things about the house; mine have so long been the only ones—for I suppose we can hardly count the neuter gowns of Judith Inches. Don't you like the easy-chair Caleb and I made for you?"

"It is very nice. I like it very much."

"But not enough to sit in it," said Madam Carroll, smiling.

"I really did not notice where I was sitting," said the girl, getting up; "I almost always sit in the easy-chair. But won't you take it yourself, mamma?"

"I would rather see you in it," answered Madam Carroll. "Besides, it is too deep for me; there is some difference in our lengths." She seated herself in a low chair, and looked at the long lithe shape of Sara opposite, her head thrown back, her slender feet out, her arms extended on the broad arms of the cushioned seat.

Sara too looked at herself. "I am afraid I loll," she said.

"Be thankful that you can," answered the smaller lady; "it is a most refreshing thing to do now and then. Short-backed women can not loll. And then people say, 'Oh, *she* never rests! *she* never leans back and looks comfortable! when how can she? It is a matter of vertebræ, and we do not make our own, I suppose. You did not stay long at Miss Dalley's. Didn't you find her agreeable?"

"She might have been—unaccompanied by Tasso."

Madam Carroll laughed. "He is her most intimate friend. She has quite taken him to her heart. She has been so anxious to see you, because you were acquainted with him in his own tongue, whereas she has been obliged to content herself with translations. She has a leaf from his favorite tree, and a small piece of cloth from his coat—or was it a toga? But no, of course not; doublet and hose, and those delightful lace ruffles which are such a loss to society. These valuable relics she keeps framed. It is really most interesting."

"I never cared much for Tasso," said Sara, indifferently.

"That is because you have had a large variety to choose from, reading as you do all the poets in the original, from Homer down to our sad but fascinating Lamartine," answered Madam Carroll, looking consideringly about the room, and finally staying her glance at the toilet-table, upon which she had expended much time and care. "But our poor Miss Dalley's life has been harshly narrowed down, narrowed, I may say, to Tasso alone. For all their small property was swept away by the war, and she is now obliged to support herself and her mother by dyeing: there is fortunately a good deal of dyeing in Far Edgerley, and so she took it up. You must have noticed her hands. But we always pretend not to notice them, because in all other ways she is so lady-like; when she expects to see any one, she always, and most delicately, wears gloves."

Madam Carroll related this little village history as though she were but filling an idle moment; but the listener received an impression, none the less, somewhere down in a secondary consciousness, that she had not quite done justice to poor Miss Dalley and her aspirations, and that some time she ought to try to atone for it.

But this secondary consciousness was small: it was small because the first was

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so wide and deep, and at present filled with trouble—trouble composed in equal parts of perplexity, disappointment, and grief. She was at home, and she was not happy. This was a conjunction of conditions which she did not believe could be possible.

She had never had any disagreements with her father's wife, and she had been fond of her in a certain way. But the wife had never been to the daughter more than an adjunct—something added to her father, of qualifying but not independent importance; a little moon, bright if you pleased, and pretty, but still a satellite revolving round its sun. As a child she had accepted the new mother upon this basis, because she could make everything "so much more pleasant for papa"; and she had gone on accepting her upon the same basis ever since. Madam Carroll knew this. She had never quarrelled with it. She and her daughter had filled their respective positions in entire amity. But now that this daughter had come home to live, now that she was no longer a school-girl or child, this was what she had discovered: her father, her idol, had turned from her, and his wife had gained what his daughter had lost. There could be no doubt but that he had turned from her; his manner toward her was entirely changed. He seemed no longer to care to have her with him, he seemed to avoid her; he was not interested in anything that was connected with her—he who had formerly been so full of interest; he never kept up a conversation with her, but let it drop as soon as he could; he was so—so strange! Although she had now been at home two weeks, she had scarcely once been alone with him; Madam Carroll had either been present from the beginning, or she had soon come in; Madam Carroll had led the conversation, suggested the topics. The Major had always been fond of his pretty little wife; but he had also been devoted to and proud of his daughter. The change in him she could not understand; it made her very unhappy. It would have made her more than that—made her wretched beyond the possibility of concealment—if there had not been an element of perplexity in it, so that there was a mixture of feelings. For while her own position seemed to her completely changed, life at the Farms went on day after day upon the distinct assumption that there was no change, that everything was precisely as it always had been. This assumption was not only mentioned, but insisted upon, the Major's wife often alluding with amusement to what she called their "dear obstinate old ways."

"The Major ties his cravat precisely as he did twenty-five years ago—he has acknowledged it to me," she said, glancing at him merrily. "We have exactly the same things for dinner; we wear the same clothes, or others made exactly like them; we read the same books because we think them so much better than the new; we discuss the same old topics for the same prejudiced old reason. We remain so obstinately unchanged that even Time himself does not remember who we are. Each year when he comes round he thinks we belong to a younger generation."

The Major always laughed at these sallies of his wife. "You forget, my dear, my gray hairs," he said.

"Gray hairs are a distinction," answered Madam Carroll, decisively. "And besides, Major, they're the only sign of age about you; your figure, your bearing, are as they always were."

And on Sundays, when he carried round the plate at St. John's, and at his wife's receptions once in two weeks, this was true. Several times also, for a few short minutes, he had spoken to his daughter in almost the old way.

The girl came out of this troubled reverie in the sound of Madam Carroll's voice. This lady was going on with her subject, as Sara had not spoken.

"Yes, Caroline Dalley is really very intelligent; she is one of the subscribers for our *Saturday Review*. You know we subscribe for one copy—about twelve families of our little circle here—and it goes to all in turn, beginning with the Farms. The Major selected it; the Major prefers its tone to that of our American journals as they are at present. Not that he cares for the long articles; they weary him. With his—his wide experience, you know, the *long* articles could only be tiresome; repetitions."

"I must have tired him, then, this morning. I read all the long articles aloud."

"You had forgotten; you have been so long absent. It was very natural, I am sure. You will soon recall those little things."

"How can I recall what I never knew! No, mamma, it is not that; it is the—the change. I am perplexed all the time. I don't know what to do."

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"It isn't so much what to do as what not to do," replied Madam Carroll, looking now at the lounge she had designed, and surveying it with her head a little on one side, so as to take in its perspective. "The Major has not yet recovered entirely from his illness of last winter, you know, and his trength can not be overtaxed. A—a trai uil solitude is the best thing for him mosi of the time. I often go out of the room myself purposely, leaving him alone, or with Scar, whose childish talk of course makes no demand upon his attention; I do this to avoid tiring him."

"I don't think *you* ever tire him," said Sara.

The Major's wife glanced at her step-daughter, then resumed her consideration of the lounge. "That is because I have been with him so constantly. I have learned. You will soon learn also. And then we shall have a very happy little household here, I think."

"I doubt it," said the girl, despondently. She paused. "I am afraid I am a disappointment to my father," she went on, with an effort, but unable longer to abstain from putting her fear into words—words which should be in substance, if not in actual form, a question. "I am afraid that as a woman, no longer a school-girl or child, I am not what he thought I should be, and whenever I am with him he is oppressed by this. Each day I see less of him than I did the day before. There seems to be no time for me, no place. He has just told me that all his mornings would be occupied; by that he must have meant simply that he did not want *me*." Tears had come into her eyes as she spoke, but she did not let them fall.

"You are mistaken," said Madam Carroll, earnestly. Then in her turn she paused. "I venture to predict that soon, very soon, you will find yourself indispensable to your father," she added, in her usual tone.

"Never as you are," answered Sara. She spoke with a humility which, coming from so proud a girl, was touching. For the first time in her life she was acknowledging her step-mother's superiority.

Little Madam Carroll rose, came across, and kissed her. "My dear," she said, "a wife has more opportunities than a daughter can have; that is all. The Major loves you as much as ever. He is also very proud of you. So proud, indeed, that he has a great desire to have you proud of him as well: you always have been extremely proud of him, you know, and he remembers it. This feeling causes him perhaps to make something of—of an effort when he is with you, an effort to appear in every respect himself, as he was before his illness—as he was when you last saw him. This effort is at times fatiguing to him; yet it is probable that he will not relinquish it while he feels that you are noticing, comparing. I have not spoken of this before, because you have never liked to have me tell you anything about your father; even as a child you always wanted to get your knowledge directly from him, not from me. I have never found fault with this, because I knew that it came from your great love for him. As I love him too, I have tried to please, or at least not to displease, his daughter; not to cross her wishes, her ideas; not to seem to her officious, presuming. Yet at the same time remember that I love him probably as much as you do. But now that you have asked me, now that I know you wish me to speak, I will say that if you could remove all necessity for the effort your father now makes, by placing yourself so fully upon a lower plane—if I may so express it—that his former self should not be suggested to him by anything in *you*, in your words, looks, or manner, you would soon find, I think, that this slight—slight constraint you have noticed was at an end. In addition, he himself would be more comfortable. And our dearest wish is of course to make him happy, to keep him so."

As she uttered these sentences quietly, guardedly, Sara had grown very pale. Her eyes, large and dark with pain, were searching her step-mother's fair face. But Madam Carroll's gaze was fixed upon the window opposite; not until she had brought all her words to a close did she let it drop upon her daughter. Then the two women looked at each other. The girl's eyes asked a mute question, a question which the wife's eyes, seeing that it was an appeal to her closer knowledge, at length answered—answered bravely and clearly, sympathetically too and with tenderness, but—in the affirmative.

Then the daughter bowed her head, her face hidden in her hands.

Madam Carroll sat down upon the arm of the easy-chair, and drew that bowed head toward her. No more words were spoken. But now the daughter under-

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stood all. Her perplexity and her trouble were at an end; but they ended in a grief as a river ends in the sea—a grief that opened out all round her, overwhelming the present, and, as it seemed to her then, the future as well. Madam Carroll said nothing: the bereavement was there, and the daughter must bear it. No one could save her from her pain. But the girl knew from this very silence, and the gentle touch of the hand upon her hair, that all her sorrow was comprehended, her desolation pitied, understood. For her father had been her idol, her all; and now he was taken from her. His mind was failing. This was the bereavement which had fallen upon her heart and life.

Chapter III.

At sunset of the same day Madam Carroll was in her dining-room; she had changed her dress, and now wore a fresh pink muslin, with a rose in her belt. Sara, coming down the stairs, saw the bright little figure through the open door; Judith Inches was bringing in the kettle (for Madam Carroll always made the tea herself), and on the table were one or two hot dishes of a delicate sort, additions to the usual meal. Sara recognized in these added dishes the never-failing touch of the mistress's hand upon the household helm. The four-o'clock dinner had come and gone, but no summons had been sent to her—that pitiless summons which in so many households remains inflexible, though stricken hearts may be longing for solitude, for a respite, however brief, from the petty duties of the day. Through the long hours of the afternoon there had been no knock, not so much even as a footstep outside her door. But now in the cool of the evening the one who had thus protected her seclusion was hoping that she would of her own accord come down and take again her accustomed place at the family table. Sara did this. She did more. She had put away the signs of her grief so completely that, save for an added pallor and the dark half-circle under her eyes, she was quite herself again. Her soft hair was smooth, her black dress made less severe by a little white muslin scarf which encircled the narrow linen collar. Scar was sitting on the bottom stair as she came down. She put her hand on his head. "Where is papa?" she said.

"Papa is in the library. I think he is not coming out to tea," answered the child.

"Oh, but we must make him come—the dining-room is so dull without papa. Let us go and ask him." She took his hand, and they went together to the library. Madam Carroll, who had heard their words through the open door, watched them go. She did not interfere. She told Judith Inches to take back the hot dishes to the kitchen.

The Major was sitting in his easy-chair, looking at the colored pictures in an old book. He closed the volume and hastily drew off his spectacles as his daughter came in. "It has been a beautiful afternoon," he remarked, speaking promptly and decidedly. "Have you been out? or were you at home with a book—in your old way? What do you find to read nowadays? *I* find almost nothing." And he folded his arms with a critical air.

"I find little that compares with the old English authors, the ones you like," answered his daughter. "The old books are better than the new."

"So they are, so they are," replied the Major, with satisfaction. "I have often made the remark myself."

"Now that I am at home again," continued Sara, "I want to look over all those old books I used to have before I went to Longfields—those that were called mine. I hope we have them still?"

"Yes," said Scar, "we have. I read them now. And the long words I look out in the dictionary."

"It is a very good exercise for him. I suggested it," said the Major.

"I want to see all the old pictures again," pursued Sara. "I know I shall care a great deal about them; they will be like dear old friends."

"Very natural; I quite understand the feeling," said the Major, encouragingly. "And as Scar reads the books, perhaps you will find some of them lying about this very room. Let me see—didn't I have one just now? Yes, here it is; what was it?" And taking up the volume he had laid down a moment before, he opened it, and read, or repeated with the air of reading (for his spectacles were off), "*The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe and his Servant-man Friday.* Defoe. London."

Sara came to his side and looked at the title-page. "Yes, that is my dear old book. I loved it better than any other, excepting perhaps *Good Queen Bertha's Honey-*

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Broth. I wonder if the old pictures are all there?"

"I think they are," said the Major, turning the leaves. They looked at one or two together, recalling reminiscences of the days when she used to talk about them as a child. "You always insisted that this print of Friday's foot was not of the right shape, and once you even went out in the garden, took off your shoe and stocking, and made a print in a flower bed to show me," said the Major, laughing.

"Let us look them all over after tea, and *Good Queen Bertha* too," said Sara. "For Scar and I have come to take you out to tea, father; the dining-room is so dull without you. Besides, I want you to give me some peach preserves, and then say, 'No, Sara, not again,' when I ask for more, and then, after a few minutes, put a large table-spoonful on my plate with your head turned away, while talking to some one else, as though you were not conscious of what you were doing."

Scar laughed over this anecdote, and so did Scar's father. "Perhaps we shall have no peach preserve," he said, rising.

"We will ask mamma to give us some," answered Sara. She took his arm, and Scar took his other hand; thus together they entered the dining-room.

Madam Carroll welcomed them; but placidly, as though the Major's coming was a matter of course. Since his daughter's return, however, it had not been a matter of course: first for this reason, then for that, his meals had almost always been sent to the library. Now he was tired; and now the dining-room floor might be damp after Judith Inches's scrubbing-brush; now there was an east wind, and now there was a west; or else he was not feeling well, and some one might drop in, in which case, as the dining-room opened only into the hall, which was wide like a room, he should not be able to escape. In actual fact, however, there was very little "dropping in" at Carroll Farms, unless one should give that name to the visits of the rector, Mr. Owen. Once in a while in the evening, when the weather was decisively pleasant, the junior warden came to see them. But all their other acquaintances came to the receptions, made a brief call upon the first Thursday afternoon following, and that was all. The sweet little mistress of the mansion had never uttered one syllable upon the subject, yet each member of the circle of Far Edgerley society knew as well as though it had been proclaimed through the town by a herald with a silver trumpet emblazoned with the Carroll arms, that these bimonthly receptions (which were so delightful) and the brief following call comprised all the visits they were expected to pay at Carroll Farms. And surely, when one considered the great pleasure and improvement derived from these receptions, the four visits a month at the Farms were worth more than forty times four visits at any other residence in the village or its neighborhood. True, Mrs. Hibbard endeavored to maintain an appearance of importance at her mansion of yellow wood called Chapultepec; but as General Hibbard (of the Mexican war) had now been dead eight years, and as his old house had not been opened for so much as the afternoon sewing society since his departure, its importance, socially considered, existed only in the imagination of his relict—which was, however, in itself quite a domain.

Judith Inches, tall and serious, now brought back the hot dishes, Madam Carroll made the tea (with many pretty little motions and attitudes, which her husband watched), and the meal began. The Major was in excellent spirits. He told stories of Sara's childhood, her obstinacy, her never-failing questions. "She came to me once, Scar," he said, "and announced that Galileo was a humbug. When I asked her why, she said that there was King David, who knew all about astronomy long before he did; for didn't he say, 'the round world, and they that dwell therein'? We sang it every Sunday. So that proved plain as day that David knew that the world was round, and that it moved, and all about it, of course. Yet here was this old Italian taking everything to himself. Just like Amerigo Vespucci, another old Italian, who had all America named after himself, leaving poor Columbus, the real discoverer, with nothing but 'Hail, Columbia!' to show for it. She announced all this triumphantly and at the top of her voice from a window; for I was in the garden. When I told her that the word 'round,' upon which all her argument had been founded, was not in the original text, you should have seen how crest-fallen she was. She said she should never sing that chant again."

Scar laughed over this story. He did not laugh often, but when he did, it was a very merry, happy little sound, which

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made every one join in it by its sincerity.

"I am afraid I was a self-conceited little girl, Scar," his sister said.

As the meal went on, the Major's manner grew all the time more easy. His eyes were no longer restless. His old attention returned, too, in a measure; he kept watch of his wife's plate to ask if she would not have something more; he remembered that Sara preferred bread to the beat biscuit, and placed it near her. The meal ended, they went back to the library. Sara found her old copy of *Good Queen Bertha's Honey-Broth*, and she and her father looked at the pictures together, as well as at those of *Robinson Crusoe*. Each had its association, a few recalled by him, but many more by her. After Scar had gone to bed, and the books had been laid aside, she still sat there talking to him. She talked of her life at Longfields, telling stories in connection with it—stories not long—bright and amusing. The Major's wife meanwhile sat near them, sewing; she sat with her back to the lamp, in order that the light might fall over her shoulder upon the seam. The light did the work she assigned to it, but it also took the opportunity to play over her curls in all sorts of winsome ways, to gleam on her thimble, to glide down her rosy muslin skirt, and touch her little slipper. She said hardly anything, but as they talked on, every now and then she looked up appreciatively and smiled. At last she folded up her work, replacing it in her neat rose-lined work-basket; then she sat still in her low chair, with her feet on a footstool, listening.

The old clock, with its fierce gilt corsair climbing over a glass rock, struck ten.

"Bed-time," said Sara, pausing.

"Not for me," observed the Major. "My time for sleep is always brief; five or six hours are quite enough for me."

"I remember," said his daughter. And the memory, as a memory, was a true one. Until recently the Major's sleep had been as he described it. He had forgotten, or rather he had never been conscious of, the long nights of twelve or thirteen hours' rest which had now become a necessity to him.

"I am afraid I am not like you, father. I am very apt to be sleepy about ten," said Sara. "And I suspect it is the same with mamma."

Madam Carroll did not deny this assertion. The Major, laughing at the early somnolence of the two ladies, rose to light a candle for his daughter in the old way. As she took it, and bent to kiss her stepmother good-night, Madam Carroll's eyes met hers full of an expression which made them bright (ordinarily they were not bright but soft): the expression was that of warm congratulation.

The next day dawned fair and cloudless—Trinity-Sunday. The mountain breeze and the warm sun together made an atmosphere fit for a heaven. On the many knolls of Far Edgerley the tall grass, carrying with it the slender stalks of the buttercups, was bending and waving merrily; the red clover, equally abundant, could not join in this dance because it had crowded itself so greedily into the desirable fields that all that its close ranks could do was to undulate a little at the top like a swell passing over a pond. Madam Carroll, the Major, and Scar were to drive to church as usual in the equipage. Sara had preferred to walk. She started some time before the hour for service, having a fancy to stroll under the church-yard pines for a while by herself. These pines were noble trees; they belonged to the primitive forest, and had been left standing along the northern border of the church-yard by the Carroll who had first given the land for the church. The ground beneath them was covered with a thick carpet of their own brown aromatic needles. There were no graves here save one of an Indian chief, who slept by himself with his face toward the west, while all his white brethren on the other side turned their closed eyes toward the rising sun. It was a beautiful rural God's-acre, stretching round the church in the old-fashioned way, so that the shadow of the cross on the spire passed slowly over all the graves, one by one, as the sun made his journey from the peak of Chillawassee across to Lonely Mountain, behind whose long soft line he always sank, and generally in such a blaze of light like liquid jewels that the children of the village grew up in the vague belief that the edge of the world must be just there, that there it rounded and went downward into a mysterious golden atmosphere, in which some day when they had wings they too should sport and float like golden birds.

Early though it was, Miss Carroll discovered when she entered the church gate that she was not the first comer; the choir

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"SARA HAD PREFERRED TO WALK."

ladies were practicing within, and other ladies of floral if not musical tastes were arranging mountain laurel in the font and chancel—to the manifest disapproval of Flower, the disapproval being expressed in the eye he had fixed upon them, his "mountain eye," as he called his best one. "It be swep, and it be dustered," he said to himself. "What more do the reasonless female creatures want?" Miss Carroll had not joined the choir, although the rector, prompted by his junior warden, had suggested it; Miss Sophia Greer would therefore continue to sing the solos undis-

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turbed. She was trying one now. And the other ladies were talking. But this music, this conversation, this arrangement of laurel, and this disapproval of Flower went on within the church. The new-comer had the church-yard to herself; she went over to the pines on its northern side, and strolled to and fro at the edge of the slope, looking at the mountains whose peaks rose like a grand amphitheatre all round her against the sky.

Her face was sad, but the bitterness, the revolt, were gone; her eyes were quiet and sweet. She had accepted her sorrow. It was a great one. At first it had been overwhelming; for all the brightness of the past had depended upon her father, all her plans for the present, her hopes for the future. His help, his comprehension, his dear affection and interest, had made up all her life, and she did not know how to go on without them, how to live. Never again could she depend upon him for guidance, never again have the exquisite happiness of his perfect sympathy—for he had always understood her, and nobody else ever had. This was the first bitter tide of her grief. She had cared only for him, she had found all her companionship in him; and now she was left alone.

But after a while Love rose, and turned back the tide. The sharp personal pain, the loneliness, gave way to a new tenderness for the stricken man himself. Evidently he was at times partly conscious of this lethargy which was fettering more and more his mental powers, for he exerted himself, he tried to remember, he tried to be brighter, to talk in the old way. And who could tell but that he perceived his failure to accomplish this? Who could tell, when he was silent so often, sitting with his eyes on the carpet, that he was not brooding over it sadly? For a man such as he had been, this must be deep suffering, deep even though vague—like the sensation of falling in a dream, falling from a height, and continuing to fall, without ever reaching bottom. Probably he did not catch the full reality; it constantly eluded him; yet every now and then some power of his once fine mind might be awake long enough to make him conscious of a lack, a something that gave him pain, he knew not why. As she thought of this, all her heart went out to him with a loving, protecting tenderness which no words could express; she forgot her own grief in thinking of his, and her trouble took the form of a passionate desire to make him happy; to keep this dim consciousness always from him if possible; to shield him from contact with the thoughtless and unfeeling; to so surround his life with love like a wall that he should never again remember anything of his loss, never again feel that inarticulate pain, but be like one who has entered a beautiful tranquil garden, to leave it no more.

This morning, under the pines, she was thinking of this again, as she walked slowly to and fro past the Indian's grave. Flower came out to ring his first bell. His "first bell" was unimportant, made up of short business-like notes; he rang it in his working jacket, an old mountain homespun coat, whose swallow tails had been cut off, so that it now existed as a roundabout. But when, twenty minutes later, he issued forth a second time, he was attired in a coat of thin but shining black, with butternut trousers and a high pink calico vest. Placing his hat upon the ground beside him, he took the rope in his hand, made a solemn grimace or two to get his mouth into position, and then closing his eyes, brought out with gravity the first note of his "second bell." His second bell consisted of dignified solo notes, with long pauses between. Flower's theory was that each of these notes echoed resonantly through its following pause. But as the bell of St. John's was not one of size or resonance, he could only make the pauses for the echoes which should have been there.

As the first note of this second bell sounded from the elm, all the Episcopal doors of Far Edgerley opened almost simultaneously, and forth came the congregation, pacing with Sunday step down their respective front paths, opening their gates, and proceeding decorously toward St. John's in groups of two or three, or a family party of father, mother, and children, the father a little in advance. They all arrived in good season, passed the semi-unconscious Flower ringing his bell, and entered the church. Next, after an interval, came "clatter," "clatter": they knew that "the equipage" was coming up the hill. Then "clank," "clank": the steps were down.

All now turned their heads, but only to the angle which was considered allowable—less than profile, about a quarter view of the face with a side glance from one eye. To them, thus waiting, now en-

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tered their senior warden, freshly dressed, gloved, carrying his hat and his large prayer-book; and as he walked up the central aisle, a commanding figure, with noble head, gray hair, and military bearing, he was undoubtedly a remarkably handsome, distinguished-looking man.

Behind him, but not too near, came the small figures of Madame Carroll and Scar, the lady in a simple summer costume of lavender muslin, with many breezy little ruffles, and lavender ribbons on her gypsy hat, the delicate hues causing the junior warden to exclaim (afterward) that she looked like "a hyacinth, sir; a veritable hyacinth!" Scar, in a black velvet jacket (she had made it for him out of an old cloak), carrying his little straw hat, held his mother's hand. The Major stopped at his pew, which was the first, near the chancel; he turned, and stood waiting ceremoniously for his wife to enter. She passed in with Scar; he followed, and they took their seats. Then the congregation let its chin return to a normal straightness, the bell stopped, Alexander Mann (to use his own expression) "blew up," and Miss Millie began.

Miss Carroll came in a minute or two late. But there was no longer much hopefulness about Miss Carroll. It was feared that she was "cold"; and it was known that she was "silent"; she had almost no "conversation." Now Far Edgerley prided itself upon its conversation. It never spoke of its domestic affairs in company; light topics of elegant nature were then in order. Mrs. Greer, for instance, had Horace Walpole's Letters—which never failed. Other ladies preferred the cultivation of flowers, garden rock-work, and their bees (they allowed themselves to go as far as bees, because honey, though of course edible, was so delicate). Mrs. Rendlesham, who was historical, had made quite a study of the characteristics of Archbishop Laud. And the Misses Farren were greatly interested in Egyptian ceramics. Senator Ashley, among many subjects, had also his favorite; he not infrequently turned his talent for talking loose upon the Crimean war. This was felt to be rather a modern topic. But the junior warden was, on the whole, the most modern man they had. Too modern, some persons thought.

AMONG THE ROSE ROOTS.

"IT must be delightful to earn one's own living, as you do, Dolores. As for me, besides having no special necessity, I never had any special talent for anything that I could find out; I was made to fill a chink, I suppose."

"And you do your duty beautifully, if your chink is your chair, and filling it completely the end and aim of life."

"Dolores, I am not always sitting."

"Nay, I know it. When Felicia is not lounging, she is probably lying on the sofa; or if not there, she is swinging in the hammock. If not so engaged, perhaps she is in bed."

"Am I so useless, then, or is Dolores envious?"

"In our social system that Felicia and all of her ilk have their appointed place there is no doubt. For a dozen perfect roses lifted heavenward there must be a thousand rootlets delving in under-ground darkness. Do the roots envy the glowing blossoms? Nay, but they demand that they too shall do their duty."

"Don't tell me, æsthetic one, that the very flowers have duties. Would you

"'soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapor of this sin-worn mould'?"

"'Ilka blade o' grass carries its ain drap o' dew,' and every flower can cast the grateful shadow which protects its roots from the scorching sunlight. In that parable of Dives, do you know what I grudged him most? Not the sumptuous fare, nor the purple and fine linen. These he was born to, no doubt, and they impressed him as little as the air we breathe and never think of. But I envied him his leisure."

"Tell me now, Dolores, if you had the leisure which I at times find it so hard to dispose of, what would you do with it?"

"I, who am one of the roots, who have scarcely one waking hour which is not spent in work, or the preparation for work, how can I advise what the life of a rose should be? At least distill your dew, and cast your shadow below. But you who have hours and hours to call your own, you who like a prodigal are spending the golden sunshine and drinking the wine of the winds, do you know, or can you dream even, how we live, some of us? Did you ever 'smell the mould above the rose'?

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Let me tell you the story of one of my girls—not a rare nor exceptional tale, but simply such a one as *we* hear every day.

"It was on one of those trying days when we advertise for hands that I first saw Marie Antoinette Moore. When she told me her name, I wondered inwardly why any mother ever consecrated her child to the misfortunes that seem to cling to the very memory of that unhappy queen. I never knew a prosperous Marie Antoinette. I sat at my desk on the third floor of that old warehouse, where everything is covered so richly with 'the bloom of Time,' as Oscar Wilde calls dust. I had interviewed a small army of poor women and girls; for while we wanted two dozen, hundreds applied. Every one brought a different manner, a different costume, and a different odor within the narrow limits of my shabby throne, and their histories were as distinct as their faces. Not beggars, you remember; though beggary might have stood in the same relation to most of them as Mirabeau said the sun did to God: 'Si ce n'est pas là Dieu, *c'est du moins son cousin germain.*'

"Work they asked for, and my business was to select the most likely to become useful, and give them a trial. Simple as that task seemed, you can never dream of its difficulty. The work must be done in the building, and so many asked the impossible favor of taking it home, so many knew nothing about it, so few knew anything about it! All were willing to try it, and all were driven by hard necessity. At last, toward night, the girl whose story I shall tell you approached my desk. If, as the French say, a woman is only as old as she looks, she may have been twenty-two or twenty-three; not strikingly pretty, but tall, decidedly graceful, and what women call 'nice-looking.' As she came toward me she did not walk with that awkward gait born of moving in cramped spaces; she bore herself like one used to a long room and a trained skirt; she impressed me as well dressed, yet on closer inspection her mourning was old, and her shoes visibly bad. Her manner was certainly the manner of a lady; indeed, when she spoke she reminded me vaguely of a Sister of Charity whom I had met at the death-bed of another worker. You do not hear the tone *they* use in the voices of many working-girls. I have not looked into so many faces without having learned to read something of the souls behind the masks, so I knew this one was in trouble. In our business, too, so much depends upon the hands and fingers! They need not be handsome, but they must be clean and long and slender. Hers were all three, as I saw by the one she had ungloved, and I noticed that she wore a ring, so heavy that it must have been a man's. The seal was turned inward toward the palm.

"'I have never done the kind of work you want done,' she said, 'and shall detain you but a few minutes, you look so tired, and there are still so many for you to talk to. I am willing to come and try, and will be very patient. I hope you can give me a trial; I am quick to learn, and would be as little trouble as possible. In almost any corner'—glancing anxiously around—'I would do my best.'

"Of all I had seen since morning, she was the only one whom I asked: 'Are you not capable of doing something better than running a sewing-machine? What have you been doing?' She had been teaching school, she said, but had lost her place through ill health. All the fall she had been ill, but was now better, 'though a little behindhand.' Ah, owes her board, probably, I thought; no wonder she looks anxious. 'I want work so badly, even if it pays but little, for then I shall know just what I have to depend on. Indeed, I *must* do something.' I recognized the quiet desperation in her voice; I had heard it so often.

"'Well, you may come to-morrow, and I will give you a corner and work. You must do your best, and I will help you all I can.'

"She thanked me and departed, and as she vanished down the dingy staircase she left behind a curious feeling that she was out of place in the factory, that some mystery shrouded her like the black veil she wore. That night I dreamed of her in my uneasy sleep. Her image rose before me clothed like a Sister of Charity, and whispering, 'You must be tired; there are so many still to talk to,' and while I looked at her she was no longer a nun, but that unhappy queen, and my work-room a prison, and she swept over the floor and held her head: it ached with the crown and the weight of woe.

"She was there next day, uncrowned except for her beautiful and abundant hair. No mystery about her in the bright sun-

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shine of the wintry morning. I did not have much time to notice her, except to congratulate myself on my accurate judgment in regard to slender fingers, for the garment which she finished and sent to me by Eugenie, my little Jewish handmaiden, if not perfect, had enough of promise in it to point to better things, and I was satisfied.

"'Miss Nettie's eyes are blood-shot, and her head aches so that she can't see: may she go home?' says Eugenie.

"'And who is Miss Nettie?' I asked.

"'Oh, the tall young lady in black, with the ring, you know. She seems so different from Mary McGuire and the rest who came yesterday that I didn't know what to call her, so I asked her if she wouldn't tell me the short of Marie Antoinette, as I am always in a hurry, and she said, "Just call me Nettie."'

"The request to go home was not an unusual one, so many have headache or grow nervous the first day in a strange work-room. The noise of the machines, the confinement and anxiety, are distracting enough until use becomes a second nature. After that she was in her seat regularly, though often late on the short dark mornings. She would come gliding in noiselessly, with cheeks brilliant from her rapid walk, but how soon the color faded!

"'You just ought to see Miss Nettie's shoes, Miss Dolores,' says Eugenie; 'they are worse than my old ones, if anything could be worse, when they wear out all over, and fly all to pieces everywhere and all at once. Her skirts are wringing wet too, with the snow and slush, and she walks five miles to work every morning, and back at night in the dark. She has a lonely lot to pass too, and she runs all the way by for fear some one will grab her and kill her.'

"Think of it, Felicia! To rise in the cold and darkness of a January morning when the fires are all low and the world asleep; to dress by candle-light, and quietly cut a crust from the loaf, and wash it down with a cup of last night's tea. Do this in a very poor home, miles from your work; let stern necessity drive you out into the nipping eager air of a winter's dawn; walk quickly over the frosty ground to your accustomed place with the shoes that need to be 'half-soled and heel-tapped,' and with your poor frozen feet on the treadle, and your fingers stiffened with cold, work all the golden hours of your life into the garments you are fashioning, and by way of spur remember when you stop working you stop eating."

"But, Dolores, if the fires at home are low, there is surely a fire in the factory."

"You remind me of that princess who wondered why the starving people did not eat cake when they had no bread. Yes, there is a fire in every manufactory. We have one stove on the third floor of an old warehouse, with the stairway open from the street, hatchways, elevators, and doors that never stay closed, immense windows that rattle in their frames, and a draught sweeping over the floor that freezes the very mice in their nests. I have seen fifty girls who were never warm all winter except at twelve o'clock, when the sun shines out. Every one is warm then. But you seldom hear complaints of the cold, for to operate you must sit near the window where it is light, and you can not pass the stove around very well. It is only in a case like Nettie's that it seems especially hard."

"She could have lived nearer, surely?"

"Yes, she could; but, Felicia, once your feet are set in that steep downward path called poverty, you go down with a run. You are not only poor yourself, but all your associates are poor. You have heard that in a wagon-load of potatoes jolting over a rough road all the small potatoes go to the bottom. Being ill all the fall, Nettie left her trunk voluntarily and all her little treasures with the woman to whom she was in debt—about twenty dollars, she said. She had been staying till she could procure work with a friend whom she called 'Anna,' and who, having married, had a little home, the one in which Nettie was now. Husband and wife were kind to her, but now, alas! he was lying ill, almost at the point of death, having unavoidably inhaled the poisonous vapor in the laboratory where he was employed. 'It seems so unkind to leave them just when I have work, and they are almost depending on my board,' she said, when I urged her to come nearer to the factory, and pointed out to her the fact that our employers were quite deaf to any such reasons for unpunctuality.

"'Miss Nettie has a new dress, Miss Dolores,' said Eugenie one day, 'and a new pair of shoes, and a new boarding-place. If it wasn't that she has the headache so often, she could do even better than

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she does. I think she just lodges with this woman she speaks of, and does not board with her, but gets her own breakfast and supper.'

"'Why do you think so, Eugenie?'

"'Well, she does not bring anything but bread for lunch, and it never has any butter on it. If she boarded, they'd have to give her butter on her bread, even if it was bad.'

"You have heard of woodsmen who wet their fingers and by holding them out can tell which way the faintest breeze is blowing; who by examining the moss on the trunks of the trees can point to the north or south in the thickest forest; who by bent twigs and leaves can follow a trail for miles. Such an observer in her small world is Eugenie. Generous too, and will share her dinner with any one, but if you give her a cent she can always buy two cents' worth with it, and for this reason she does all the financiering for the girls. A favorite with all, she has her own little notions of ladyhood, or the want of it, and no accomplished courtier is better able to read the hearts and faces of those around her than Eugenie.

"'There is one thing queer about Miss Nettie: she will tell you anything if you ask her, but she would never tell you if you *didn't* ask her.'

"'What have you been asking her, Eugenie?'

"'That ring, you know, looks so much like a man's that I wanted to find out whose it was; so I said, "Do you wear it to remember somebody by?" and she said, "Yes." Then I said, "It's a wonder he never wants to wear it himself, it is so handsome," and she told me that the gentleman to whom it had belonged was dead, and she would never part with it. Her mother is dead too, Miss Dolores; she dropped down right in the street with heart-disease. That is what first gave Miss Nettie the headache. When her mother died, then all their money stopped, so Miss Nettie had to teach school. It was in some big institute where there are soldiers' orphans, and there was a lady manager who was dreadfully bossy, and when Miss Nettie was done teaching the lady thought she ought to spend her evenings at work in the sewing-room. So she did it till at last the pain in her head that blinds her sometimes got so bad that she had to give up. Then there was another rich lady who was kind to her, and had her for a companion, but she went away to Europe. Did you know that Miss Nettie was educated in a convent school?'

"Ah, I thought, that accounts for the tone and manner that remind me so much of the Sisters."

"'Yes, and, Miss Dolores, her father put her there to keep her from her mother; but she loved her mother, and would not live away from her. Then her father died, and she ran away from school to her mother, and now she has no one in the world, which is a howling wilderness, I think.'

"Eugenie imparted these small confidences on the evenings when she went home with me for a treat, and it took but a short time to tell me what she had been for months piecing together in her wise little head. She had taken a great fancy to Nettie, in whose life, you see, there was no mystery except that of an inscrutable Providence dealing out to her sorrow upon sorrow. As the winter wore away, and she became not only expert but quite perfect at her work, I hoped that once out of debt there were better days in store for her.

"The last time that I ever saw her in the work-room was at the close of one of those bleak March days which preceded Easter. We had been so busy that some must be detained at night to finish the orders, but Nettie was free to go. I saw her pause on her way out beside a girl who had still an hour's work before her. 'Could I help you if I staid?' she said. You can never realize the graciousness of that offer. A whole day out of your life, Felicia, could not outweigh it. How the wheels can fly so fast, and the hands of the clock creep so slowly, is one of the mysteries and agonies of life in a factory. It is a sacrifice to remain an instant longer than duty demands.

"This was on Friday, and next day Nettie was absent. 'She had that pain in her head all week, and said she felt so stupid; still it is a wonder she did not try to come on pay-day, for she will need her money.'

"Eugenie knew the needs of every girl in the room, and many a favor her quick sympathy obtained for them when she imparted to me, in her Jüdische Deutsche, the troubles which I for myself would never have found out. During the day I received a note from Nettie saying she was ill, would be better by Monday, and would I please send the money by bearer, a delicate-looking boy.

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"Monday came—no Nettie. The week rolled round until Friday, and still no Nettie. We missed her, and so one of her three companions at the window where she sat volunteered to go and see her. The small-pox had been raging during the winter, and the girls were often scared by the horrors of contagion. It meant so much to us, so much more than death, which was scarcely dreaded in comparison to the hospital. 'I'm not so much afraid of taking it while I'm doing my duty as I am when I'm running away from duty; so I'll go to-night,' said this brave Irish lass, who had also been drawn to Nettie.

"Next day she came to me and said: 'It is only her head, Miss Dolores; but she is quite out of her mind, and recognizes no one. I think we ought to do something for her, as you can see that the widow woman she lodges with is poor, and has that delicate boy with heart-disease to look after. Nettie can not help herself at all, and indeed it is all they can do to keep her in bed. She gets up in her delirium and tries to go to work. The woman seemed quite out of patience last night.'

"'Do you think, if we sent Nettie some money, and kept her way paid, that this woman would take care of her?'

"'I don't know, I am sure; but I will go again to-night and see. If Nettie were only just sick, I do not think there would be any trouble; but the delirium makes it impossible to keep her in bed.'

"We come from all parts of the world to this work-room, and are as well assorted in nationality as in religion, but when help for a suffering companion is asked, you see only common sisterhood. A girl who gives away twenty-five cents has had twenty-five different calls for her money, and answering one, the other twenty-four must go unheeded. No one who can part with a dollar and never miss it can realize what it is to be poor for a week by giving away a quarter. Knowing this, I would allow no strain on the slender purses beyond the trifle that would make up Nettie's wages, and this, with some crackers and oranges, we sent to her by Mary.

"It was a relief to hear that she was better, 'much better,' she said, and conscious, and so grateful for the help that she strove to rise in bed and kiss the hand that slipped the little gift into hers. It was not possible for Mary to go every night, but she would call at the door on Tuesday morning; and so bidding Nettie keep a good heart, they parted. Tuesday morning my first inquiry was for Nettie, and I shall never forget how Mary rose up in her place and said, 'They have taken her away!'

"'Where?'

"And then, with a face like driven snow, '*To the almshouse!*'

"Oh, impossible! Cold horror seized us every one. Now, oh, Heaven, for just two of those precious hours which I had sold in labor's market! For me they were not obtainable at any price. We could only hope it was a cruel mistake, for Mary had called at the door in the bleak dawn, and some one had answered her from a window, and she could learn no particulars—did not even see her informant.

"One hour at least remained to us, our dinner-time, and Eugenie flew to the house from which they had taken Nettie, to hear what had befallen. She came back panting, with cheeks aflame, and eyes both flashing and streaming.

"'Nettie got bad so fast and raved so that the lady could not manage her alone, and she paid a neighbor to come and sit with her until she could find some place where they could take care of her. She ran everywhere all Sunday and Monday, and they sent her from one place to another, until she was worn out. At the hospital the doctor asked her if Nettie was suffering with any nervous disease which would be likely to disturb the other patients, and of course she could not say no. "Then," said he, "we can't admit her here, for each nurse has thirty now, and she would be just one more than we could take care of." The neighbor said, "Why don't you go for the Guardians?" So they sent, and a man came, who said Nettie must be removed immediately. They got a carriage, but oh, Miss Dolores! Miss Nettie was in her right mind just long enough to understand what they were going to do, and she fell down on her knees and begged them for the dear God's sake not to take her *there;* she would pay every cent if it took a hundred years! But when the man came to lift her into the carriage, she fell as if she was dead at his feet. "Let her stay, let her stay; she is a dead lass," he said. But they took her away, and she is dying now, and we can't get her out of that place if we want to.'

"We would try, anyhow. Night came

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at last, and the wheels stopped. Dead or alive, we would rescue her. Some of us would take her home. Who thought of tired body or aching eyes? We had but one thought, and that was for Nettie. Think of it! A day or two ago she was with us, worked, ate, clasped hands with us, and to-day she is in a pauper's bed, and will fill a pauper's grave—if the pit where dissected bodies are flung can be called a grave—unless we her sisters demand her.

"We went for her. 'Quite useless trouble,' they said; 'she is sinking rapidly.' And then, 'Dead; died at eleven o'clock in the night.'

"How did she die? how do people die in such a place? They had strapped her to the bed to keep her from forever wandering to her work, and one who sat by and held her hand to the last told us that in an interval of consciousness she strove to tell them something, but vainly.

"'Are you better, Nettie?'

"'Yes,' in a whisper.

"'Do you know me?'

"'Oh yes.'

"'Do you know where you are, poor girl?' And the deepening horror in her answering eyes told them she did.

"She had such magnificent hair, now tossed around in her delirium, and pain lent such brightness to her eyes and cheeks, that she looked far handsomer dying than she ever did living. 'This woman,' said the physician, 'is evidently assuming hysteria. If she does not make up her mind to get better shortly, I shall have her removed to another ward, and shall use the battery.'

"With such a face above her, and such words sounding in her ears, with her stiffening tongue shaping her protestation against the cruel mistake, she passed again into unconsciousness, and so died. And it is all as true as it is that there is a God in heaven!

"What did he call it, then, when she had in dying given him the lie, and been guilty of the only discourteous act of her life? Oh, he said it was 'acute meningitis.'

"And now, how to get her away from there in the thirty-six hours' grace allowed us to remove the body. Will you believe it, Felicia, I could have found a dozen homes open to receive her amongst us, living, but not one of us knew where to turn to find her a grave. Working like slaves from dawn till dark, our greatest concern is Life, not Death, and few of us know where we shall be buried.

"Some one suggests that we find the rich lady who was Nettie's friend. Alas! she is in Europe. But her family are famously aristocratic, and not difficult to find: we will go to her sister, whom we delay just as she is about to step into her carriage. 'I really have not time to attend to such a matter,' she said, 'even if I knew exactly what to do. I do remember the person you speak of, but I do not think she had any particular claim on my sister. At all events, there is not time to write and find out. She died, you say, in the almshouse. I do not see what better could be done than to allow the authorities to bury her. I have no doubt such burial would be—'

"'We are sorry to have troubled you needlessly, madam, and will not further waste your time. We are not so poor but that we can find a grave for Nettie.' And so, departing, we resolved to keep the sorrowful business strictly in the hands of the humbler friends who had known her last.

"One among us heard of a lady, *not* rich, who had twice given a resting-place in her lot at Mount Peace to friendless strangers. She heard how we wished to save our companion from the coarse sack, the dissecting-table, and the 'dead-pit,' and her soul melted in pity. 'Whatever is to pay we will cheerfully make up from our wages, if it takes months to come; but we want a grave secure from those who, they tell us, would steal her at night and carry her back to the almshouse.'

"There was nothing to pay; she freely gave us permission to lay Nettie at rest in her ground.

"We never asked gratuitous help, but no one heard the story unmoved. 'Tell them,' said the old grave-digger, 'that I will dig the grave for nothing.' 'And say for me that I will help him,' said his comrade. Poor men, Felicia, with hands like horn, but hearts like silk.

"'You may have some difficulty in getting the body from the authorities; for though numbers of women die there, they are of a different class—old or bad, mostly—and the doctors do not get a chance like this very often. However, I will attend to the business for you,' said the undertaker. 'They shall not put me off. And now, since the young lady seems to have no relatives, and you are all doing your

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part, I too will do mine. The coffin you can have at cost, my labor for nothing, carriages you will not need, and I will arrange it so that you can hold the burial service in the office of the superintendent at the cemetery; you can meet each other there.'

"'I too would like to help you,' said his wife. 'If you will allow me, I will make her a shroud, and dress her for the grave. We will give you our best. It shall all be just as if she were a lady; no doubt she was; poverty seems to have been her only fault.'

"Imagine, if you can, Felicia, the misery of working all day with tears thick in your eyes, and such a load on your heart! We would lay her in the grave Saturday afternoon; but as all could not go, with what nervous haste the few appointed strove to finish their task, that they might not be missed! We slipped away one by one, and almost at sunset stood around the coffin of our companion. It was Easter-eve, and Eugenie had brought a few flowers, bought with her dinner money, and laid them gently between the slender fingers. They had robed her in black, and now, indeed, with hands crossed peacefully on her breast, she looked like some fair nun, with the aureole of bright hair like a halo around her head. They had spared *that*, but the ring was gone. Protestant, Jewess, Catholic, sisters all, with clasped hands and wet eyelids we knelt and said, 'Our Father,' and then they carried her to her resting-place. We have marked her grave with a cross of wood, and covered it with myrtle."

"If any, moved of kindlier blood,
Should ask, What maiden lies below?
Say only this: A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow."

NEW ENGLAND IN THE COLONIAL PERIOD.

THE romantic career of John Smith did not end with his departure from the infant colony of Virginia. By a curious destiny the fame of this gallant though garrulous hero is associated with the beginnings of both the southern and the northern portions of the United States. To Virginia Smith gave its very existence as a colony; to New England he gave a name. In 1614 he came over with two ships to what was then sometimes known as "North Virginia," explored its coast minutely from the mouth of the Penobscot to Cape Cod, and thinking it a sufficiently extensive country to be worthy of a name of its own, rechristened it New England. On his return home he engaged in the service of the Plymouth Company, and again set sail for the New World in 1615, but was taken prisoner by a French fleet, and carried about on a long cruise, and finally set on shore at Rochelle, whence, without a penny in his pocket, he contrived to make his way back to England. Perhaps Smith's life of extreme excitement and hardship may have made him prematurely old. After all his varied experience he was now only in his thirty-seventh year, but he does not seem to have gone on any more voyages. The remaining sixteen years of his life were spent quietly in England in writing books, publishing maps, and otherwise stimulating the public interest in the colonization of the New World. But as for the rocky coast of New England, which he had explored and named, he tells us that he is not "so simple as to think that any other motive than wealth will ever erect there a commonwealth, or draw company from their ease and humors at home, to stay in New England."

But in this opinion the bold explorer was altogether mistaken. There were forces at work in the English world the value of which a man of Smith's peculiar character and training could in no wise properly estimate. During the first two decades of the seventeenth century several trading parties undertook to make a settlement in New England, but all failed disastrously. Of all migrations of peoples, the settlement of New England is pre-eminently the one in which the almighty dollar played the smallest part, however important it may since have become as a motive power. It was left for religious enthusiasm to achieve what commercial enterprise had failed to accomplish. The democratic civilization of New England is the greatest legacy which Puritanism has left to the world. In the general movement toward Puritanism which characterized the reign of Elizabeth there had sprung up a peculiar sect of Christians, which, along with the theology of Calvin and the adop-

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tion of many quaint notions of Jewish coloring, had come nearer than any other sect had yet done toward carrying Protestant principles consistently into practice. In ecclesiastical polity they had carried the English plan of local self-government so far as to give each congregation full control of its own affairs, leaving the unity of the Church to be maintained only through common allegiance to Christ and common acceptance of the Bible as the rule of faith. The persecution of these so-called Independents was begun in Elizabeth's time, and under James was carried on so vigorously as to drive many of them to Holland, the classic land of religious liberty. In 1608 an Independent congregation from Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, fled to Leyden, and staid there ten years, growing steadily through fresh accessions, until it occurred to them that if they could be allowed to settle on the lands of the Virginia Company in America they might make the beginnings of a great Christian community. The king refused them a charter, but made no objections to their going, herein showing himself less of a bigot than Louis XIV., who would not suffer a Huguenot to set foot in Canada, though the land was teeming with Huguenots who would have been only too glad to go. The first detachment of these Independents came over in 1620 in the *Mayflower*, and founded the colony of Plymouth. They aimed at the coast of New Jersey, but by fortunate accidents reached a point where they were much less likely to be molested, either by the natives or by rival colonists. Their grant from the old Virginia Company was useless, as they settled beyond its limits; but they got a new grant the following year from the North Virginia, or Plymouth Company. This grant was not made to them directly, but to a small corporation of London merchants, to which the Plymouth Company gave up all its rights in the territory settled by the new colonists. For a few years this London corporation took charge of the colonization of the new Plymouth; but in 1627 the settlers, wishing to be entirely independent, bought up all the stock of the London corporation, and paid for it by installments from the fruits of their own labor. By 1633 they had paid everything up, and become the undisputed owners of the country they had occupied, so that there was nothing now to hinder their prosperity. For many years their history was entirely peaceful. If they had landed in New Jersey, they would probably have been molested on the one hand by the Dutch settlers of New Netherlands, and on the other hand by the Delaware Indians, who had not yet been tamed by the terrible Iroquois. But in the land of the Massachusetts they were far removed from all white rivals, and the Indian population about them was very scanty, having been nearly extirpated a few years before by a frightful pestilence. Under these favorable circumstances—freed alike from all neighboring hostility, from the joint-stock company which they had paid up, and from the king who ignored their existence—the Plymouth colony throve apace, until by 1643 it numbered more than three thousand inhabitants.

Fortunate as these colonists were, however, their progress was in no way able to compete with that of the neighboring settlement of Massachusetts. In 1627, encouraged by the success of the Plymouth settlers, the project of colonizing New England was taken up afresh by a remarkable body of men of wealth, culture, and high social position, including many leaders of the Puritan party. They purchased a large tract of land of the Plymouth Company, and got a charter from Charles I., incorporating them as the Company of Massachusetts Bay. The affairs of this new company were to be managed by a governor, deputy-governor, and eighteen assistants, to be elected annually by the company. They could make any laws they liked for their settlers, provided they did not contravene the laws of England. But the place where the company was to hold its meetings was not mentioned in the charter. Accordingly, in 1630, the company decided to take its charter over to New England and hold its meetings there. This was a step of the very greatest importance, because the men who founded Massachusetts were highly educated and wealthy men, bent upon putting into practice a grand political idea; and it was a great thing for them to have obtained a charter which (albeit through negligence) enabled them to come away to New England, and found a colony in accordance with their own enlightened views, making such political and ecclesiastical arrangements as they liked, without fear of let or hinderance from the home government. As a recent English historian observes: "By looking at the

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colony of Massachusetts, we can see what sort of a commonwealth was constructed by the best men of the Puritan party, and to some extent what they would have made the government of England if they could have had their way unchecked."*

Some twenty years ago we used to hear a great deal about "mudsills" and "F. F. V.'s"—slang terms implying that the people of Virginia, or of the Southern States in general, were of more aristocratic origin than the people of New England, and were accordingly entitled to look down upon them. "We are the gentlemen of this country," said Robert Toombs in 1860. This assumption was thoroughly baseless. In point of fact the English ancestors of the Washingtons, the Randolphs, the Fairfaxes, and the Talbots were no higher in social position than the families of the Winthrops, the Dudleys, the Eatons, and the Saltonstalls. The foremost families which came to New England were of precisely the same rank with the foremost families which came to Virginia, and in many instances there was relationship between the former and the latter. So far as mere names go, this is well illustrated in Bishop Meade's list of old Virginia families, in which occur such names as Allen, Baldwin, Bradley, Bowdoin, Carrington, Cooper, Dabney, Davenport, Farley, Gibbon, Holmes, Hubbard, Lee, Morton, Meade, Nelson, Newton, Parker, Russell, Selden, Spencer, Talbot, Tyler, Vaughan, Walton, Ward, Wilcox, and Wythe—every one of which is a name of frequent occurrence in New England. Two-thirds of the names in Bishop Meade's list occur also in Savage's *Dictionary of the Settlers of New England*. Most of the leaders of the Massachusetts colonists were country gentlemen of good fortune; several of them were either related or connected by marriage with the nobility; the greater part of them had taken degrees at Cambridge, and accordingly one of the first things that naturally occurred to them was to found a new Cambridge in the New World. If they had remained in England, many of them would have gone into Parliament with Hampden and Cromwell, and would have risen to distinction under the Commonwealth.

So much for the leaders. On the other hand, if we compare the mass of the settlers in Massachusetts and Connecticut with the mass of the settlers in Virginia, the advantage is altogether on the side of the northern colonies. The settlement of Virginia, like that of most colonies at all times, was determined mainly by straitened circumstances at home. While the leaders were thinking of molesting the Spaniards, or opening new avenues of trade, their followers were thinking of getting something to put into their mouths. The settlement of Virginia, especially, was determined by the prospects of sudden wealth which attended the cultivation of tobacco. For economical reasons the beginning of the seventeenth century in England was a time that was ripe for emigration. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Black Death and other epidemics had kept down the population of England; but during the Tudor period the population had increased very rapidly, until at the death of Elizabeth it numbered nearly five millions. At the present day that little island can find employment and food for thirty millions of people, because of its great manufactures and its bountiful mines, and because through its policy of free trade it commands the markets of the whole world. But in the sixteenth century England for the most part fed itself, and just at that time, when population was increasing so rapidly, the supply of food and the supply of work were both diminishing. The wool trade at that time began to be found so profitable that great tracts of land which had formerly been subject to tillage were year by year turned into pastures for sheep. This process not only raised the price of food, but it deprived many people of employment, as sheep-farming requires fewer hands than tilling the soil. Hence pauperism increased rapidly during the latter half of the sixteenth century; and as Henry VIII. had destroyed all the monasteries and confiscated their revenues, the poor people could no longer find a refuge there, and get a scanty support out of the vast wealth of the Church; so that, naturally enough, we find the English poor-laws beginning in the reign of Elizabeth. Consequently at the beginning of the seventeenth century there were a great many men in England who were quite disheartened by poverty and demoralized by idleness. Under such circumstances men who remain struggling with the conditions of life in a complex community that has

* Doyle, *History of the United States*, p. 73.

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ceased to have any need of their labor usually descend to recruit the ranks of the criminal class. Their best chance of salvation lies in migration to a new colony, where there is a great demand for labor, and where past circumstances are forgotten, so that life may be in a measure begun anew. The immense development of the English commercial and naval marine during the seventeenth century, due principally to intercourse with the thriving American colonies, greatly increased the opportunities of employment, and went far toward diminishing the numbers of the needy and idle class. Many of the sons of the men who had been driven from their farms by the wool trade made their home upon the ocean, and helped secure for their nation the dominion over the watery pathways. Many of them, all through the seventeenth century, found new homes in America, and as landed proprietors became even more independent and thrifty than they could have been as tenant-farmers in England.

While search for the physical means of subsistence is thus in most cases the principal motive for emigration, and was a principal motive in the case of most of the American colonies, the settlement of Massachusetts does not seem to have been determined to any appreciable extent by such a cause. Neither would it be quite correct to describe the founders of Massachusetts as driven from England by persecution, like the men who settled Plymouth. The men who came over in 1630 with Winthrop were mostly well-to-do farmers from Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk—men who were making a good living at home; and they came at a time when Puritanism was waxing strong and militant, when it was nearly ready to try conclusions with the king and the bishops, when, if they had remained at home, they might indeed have been persecuted, but not with impunity. They came for the purpose of realizing a noble though incomplete ideal of society; and hence the exclusiveness which for some time characterized them—an exclusiveness which had both its good and its bad side. They attached such great importance to regular industry and sedate and decorous behavior that for a long time the needy and shiftless people who usually make trouble in new colonies were not tolerated among them. Hence the early history of Massachusetts is remarkably free from those scenes of violence and disorder which have so often made hideous the first years of new communities. On the other hand, the strictness with which the Puritan colonists sought to realize their theocratic ideal of society resulted sometimes in reprehensible intolerance. In their restriction of the rights of citizenship to church members, in their prohibition of episcopal forms of worship, and in their rough treatment of the Quakers, the Puritans of Massachusetts showed that they had not yet fully comprehended the principles of Protestantism—just as in their prosecution of the Salem witches they showed how long it takes for civilized Christians to divest themselves of the mental habits of pagans and savages.

All things considered, then, the character of the emigration to New England appears to have been pre-eminent for its respectability. Like the best part of the emigration to Virginia, it consisted of country squires and yeomen, but with this difference in its favor, that a principle of selection had been at work whereby the squires and yeomen who followed Winthrop had approved themselves men of exceptionally serious and lofty characters, with minds that had been purified through steadfast devotion to a noble and unselfish ideal. On the other hand, the lower orders of society that we have contemplated in Virginia never had any existence in the New England colonies. Of negro slaves there were very few, and these were employed wholly in domestic service; there were not enough of them to be worth mentioning as a class in New England society. Neither were there any convicted felons, such as were shipped in such abundance to the southern colonies, to become the progenitors of the "white trash." Massachusetts and Connecticut would not admit such people on any terms. There were a few indented white servants, usually of the class known as "redemptioners," that is to say, immigrants who voluntarily bound themselves to service for a stated time in order to defray the cost of their voyage from Europe. There were many of these "redemptioners" in the middle colonies, but very few in New England; and as they had come to a land where no sort of disgrace was attached to manual labor, they usually became thrifty farmers as soon as their terms of service had expired, and thus ceased to be recognizable as a distinct class of society. Thus,

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as regards their social derivation, the people of New England were homogeneous in character to an unparalleled degree, and they were drawn from the very sturdiest part of the English stock. In all history there has been no other instance of a colony so exclusively peopled by picked and chosen men. The colonists knew this, and were proud of it, as well they might be. It was the simple truth that was spoken by William Stoughton when he said, in his election sermon in 1688: "God sifted a whole nation that He might send choice grain into the wilderness."

The population of New England was as homogeneous in blood as it was in social condition. The Puritan migration we are here considering was purely and exclusively English; there was nothing in it at first that was either Irish, Scotch, or Welsh, nothing that came from the continent of Europe. It began in 1620 with the founding of Plymouth. It reached its maximum between 1630 and 1640, when the first settlements were made in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire. After the meeting of the Long Parliament in 1640, the Puritans found so much work cut out for them at home that the emigration to New England suddenly ceased. By this time 21,000 Englishmen had settled in New England, and this population "thenceforward multiplied on its own soil in remarkable seclusion from other communities for nearly a century and a half."* During the whole of this period New England received but few immigrants, and "it was not till the last quarter of the eighteenth century that those swarms began to depart [from New England] which have since occupied so large a portion of the territory of the United States." Three times between the meeting of the Long Parliament and the meeting of the First Continental Congress did the New England colonies receive a slight infusion of non-English blood. In 1652, after his victories at Dunbar and Worcester, Cromwell sent 270 of his Scottish prisoners to Boston, where the descendants of some of them still dwell. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, 150 families of Huguenots came to Massachusetts. And finally, in 1719, 120 families of Scotch Presbyterians came over from the north of Ireland, and settled in Londonderry in New Hampshire, and elsewhere. In view of these facts it may be said that there is not a county in England of which the population is more thoroughly English than was the population of New England at the end of the eighteenth century. From long and careful research, Mr. Savage, the highest authority on this subject, concludes that more than ninety-eight in one hundred of the New England people at that time could trace their origin to England in the strictest sense, excluding even Wales. Every English county from Northumberland to Cornwall, from Cumberland to Kent, contributed to the emigration; but the great majority came from Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex in the east, and from Devonshire and Dorset in the southwest. The counties first settled in Massachusetts were named Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Middlesex, while Boston, or "St. Botolph's town," in Lincolnshire, gave its name to the greatest of the Puritan cities.

I have dwelt somewhat explicitly upon this question of the origin of the men of New England, because it is really a matter of great interest for us, both as citizens of the United States and as students of history. These 21,000 English Puritans, who came over to New England before the meeting of the Long Parliament, have now increased to nearly 13,000,000. According to the most careful estimates, at least one-fourth of the whole population of the United States at the present moment is descended from these men. Striking as this fact may seem, it is perhaps less striking than the fact of the original migration when we stop to contemplate it in its full meaning. In these times, when great steamers are sailing every day from European ports, bringing hundreds of emigrants to a country which is at least as far advanced in material civilization as the country which they leave, the arrival of a thousand new citizens each day has come to be a commonplace event. But in the seventeenth century the transfer of 21,000 well-to-do people within twenty years from their comfortable homes in England to the American wilderness was by no means a commonplace event. It assumed somewhat the character of the migration of a whole people. In the quaint thought of some of our forefathers themselves it was aptly likened to the exodus of Israel from the Egyptian house of bondage.

I have said that in this great exodus a

* Palfrey, *New England*, Introduction.

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principle of selection was at work which insured an extraordinary uniformity of character and of purpose among the settlers. To this uniformity of purpose, combined with complete homogeneity of race, is due the preponderance early acquired and ever since maintained by New England in the history of the American people. In view of this, it is worth while to inquire what were the real aims of the settlers of New England. What was the common purpose which brought these men together in their resolve to create for themselves new homes in the wilderness?

This is a point concerning which there has been a great deal of popular misapprehension, and there has been a great deal of nonsense talked about it. It has been customary first to assume that the Puritan migration was undertaken in the interests of religious liberty, and then to upbraid the Puritans for forgetting all about religious liberty as soon as people came among them who disagreed with their opinions. But this view of the case is not supported by history. It is quite true that the Puritans were to a certain extent chargeable with intolerance; but it is not true that in this they were guilty of any inconsistency. The notion that they came to New England for the purpose of establishing religious liberty, in any sense in which we should understand such a phrase, is entirely incorrect. It is neither more nor less than a bit of popular legend. If we mean by the phrase "religious liberty" a state of things in which opposite or contradictory opinions on questions of religion shall exist side by side in the same community, and in which everybody shall decide for himself how far he will conform to the customary religious observances, nothing could have been further from their thoughts. There is nothing they would have regarded with more genuine abhorrence. If they could have been forewarned by a prophetic voice of the general freedom—or, as they would have termed it, license—of thought and behavior which prevails in this country to-day, I think it not unlikely that they would have abandoned their enterprise in despair, and would have remained in England. The philosophic student of history often has occasion to see how God is wiser than man. In other words, he is often brought to realize how fortunate it is that the leaders in great historic events can not foresee the remote results of the labors to which they have zealously consecrated their lives. It is part of the irony of human destiny that the end we really accomplish by striving with might and main is apt to be something quite different from the end we dreamed of as we started on our arduous labor. So it was with the Puritan settlers of New England. The religious liberty that we enjoy to-day is largely the consequence of their work; but it is a consequence that was unforeseen, while the direct and conscious aim of their labors was something that has never been realized, and probably never will be.

There is no better way of finding out what Winthrop and his friends had in mind when they came to Massachusetts than to consult their own written words. And when we do this we see at once that their aim was the construction of a theocratic state which should be to Christians, under the New Testament dispensation, all that the theocracy of Moses and Joshua and Samuel had been to the Jews in Old Testament days. They should be to all intents and purposes freed from the jurisdiction of the Stuart king, and so far as possible the text of the Holy Scriptures should be their guide both in weighty matters of general legislation and in the shaping of the smallest details of daily life. In such a scheme there was no room for religious liberty as we understand it. No doubt the text of the Scriptures may be interpreted in many ways, but among all these men there was a substantial agreement as to all important points, and nothing could have been further from their thoughts than to found a colony which should afford a field for new experiments in the art of right living. The state they were to found was to consist of a united body of believers; citizenship itself was to be co-extensive with church membership; and in such a state there was apparently no more room for heretics than there was in Rome or Madrid. This was the idea which drew Winthrop and his followers from England at a time when they might have staid there and defied persecution with less trouble than it cost them to cross the ocean and found a new state.

Such an ideal as this, considered by itself and apart from the concrete acts in which it was historically manifested, may seem like the merest fanaticism. But we can not dismiss in this summary way a

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movement which has been at the source of all that is greatest in American history: mere fanaticism has never produced such substantial results. Mere fanaticism is sure to aim at changing the constitution of human society in some essential point, to undo the work of evolution, and offer in some indistinctly apprehended fashion to remake human life. But in these respects the Puritans were intensely conservative. The impulse by which they were animated was a profoundly ethical impulse—the desire to lead godly lives, and to drive out sin from the community—the same ethical impulse which animates the glowing pages of Hebrew poets and prophets, and which has given to the history and literature of Israel their commanding influence in the world. The Greek, says Matthew Arnold, held that the perfection of happiness was to have one's thoughts hit the mark; but the Hebrew held that it was to serve the Lord day and night. It was a touch of this inspiration that the Puritan caught from his earnest and reverent study of the sacred text, and that served to justify and intensify his yearning for a better life, and to give it the character of a grand and holy ideal. Yet, with all this religious enthusiasm, the Puritan was in every fibre a practical Englishman, with his full share of plain common-sense. He avoided the error of mediæval anchorites and mystics in setting an exaggerated value upon otherworldliness. In his desire to win a crown of glory hereafter he did not forget that the present life has its simple duties, in the exact performance of which the welfare of society mainly consists. He equally avoided the error of modern radical reformers who would remodel the fundamental institutions of property and of the family, and would thus disturb the very groundwork of our ethical ideals. The Puritan's ethical conception of society was simply that which has grown up in the natural course of historical evolution, and which in its essential points is therefore intelligible to all men, and approved by the common-sense of men, however various may be the terminology — whether theological, metaphysical, or scientific—in which it is expounded. For these reasons there was nothing essentially fanatical or impracticable in the Puritan scheme: in substance it was something that great bodies of men could at once put into practice, while its quaint and peculiar form was something that could be easily and naturally outgrown and set aside.

Yet another point in which the Puritan scheme of a theocratic society was rational and not fanatical was its method of interpreting the Scriptures. That method was essentially rationalistic in two ways. First, the Puritan laid no claim to the possession of any peculiar inspiration or divine light whereby he might be aided in ascertaining the meaning of the sacred text; but he used his reason just as he would in any matter of business, and he sought to convince, and expected to be convinced, by rational argument, and by nothing else. Secondly, it followed from this denial of any peculiar inspiration that there was no room in the Puritan commonwealth for anything like a priestly class, and that every individual must hold his own opinions at his own personal risk. The consequences of this rationalistic spirit have been very far-reaching, and in order to understand the work of the Puritans we must point out some of these consequences.

In the first place, we can now see what it was that made the Puritans so intolerant of the Quakers. The followers of George Fox did lay claim to the possession of some sort of peculiar or personal inspiration. They claimed the right to speak and act as "the spirit moved them," and they sometimes sought to exercise this alleged right to an extent that, in the eyes of the Puritans, threatened the dissolution of all human society. Nor were these obnoxious claims confined to the decorum of written or spoken discussion. The Quakers who so roused the wrath of Boston in the seventeenth century were not at all like the quiet and respectable Quakers whom one meets to-day in Rhode Island or in Pennsylvania. Many of them were very turbulent and ill-mannered, to say the least. They were in the habit of denouncing all earthly magistrates and princes, and would hoot at the governor as he passed along the street. They would allude to the Bible as the "Word of the Devil," and would rush into church on Sundays and interrupt the sermon with untimely and unseemly remarks. A certain Thomas Newhouse once came into one of the meeting-houses in Boston with a glass bottle in each hand, and, holding them up before the congregation, knocked them together and smashed them, with the discourteous remark, "Thus will the Lord

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break you all in pieces!" At another time a woman named Brewster came to church with her face smeared with lamp-black. And Hutchinson and Cotton Mather relate several instances of Quaker women running about the streets and coming into town-meeting in the primitive costume of Eve before the fall. Such proceedings were called "testifying before the Lord"; but one can well imagine how they must have been regarded by our grave and dignified ancestors, who could not have forgotten, moreover, the odious scenes enacted at Münster by the German Anabaptists of the preceeding century. It is not strange that the Puritans of Boston should have made up their minds that such things should not be permitted in the new community which they had endured so much to establish. Several of the Quakers were publicly whipped, or stood in the pillory. They were forbidden to enter the colony under penalty of death; and at last three of their number, who had twice been dismissed from the colony with words of warning, and had twice been "moved by the spirit" to return and "testify," were hanged on Boston Common.

What might have been the treatment of these singular agitators, if they had confined themselves to preaching the doctrine of private inspiration without shocking the general sense of decorum, may best be seen from the case of Roger Williams. Within five years from the settlement of Massachusetts this young preacher had announced the true principles of religious liberty with a clearness of insight quite remarkable in that age. Roger Williams had been aided in securing an education by the great lawyer Sir Edward Coke, and had lately taken his degree at Oxford; but the boldness with which he declared his opinions had aroused the implacable hostility of Archbishop Laud, and in 1631 he had come over to Plymouth, whence he removed two years later to Salem, and became pastor of a church there. The views of Williams, if logically carried out, involved the entire separation of church from state, the equal protection of all forms of religious faith, the repeal of all laws compelling attendance on public worship, the abolition of tithes and of all forced contributions to the support of religion. Such views are to-day quite generally adopted by the more civilized portions of the Protestant world; but it is needless to say that they were not the views of the seventeenth century, in Massachusetts or elsewhere. For declaring such opinions as these on the continent of Europe, anywhere except in Holland, a man like Williams would in that age have run great risk of being burned at the stake. In England, under the energetic misgovernment of Laud, he would very likely have had to stand in the pillory with his ears cropped, or perhaps, like Bunyan and Baxter, would have been sent to jail. In Massachusetts it is not clear that he would have been subjected to any kind of persecution had he not written a pamphlet in which he denied the right of the colonists to the lands which they held in New England under the king's grant. This, it was thought, would have a tendency to weaken the confidence of the settlers "in the validity of the charter in which all their legal rights as a plantation were bound up,"* and therefore "tended directly and inevitably toward anarchy." Accordingly, in January, 1636, Williams was ordered by the General Court to come to Boston and embark in a ship that was about to set sail for England. But he escaped into the forest, and made his way through the snow to the wigwam of Massasoit. He was a rare linguist, and had learned to talk fluently in the language of the Indians, and now he passed a pleasant winter in trying to instill into their ferocious hearts something of the gentleness of Christianity. In the spring he was privately notified by Winthrop that if he were to steer his course to Narragansett Bay he would be secure from molestation. Though the Puritans of Massachusetts were determined that Williams should not preach in the midst of their own community, they made no objection to his moving a few miles away and founding a new community of such people as might approve of his views; and such was the first beginning of Rhode Island. It was a curious and noteworthy consequence of the circumstances under which this little colony was founded that for a long time it became the refuge of all the fanatical and turbulent people who could not submit to the strict and orderly governments of Massachusetts and Connecticut. People of extreme views, for whom the theocracy of the great majority of the Puritans was not theocratic enough; people who fancied themselves favored with di-

* Dexter, *As to Roger Williams*, p. 28.

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rect revelations from Heaven; people who thought it right to keep the seventh day of the week as a Sabbath instead of the first day; people who cherished a special predilection for the Apocalypse and the Book of Daniel; people with queer views about property and government; people who advocated either too little marriage or too much marriage—all the eccentric people, in short, such as are apt to come into the foreground in periods of religious excitement, found in Rhode Island a favored spot where they could prophesy without let or hinderance. But the result of so much discordance in opinion was the impossibility of founding a strong and well-ordered government. Throughout the colonial period political affairs in Rhode Island were much more turbulent than in Connecticut and Massachusetts, and the general progress was slower. Rhode Island took no part in the old confederacy of the New England colonies, and after the war of independence it was the last of all the thirteen States to adopt the Federal Constitution.

In view of all these facts, I think we can see that at the bottom of the Puritan's refusal to recognize the doctrine of private inspiration, or to tolerate indiscriminately all sorts of theological opinions, there lay a grain of shrewd political sense which was not ill adapted to the social condition of the seventeenth century. But in his further conviction that religious opinion must be consonant with reason, and that religious truth must be brought home to each individual by rational argument, we may find one of the chief causes of that peculiarly conservative yet flexible intelligence which has enabled the Puritan countries to take the lead in the civilized world of to-day. Free discussion of theological questions, when conducted with earnestness and reverence, and within certain generally acknowledged limits, was never discountenanced in New England. On the contrary, there has never been a society in the world in which theological problems have been so seriously and persistently discussed as in New England in the colonial period. The long sermons of the clergymen were usually learned and elaborate arguments of doctrinal points, bristling with quotations from the Bible, or from famous books of controversial divinity, and in the long winter evenings the questions thus raised afforded the occasion for lively debate in every household. The clergy were, as a rule, men of great learning, able to read both Old and New Testaments in the original languages, and familiar with the best that had been talked and written, among Protestants at least, on theological subjects. They were also, for the most part, men of lofty character, and they were held in high social esteem on account of their character and scholarship, as well as on account of their clerical position. But in spite of the reverence in which they were commonly held, it would have been a thing absolutely unheard-of for one of these pastors to urge an opinion from the pulpit on the sole ground of his personal authority or his superior knowledge of Scriptural exegesis. The hearers, too, were quick to detect novelties or variations in doctrine; and while there was perhaps no more than the ordinary human unwillingness to listen to a new thought merely because of its newness, it was above all things needful that the orthodox soundness of every new suggestion should be thoroughly and severely tested. This intense interest in doctrinal theology was part and parcel of the whole theory of New England life; because, as I have said, it was taken for granted that each individual must hold his opinions at his own personal risk in the world to come.

Such perpetual discussion, conducted under such a stimulus, afforded in itself no mean school of intellectual training. Viewed in relation to the subsequent mental activity of New England, it may be said to have occupied a position somewhat similar to that which the polemics of the mediæval schoolmen occupied in relation to the European thought of the Renaissance, and of the age of Hobbes and Descartes. At the same time the Puritan theory of life lay at the bottom of the whole system of popular education in New England. According to that theory, it was absolutely essential that every one should be taught from early childhood how to read and understand the Bible. So much instruction as this was assumed to be a sacred duty which the community owed to every child born within its jurisdiction. In ignorance, the Puritans maintained, lay the principal strength of popery in religion as well as of despotism in politics; and so, to the best of their lights, they cultivated knowledge with might and main. But in this energetic diffusion of knowledge they were unwittingly prepar-

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ing the complete and irreparable destruction of the theocratic ideal of society which they had sought to realize by crossing the ocean and settling in New England. This universal education, and this perpetual discussion of theological questions, were no more compatible with rigid adherence to the Calvinistic system than with submission to the tyranny of Rome. The inevitable result was the liberal and enlightened Protestantism which is characteristic of American society at the present day, and which is continually growing more liberal as it grows more enlightened—a Protestantism which, in the natural course of development, is coming to realize the noble ideal of Roger Williams, but from the very thought of which such men as Winthrop and Cotton and Endicott would have shrunk with dismay.

In this connection it is interesting to note the similarity between the experience of the Puritans in New England and in Scotland with respect to the influence of their religious theory of life upon general education. Nowhere has Puritanism, with its keen intelligence and its iron tenacity of purpose, played a greater part than it has played in the history of Scotland. And it is a perfectly patent fact that no other people in modern times, in proportion to their numbers, have achieved so much in all departments of human activity as the people of Scotland have achieved. It would be superfluous to mention the pre-eminence of Scotland in the industrial arts since the days of James Watt, or to recount the glorious names in philosophy, in history, in poetry and romance, and in every department of science, which since the middle of the eighteenth century have made the country of Burns and Scott, of Hume and Adam Smith, of Black and Hunter and Hutton and Lyell, illustrious for all future time. Now this period of magnificent intellectual fruition in Scotland was preceded by a period of Calvinistic orthodoxy as rigorous as that of New England at the same time—perhaps even more rigorous. The ministers of the Scotch Kirk in the seventeenth century cherished a theocratic ideal of society very like that which the colonists of New England aimed at realizing, and the outward aspect of society in the two countries was in these respects very similar. There was the same austerity, the same intolerance, the same narrowness of interests, in Scotland that there was in New England. Mr. Buckle gave us a very graphic picture of this state of society, and the only thing which he could find to say about it, as the result of his elaborate survey, was that the spirit of the Scotch Kirk was as thoroughly hostile to human progress as the spirit of the Spanish Inquisition! If this were really so, it would be difficult indeed to account for the period of brilliant mental activity which immediately followed. But in reality the Puritan theory of life led at once to universal education in Scotland as it did in New England, and for precisely the same reasons. Popular education was begun in Scotland earlier than anywhere else in Europe, and it has ever since been maintained at a very high level, while the effects of theological discussion in breaking down the old Calvinistic exclusiveness have been illustrated in the history of Edinburgh as well as in the history of Boston.

In no respect has the vital energy of New England ideas shown itself more strikingly than in the unquestioning readiness with which the New England common-school system has been adopted as one of the fundamental institutions of society throughout the greater part of the American Union. This is not the place to discuss the question whether that system is really the best adapted to a complex society in which the greatest and most insidious of dangers lies in the tendency of the government to usurp functions that should properly be discharged by private enterprise. We have now only to observe what were the actual effects wrought in the simple society of colonial New England by the spirit that founded the common schools. By the year 1649 education had been made compulsory throughout Massachusetts and Connecticut. The school-house and the meeting-house were among the first buildings to be raised in each newly founded village; and as fast as the towns grew to a moderate size these rudimentary schools were supplemented by high schools, and in some instances by Latin schools. More remarkable still was the foundation of a university at Cambridge in 1636, before the colony of Massachusetts was seven years old. Founded as it was in a spirit of genuine popular enthusiasm, Harvard College soon attained an eminent position, with able professors, an excellent library and apparatus for those times, and solid and comfortable

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buildings withal. In the eighteenth century the education that could be obtained there in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and in theology and metaphysics, was probably as good in quality as the English universities could furnish. In 1700 Connecticut followed the example of the older colony in establishing Yale College, which soon became the worthy rival of Harvard; in 1765 Brown was founded in Rhode Island; and five years later Dartmouth began its career amid the wilds of New Hampshire, with a humble log-house for its first college hall. Under such circumstances as these, illiteracy had been quite banished from New England before the time of the Revolution. It was almost impossible to find anybody, young or old, rich or poor, who could not read, write, and cipher; in the most sequestered nooks of the mountains newspapers were regularly taken; and no small proportion of the people was in the habit of reading Bunyan and Milton and books of controversial theology, while in the larger towns the best contemporary English literature found eager purchasers. From the beginning, too, New England had a literature of its own, always characterized by erudition, sometimes by elegance of expression. The first printing-press on the American continent began its work in 1639 in Cambridge; the first newspaper was issued in Boston after the overthrow of Andros in 1690; and almanacs, the forerunners of the modern magazine, were published from the outset. Medicine and the physical sciences received no special encouragement at first, though Winthrop of Connecticut was a fellow of the Royal Society. Poetry was attempted by the clergy, though with indifferent success, but history and philosophy as well as politics were dealt with in a way that challenges admiration. It is enough to mention the works of Samuel Willard, of Increase and Cotton Mather, of Jeremiah Dummer, and Jonathan Mayhew. But far above all these towers the name of Jonathan Edwards, the greatest thinker that America has ever produced—a man who for subtlety and force, though not for breadth of intelligence, was the equal of Locke or Hume, and whose contributions to psychology, in his masterly treatise on the Freedom of the Will, can not soon be superseded, and will never be forgotten.

In surveying the society of Virginia in the colonial period we had occasion to observe how the development of schools and printing-presses was hindered by the absence of towns and the extreme diffusion of the people over the face of the country. And we saw how this diffusion of the people was a direct result of the cultivation of tobacco in enormous quantities by the employment of servile labor, which favored the growth of large isolated estates. In New England, on the other hand, a totally different set of circumstances wrought totally different results. The farmers, who made up the great body of the population, continued, as they had done in England, to raise the articles necessary for their own immediate support. They raised wheat, rye, and Indian corn, garden vegetables, cows, pigs, and poultry; and this kind of agriculture was not favorable to the employment of slave labor or to the production of very large crops. The soil and climate of New England, indeed, did not admit of any other kind of agriculture than this. Moreover, the Puritan theory of life made it absolutely necessary that the people should meet together every Sunday for religious worship; and this necessity co-operated in keeping them from getting very widely scattered. Accordingly one of the most prominent features of New England life, from the very outset, has been its concentration. In Massachusetts and Connecticut, and still more in New Hampshire, there were great stretches of unbroken forest, just as there were in Virginia. But in Virginia the cultivated spot in the midst of the wilderness was a vast tobacco plantation, with a lordly manor-house surrounded by hovels in which dwelt an ignorant and servile class. The master and his family lived in isolation, with the nearest white neighbors perhaps miles removed. In New England the cultivated spot in the midst of the wilderness was a village, with its church, town-house, school-house, inn, blacksmith shop, and variety store in the centre, surrounded by from fifty to a hundred neat and comfortable farm-houses, each one the dwelling of an independent landed proprietor. It is obvious at once that this compactness of life must have been highly favorable both to the education of the people and to their general social and political progress. All New England, so far as it was then settled at all, was dotted over with these little towns, sometimes perched on bleak hill-tops with the outline of the white church

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spire gleaming against the sky, sometimes cozily nestled in beautiful valleys. When a village was felt to have become too populous, a portion of the inhabitants—perhaps twenty or thirty families—would move away in a body, and lay out and build another village, with a new meeting-house and a new school-house. From this method of settling the country followed the necessity of making good roads. In Massachusetts and Connecticut the roads were more numerous and in better condition than in any of the other colonies, though until after the middle of the eighteenth century there were few wheeled vehicles drawn by horses, except in the neighborhood of the large towns. In the interior of the country there were the ox-cart for summer and the ox-sled for winter, while men, women, and children all rode about on horseback. After the cessation of Indian attacks the roads were perfectly safe, as the colonies contained no unthrifty or criminal class: there were neither tramps, beggars, nor highwaymen, and crimes of violence were very much more rare than in any other part of the world. More mails from Europe were received in New England than in the middle and southern colonies, partly because of its comparative nearness to England, partly because of its greater number of sea-port towns. The middle colonies had only New York and Philadelphia, whereas in New England there were Falmouth (now Portland), Portsmouth, Newburyport, Salem, Boston, Plymouth, New Bedford, Newport, New London, Saybrook, and New Haven, at all of which points English vessels frequently touched. Through these busy coast towns, and as far south as Philadelphia, the mails ran regularly, whereas they were only sent south of Delaware Bay at irregular intervals, whenever enough letters and papers had accumulated to make it worth while to send them.

The rapid growth of these coast towns illustrates another point of difference between the northern and southern colonies which was of great importance. The settlers of New England were a maritime race, and early began to amass wealth from the whale and cod fisheries. This led to extensive ship-building, and to a steady export of dried fish, whale-oil, and cut timber, in return for which the New-Englanders received wine and sugar and manufactured goods, brought from Europe or from the West Indies in their own vessels. In this way they came almost to monopolize the carrying trade of all the colonies, besides obtaining a considerable share in that which went on between England and the West Indies. Before the time of the Revolution this carrying trade had reached great dimensions, and had wrought very remarkable effects upon British commerce, as I shall show hereafter. It had not, indeed, begun to diminish in importance until within the memory of men now living; and in the early years of the present century it furnished that hardy and skillful race of seamen who won a dozen or more astounding victories over England at the very moment when England's naval power had touched its greatest height. But what we have now to note is the early effect of this carrying trade in stimulating the growth of town life in New England, and saving the country from the barbarizing influences of isolation. Rhode Island so throve upon this trade that, in spite of the untoward circumstances of its early history, it at last caught up with the neighboring colonies, and since the Revolution has exerted an influence in the country quite out of proportion to its size. Through this trade Boston became and remained the most populous of American cities until, shortly before the Revolution, it was passed by Philadelphia. Through the closer connection thus kept up between Boston and the mother country came the pre-eminent importance of the part played by the Puritan capital in the beginnings of the struggle against the usurpations of Parliament.

As the New England villages along the coast and on the navigable rivers increased in population, they did not wholly throw off their rural character, but developed into pleasant towns, with wide and shady streets running between handsome villa-houses with flower gardens or well-kept lawns. Such cities as New Haven and Portland, both famous for their beauty, have succeeded in preserving something of this appearance to the present day. These houses were usually built of wood, but with timbers so stout and hard as to endure almost like stone. In the coast towns of Massachusetts especially they were often very spacious and elegant, with broad staircases and twisted oak balusters, with carved chimney-pieces, on which was wrought the coat of arms of the family, and with the principal rooms wainscoted in panels and hung with tap-

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estry. The best houses were commonly built with hipped or gambrel roofs. In the villages of the interior the houses, though solidly built, were usually smaller in size and simpler in design, a favorite style of roof being what was known as the "lean-to," from the shingled surface of which the snow could easily slide off. The inner wood-work was of pine rather than oak, and the floors were often bare, but everything was scrupulously neat. There were no cottages of one or two rooms, such as are found in English villages: the poorer houses had four or five rooms on the ground-floor, with an attic overhead; the better houses had a second story with chambers. In front of the house stood a row of maple-trees, or one or two enormous elms, while in the rear stretched an endless succession of sheds and wood-houses, leading at last to the ample barn, from the wide back door of which one could look out over miles of undulating pasture and woodland to the horizon of blue mountains which, in the Algonquin language, gave to the country the name of Massachusetts. I have often been struck with the general resemblance between some of the best of these New England farm-houses and some of the manor-houses still to be seen in the East Anglian counties, if not in other parts of England. The style of dress was rude, and the manner of living in these houses was plain and frugal. Dishes were of wood or pewter, though most families possessed a service of china and a few pieces of silver plate, which were treasured as heirlooms, and only used on occasion of a wedding or a funeral. But in the coast towns, and especially in Boston, the dress and the general style of living were the same as among country gentlemen or prosperous merchants in England. Contrary to what we have observed in Virginia, the conditions of life were such as to favor economy and insure financial solvency. From first to last, grave as some of the political errors of New England may have been, financial heresies have never found a congenial soil there. The rural Yankee, like the Scotchman, had the reputation of looking sharply after the pennies, and of being canny and shrewd at a bargain; but the liberality and generous public spirit displayed in the large towns were always as conspicuous as the strict commerial integrity.

In this New England society the children of rich and poor alike were brought up to work and support themselves, and no sort of stigma was attached to useful labor of any kind. But distinctions of birth were clearly recognized, and with absolute political equality there was an aristocracy of personal consideration, the traces of which have not even yet been obliterated. The possession of land carried with it no title to distinction or power in a community where every one was a landed proprietor. Yet good birth, high intellectual power, or distinguished services to the state formed the basis of an aristocracy which was not the less influential and respected because it was not labelled with grand titles. Every village had its "squire," who was very likely to serve year after year in some local magistracy, and to serve with honor. Only men and women of aristocratic birth were addressed as "Mr." and "Mrs." For other people, including the majority of the farmers and tradesmen, the style of address was simply the Christian name, or else "Goodwife Smith" or "Neighbor Brown." Seats were graded according to rank in the churches, and the same distinctions were preserved in the catalogues of students at Yale and Harvard until just before the Revolution, when the alphabetical arrangement was first adopted.

But in spite of this well-marked social aristocracy, the political structure of the community was absolutely democratic. It was the most complete democracy that has ever been seen in the world. All local government was conducted by the town-meeting, or primary assembly, at which every adult male was expected to be present, to speak if he liked, and to vote. Even in the largest towns, until after the beginning of the nineteenth century, the government was not representative by mayors and councils, but primary by the town-meeting. Even Boston had its municipal concerns regulated in town-meeting until the population had come to exceed forty thousand. The only representative government was that of the General Assembly of the colony. In Connecticut and Rhode Island the governor was elected by the people, and it was so in Massachusetts until 1684, when the old charter was annulled, and, in view of the haughty and rebellious spirit of the province, the crown took it upon itself to appoint the governor. So strong

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was the popular government resting upon these town-meetings, that whether the state had any head or not, all the wants of practical administration could be supplied by the towns. It is needless to point out how admirable was the political training which was furnished by this system. But it may not be superfluous to observe how strongly the principle of federation was suggested by this union of independent towns under the general direction of a representative Assembly at the provincial capital. It afforded in miniature a prophetic model of the federal system of the United States. From step to step the ascent was easy and logical. First, the formation of a State government by a representative federation of towns; then an attempted union of States in the short-lived New England Confederacy of the seventeenth century; and finally, when the minds of men had become ripe for so bold an undertaking, the successful union of all the liberated States under the glorious Constitution of 1789. *Tandem fit surculus arbor:* from these small beginnings and through these stages of natural development has come at last the nation which more completely than any other has solved the difficult problem of political civilization, in securing permanent co-operation among vast bodies of men without curtailing their individual and local liberties—the strongest, the freest, the most pacific nation the world has ever seen.

THE TWO FLEETS.

THE sun was bright, and the sea was bland,
And the tide danced in as merrily,
When a sailor pushed his boat from the sand;
And the waves kept time with his homely glee,
For the sailor hummed, "Two fleets there be:
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,
And one lies under the sombre sea."

The sea was bland, and the sun was bright,
And a favoring wind blew fresh and free,
And the less'ning sail disappeared from sight;
But the odd refrain still remained with me
Which the sailor sang—"Two fleets there be:
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,
And one lies under the sombre sea."

The tide danced out with the freight it bore;
Ah, the tide came back soon smilingly,
But the sailor's boat never touched the shore;
And I sing to myself, for I can not flee
From the haunting strain, "Two fleets there be:
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,
And one lies under the sombre sea."

So one by one from the shining world
The fleet sails down to the dismal lee—
To the fleet where every sail is furled;
And my heart keeps time to the mystic key,
While I drift and sing, "Two fleets there be:
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,
And one lies under the sombre sea."

So a little while and he who sings
Shall hum no more his songs to thee;
So they who watch his sun-lit wings
Shall hear, perchance, when they can not see
The lips which sing, "Two fleets there be:
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,
And one lies under the sombre sea."

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TOM'S MONIMENT.

"I DREAMT last night o' settin' at a long table, 'n' I'm jest as sartain thet Tom is drownded as ef I see him to the bottom o' the ocean this minute," said Mrs. Job Fernald, wiping the tears from her tan-colored cheeks with her calico apron. "Ef it didn't stan' to reason thet he wuz dead, thet sign never fails, 'n' I dew think we'd orter hev respec' ernough for the poor boy's mem'ry to git him a stun, 'n' put it up in the lot without waitin' no longer."

"Yes, it's more'n a year now, 'n' the *Sarcy Sally* hain't ben heard frum. I s'pose likely she must ha' ben lost," agreed Cynthy Ann, the daughter of the house, not without a certain grim enjoyment of the situation. "Stuns is dretful expensive, anyhow, but seein' ez we hain't ben able to give him any funeral, nor hev the minister, nor cook up for the mourners, it seems ez ef we'd orter buy a moniment for him. I can't reely see how we kin do less, ez the Peter Fernalds got one fur their Charles, 'n' I say to marm, it won't do to let them git ahead of us, poor ez they be. P'r'aps, Rhody, ez you 'n' Tom wuz ez good ez promised to one t'other, you'd be willin' to give a little out ov yer school-keepin' money towards gittin' the moniment, 'n' I'm goin' to put off gittin' married for a while—though Seth is dretful put out about it—'n' save all my rug money, till, with what marm takes fur butter, we shall git enough."

The person addressed, a young woman with a pretty, sensible face, shivered a little, and shook her head decisively. "I don't believe that Tom is dead," said she. "Oh, don't talk about buying a monument yet. Wait another year, and if you do not hear from him by that time, there will be reason to—"

"That's jest what pa says," interrupted Cynthy Ann, "jest because he don't want to hev it that Tom is drownded. He seems ter think, somehow, that by hangin' off 'n' not even ownin' of it to himself, he ken keep it frum bein' so. That's a way some folks hez."

"He wuz alwuz jest so headstrong an' unreasonable," sighed Mrs. Fernald, with prolonged use of the calico apron. "He had the imperdence to say this very mornin' thet it 'peared ez ef we wanted him dead, for the sake ov hevin' a moniment fur him like Peter's Charles's. But to look at things fair 'n' square, what chance is there that he kin be in the land o' the livin'? Didn't Seth Smallidge himself go to see the owners of the *Sarcy Sally* over ter the Port more'n a month ago, 'n' they said they hadn't no more idee of ever hearin' frum either vessel or crew than nothin' at all?"

"At that consarned moniment agin, be they, Rhody?" growled a weather-beaten old man, whose face bore a curious resemblance to a wood-carving, appearing suddenly in the doorway. "But don't you listen to 'em, deary, fur you 'n' I knows that our boy ain't no more dead than they be. Even ef he wuz, we couldn't afford to git a moniment fur him. Dead folks sleeps jest as well without any stun whatsoever, 'n' ef their bones is a-restin' in the sea, of what use is a stun on the land? It carn't tell nobody jest where they be. Somehow the folks in this place, 'specially in this family, has got a marvellous craze for moniments. Brother Lysarnder he made mention of it when he was to home five year ago, 'n' sence that the craze has ben growin' 'n' growin'. Even the summer boarders over to the Harbor poke fun at us about it. Sam Smith showed me a newspaper where one on 'em had been a-writin' up the place, an' it did sound as ef we wuz cur'us folks. 'Twas every word of it true, too, 'n' went on to say that the Herrin' Point folks fur the most part lived in little weather-beaten huts thet were dretful poor pertection frum wind 'n' rain, 'n' wuz a pictur er leanness 'n' poverty, coz they're a-savin' up money to buy themselves moniments to look splendid over their graves when they wuz dead and gone. But for my part I don't want to go about so holler while I'm a-livin', for the sake o' cuttin' a dash when I cast anchor. Anyhow I wouldn't agree to a great moniment a-loomin' up out o' the family buryin'-ground 'n' overtoppin' the old house, like a steeple over a mushroom, the way Peter's Charles's does."

"Oh, pa! I never thought you wuz so awful worldly-minded before," groaned Miss Cynthy Ann, with a look of horror.

"Well, I be jest worldly-minded enough to stick to it thet I won't live on them 'tarnal bony herrin' till the bones prick through my flesh, nor drink currant-leaf tea, nor go with my arms a-stickin'

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through Tom's old clo'es, while you wimmen-folks is a-savin' up fur thet there imaginary sort o' moniment as it were. Some of us 'll die in earnest soon enough, 'n' then you'll have a chance to show all the respec' you want to, 'n' hev a stun in airnest."

"Oh, pa, how *ken* you talk so bigoted? Ain't it awful to hear him, Rhody?"

Rhoda smiled, but remained silent; and evidently wishing to hear no more concerning the affair, suddenly remembered that it was school-time, and took a hurried departure. The old man returned to his net-mending on the sunny side of the wood-pile at the back door, and the two women, after a prolonged consultation, finally decided that they would wait another year before buying the monument, as Rhody had suggested. In fact, it would be necessary to do so, as the girl would contribute nothing toward the fund, and pa was dretful troublesome when he warn't humored. But as for there being a chance that Tom wasn't dead, it was all nonsense, and 'twas treating him shameful not to take a mite o' notice of his death, too.

Days and weeks went on in the old monotonous manner at Herring Point. The gorgeous ranks of the golden-rod and asters were cut down by the frost, and the winds swept away the few red leaves which colored the sides of the sea-looking hills, to make a clear path for the frosty march of winter. The sea, so long asleep under the summer sunshine, began to show once more the wild fierceness of its nature, and drove home the boats of the fishermen, and lashed the rocks angrily through wild nights when only the lamp of the light-house over on the Ledge shed a ray of light through the stormy darkness. Mrs. Fernald, when not attending to her two cows and her butter-making, sat in the chimney-corner and knitted blue yarn stockings for the market, and Cynthy Ann, with a zeal that never tired while the vision of the splendid tall monument flashed before her mental gaze, hooked rugs from early in the morning until late into the night. Her hooked rugs were in demand now, for several summer boarders had admired and purchased them, and since that time nearly every lady at the Port had been seized with a desire to possess one as an ornament to her best parlor. Pa divided the time between gossiping with his old sailor cronies at the store and sitting meditatively by the fire with his pipe and almanac. No mention was made of the monument, and the old man drank his store tea in triumph, offering no objections to the currant-leaf beverage with which his wife and daughter saw fit to regale themselves, save by an occasional grunt of disapproval.

No news came of the *Sarcy Sally* or the fate of her crew, and as the days crept slowly and drearily toward spring, though pa still persisted in his belief that Tom was living, all hope died in Rhoda's heart. But as in Herring Point parlance she and Tom had not been really promised to one t'other, she felt that she could not gratify Cynthy Ann's wish, and express her grief by wearing mourning garments, though it would have given her a sort of dreary satisfaction to be able to do so.

"She couldn't ha' cared nothin' about him, or she wouldn't wear a blue bunnit to meetin', 'n' him dead 'n' gone," said the neighbors with one accord, for the real state of the case was unknown to them. "P'r'aps she's afeard o' scarin' away Joe Collins ef she should put on black; he's alwuz ben a-tryin' to git her away frum Tom sence they wuz boys 'n' girls together; 'n' now Tom's lost, they say he's attentive to her ez a bumble-bee is to a marigool."

But Rhoda was little disturbed by these remarks. Her heart was very sore because of Tom's loss, but there were circumstances connected with his going away which caused it to be sorer still. Why had he not spoken before his departure, if, as she had every reason to think, he really cared for her, and wished to make her his wife? More than once during those last days he had seemed on the point of doing so, and then hesitated, with a painful doubt clouding his brow. In truth he had not been quite himself during his stay on shore; something seemed to trouble and vex him, and he would remain silent and lost in thought for almost hours while they were together. But on the day of his departure his face brightened, his manner changed, and when they parted he said, with a great deal of meaning in his glance and tone, "I shall write to you as soon as I reach Boston, Rhody, and mind you answer my letter soon." But the letter never came. Now the buds were swelling in the April sunshine; fishing-boats were rocking on

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the water; the women gossiped with each other in the open doorways; the happy young people looked forward to days that were coming; the sad young and old people remembered days that were past. The sunshine painted pictures of them. The birds and wind and sea sang and talked about them.

To Rhoda everything was alive with Tom's memory, and one soft, lovely morning after a rain, when a light mist lurked in corners of the violet sky, as if Nature were drying her eyes on the airiest of handkerchiefs, she walked up to the Fernald cottage, and presented Cynthy Ann with a folded envelope which contained all the little hoard of money which she had saved from childhood, saying in a choked voice that she thought it was time to think about the monument now.

Cynthy Ann's face became fairly radiant. "I'm glad you've come to be so right-minded," said she. "Pa he's bigoted 'n' sot ag'inst it yit. But there's no need o' sayin' anything about it to him tell the stun's all bought 'n' paid fur, 'n' ready to be sot up. He won't hev ter do without no worldly comforts by no means, ez Uncle Lysarnder hez jest sent us a little present o' money. It come jest like Proverdence by mail when we wuz a-talkin' about the moniment t'other day, marm 'n' I, 'n' no name to it at all. What do ye think about the verse, Rhody? It had orter be something solemn 'n' warnin', I s'pose."

But Rhoda had already slipped out of the door. She was in no mood for talking to Cynthy Ann. She had felt assured of Tom's death for some time, but consenting to the monument seemed like formally giving him up, like preparing for his funeral. But it was all she could do for him now, and it was fitting that the stone should be raised in his memory, though she dreaded the talk it would occasion, and the mournfully festive scenes which would be enacted in the "burying-lot."

The next day Mrs. Fernald and Cynthy Ann, accompanied by Seth Smallidge, a brisk little fisherman who resembled a sand-peep in black clothes, drove over to the Port, and after a great deal of bickering and consultation, of waiting and doubting, and delight and depression, made the purchase of the monument. Cynthy Ann carried the money in the toe of a Sunday stocking, an ordinary pocket-book not being considered sufficiently safe, and both Mrs. Fernald and Seth assisted her in counting out the sum required to complete the purchase.

"Well, I guess Peter's Charles's won't look much compared to this, but I'm disapp'inted that it carn't be sent home before to-morrow," said Mrs. Fernald, as they drove homeward toward evening.

"There ain't nothin' like it in the place, but pa'll grumble about the cost. We sha'n't hear the last of it for nobody knows when, pa's jest so bigoted," groaned Cynthy Ann, a shadow clouding her shining countenance.

Early the next morning the monument, tall, shining, and splendid, was brought over to the Point, Tom's name and age, and the suitable and solemn verse from a hymn which the minister himself had "picked out," engraved on its surface, and was deposited on the ground in the little family lot. In the afternoon it was to be set up with appropriate ceremonies.

Mrs. Fernald and Cynthy Ann were out falling into raptures over it, as fashionable city women would have fallen into raptures over a newly imported Paris gown, when pa, who had been "settin' in the store," came strolling homeward along the path which led through the orchard. As the stupendous column of white marble met his eye, he stopped short with wrath and astonishment. "Well, ef this ain't the set-firedest piece o' work I ever heerd tell about! Heave me overboard ef I'll stan' sich nonsense! Here you've bin a-buyin' a stun ez big 'n' grand ez Bunker Hill Moniment for a livin' boy, to say nothin' o' the ridickilousness of sich consarned poor folks a-sportin' sich a thing. Et's wuth more'n the old house 'n' the lot o' land 'n' the nets 'n' fishin'-boats all hove together, 'n' you've bin 'n' spent all Lysarnder's money, 'n' Rhody's too, I'll be bound, ef she wuz fool enough fur ter give it ter yer, poor gal; 'n' drunk currant-leaf tea with merlasses fur sweetnin', 'n' pinched yerselves on Injun bread without no butter, till ye're ez lean 'n' ugly ez two witches. Winter's a-comin' bime-by, too, ef 'tis spring now, 'n' my fishin' won't amount ter much this year. I'm a-gittin' too old 'n' stiff ter go out now; folks hez too much human natur' ter be able ter work after they git ter be seventy, 'n' Seth Smallidge hain't got no more backbone then a jelly-fish. Et's good luck ef we don't all starve ter pay fur this. I

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tell yer Tom ain't dead, nuther; I know him a good deal better'n you wimmenfolks did, that never cared nothin' about him but ter stuff him with verses to show off ter the parson with, 'n' ter starve him inter sayin' thet herrin' wuz ez good ez roast beef; 'n' I know he ain't the kind ov a feller to git drownded frum a wrack ser dretful easy; nor ter give in 'n' cast anchor ashore, 'less suthin' more'n common tackled him."

"Oh, pa, how you do discounternance Proverdence!" sobbed Mrs. Fernald.

"Discounternance Proverdence or not, I won't hev that there moniment put up in my lot. I reckon I'm master here while I live, whuther or no. When I heave to, though I'm hopin' that won't be till my boy comes home"—with a little softened quiver in his wrathful voice—"you'll cut up ef yer think fit, ov course, but while I hev my senses that there thing will be out ov sight. I may swoond or lose conscientiousness, but ef yer set it up then, I'll hev it hauled down agin ez soon ez I come to myself, 'n' so there's no use talkin'." And so it proved. The tears and remonstrances of his wife and daughter only caused the old man to be more set in his determination. The solemn advice of the minister, who was called to the rescue, was without avail. "Ef they had bought a small, reasonable stun, I wouldn't ha' made no objection ter their puttin' on it up, parson, ef it would ha' given 'em no satisfaction, though Tom ain't dead," he said; "but that moniment—Lordy! it would ha' shamed the hull place!"

So the monument was hauled into the wood-shed, placed prone against the wall, and covered with an old rag carpet, instead of towering proudly toward the sky, and attracting the admiration of all beholders, as Mrs. Fernald and Cynthy Ann had fondly anticipated, and was mentioned no more in the household for a long time. Early in the autumn Cynthy Ann and Seth Smallidge were married, and Seth came, bringing his worldly effects with him, to dwell in the Fernald cottage. As the old man predicted, the winter proved to be a hard one, and at times food was scarce in the household. Seth, who never was known to have good luck, went off to the Banks on a fishing voyage, after the honey-moon was over, but soon returned with a frozen foot, and spent the remainder of the winter by the fireside, dozing over a pile of ancient newspapers. But toward spring, when pa was attacked with his annual spell of rheumatics, and fortune seemed darker than ever, another gift of money came from Lysander.

"S'prisin' that Lysarnder should be so lib'ral, fur ef he is rollin' in riches, he's got a family ov his own ter look after, 'n' he's only half-brother to me, nuther, 'n' used ter be mod'rately tight till a spell ago. Strange he don't write nothin' when he sends the money, too. The fust time he sent any he kinder hinted thet we'd orter be obleeged ter him in two hull pages. It seems now ez ef it come frum the Lord, ef I am a miserable sinner, 'n' don't make no gret effort to keep clear o' Satan. But the Lord knows I'm thankful, anyhow," said the old man from his sick-bed.

Time rolled on in much the same fashion at Herring Point. Three more tempestuous winters beat about the little hamlet, froze the sea spray on to the window-panes, drove wrecks against the shore, and pinched and desolated the homes of the poor. Four still, fair summers stirred the sleepy scents of the pine woods, ripened the berries on the hills, opened the brilliant flowers in the salt marshes, and bronzed the cheeks of the fisher-folk with its hot glad sunshine. Life seemed prosperous and peaceful at this gracious season.

Seth Smallidge was still unlucky, but pa, in spite of his "human natur'," his seventy-four years, and his "spell o' rheumatics," continued to be hale and hearty enough not only to enjoy his fishing trips, but to make them successful, and Lysander still sent his yearly contribution of money, so, though there were two other mouths to feed under the Fernald roof, there was nothing like want in the family again. Store tea bubbled fragrantly over the fire, and "them pesky bony herrin'" were not always the chief of the family diet, greatly to the old man's satisfaction.

During all this time nothing had been heard from Tom. The men who sat in the store lowered their voices when they spoke of the *Sarcy Sally*, and were never tired of conjecturing how she came to her fate. But the monument still reposed in the seclusion of the wood-shed under its cover of rag carpet. Even Cynthy Ann had so far forgotten its glory as to make it a resting-place for her wash-tubs, and Cynthy Ann's daughter, a chubby little maid of three, found no such fascinating seat for herself or her family of rag-ba-

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bies. Pa was as obstinate as ever in his determination not to have it set up in the burying-lot, and had even forbidden the mention of the "consarned thing" in his hearing.

But late in this fourth summer the old man was seized with a severe illness, from which he was not expected to recover. Cynthy Ann put aside her rug rags, and nursed him patiently by day and night. Mrs. Fernald sat with her head quite enveloped in her apron, and whenever a neighbor entered the house would remove it for an instant and burst into tears, exclaiming:

"Pa wuz dretful bigoted about thet there moniment—he reely wuz; 'n' now I'm afeared he won't never git well, fur he takes water-gruel jest ez meek ez a lamb, 'n' he wouldn't never look at it before ef he starved ter death. Thet's an awful bad sign—it reely is."

But, contrary to all expectations, he suddenly began to mend, and before the Indian summer had smoked itself away he sat up in his easy-chair by the window. Still the old man was not quite like himself. He seemed strangely softened by his illness, and was so meek and gentle in his demeanor that the family gazed upon him in astonishment.

"Marm, Cynthy Ann," he said, one bright morning when he was able to walk as far as the shore, "I'm afeared I hev ben a set-fired bigoted old man, ez you've allus ben a-sayin', but seein' ez the Lord hez spared my life—fur which I'm truly thankful, though not bein' afeared o'death, fur I hain't got tired o' livin' yit, ef I be old, 'n' hain't quite outlived my usefulness maybe—I'm a-goin' ter take a new tack, 'n' sail ez fur ez I know how ter steer, 'n' He helpin' me, in the right way. Now about thet there moniment, I thought when I wuz a-layin' there sick that p'r'aps I hadn't done quite the square thing along ov it, 'n' I guess you'd better git it sot up now, 'n' invite the neighbors 'n' the parson, 'n' hev ez good a time ez ye ken. I hain't come ter say ez how I 'prove ov the moniment no more'n ever, nor like the notion ov it a-towerin' over this little cabin ov ourn, like a light-house over a clam-shell, but ef you'll find satisfaction in it, I'm more'n willin' 't yer should be gratified. It don't seem likely 't the boy'll ever come back"—with a hoarse, choked voice—"but somehow I ken't seem ter feel thet he wuz drownded. Now after brother Sarmwel wuz lost, though we didn't know nothin' fur certain, every time the wind rose at night she kep' a-sayin', ez plain ez ken be, 'He's gone! he's gone!' The waves kep' repeatin' the same words too, 'n' ef that consarned bell-buoy didn't keep me awake nights with its everlastin' tollin' 'n' knellin', fur it seemed edzactly ez ef 'twas a-sayin', 'He's here under the water! he's here!'"

Marm and Cynthy Ann were both moved to tears when the monument was mentioned, though, to tell the truth, the prospect of "hevin' it sot up" was not as delightful as it would have been once. They had become used to being outdone by Peter's Charles; and then monuments had become less fashionable at Herring Point, a taste for dress and house decoration having been excited by the summer boarders. Still, it was a great satisfaction, and in the course of preparation for the important event Cynthy Ann recovered something of her old enthusiasm. Mrs. Fernald dreamed again of the long table that night, and declared in the morning that she believed "it meant suthin' more'n common this time, fur the dream didn't run the way it commonly did by a gret deal."

Two days later, one golden bright afternoon, quite a crowd was assembled around the little burying-lot in the orchard. Mrs. Fernald and Cynthy Ann had donned mourning apparel for the occasion, but presented a not altogether mournful appearance. Pa wore a look of humble expostulation on his venerable countenance. Rhoda, simply dressed in white, stood somewhat apart from the group, and answered as briefly as possible the neighborly greetings which were showered upon her. But all the other women were in gay holiday attire, and chatted with unrestrained cheerfulness until the services began. Rosy apples dropped from the boughs overhead; asters and golden-rod nodded gayly beside the wall; the waves plashed merrily against the rocks below. Some gulls flew overhead, and broke into a sort of hoarse laughter, as if amused by the appearance of the monument which towered so high and glittered so grandly in the sunshine.

But when the minister commenced to pray in his chill formal tone, a change was felt in the atmosphere. Even the sunshine seemed to lose its warmth. Many of the women sobbed, remembering their own old sorrows, it may be, and two great tears stole into Rhoda's eyes, and remain-

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ed undried upon her cheek. Then they commenced to wail a dismal funeral hymn, but faltered in dismay as a broad-shouldered, bronzed young man leaped over the orchard wall, gave a quick, amazed look at the monument, and then darted forward into their midst, seizing Rhoda in his arms, and kissing her repeatedly. "Couldn't help it, Rhody, seein' those tears on your cheeks, and considerin' the occashun," he exclaimed, as she stared at him rather wildly. "It isn't often that a man comes ter life at his own funeral."

"Tom Fernald!" "Why, Tom Fernald!" "How on airth!" "What blowed you here?" "Where'd you come frum?" "'T can't be your ghost, ken it?"—were exclamations heard from every quarter. "I declare! got here jest in season to see his moniment sot up!" said one jolly sailor.

And then it was noticed that pa had grown very white, and was holding on to the wall for support; and Cynthy Ann, after making a great effort to greet her brother in a suitable manner, fell back, and, as the family were wont to express it, "lost conscientiousness."

"I allers knowed ez how you hadn't cast anchor, Tom," said the old man, recovering himself almost immediately, "'n' now here yer be, 'n' here I be, seein' the Lord presarved me to see ye."

Marm, for the lack of an apron, removed her shawl from her shoulders and completely covered her head therewith.

"Ef you hain't bin dead, Tom, where hev yer been?" she inquired, faintly, from its depths, after a little interval.

Tom, who was stationed between pa and Rhoda, holding a hand of either, turned to her with a disturbed countenance. "Where I hadn't orter have been—in Australia, with Uncle Lysander. It wuz all owin' to that pesky Joe Collins. You see, before I went away, folks were a-sayin' that he had stolen Rhoda away from me—he as good as told me himself that it was so—'n' I thought she seemed kinder strange 'n' distant. But I was too big a coward to say anything to her about it; I thought I couldn't bear it if she should tell me she liked him. But I wrote to her from Boston, where we were loading the vessel, and told her if she didn't care enough for me to marry me when I got home from the voyage, she needn't answer the letter, but if she did, to answer right away. We staid at the wharf two weeks after that, but I didn't hear a word from her, and when the *Sarcy Sally* sailed I felt as if I'd ruther be drownded than not. Life didn't seem wuth living."

"Oh, Tom, I never got your letter," sobbed Rhoda.

"Most likely that scoundrel Joe Collins got holt ov it. I'm a-goin' ter hev a little interview with him when I ken ketch him—well he ain't here ter-day! But when the vessel did git wracked, 'n' everybody 'n' everything was a-goin' to the bottom, I thought 'twould be worth the while to save myself, after all; 'n' Joe Griffin—one of the crew—'n' I clung holt ov some spars till we was picked up by a brig bound fur Californy. From there I thought I'd go to Australia 'n' hunt up Uncle Lysander. I couldn't come home as things stood, for I couldn't ha' borne to see Joe 'n' Rhody together, so I reckoned you might as well all think I was dead—fur a spell at least: I warn't much better'n that at the time. Uncle Lysander agreed to keep dark, though he said he didn't believe in such nonsense, and I tell you the old man gave me a good chance. I've picked up quite a little pile of cash in these few years. You've got the money I sent you every winter all right, hevn't you?"

"Sho! So Lysarnder warn't so setfired lib'ral, after all!" said pa, wiping his eyes with his coat sleeve.

"But I was beginnin' to gain a little more courage, 'n' to think I might be able to go home 'n' see the folks before long, when Sam Smiley—the feller that used to work over to Squire White's—made his appearance at the diggin's one day, 'n' said he'd been over to Herrin' Point only the week before he sailed last spring. And when I heard from him that Rhody warn't married at all, nor goin' with any one, 'n' never had had anything particklar to say to Joe Collins sence I'd been gone, I didn't wait overnight before I packed up my duds 'n' got ready to start for Ameriky."

"I said ez how my dream about the long table wuz diff'rent from common. You see it meant a weddin' this time," quavered marm, speedily unveiling herself.

"Yes," agreed pa, brightly, "so it did; an', Cynthy Ann, even you can't keer nothin' fur that consarned old moniment now. Let's haul it down 'n' kiver it up agin, 'n' ef the parson don't object, turn the solumn delights of this occashun into a bit ov a frolic."

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SHANDON BELLS.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME CORRESPONDENCE.

YES; there was no doubt of it; during the months that had elapsed since his hurried visit to Cork, Kitty's letters had grown much more cold, or, at least, much more reserved and matter-of-fact, while now and again there was a tone of disappointment running through them which he had striven to overlook at the moment. Now, as he re-read them with this glorious prospect — this near and shining future — before him, he sought for reasonable explanations and excuses, and easily found them. The spring had been wet and boisterous, and Kitty's spirits were readily affected by the weather and its discomforts. Then she had had a good deal of travelling; and that would account for the curtness of some of the notes, Kitty being ordinarily a most profuse letter-writer. And then again the news that he had had it in his power to send her was not of the most cheering description, though he had tried to put the best face possible on matters. Altogether, looking over these letters again, and regarding them by this new light, he could find nothing disquieting in them; on the contrary, they were quite natural in the circumstances: the question was, How would Kitty write now?

He could not doubt how she would answer his appeal. The summer was coming on, with all its beautiful new hopes, new desires, new possibilities. During that winter Kitty had again and again, and not at all to his sorrow, pretty plainly hinted that she was dissatisfied with her present way of living. It had become distressingly monotonous. There were no ambitious hopes to lure her on. Only once had she expressed herself as being pleased with her surroundings; and that was on a professional visit to Dublin, where, instead of having to go to the usual lodgings, she had been the guest, along with Miss Patience, of the wife of the manager of a theatre there; and that lady had introduced Kitty to a number of people, and made her life a little more cheerful for her for a time. Then she had to return to the provinces, and to miserable rooms, and the fatigues of travelling; and as the weather happened to be exceptionally bad, it was no wonder she should grow tired, or even querulous at times. And when people are disheartened, they do not write long and playful letters, full of pretty sentiment and pleasant humor. How could Kitty be cheerful and amusing with her fingers benumbed with the cold, her feet wet, and adverse winds blowing the smoke down the chimney?

But now all this would be altered. There would be no more need for letters. Kitty herself would be there to talk to, to talk, and submit to be teased. And what happy excursions would there be on the clear summer mornings, wandering about Chelsea to fix on their future and permanent home! As for himself, he would not choose, even in imagination, until Kitty should come over. She ought to have her share of the responsibility. And what her eyes approved he did not think he should find much fault with.

That anxiously awaited letter was a long while in coming; many and many a time, when he heard the postman ascending the stair outside, had his heart beat quick only to be disappointed. But at last it came; and to his astonishment he found on the back of the envelope the name of a Killarney hotel. He hastily opened it—the letter was written on hotel paper—in fact, there was an engraving of Lough Leane at the head of the page! How had Kitty got there? She had not said a word of any such intention.

Breathlessly he ran his eyes over the various sheets—for this time Kitty had written at length—hoping to find some phrase decisive of her reply. She had got his letter, evidently; but nowhere was there any positive acquiescence or positive refusal so far as he could gather from that hurried and uncertain glance. And so—with more dread of disappointment than actual disappointment — and still with some trembling hope—he forced himself to read the letter systematically through.

"MY DEAR WILLIE,—Your letter has followed me here; and I will never forgive you for not having driven me to go to Killarney many a day ago. I suppose it was all because of your jealousy: you wanted to bring me here yourself: as if the place belonged to you! And the idea of my having been many a time at Lim-

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erick, and Mallow, and Cork—the idea of my having had to sing the Killarney song in the panorama—without even having been to this paradise! I suppose I thought it was too familiar, because I know all the places in the photographs in the windows; but neither they, nor the panorama, nor anything else, could have told me of the charm of this beautiful neighborhood. We were out last night in a boat; there was no moon; but the stars were *lovely*. We rowed to Innisfallen; and I sung one or two songs—the sound was so strange when we got near the island! I was wondering whether the ghosts in the Abbey would hear. What a beautiful night it was!

"Of course you are asking what brought me here. Well, dear Willie, I have had a great deal of bother, and some hard work of late; and I thought I had earned a little holiday; and everybody said we ought to go to Killarney in the spring; and Miss Patience and I have done it as cheaply as we could. Where in the world could we have come to for such perfect peace and rest? This hotel is nearly empty; when we went to Muckross Abbey and the Torc Cascade and all round there, we were quite by ourselves, and when we go out on the lake there are no *tourists* anywhere. The day we arrived, however, there was a fearful tempest. I said to myself, Goodness gracious! is this Killarney? I thought Killarney was always quite still, with moonlight on it (as it was in the panorama). The wind and the rain were dreadful; the mountains were quite black except when the clouds crossed and hid them; and the waves on the lake smashed on the rocks at Innisfallen, and sprung up in foam just like the sea. But now everything is quiet and lovely; and I feel as if this was the Vale of Avoca that I should like to rest in, with the friends I love best; only I suppose there never is rest like that for everybody; trouble is the policeman that steps in and orders you to move on.

"Dear Willie, I feel quite afraid to begin and try to answer your letter; for I know you won't understand what I mean about it. I entirely agree with you about a private life—it has been the wish of my heart for many a day; I am quite tired of the annoyances of my *public* one. People think it is a fine easy thing to earn your living by merely singing songs; I wish they knew what hard work and uncertain work it is. Of course one's vanity is pleased sometimes, when you have nice things said to you, or when the audience is very enthusiastic; but what a temporary thing that is! When I staid with Mrs. Milroy in Dublin I was quite delighted with the little occupations and visits and amusements with which they passed the time; and I know that would suit me; and as for your suggestion that I might some day regret giving up this kind of life, you might have saved yourself all the arguing against it: it is the last thing, I *know*, that will ever occur to me; and I should be ready this minute to give it up, if I could do so safely.

"People never do get what they want, I suppose; and I suppose it is better for them in the long-run. And for you to think, just now, when you are making a path for yourself that will lead to future fame, of hampering yourself in the way you propose—well, I can understand your dreaming of it, for you were always so romantic and strange in your notions, but I have got worldly wisdom enough for both of us, and I can see what a pity it would be. When you want a clear way for your genius, you tie all this domestic anxiety round your neck! Consider how precarious you would be. That old lady might die at any moment, and then—! I am afraid, dear Willie, that your literary prospects by themselves wouldn't warrant you in doing as you propose; and do you know I, for one, am not so sorry there should be such difficulty and hard work, for if there was not, wouldn't everybody be at it, and where would be the glory of making a name for yourself, if everybody could step in and do it? I know you distrust your powers. I don't; and I should think myself mean and unscrupulous if I allowed my private wishes to interfere with your future. I know some day you will have reason to thank me. Was it not me who sent you away from that miserable little office in Cork to take the place that your genius entitles you to? I as good as said:

> 'Go where glory waits thee,
> But while Fame elates thee,
> Oh! still remember me!
> When the praise thou meetest
> To thine ear is sweetest,
> Oh! then remember me!'

I know you always laugh at my poetry; but I like poetry that one can understand, that has common-sense in it; and there is common-sense in that. I expect great

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things of you; and so would the world if it knew as much as I did; and it seems to me that, with gifts such as yours, you have no right to throw up your career, or at least seriously hamper it, for the mere gratification of a piece of romance. But that was always like you, Willie. You look at things in such a strange way. You don't seem to value things as other people do; and you don't appear to consider it is your duty to get on in the world, and make money, and a security for your old age. I have seen a good deal of the world; I have seen what money can do; what good you can do with it; how independent it makes you. I believe if it had not been for me you would have kept on in Cork, simply because you had the chance of living a half-sailor, half-gamekeeper life at Inisheen; and you would never have thought of the time when you would no longer be able to go after rock-pigeons. And so, dear Willie, you must try and be a little less romantic in the mean time, and do justice to the gifts you have; and by-and-by you will thank me, and say that everything has been for the best.

"Now I know you have quite misunderstood me; and you are angry, in your wild way, and accuse me of being mercenary—me! I have never had enough money to know what mercenariness was. And of course you are impatient that everything can't come about just as if it were a story-book. Alas! I wish it could, and everybody be satisfied; but there is always trouble, even to those who make the strongest fight against the inclinations of their heart, and try to do what is best for every one around them. Just imagine me lecturing you like this! And yet you know, dear Willie, that you are too poetical; and so I must be the commonplace person—even here, with Killarney before me. There was a dreadful accident to the coach as we were coming. There is a steep hill some miles before you get here, and one of the two horses fell, and the force of the coach dragged it along, and the poor beast's knees were horrible to look at. It just managed to walk the distance, though I thought every moment it would go down. But what a fine thing it must be to have a carriage and one's own horses, and drive all through these beautiful places, quite at your leisure, and without a thought for the future! Just fancy not having to care a farthing whether June or August is near or far off; nothing but to enjoy the present moment, and drive from one hotel to another, irrespective of time and without a thought about the cost! I think people who can have such happiness to themselves ought to be very kind to other people. I know I should try to be. I can imagine myself driving through the country like that; and if there was any trouble, it would be the thought that I could not make all the poor people one might meet just as contented as one's self. One might meet, who knows, some young fellow going away from his sweetheart, *forced by fate*, and very much troubled about his prospects; and a letter of introduction or something might save misery. But these are all idle dreams; and one must take the world as it is.

"I am so glad that that kind old lady has again befriended you; and hope that something *substantial and permanent* may come of her friendship for you; but even if these hopes are disappointed, I am convinced you did right in going away to London. Genius such as yours is a trust. You had no right to waste your time fishing and boating and shooting. Even if it were to be decided by fate that you and I were never to meet again, do you not think I should watch your career, of which I am far more certain than you are? Of course I don't say that success is to come all at once. I do believe you are working your best; though I don't think from what you say that that Scotch artist—I thought the Scotch were so practical!—does you any good. I suppose he thinks it would be romantic to live in a *garret;* and if I was a *barefoot lassie* perhaps it would; but now again you will accuse me of mercenariness just because I have to talk common-sense. I don't believe there's anybody in the world cares less for money than I do; but I see what money can do, and how it gives people time to be thoughtful and kind to those around them; and in any case I am not going to be the one to wreck such a career as you have before you, Scotchman or no Scotchman.

"I have been so much occupied here that I forget whether I thanked you for the volume of political speeches that you sent Miss Patience; but at all events I was asked, and intended to do so, with her best compliments. The book seems to be highly appreciated; she has scarcely

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stirred out since we came here. As for our stay here, that is quite uncertain; but I am in love with the scenery (it is far prettier and not as grand or wild as I expected, and you know I prefer quietness to Alpine terrors), and I shall tear myself away with great regret. We make our way on to Limerick, where I have four concerts—the old mill-wheel again after this paradise! So, dear Willie, you need not write here, if you are writing, but to the Post-office, Limerick, and I shall expect a letter saying that you know I am acting in the best kindness, and laying myself open to the charge of being a money-grasping young woman (which is absurd, you know, for if I was, where is there any to grasp?), when all I want is to act prudently for you and me. Good-by, dear Willie. If there's any one wishes you a speedily secure position and great fame and reputation such as you deserve, there's no one wishes that more heartily than,

"Your affectionate KITTY.

"P.S.—*Thursday morning.* Dearest Willie, this letter does read so business-like that I am ashamed of it; and yet I can't burn it, and have to go over all the arguments again. It quite wore out my small brain last night; and there were such difficulties, too—such interruptions—that it seems all confused. I meant it to be so kind, and it reads like a school-book. Never mind, Willie; you know I am not mercenary; and that no one wishes you to get on more heartily than I do. I meant the letter to be *very kind indeed;* and at least you will be pleased that I am delighted with Killarney. Good-by. The morning is lovely; and we are just going out for a row."

"Going out for a row?" he repeated mechanically to himself. Who were going out for a row? Miss Patience, according to Kitty's own showing, scarcely stirred out of the hotel at all. And what were they doing there? How had he heard nothing about it? What did all this mean—about the trouble of the world, and the sacrifice of one's inclinations, and a future for him of which she was to be the distant spectator? He read the letter over again, in a bewildered sort of way. It was not like Kitty—it was not like the willful, petulant, loving, and teasing Kitty at all. It is true that her letters had for some time past been reserved—occasionally hurried and curt; but here was a long rambling letter laying bare all her thoughts, and it did not sound as if it was Kitty who was speaking. And was she laying bare all her thoughts? he asked himself. Was it her great regard for his future fame that caused her to refuse his appeal?—an appeal that seemed to him to be so simple and natural and opportune.

Then he eagerly grasped at the notion that perhaps his abrupt proposal had startled her. This was but maiden coyness. She had been alarmed by the definite request that she should come over and be married, and occupy these humble apartments until a more suitable dwelling could be chosen. These rambling arguments of hers were a mere girlish trick of fence. Modesty was sheltering itself behind the guise of prudence. And he could have laughed at Kitty's imploring him to believe that she was not mercenary—as if it were likely he could suspect her of that!

Still, there was something very strange and disquieting in the tone of this letter; and when he sat down to answer, he experienced the novel sensation of being afraid. Afraid of Kitty! If he could have caught her by both hands, he would not have been afraid. But that was the mischief of it—the great distance between them. That was why he was afraid—afraid of the misunderstandings that letters cause. He wrote hurriedly; he seemed to have so much to say; and wished to say it all at once; and, moreover, he must needs write in good spirits if he would drive away her despondency.

"MY DARLING KITTY,—I have received your extraordinary letter. It does not sound as if you had written it at all. Why are you so serious? What has frightened you? Are you the same Kitty that, when I first came to London, used to write every day, nearly, 'Make haste; make haste; for I love you so'? And now there is not a word of love in this long letter, but a great deal of down-heartedness, and fear, and political economy, and Benjamin Franklin sort of wisdom. And then, my pretty-eyed philosopher, your facts are a little askew. You accuse me of being too poetical; and if to love you is to be romantic and poetical, I will admit the charge. But if you mean that I allow poetry or anything else to interfere with my care for the future, you are

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all wrong. You don't know how rigidly I've saved up every possible penny since I came to London. *I* don't go taking holidays at Killarney; when I have to go for a journey, it's all because of a wicked young woman who won't be reasonable and sensible, and come and be married at once. And really and seriously, Kitty, what have you to fear? I have £110 saved; and £200 a year is quite enough to make a start with, in a quiet way; and if things go better, won't you be rather glad in after-life that you and I were together during the poorer time? You talk about my being precarious (your English, Miss Kitty, has not been improved by the Killarney air), but is not everything and everybody more or less so? You are like Miss Patience, thinking that literature is so precarious a profession because a tile might fall on your head from a roof. No doubt this old lady might die, but so might you or I; and surely, since life is so uncertain, common-sense would counsel you to make the best of it while you may. Life is not such a very long thing; youth is still shorter; and surely when two people love each other, and have a little faith in the future, and a reasonable security in the present, even Benjamin Franklin, Poor Richard, Catherine Romayne, and similar philosophers might admit that it would be unwise to throw away a certain happiness on the chance of some good to come. It seems so strange to have to talk to you like this, Kitty, even as a joke. I can scarcely believe this letter of yours to be serious. Who was it who declared that she could live on nothing; who implored me never to leave her; who asked me to 'live in her heart, and pay no rent'? And all that happened little more than a year ago. What has changed her so in so short a time?

"I know. They say that once in every seven years, on a beautiful summer morning just at sunrise, the O'Donoghue of the Lakes comes down from his magic home in the mountains, riding a white horse, and accompanied by fairies. He rides across Lough Leane, and wherever he goes on the dry land all his old possessions and splendor appear again; and when he has seen that everything is right he sets out for home again. Now no doubt you have heard that, if you have courage enough, you can go with him, and cross Lough Leane dry-shod, and accompany him to his home in the mountains, where, before bidding you good-by, he will present you with part of his buried treasure. Have I found you out, Miss Kitty? Are you watching for the O'Donoghue of the Lakes? Is that why your small head is stuffed with 'mercenariness'? Are you so anxious to be rich, and drive through the country with a carriage and pair, that you get up every morning at that hotel before sunrise and wander away down to the lake-side, and look across and watch for the white horse and its rider? Is that the peculiar charm you have found in Killarney? And of course the want of sleep, and the going about so much alone, and the witchery of the whole thing, have dazed you a little, and made you apprehensive, so that I can scarcely believe it is you who are speaking to me.

"My dearest Kitty, you must really throw aside these unreasonable fears—you, who used to be so fearless, too! If you are afraid to take such a decisive step as coming to London by yourself, I will come over and fetch you. I am entitled to a long holiday. Dearest Kitty, how would it do for me to come over and meet you at Limerick, and stay there long enough to be married, and go back over the Killarney route? I am confident I could take you to beautiful places you are not likely to find on the ordinary tourist route. Write—no, telegraph—one word, 'Yes'—that can't take up much of your time—and I will come over at once. And then, you see, as one must be practical and business-like in order to please you, getting married in that quiet way would be very inexpensive: you would have no white silk gown to buy, and I should have no lockets to get for the bridemaids. Now, Kitty, take heart of grace, and telegraph at once. If you telegraph from Killarney, I will go right on to Limerick and wait for you there. Don't think about it; do it. If you sit down and begin to make out all sorts of calculations, as if you were the secretary of a life-insurance company, of course you will arrive at no decision at all, but only plunge yourself in gloom. What a trip that will be, if you will only say 'Yes'! If you went by Bandon and Dunmanway, we will come back by Inchigeelah; and of course we shall go down to Inisheen; and perhaps to the stream there, some moonlight night, just to let Don Fierna and the rest of them know that you had not quite forgotten. You

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have not quite forgotten, Kitty? I had the date engraved on the ring you gave me, and then I grudged the expense, for it was useless. There are some things that are engraven on the heart; they become a part of you; you can put them away from you only when you put life away; and I do not think that either of us is likely to forget the vow of that night.

"Well, now, Kitty, the inhuman wretch who occupies the quaint small house by the river that I told you of still remains in it; I often take a turn round that way to see if there is not a board up; but no, the wretched limpet still clings to his shell. Never mind; we shall have plenty of time to walk about and pick out a comfortable little place for ourselves; for, you see, I can always use the fine mornings for walking out, and shift on my work to the time of rain. And then, when we give ourselves a whole holiday, Kitty, there is no end to the beautiful, quiet places one can get to from this neighborhood. I have explored them all; and the whole time I was thinking, 'I know Kitty will be charmed with this place; and I am certain she never could have been here before.' Scarcely anybody knows what beautiful sequestered spots there are in Richmond Park alone. Then, you see, Kitty, by taking those furnished rooms to begin with, you will be able to fall into housekeeping ways by degrees; and we shall take plenty of time to choose a pretty small house, and put things into it just as we want them. You will be surprised at the knowledge I have acquired of the prices of tables and chairs and carpets; and Ross—that is your Scotch friend—has promised, *when the great time comes*, to present you with a tea-service of old black Wedgwood that he picked up somewhere in Surrey, and that is about the only thing of value that he possesses. Just fancy your sitting in state at your own tea-table in your own house! 'Will you have another cup of tea, Mr. Ross?' 'No, thank you, my dear Mrs. Fitzgerald, but if you would sing another of those Irish songs, that is what I would like to have.' Then you go to the piano: of course we must hire a piano the very first thing, for you are not going to forget your music, Miss Kitty, when you enter upon domestic slavery. And what about 'The Minstrel Boy' for our Scotchman? Or will you make him cry with 'Silent, oh, Moyle'? Or do you think he will care as much for 'The Bells of Shandon' as we do? I think not. He does not know certain associations. He can not recall the white Sunday mornings; and the quietude of the country walks; and Kitty declaring that she should never have the courage to marry anybody, and that her proper *rôle* in life was to be an old maid.

"Come, now, Kitty! You have a tremendous courage when you like. Pull yourself together. If Miss Patience is preaching political economy, tell her to go to the mischief. I am thinking of your eyes when you meet me—*at Limerick*. Will you be shy and coquettish. Or will you be imperious and riding the high horse? I know you can be in any mood you choose; and the mood I would have you choose is that of the Kitty of the old, beautiful, love-sweetened days, not this timid, fearing, business-like Kitty whom I don't know a bit. Who wrote, 'Just tell them there's a poor girl in Ireland who is breaking her heart for your sake'? I know, whatever troubles you may be thinking of now, everything will look quite bright and hopeful when I get hold of your shoulders, and challenge your eyes to do anything but smile. So no more of your despondency, you pretty, black-eyed, tiny sweetheart; but one word, and the expenditure of one shilling, and then don't bother your head any more about it until you see me at Limerick. Then I will take command of you, and be responsible for you; and we will together make short work of your economical fears.

"This from one who knows you and loves you far too well to believe in your want of courage; and who sends no other message, or kisses, or anything of the kind—for he is bringing them. W. F."

He went out, and walked rapidly to the pillar letter-box, and posted the letter; there seemed so little time to lose. And then he walked back more slowly, wondering if he had said everything likely to entice Kitty to a decision.

Just as he was entering the court-yard the postman came along with the second morning delivery, and he had two letters for Fitzgerald. Master Willie took them with little interest (for he was still thinking of the phrases he had used in the appeal sent over the sea), and opened them leisurely as he was going up the stair. And yet the first of these read oddly enough.

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"DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—I wonder if you could spare me a few minutes to-morrow, Wednesday, evening before you leave the house. Or, if that is inconvenient, any other evening will do; but to-morrow evening I am sure to be at home. I only want a few minutes' talk with you.

"Yours faithfully,

"MARY CHETWYND."

He could not imagine what Miss Chetwynd could have to say to him; but as nothing further was to be made out of the letter, he put it in his pocket. The next that he opened was written on the note-paper of a hotel in Venice.

"DEAR FITZ,—It is an age since I heard anything of you; and I have seen so few English periodicals that I have no means of telling how you are getting on. Well, I hope. You have enthusiasm, good health, and an insatiable thirst for work: Pactolus will flow your way sooner or later. The beast of a stream doesn't flow my way; quite the reverse; it flies at my approach; hence these tears. The fact is, I am temporarily very hard up, and awkwardly situated as well—I can't explain, but you may guess; and so, to get out of these embarrassments, I have taken a liberty which I know you won't mind, for it can't cause you any inconvenience. I have drawn a bill on you at three months for £150; and if you would have the good-nature to accept it on presentation, you will do me a great service; and of course you will suffer no harm, for it will be taken up long before that. It is merely the use of your signature for a few weeks that I want; and I sha'n't forget your friendliness; *on connaît l'ami au besoin.*

"How is the Lady Irmingarde, and how are the little ringlets round her ears? Be a good boy, and marry the young damsel decently and honorably before the *fides pudica*—I do not write *Punica*, and mean no such thing—begins to show the strain of time and distance; and then you will settle down into proper domestic ways, and run no risk of getting into scrapes either at home or abroad. I hope Gifford gives you plenty to do; two guineas are much too little; but I suppose you make it help. Scobell has turned out to be a mean fellow; I always suspected guinea-pigs.

"Yours faithfully,

"HILTON CLARKE."

He went down the steps again, and knocked at Ross's door.

"Come in."

He entered, and found the Scotchman smoking an after-breakfast pipe, seated opposite a picture, and staring at it, but with neither brushes nor palette in his hand.

"There!" said Fitzgerald, triumphantly handing him the letter. "Didn't I tell you so?"

Ross read the letter through deliberately, and handed it back.

"Well?" said he. "I always thought him a scoundrel. Now I think him an impudent scoundrel. What more?"

"I tell you he is nothing of the kind!" said Fitzgerald, indignantly. "Don't you see from that letter that he does not think he has done me any injury? I told you so. I told you there were people who otherwise might be admirable enough, but who simply wanted that sixth sense about money matters—"

"That sixth sense!" said Ross, angrily. "And did not I tell you not to go and confuse things by calling common honesty a sixth sense? If a scoundrel in the street picks my pocket, I do not think about any sixth sense; I give him into the hands of the nearest policeman."

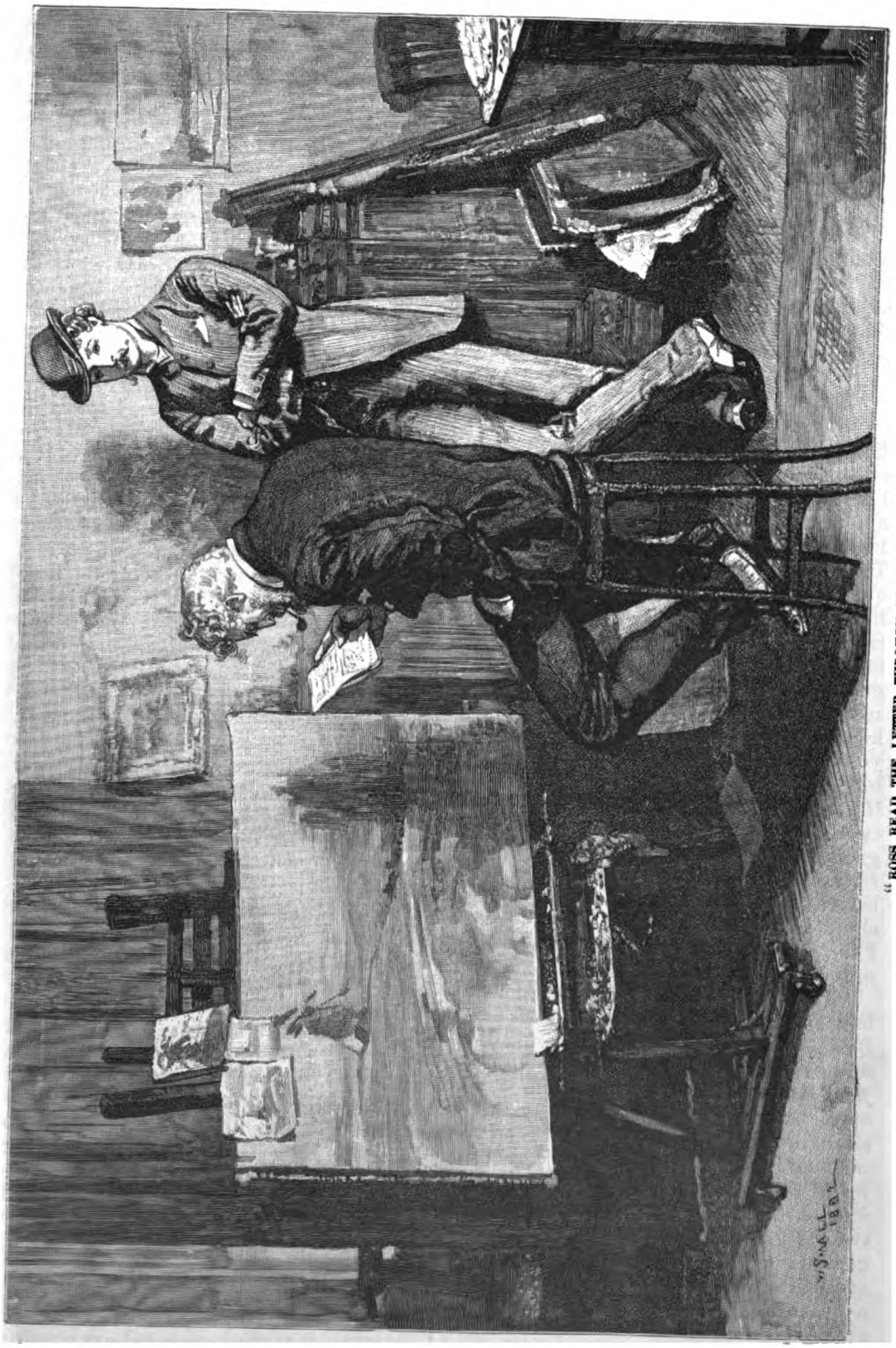
"But you Scotchmen are too literal, and so exacting. You won't believe in a man having any virtues, unless he has them all. Now this man was exceedingly good-natured; he was very friendly to me; I am certain he does not think at this minute that he did me any wrong; he simply has no conscientiousness on that one point—"

"It's a want of conscientiousness that has landed many a poor wretch in jail who had far greater excuses than that idling, selfish creature," said John Ross. "Man, I thought he had opened your een. I thought it was the one good turn he had done ye. I thought he had given ye a lesson. And now, I suppose, ye'll go and sign this bill; and you'll believe he'll pay it; and the end will be—ten pounds to one is the bet I will put on it—I'm saying I will bet ten pounds to five shillings—that not one farthing of that money will come out of anybody's pocket but your own, if ye put your name on the back of the paper."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and continued, still more angrily:

"Man, ye do not deserve to have a young lass waiting for ye—away over there in

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"ROSS READ THE LETTER THROUGH DELIBERATELY."

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Ireland, waiting for ye—and you to talk about throwing away your money on a scoundrel like that—"

"But wait a minute, Ross: I'm not going to do anything of the kind. I would not accept a bill, or back it—the fact is, I don't know what the proper phrase is—for any human being. I've seen the results of it over in our district; the Coursing Club showed me that. And indeed," added Fitzgerald, going forward to look at the picture, "I may soon have need of all the money I can get. There is just a—a possibility of my setting up house, in a small way, by-and-by."

"Ay? Well, that's better news. That's sensible. But don't turn the mill too hard. You were at work early this morning."

"At work?" said Fitzgerald, staring. "I have not been at work at all. I have not had any breakfast yet, by-the-way."

"Then what was all that stamping up and down for? I thought ye were hammering out an epic poem."

"Oh," said Fitzgerald, vaguely remembering that he might have paced up and down the room in his eagerness to get persuasive phrases. "I was only writing a letter."

"It must have been a terrible business," said the other, grimly.

"So it is," said Fitzgerald, perhaps a trifle absently—"to convince one who is at a great distance from you, in a letter. It is difficult—and disheartening at times."

Ross glanced at him keenly.

"Things are not going quite right, then?" said he.

"Oh yes," answered Fitzgerald, with a forced cheerfulness. "Oh yes. Quite right. Oh yes, I think everything is going quite right; and by-and-by I hope you will have the opportunity for presenting the Wedgwood tea-cups with a pretty speech. Of course letter-writing is a roundabout kind of way of arranging anything; it is difficult to explain, and to persuade; and one is so apt to take wrong impressions from a letter. Especially a girl, you see, who is nervous and anxious, and afraid to trust her own judgment in taking a decided step. Any one can understand that. Then—then—then it is very hard and difficult to write, you see; for if you are too serious, she may think you are alarmed, and she may prefer the safety of remaining as she is; and again, if you are too cheerful in trying to raise her spirits, she may think that the immediate necessity for coming to a decision can not possibly be near. It is so much better to see the—the person. But this time, Ross—I don't mind telling you—I have made a very definite proposal. I should not wonder if I were to leave London this very week—and come back with a wife."

"Good luck to ye, then! Now I can understand, there's no fear o' your letting that fellow have any more o' your money."

"Of course," said Fitzgerald, handing him the other letter, "that may have something to do with it."

Ross glanced over Miss Chetwynd's brief note.

"Whatever the matter is, it is important," said Fitzgerald. "She has never asked me to see her like that before. Perhaps they are tired of the present arrangement. Perhaps they think it costs too much; or they may want to have some one else. Well, well," said he, more cheerfully, "if it is so, let it be so. One can live somehow. I am not going to break my heart about that."

"Are ye coming out for a stroll, then?"

"Indeed no. I am going to get some breakfast; and then set to work on another article on the Irish Ballads. It's wonderful with what heart you work when you know the work is going to be paid for."

"It's no a common experience wi' me," said Ross, dryly.

Fitzgerald was whistling to himself as he went up the steps again. It was not the possibility of his losing that chief means of livelihood that could daunt him. Now his mind was full of far other concerns; and he was forcing himself to believe the best. When was the white day to come? At Limerick, at Inchigeelah, on the Blackwater, on the Shannon, he and she together would think but little of what had happened or might happen in London. Might they not find a four-leaved shamrock somewhere in the still summer woods?

He worked away at this essay on the Irish Ballads with great apparent cheerfulness. When he stamped up and down, as was his wont, sometimes he hummed the air of one or other of the old songs he was transcribing. But when he came to "Kathleen O'More"—"My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen, my Kathleen O'More"—he did not get on so quickly. Perhaps there was some chance asso-

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ciation—or the bit of likeness between the names; but it seemed difficult to him to copy these lines. And at last the pen was pushed aside, and his head fell forward on his clasped hands.

* * * * * *

Why was Kitty at Killarney; and why was she so cold, and speaking in a voice that seemed far away and strange, and not close, and tender, and familiar as in the old and happy time? She could not have forgotten Inisheen!

CHAPTER XXI.

IMAGININGS.

It was without concern or apprehension of any kind that he went up on this evening to Hyde Park Gardens. He cared not what might happen in that direction. He was scarcely thinking of it.

As usual on reaching the house he left his hat and coat in the hall, and carried his bundle of books and newspapers upstairs to the drawing-room; but, to his surprise, found no one there. So he deposited the literature on the table, and went and stood before the fire—an institution retained in this house, for the mere sake of cheerfulness, long after the early summer warmth had set in—and stared into the shifting and flickering lights as if he could find something behind them. There was an absolute silence in the room.

Then a slight noise startled him from his reverie, and, turning, he found Mary Chetwynd approaching him, with a pleasant smile on her face.

"Good-evening, Mr. Fitzgerald," said the tall young lady with the pretty head and the clear eyes.

"Good-evening," said he, very respectfully.

"Auntie's compliments, and she is very sorry she can't see you this evening. She has caught a bad cold, and the doctor has ordered her to keep to her room for a couple of days. Won't you sit down?"

As Miss Chetwynd gave him this invitation, she herself passed over to an easy-chair near the fire. What perfect self-possession she had! Everything she did or said seemed to come to her so simply and naturally! When he observed this quiet and serious dignity and grace of manner, he could not but think of Kitty's will-o'-the-wisp flashes of petulance, and affection, and coyness; but it was with no conscious desire to draw any comparison. Kitty was to him the one woman in the world; there was "none like her, none."

"I hope it is nothing serious?" said he.

"Oh dear no. Not in the least. In fact, I am wicked enough to look on it as opportune, for now I can speak to you freely for a few minutes, if you will give me so much of your time; and I must tell you that I have a great favor to ask of you, and that I am rather frightened that I may not put my petition before you properly."

She did not look frightened. She spoke pleasantly; and there was a sort of smile in her eyes.

"Perhaps I may be able to spare you some embarrassment, Miss Chetwynd," said he, "if I guess what you want to say—"

"I don't think you could do that, exactly," was the answer.

"Only this," he said, with indifference: "if you have any friend you wish to put into my position here, I hope you won't think twice about saying so—"

"Oh, but that is not it at all," she said, promptly. "Who could fill your position? Who could give dear old auntie that interest in every-day life that seemed to be going away from her altogether? Indeed, Mr. Fitzgerald, I am very grateful to you—we all are. You have made my aunt quite chatty and talkative again; and what she talks most about is yourself, and your writings, and your friend the Scotch artist. Oh, that would never do."

At another time Fitzgerald would have been glad enough to hear this frank and kindly speech; for he had not guessed that this was the light in which she regarded the situation. But on this evening, somehow, his thoughts were elsewhere; he was indifferent as to what might happen to him with regard to this post of his; there was a weight on his heart—he knew not why.

"You have often heard auntie speak of Boat of Garry?"

"Yes," said Fitzgerald, with a sudden awakening of interest. For now she was three hundred miles and more nearer his thoughts.

"That is what I want to speak to you about, then; and I shall have to make some explanations before I put my request before you. No doubt you know that auntie, who is generosity itself, made a

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present of the whole place, just as it stood, horses and carriages and so forth—everything, indeed—to my poor brother."

"Oh yes, I know that," said Fitzgerald, who had heard a good deal about this place on Bantry Bay from one source or another, and had even imbibed the preposterous notion that Miss Chetwynd had wanted to turn him into a bailiff, or steward, or something of the kind.

"Fortunately my poor brother was pretty well off," she continued, "and so he could keep up the place; though hunting was his favorite amusement, and he always spent the winter in England. But the summer and autumn he usually spent at Boat of Garry; and sometimes auntie and I went over and staid for a while. Those were very happy days for the dear old lady; for she quite worshipped her boy, as she called him, and she was so proud to see him go about over his own place. Her kindness to him was beyond anything you can imagine. I don't know whether she has ever told you, but she is dreadfully afraid of the sea—"

"I guessed as much from one or two things she has said," Fitzgerald answered.

"I think she was nearly drowned when a girl, or something like that. However, she detests being on the water. And yet she went and bought a small steam-launch for Frank—for the place is rather out of the way; and she used to control her nerves and go on board that detestable boat—yes, and drag me too—and pretend to be quite delighted when we went roaring and puffing through the beautiful quiet scenery up by Glengariff, or darted about Bearhaven, threatening collisions on every hand. What I thought of these excursions I need not tell you—"

"I don't know much about steam-launches, but I should think ladies would not care much for them."

That was what he said; what he was thinking of was Glengariff. Had Kitty and Miss Patience passed that way? Were the roses out in the hedge-rows yet? Had they walked along the shore in the twilight? Had she tried the piano in the drawing-room later on? Did the people know who she was? Had she sung for them? Why had she not written?

"Then after the—the dreadful accident," said Miss Chetwynd—and for a moment she looked aside somewhat—"you have heard about that too, I suppose, when poor Frank was taken from us—I thought auntie would never recover. Her interest in life seemed to be completely gone. But what she insisted on was that Boat of Garry should be left exactly as my poor brother had left it. Nothing was to be touched. You see, the property had reverted to her; and she could not bear the idea of going there; and still less the idea of selling it; and so she said it should remain exactly as Frank left it. And so it has remained, from that day to this."

She heaved a little sigh.

"That is the sad part of the story. Perhaps you know most of it. And now I come to the request I have to make of you, Mr. Fitzgerald, and it is a very plain and unsentimental one. I really think it a pity that a property like that should be allowed to remain absolutely useless; and I am not sure that auntie would not think so also, if some change could be made gradually. I don't actually wish that she should sell the place, for it has been a long time in the possession of her side of the family; besides, it has associations for both of us. It is a long time now since my poor brother was killed; and—and, if I may hint as much again—since my aunt made your acquaintance she has been much more like her former self, and less given to that moping she gave way to for a time. Now don't you yourself think it a pity that a place like that over at Bantry should be allowed to exist without being of use to a single soul?"

"It does seem so," said Fitzgerald. "But does no one occupy it?"

"No; that is the absurdity of it—well, why should I call it an absurdity when it was only a testimony to the poor old lady's grief? No one occupies it. We have to pay—at least my aunt pays—for keeping up the whole establishment; and all that we get from it is a hamper of game now and again in the autumn, or a salmon. There the whole place is—horses, a coachman, a gamekeeper, a yachtsman, and two women-servants; and I suppose the only person who makes any use of the place is Mr. McGee, the solicitor in Bantry, for when he goes round to pay the wages, and that, I suppose he has some shooting, or a sail in the steam-launch. I proposed some time ago to my aunt that she should at least bring the horses and carriages to London; but when poor old auntie said nothing at all, but only turned away to hide the tears in her eyes, what further could I urge? You see, they were

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his horses. He was proud of them. So with the steam-launch. She would not hear of its being sold. In fact, for a long time any reference to the place was so distressing to her that I did not even mention it, except when I had to draw out a check for Mr. McGee, and then it was simply, 'Auntie dear, Mr. McGee wants so much.' You may think all this an absurd piece of sentiment; perhaps it is; but then, you see, I am Frank's sister, and I know how kind my aunt was to him; and if she has still this feeling about preserving intact what belonged to him, I don't find it altogether ridiculous."

"I hope not," said Fitzgerald, gently. He thought she spoke very prettily about this matter. He should not have thought she had so much sympathy.

"But now," she said—"now that time has gone by, and auntie seems a little more cheerful, I think some effort should be made to get some good out of the place. I don't know that I am very penurious, but I assure you I do grudge to have to draw out checks to keep up a perfectly useless place like that. Perhaps it is because I see a good deal of want and trouble and misery that my conscience rebels against throwing away money like that."

"Surely you are quite right," said Fitzgerald, though he did not quite know why he should be appealed to. "If Mrs. Chetwynd does not wish to sell the place, and if it would be painful for her to go and live in it, why might she not let it? If the shooting is fair, it ought to let. The neighborhood is pretty enough."

"That is what I think too," said Mary Chetwynd, with that placid, intelligent smile of hers. "But the only person who could induce her to let the place, and so save all this expense, is yourself, Mr. Fitzgerald; and now you know why I have ventured to ask you to do me a great favor."

"I? What could I do about it?" he exclaimed.

"If I were to go now and ask auntie to let Boat of Garry," said Miss Chetwynd, "she would think me very cruel and hard-hearted. The idea of turning in a stranger to succeed to poor Frank's dog-cart, and his gun-room, and the little cabin in the steam-yacht—that would be quite terrible to her. But she might get accustomed to the idea. She would not mind your going over and occupying the place. She has a great regard for you. You are about Frank's age; you know about shooting; it would seem natural enough to her that you should go over and live at Boat of Garry for a time. That once done, the rest would be easy. There would be no difficulty about persuading her to let it next year to one or other of our friends—some of the scientifics, as she calls them, are very fond of shooting. I know I am asking a great deal," she continued, quickly, for she saw that he looked rather astonished. "You are making your way in literature, and this looks as if you might be taken away from that for a considerable time. But would it be so? I can not imagine any place better fitted for literary work, unless, indeed, you found it really too solitary; and then you could send across to Bantry, and you may be sure that Mr. McGee, who is a sporting character, would be only too glad to join you. Then, again—you see, Mr. Fitzgerald," she said, with a laugh, "I have to begin by persuading you, and if I fail with you, I am done altogether—you would have the kind of holiday that would just suit you, according to all accounts. You would have fishing, shooting, and boating, in a sort of country that you are familiar with. You have been very close at work, I should judge, since you came to London. You have scarcely ever been out of London."

"But," said he, in rather a bewildered way, "do you mean this? Is it an actual proposal—that I should go to Ireland now?"

"Oh no, not at all," she said, pleasantly. "It is only a project of mine. My prayer to you is that if auntie should suggest your going over to Ireland, and taking your holiday in that way, you won't refuse. I have put the whole situation of affairs before you; and if you cared to take your holiday that way, it would be, as you see, conferring a great obligation on us, and on me especially, for you would be helping me to carry out my plan."

It was a prospect that ought to have been alluring enough to a young man of his habits and occupations. But he could not think of that now. There was something of far greater import to him and his future occupying his thoughts.

"You mean this year?" he says. "Now?"

"I am not sure about 'now,'" she said. "Well, say 'now,' or as soon as I can get

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my aunt coaxed to make the suggestion. The salmon-fishing has begun, has it not?"

"I am sorry," said he, rather breathlessly, "but—but I may be called away to Ireland on important affairs within the very next few days; I could not pledge myself with any certainty—"

And then a wild idea occurred to him—an idea that sent the blood rushing to his brain. What if the two excursions could be combined? What if he were to take Kitty to Boat of Garry instead of to Inisheen? Here, indeed, was a project! Poor Kitty, whose imagination had been bothered by vain dreams of driving a carriage and pair!—here was the very carriage and pair provided for her, and the quietest of country residences for the honey-moon, and a yacht at her disposal, and servants and all awaiting her! Could anything be more opportune? Was there ever such a coincidence in human history? Of course he knew that great people frequently lent their country-seat to a bridegroom and bride as a safe and pleasant retreat during the honey-moon; but that he and Kitty should be suddenly and unexpectedly provided with this paradise down by the sea—that, surely, was a thing that never could have entered her brain, even when she was dreaming of the bliss of having a carriage and pair, and being rich, and driving through pretty scenery. Moreover, would it not be a great inducement for her to fix a definite time? Could she withstand the pictures he would draw of this happy and secret retirement there?

"But," said he, quickly, "did you mean that it was necessary that I should go to Boat of Garry alone?"

"Alone? Not at all," said she. "I spoke of your being there alone in case you might want to continue your literary work. Of course I don't think I could induce auntie to let you take with you, although you are a great favorite of hers, a big party of strangers—"

"Oh, I don't mean that at all," said Fitzgerald, hastily. His brain was painting pictures with such vivid colors as John Ross never squeezed out of any tin tube.

"It would be a great favor to me," continued Miss Chetwynd, seeing that he was now considering her scheme, "and it would be a pleasant holiday for you, and it would be doing a service to poor old auntie. She would see that very soon. The present state of affairs could not possibly continue; and I am sure, once the gradual change was made, she would be the first to acknowledge that it was right. To tell you the truth, Mr. Fitzgerald, I was once a little afraid of that fixed idea of hers. I did not like it, especially when she was alone, her melancholy seemed to get so morbid and hopeless. But now that she has come back to the old interest in every-day affairs, surely now is the time to get her to give up this too sensitive repugnance of hers to having Boat of Garry touched in any way; and I don't see any one else who can do it so easily as you. I do not know whether it has occurred to you," she continued—and for the first time she showed a little embarrassment—"but I think my aunt wishes to put you, as far as is now possible, in Frank's place—I mean in her little world of friendships and interests; and sometimes I am quite startled, when I come into the room accidentally, to hear her chatting to you in exactly the same tone she used to use to him. She thinks you are exactly his height; but you are an inch and a half taller—two inches, perhaps. And dear old auntie forgets a little; and now she thinks that poor Frank was just as fond of books and writing and poetry and all that as you are, whereas there was nothing Frank hated so much as a book, except *British Rural Sports*, and Colonel Hawker's volume, and the *Field*, on Sunday morning. You won't find much of a library at Boat of Garry if you go there. Do you think it is hard of me to speak of my dead brother like that? Sometimes I think I have less than my share of natural affection, when I find I can't quite believe all that poor old auntie believes about him. And yet I was very fond of him. The world seemed quite changed for me when he died; there seemed to be no one with whom I ever could be so intimate, and who did me so much good in talking plain commonsense when I was inclined to attempt impossible things. And yet when I find how common such sorrows are, I sometimes think that I grieve too much, and that I should try not to think about him at all, but to go on with my work, such as it is, and let everything be for the best. Only the world seemed to get so empty when he was taken away from us. I cared more for his approval than for anybody's, although he was not clever. I could not bear his laughing at me. I used to go out with him when he went

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shooting, though the cry of a hare when it was struck cut my heart like a knife. The smallest present he made me was of more value than anything anybody else could give me. He used to call me his 'little girl,' though I was quite as tall as he was—perhaps a trifle taller. And —although I am not very sentimental— still, to tell you the truth, Mr. Fitzgerald, I should not like the idea—not just yet—of your taking a big party of strangers to —to—Frank's house."

"Oh, of course not," said he, instantly. "I did not dream of such a thing."

She was a little tremulous about the lips—only for a second.

"If any one went with me," said he, thinking it better she should know the truth, "it would be my wife."

"But you are not married, Mr. Fitzgerald?" she exclaimed, with wonder in her eyes.

"No—"

"But you are going to be?" she said, with a quick interest.

Then her eyes dropped.

"I beg your pardon. I really beg your pardon," she said, as she rose. "I have taken up so much of your time. You ought to have stopped my chatter. Well, may I assume that you are my accomplice?"

"Miss Chetwynd," said he, with a smile, "I have a suspicion that your ways are very like your aunt's ways, and that you contrive kindnesses under the guise of begging for a favor."

"On the contrary," she said, as she gave him her hand, "my motives are distinctly mercenary. I don't want that money to be thrown away from year to year for nothing; and I ask for your help. At the same time I am not saying that you might not have a pleasant holiday there. Good-night, and thank you so much."

Even in his eager haste to get outside and consider all the bearings of this new proposal that he would lay before Kitty, he could not but carry away with him a pleasant impression from this little interview. Mary Chetwynd had been so gentle, so kind, and serious, and true in manner, so good an example (as he thought) of an accomplished and amiable and frank young English gentlewoman, that he had a little remorse about it all. Perhaps he had misunderstood her somewhat. It did not appear that her heart had been altogether hardened by scornful knowledge: what if there were no such deadly antagonism, after all, between sentiment and science? How nicely she had spoken of old Mrs. Chetwynd! what true affection breathed in her little simple sentences about her brother! Even that bit of embarrassment seemed so womanly: she had instantly withdrawn her questions for fear of giving offense. And if she were to prove the means of putting this great happiness within the reach of Kitty and himself, would he not seek some opportunity in the future to show that he was not altogether insensible of her kindness?

But the immediate thing was to let Kitty know. He was so anxious to put any additional inducement before her; and certainly this one—as his quick imagination pictured it—was of sufficient value. But would it appeal in like measure to Kitty? Would she be able to see all those fascinating glimpses of their life together in the house by the sea that now crowded in on his mind? What a pity it was he had not been able to add this temptation to his letter of that morning! No matter; by the time she reached Limerick both letters would probably be awaiting her at the post-office.

Then in his impatience he walked to a telegraph office, and sent off this message to her: "If you are remaining at Killarney, ask letters to be forwarded from Limerick. Do not answer first letter till you get second. Telegraph if this reached."

This second letter was the one that he was now hurrying home to write. And these were bright-colored pictures that he saw before him in the gray dusk of the evening, as he went rapidly along the London streets. He somewhat forced himself to think of them. There was something else he would not think of—that he put away. This was the immediate question: whether Kitty also would not be fascinated by these new possibilities? Had she already had a passing glance at the beauties of Glengariff?—then she would know the sort of country through which she could have her daily drives in that coveted carriage and pair. Would she come part of the way up the hill in the evening to meet him on his return from the shooting? Would she take a book with her and sit on the river-bank, among the warm grass and the meadow-sweet, while with a big sweep of the rod he dropped the great salmon-fly into the deep and distant pool? And then

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he knew that Kitty would jump up with a shriek of delight when the struggle began; and she would watch with wide eyes the rushes and the sharp and dangerous leaps of the big fish; and by-and-by, when victory was becoming sure, would she stand by his side with the gaff ready to his hand? For one thing, Kitty was not the best of sailors. But then you could so quickly run back again in a steam-launch if there was anything like a sea on outside; and no doubt still days would occur on which she might, all by herself, as it were—imagine Kitty in sole command of a steamer!—sail all the way around by Dursey Head into Kenmare River, while he shot across the Slieve Miskish heights, if the Boat of Garry shootings extended so far. And then to think of his being away up there in the wilderness of rock and heather, and far below him the little toy steamer, and the tiniest figure sitting in the stern reading. Can the dog-whistle reach as far? Or the view halloo of the keeper to the engine-man? Or is it Kitty herself who first catches sight of them, and starts up, and waves a handkerchief? It is almost a race down the hill at last; and then the little boat is sent ashore, and they are pulled out to the small steamer, and the birds and the big brown hares are all laid out on deck. And then away to sea again in the golden evening, with the long headlands growing warmer in color as the sun sinks, and the Atlantic murmuring all along the solitary coasts. Would there be a piano at Boat of Garry? Or would their evenings be spent out-of-doors mostly, until the stars began to be visible over the trees? Kitty was fond of the darkness and of silence; they would hear the curlews calling along the shore as they went home through the meadows.

It was of Kitty at Boat of Garry, not of Kitty at Killarney, that he forced himself to think. Also he persuaded himself that this way of spending the honey-moon would be a very inexpensive one. Kitty must admit that. There would be no hotel bills, no costs by road or rail. Kitty was almost in the neighborhood; the travelling would be nothing. Would it be asking too much that the carriage should meet them at Kenmare to take them up and over the gaunt mountain-road until they descended into the leafy woods of Glengariff? No doubt the horses would be the better for some good stiff work now; it was far from probable that the coachman had taken them out for regular exercise in a place where there was no master.

These points and many more were put before Kitty in this second letter. It was a very matter-of-fact letter. It assumed that Kitty would be as delighted as himself with this opportune proposal. Why should he implore and beseech?—would not his faithful Kitty rejoice as he rejoiced to see their dearest hopes within easy reach of fulfillment? And it behooved him to be very business-like now. Kitty need not be afraid of the cost of the wedding; the simpler the better. And if he disingenuously omitted to mention all the minute points of the case—if, without being guilty of any misstatement whatsoever, he still left it possible for Kitty to imagine that this proposal that they should occupy Boat of Garry had been made by the Chetwynds with especial reference to her marriage trip—what harm was there in Kitty innocently believing that these two ladies wished to be kind to her?

So he went and posted that letter too. All that he could do he had done. Then he walked back to the court-yard, found John Ross at home, and the rest of the evening was spent in the Scotchman's studio.

For Fitzgerald had grown half afraid of sitting by himself in the solitary room upstairs. Sometimes strange imaginings would flash across his brain—fears that took his breath away—that were hateful and horrible—that were as unworthy of himself as they were cruel to the true-hearted and tender-eyed Kitty, who was so far away, with no one to speak for her innocence and honor and faith, if he should dare to doubt.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE REVELATION.

THE days passed; no message of any kind, no letter, no telegram, came to these poor lodgings in the Fulham Road. No work was possible for him. He kept pacing up and down the room, listening for the postman, or idly wandering through the streets of Chelsea, always certain that her reply would be awaiting him there on his return. If he thought of anything, it was of how he and she together would occupy the mornings and days and

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long summer evenings at Boat of Garry. His eyes were turned to the south. He seemed to keep his face averted from Killarney. Limerick was a blank to him.

He tried to avoid John Ross; but Ross was not to be avoided. He came upstairs, regarded Fitzgerald for a second, looked suspiciously round—as was his wont, indeed, for his eyes seemed to take in everything—and forthwith drove his neighbor down into the studio, where Fitzgerald found that a sumptuous supper (according to their notions down that way) had been prepared for two.

"I have noticed ye, my man," said Ross, "once or twice of late. Ye are at it again."

"At what?"

"Starving yourself."

"Indeed I am not. Why should I starve myself when I have four pounds a week, with chances of more?"

Ross muttered something to himself, as he brought one or two further things to the supper table. Then he fetched a bottle of beer for his companion, and they both sat down. Fitzgerald began to talk about a railway accident that had happened the previous day, but Ross had other thoughts in his mind.

"Ye are not starving yourself, then?" said he, glancing at his neighbor.

"Not in the least."

"Ye are not looking well, then. Ye keep too much in-doors, and too much in town. Ye'll forget what the country is like if ye go on like this; and fine leeterature you'll turn out then!—leeterature with a white face and bloodless hands. What the mischief do ye mean?" he exclaimed, suddenly. "No meat?"

Fitzgerald had pushed his plate away, and was merely playing with a bit of crust.

"I had something," he said, evasively.

"When?"

"Oh, not very long ago."

"When?" said the other.

"Well, about the middle of the day."

"And so ye have got yourself into the habit of eating nothing after two o'clock?"

He himself was busy enough. For a time Fitzgerald had all the talking. What he talked about was merely the current news of the papers.

"There's an article I would like to see ye write; ye might do some good wi't," said Ross at length.

"What do you charge for supplying subjects to poor authors?"

"Oh, but it's no for fine leeterary treatment, this. It's a sledge-hammer ye want to smash down a piece of meeserable hypocrisy. I want ye to denounce the perneecious sympathy that ye find expressed in books—and mostly in wecmen's books, I may say—for the genteel folk who are 'keeping up appearances,' and for the trouble they suffer in consequence. Lord save us! these are the people we are to sympathize wi'—people whose vanity makes them live at eight hundred pounds a year when they have only three hundred pounds; and it's a 'proper pride'; and they're doing the best for the family. A proper pride!—it's a proper pride that must suffer some stings, I should think, when the unpaid tradesmen come ringing at the door. And then the way they are described as peetying themselves, and sighing with resignation over their struggles, just as if God had decreed them to have hired broughams, and dinner parties, and their daughters at boarding-schools, and what not; and as if their no being able to settle their bills was something they could not make out! No; it is their right to live in such a way; it never occurs to them that if they have three hundred pounds a year, they'd better live on that, or less; they have to keep up appearances, and you and me are expected to have a great peety for all they suffer through their perneecious vanity and pretense. If they choose to live beyond their income, let them smart for it!—why should I peety them? I peety the butchers and greengrocers that they plunder; or, worse still, that they leave so long unpaid that the poor man, for want of ready money, is forced to take to overcharging and trade dodges, and in a measure becomes a thief. Now I am told," said he, fixing his keen eyes on Fitzgerald for a second, "that you Irish are rayther given to that keeping up of appearances; that is to say, living at a rate ye can not properly afford."

Fitzgerald suspected as much. These homilies of Ross's generally ended with a personal application.

"Some of the small squireens are pretty much given that way," he said, "but I suppose you'll find about an equal amount of pretentiousness everywhere among the poor genteel. It isn't easy for them to give up the way of living they have been used to."

"But it's the beginning, my lad," said the other. "It's the beginning to live

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beyond your means that's the mischief. Now you, for example—how are you going to begin?"

"I told you. In two small rooms, I hope, at perhaps eight or ten shillings a week. Then we shall look about for a house."

"What size?"

"Small. But I know what you are thinking of, Ross, and there's no use beating about the bush. You are thinking that I am starving myself, being too keen in saving up money; and that this probably means that I shall start housekeeping in too expensive a way. I think that is about what you are afraid of."

"It is," said the other, promptly. "You have just hit it. I can not understand the use of such violent means. I take it that when two young people get married, they should accommodate themselves reasonably and fairly to their income—not starving yourself, laddie—and when circumstances improve, let their expenditure grow. But if ye begin at the beginning with a vain pretense of genteelity, and get into trouble, do ye expect I am going to peety ye? Not one jot."

"No; what you would do would be to lend us money," said Fitzgerald, who knew the ways of this person. "But there's no starvation in the case—not the least."

"Then what is the matter with ye? Where got ye that grayness in the face?" said his friend, whose eyes missed nothing.

"I have been working hard," said the other, evasively, "and been anxious a little about one or two things."

"I wish ye could bring that young lass over here and marry her straight off," said Ross, bluntly.

"That may not be so far away," was Fitzgerald's answer; and his friend—though he waited for a second, regarding him, as if he expected him to say more—accepted Fitzgerald's silence, and forbore to press him with any question.

Next morning there was again neither letter nor telegram. This suspense was more than he could bear. He hastily went to the telegraph office, and sent messages both to Killarney and Limerick, asking whether she had not received his communications. More than that, he telegraphed to the postmaster at Limerick, asking to be informed whether letters addressed to Miss Romayne had been sent or called for.

The day passed somehow; there was no answer. And now he made sure she could be neither at Killarney nor at Limerick; and a thousand conjectures filled his anxious mind as to what might have happened. He went back over her letters. There she had used the phrase "make our way" to Limerick; and it occurred to him that instead of coming back by rail to Mallow, and so getting north, it was just possible she and Miss Patience might have tried to get round by Tralee and Listowel, taking the stage-coaches. And although they were both pretty experienced travellers, who could tell what slight misadventure might not have detained them somewhere in these western wilds? It was the only possible explanation of Kitty's silence. And again he convinced himself that there could not have been any serious accident, or that would have found its way to the papers. That truant Kitty, to go and lose herself among these Kerry mountains!

Then, when he was least expecting it, there came to him a letter, or brief note rather.

"KILLARNEY, *Thursday Morning.*

"DEAR WILLIE,—You drive me to say that you are very inconsiderate in worrying me with these constant letters and telegrams. I meet with so much consideration and kindness on every hand that it is all the more surprising to find you so exacting and impatient. That would not seem a pleasing prospect to any one. I have not sent for your letters to the Limerick Post-office, because there would not be time. We leave here to-morrow, and do not go to Limerick, the engagement being cancelled. But I dare say I know what is in them; and I am rather tired of arguing. Besides, you do not seem to think of anything but your own wishes. How could I turn adrift Miss Patience, who has no means of livelihood whatever? She has been most faithful and good and kind to me; and of course I could not send her away without making some provision for her. I am sure I wish to please every one—especially those who have been *very kind* to me; but it is sometimes so distracting to try to please everybody that sometimes I don't know what I may not do. But please be a little forbearing with me; you are so impetuous.

"Your affectionate KITTY."

He stared at the letter in dumb amazement. Was it really Kitty who had writ-

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ten that? Was it the Kitty with whom he had walked arm in arm through the hawthorn lanes on the Sunday mornings —who could find no speech soft enough, no caressings endearing enough, no words of love true and close and near enough, for him—who was now reproaching him with his want of consideration, and taunting him with the suggestion that others were kinder than he? Was it possible for a woman's heart to change so? He would not look at the intermediate time; he would not think of the last six or eight months' letters; it was the Kitty of Inisheen that he was thinking of—it was the Kitty who had stretched her warm, trembling little hand to him across the stream down in the darkness, and repeated the pledge that gave each to the other, and looked up and kissed him when the lovers' vows were over. Was this the same Kitty?

But she could not have changed so. He would not believe it. Kitty had been put out of temper by something; and at such times she wrote hurriedly, a little incoherently, sometimes heedless of her grammar even. What he would do would be to take the matter in his own hands. He would go and get hold of Kitty herself—that was the first thing. Once he had a grip of her small, warm fingers, he should feel safe. Poor lass, she had become petulant through being left so much alone. He would press back the hair from her forehead, and smile away the evil spirit from her eyes.

But it suddenly struck him that she had not said where she was going. Was he to lose all clew to her whereabouts, then? Was she to remain for an indefinite time in this petulant mood? Then a strange sort of fear—that seemed to go through his heart like a red-hot wire—stabbed him, as it were; and in a blind and bewildered way he went down the stairs, and went in to Ross's studio.

"Ross," said he—and Ross certainly stared at him, for his manner was unusual —"I wouldn't show you a love-letter; but this isn't much of a love-letter. I wish you would look at it, and tell me what you think."

He seemed rather breathless.

"Have you had any quarrel?" said John Ross, when he had read the letter slowly and carefully.

"Quarrel? Not a shadow of a quarrel," he said, eagerly.

"Will I tell ye what I think?" said his friend, watching his expression closely.

"Why not? Why not? That's what I want."

"I think that young lass is going to marry another man."

Fitzgerald reached out his hand, and took back the letter.

"You are quite wrong," he said, quietly, but with his face very gray and haggard. "You are quite mistaken about that. You don't know my—my darling."

He went away without another word; and Ross knew better than to follow him.

His faithfulness fought on to the end. He would not believe it. It was not in human nature. The heart of a woman could not be so treacherous. It was not possible for the Kitty whom he had clasped to his breast on the shore there at Inisheen, when her face was wet with tears in the moonlight—it was not possible for that Kitty to be gayly smiling a love smile into other eyes. He had heard her heart beat.

There came a letter:

"DUBLIN, *June* 2.

"DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—In the hurry of packing, I have been commissioned to acquaint you with a piece of news, which I fear will cause you some pain, though probably but little surprise. Miss Romayne is to be married to Mr. Cobbs tomorrow morning; and I believe they go to the Isle of Man afterward, where Mr. Cobbs has some friends. For my part, I must say I am heartily glad of it; for although Miss Romayne has always been kind to me, and remains so, her successive flirtations have only caused me embarrassment; and I have often been suspected of influencing her to favor this one or reject the other, when in truth I took no interest at all in such trivial matters. What I can not help regretting is the £40 that will have to be paid to the Limerick people for her cancelling the engagement; but Mr. Cobbs has plenty of money, and probably they regard that as a small matter now. I have some things to send back to you, but can not get a proper box before the morning. It shall be registered.

"Yours sincerely, E. PATIENCE."

There was one word added to this letter —in another and trembling handwriting. It was in a corner. It was the word "*Forgive.*"

The drowning man, we have often been

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told, sees all the chief events of his life pass before him—a procession of clear and startling pictures—in time limited to seconds. This man saw wild and sudden visions too, as he bent forward his brow on his clasped hands; but these rapid, bewildering, heart-breaking scenes had always for their central figure a woman. All the rest of his life was forgotten. The beautiful pictures!—filled with the color and sunlight of young love and hope; and even in the midst of them—whether by sea or shore, in rocky glen or on the breezy hill-side—some one laughing with parted lips, and smiling with glad eyes. But then this other vision that would intrude: it was like the dreadful thing that Heine saw: "That was a merry bridal feast; joyfully the guests sat at the table; but when I regarded the bridal pair—*Ah, God, my darling was the bride!*"

Was the blow unexpected, then? No. For days and weeks he had been living under the shadow of this nameless fear. It had been like a black cloud over him; he would not look at it; he tried to escape from it; he tried to argue it out of existence. He would not confess to a doubt of Kitty's honor and faith. Had she not kissed him by the side of the stream where they had plighted their troth together?

And now he had nothing to say about perjured lips, or women's deceit, or anything of the kind. The wound had struck deeper than that. It had struck at the very foundations of his faith in human nature. Rather vaguely and thoughtfully—for these pictures of Inisheen were still before his eyes—he got his hat and stick, and went out into the mild summer air. The day was fine; the people seemed busy. He only knew that life was over for him; that the world had nothing left for him—except, it might be, a few memories: he was without interest, or care, or hope, though the lad had scarcely touched his four-and-twentieth year.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE return of Christmas is the return of happy memories and of jubilant hopes. Far off its coming shines. Even through the soft misty summer of All-saints, the beautiful Indian summer of early November, the radiance of the reverend holiday is perceived. The tender domestic delight of Thanksgiving is deepened by the thought of approaching Christmas, the historic Advent of religious association. The evergreens in the woods and by the road-side take a new charm in the eyes of the loiterer, as if consecrated to a happy household use at the festival of universal Christendom. Even upon the Puritan continent, where waits were never heard, there is a fancied sound of waits in the moonlight above the December snow. Through the frosty midnight air did you catch the slender outline of the reindeer team, the sparkling beneficent eyes of the bearded charioteer? Hark! was it the noiseless stir of a myriad eager little feet across the floor, the rustle of a myriad eager little hands in stuffed and distorted stockings? And who are these with stately step and chanted psalm bringing in the boar's head, and what is that swift, sweet, coy game beneath the mistletoe?

Here goes a wagon piled with hemlock and the green boughs that time and winter can not wither. How keen the odor, and how rich with recollection! The Easy Chair pauses as the wagon passes by, and in its wake of wooded perfume recalls the plain old church whose bare walls were wreathed and clad with this unfading verdure once a year, and into which on one glad day of all the twelvemonth the light and warmth of human tenderness brought the home feeling, the sympathy of daily life with the holy place, which the Puritan, bent upon purifying abuse, too much neglected. How curiously the young eyes studied the mystery of the decoration! How were they placed there, the tufted, ample masses of immortal green that "high overarched, embower"? How suddenly beautiful the old church! What a fragrance known only in deep woods! And this strange and alluring spectacle—"'tis a woodland enchanted," 'tis the lost chapel of the German story, buried in the forest. In his familiar robe the clergyman was yet a strange figure among the evergreens. The low music breathed like a melodious wind amid the trees. "The Lord is in His holy temple"—a temple not made with hands, half consciously the young mind replied. The story of the nativity, the kneeling shepherds and the star by night, the quiring hosts, the turbaned wise men bearing jewelled gifts—all painted imperishable pictures on the young memory; pictures vividly renewed, as when a sponge is passed across a canvas, with each recurring Christmas and the embowered church.

How the sweet yearly miracle of this transformation is wrought is shown in the frontispiece of this issue of the Magazine. It is a scene that will soon be visible in a thousand

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churches, a scene which enhances the beautiful association. If the tradition, like that of the Yule log, be not Christian in its origin, it is peculiarly Christian in its significance. The renewal of the seasons, the evergreen tree, are naturally appropriated by Christian symbolism, and in no symbol is there fresher life than in this. The charming picture of Dielman's, which illustrates the Christmas decoration of the church, to the reproduction of which in all its delicate beauty the engraving skill of J. P. Davis has so greatly contributed, is a reduction of the larger illustration in *Harper's Christmas*—a publication which is truly a Christmas-box, and in Christmas and Church loving George Herbert's phrase,

"A box where sweets compacted lie."

Like Arthur's Round Table, the goodliest fellowship of consecrated knights devoted to righting wrongs and succoring the oppressed, *Harper's Christmas* is the work of a goodly fraternity of knights of the pencil and the pen, united for a common end of beauty and timely entertainment. It is by far the most elaborate and the most exquisite and delightful holiday publication of the kind ever issued in this country. Not only is it a collection of characteristic papers, poems, tales, sketches, essays, by most popular authors, but it is a monument of the present amazing excellence of the art of wood-engraving in America. If the Christmas seeker of good gifts would have a vivid sense of the difference between the literary holiday treasures of the Christmas of a former generation and ours, let him exhume an old "Souvenir," or "Token," or "Keepsake," and contrast it with this ample and superb work. Instead of a feeble, tawdry, affected prettiness, he will find a vigor and beauty and significance in text and illustration which are wholly fresh and striking. There are pictures here which he will frame, and poems and sketches which will pass into our literature.

There is one aspect of *Harper's Christmas* which is especially interesting. It is the work of the Tile Club and its friends, and the Tile Club receives not only the usual compensation for its labor, but it is interested also in the pecuniary result of the sale. This is not the place to enlarge upon this fact, but it is evident that upon this holiday occasion, at least, the publishing ogre intermits his traditional habit of grinding the bones of artists and authors to make his bread. Indeed, the beautiful work has been accomplished in the spirit of the beautiful scene commemorated by Dielman in our frontispiece. His simple and lovely picture is symbolic. For the combination of various ability to weave a fitting decoration for the great Festival typifies the unity of humanity. Grace and reverence and tenderness and taste and skill unite to wreathe and hang the church with symbolic evergreens, and even so the same qualities in art and letters unite to decorate the Christmas home with a beauty and a charm which will outlast the holidays, and make a Christmas all the year round.

Mr. Frothingham has written the life of George Ripley with most sympathetic appreciation. It was fortunate that the work fell into his hands, for he was a son of one of Mr. Ripley's old friends and clerical associates, who, like Mr. Ripley himself, was among the earliest devoted American students of German literature, although with a literary rather than a philosophical predilection. Mr. Frothingham, also, was trained amid the same influences that had moulded Mr. Ripley, and was a student at Harvard during the Transcendental epoch of which he has written the history. He is, moreover, like Mr. Ripley, a scholar, and a courageous seeker of truth, a man of acute intellect and sensitive temperament, of whose congregation during the last years of his preaching in New York Mr. Ripley was an interested member. There was no man in all the circle of Mr. Ripley's friends who was more peculiarly fitted to be his biographer than Mr. Frothingham, and his memoir is an admirable sketch of a life which is singularly attractive from its intellectual and moral independence and uncompromising bravery.

Mr. Ripley was emphatically and almost exclusively a man of letters, a man also of entire modesty, instinctively avoiding notoriety and every kind of ostentation. He took no direct active part in affairs. His name was never paraded in the lists of distinguished citizens upon public occasions. For the last thirty years of his life he made no public addresses. The opulence of his mental resources and his charming humor made him a delightful companion, but he had immense power of reticence, and was never surprised into revelations of what he did not choose to impart. Behind his hearty gayety of address there lay a strange variety of experience, of heroic endurance and sharp disappointment, which he seldom disclosed. His air was that of a man who took the world cheerfully, and who asked no odds of fortune. But to those who knew all that he never told there was something inexpressibly sad in the contemplation of the half-jaunty gayety that covered such inextinguishable regrets.

Mr. Ripley's life began in Greenfield, a charming town near the Connecticut, in Western Massachusetts. He went early to college; was settled as a Unitarian minister in Boston; left his pulpit to lead the experiment of Brook Farm, in the neighborhood of that city; remained there until it failed utterly; removed to New York, without a penny, and lived there, with an occasional visit to Europe, for thirty years, until his death, supporting himself by his pen, and gradually accumulating the means of comfortable living. He was a conspicuous figure in the theological controversies that arose un-

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der the impulse of Transcendentalism forty years ago, and he was one of the few masters of German metaphysics then living in the country. The Transcendental spirit, which took in him the form of philanthropy, disclosed a faith in human progress and fraternity which was never lost. The dream of social regeneration, which has inspired so many ardent souls in every age to undertake the inauguration of heaven upon earth, he knew to be the prophecy of its own fulfillment; and failure, while it chastened his personal effort, left the sublime vision untouched. Without a murmur, he turned from the complete wreck of anticipations at Brook Farm, from the total ruin of his worldly fortune, and the apparent demonstration of practical incapacity, to prove whether his ample literary resources, his unusual scholarship, and his ready pen could secure him a livelihood. His wife was an equal partner of his fate—a woman of lofty spirit and unusual accomplishment—and there were no children. Living at first in the suburbs of New York, and in a single room, he devoted himself to any kind of literary work that he could procure, and honestly performed it. He was soon employed upon the *Tribune* and in the publishing house of the Harpers, with both of which his connection continued until his death, and in both the personal regard for the man and the satisfaction with his conscientious service were undiminished to the end.

Mr. Ripley's work at the Harpers' began with the beginning of the Magazine in 1850. At first he wrote literary notices, but presently he became a contributor of articles, and entered upon a most friendly connection with the house as a trusted "reader" of manuscript works offered for publication. Of his duties as reader Mr. Frothingham says:

"The number of the 'opinions' is very great, manuscripts being sent him every week, many of them novels, but many of them works on theological or philosophical themes, volumes of travel, histories, pictures of foreign lands, sketches of character, essays, narratives of adventure, solid examples of criticism as well as 'airy nothings' of fancy. To all he gave conscientious examination, not allowing himself to indulge a prejudice in favor of an author or against him, and keeping in view the interests of literature along with the expediencies of trade. His judgment was sober, his perception keen, his knowledge adequate. On his recommendation many a good book was sent forth to merited success, and at his suggestion many a poor one was arrested on its way to the printer; of necessity the judgments were summary and the opinions short, but the judgments were always well weighed, and the opinions carefully expressed. A singular condition of literary sagacity and worldly wisdom characterized them nearly all....These criticisms, which might easily be expanded into essays, were carelessly thrown to the publisher for his guidance as regarded the availability of commodities for the market, but in truth they are valuable as contributions to literary history. Their close association with the names of authors and the titles of books forbids their publication; except for that, a volume of them would be instructive and medicinal, nutritious to minds in health, curative to minds diseased. The English of them is of itself a study, so quiet, yet so fair."

Those who turn to the pages of this memoir to find what will never be found—a satisfactory picture of Brook Farm—will be disappointed, not because of the artist, but of the subject. The idyl of Brook Farm may be described as its landscape could have been painted. But the charm which irradiated that plain landscape and touched the happy company can not be conveyed. Even to that company it was less the fact which was so inspiring than the idea, the hope, the faith, which hung over the enterprise, like the cross in the sky over Constantine's army. That cross never faded from Ripley's vision. Through all failure and disappointment it shone in the sky of his thought as unclouded as ever. Often in the thronged and hurrying street of the city some old loiterer at Brook Farm may have marked Ripley's springing, swinging step as he plodded to his work, and recalling the same elastic gait as in long-vanished days he passed from "the Hive" to "the Eyrie," may have taken fresh heart as he reflected that Ripley's humane faith of that earlier day was, like his step, still firm and elastic.

This volume, like the sketch of Thoreau which precedes it in the series, is an exceedingly interesting chapter in the intellectual life of the country. The moral impulse of the movement, which in some of its aspects was called Transcendentalism, has been felt in every department of the national life, and among its most characteristic and striking figures will be always seen that of George Ripley.

THE summer saw a vigorous revival in the press of the effort to arouse public attention to the necessity of an immediate effort to save Niagara Falls. The rocky precipice, indeed, is not giving way, and the volume of water is undiminished. The roar which has shaken the air for centuries without a moment's pause is as penetrating as ever. The wild play of the rapids is not relaxed, and the cataract is still the sublimest natural spectacle upon the continent. But it is precisely the spectacle which is in danger. Rock and water and rapid and cloud may be there unchanged. But they are practically not there, they are virtually obliterated, if they are not seen, and seen with due perspective and circumstance and effect—seen, in a word, as a spectacle.

This is the danger that threatens Niagara. It is that the great cataract will be lost as a spectacle by huge masses of unsightly buildings gathered about it as a vast water-power, and by a cheap vulgarization of shops which destroy a proper neighborhood. If any American Gradgrind is of opinion that a natural "spectacle" is sentimental nonsense, he should at least remember that it is just this piece of sentimental nonsense which stands highest among the natural attractions of his country. Gradgrind would probably agree that the English people who live in the lake country of Northern England would show a great want

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of practical sense of the very kind that he esteems most highly, if they should disfigure the pretty lake region with unsightly mills and "improvements" which would repel the great annual army of tourists and the great sums of money which they bring and spend in that part of the country, if such disfigurement were unnecessary, and they could retain the visitors and their money, and have the benefit of the mills also. Even Gradgrind would agree that a boy would be a fool who would refuse the privilege of eating his cake and having it too.

Now that is the very miracle which we can work at Niagara. We can retain the "sentimental nonsense" as a means of inducing travellers to come and spend money, and we can utilize the water-power also. We can both save the sublime spectacle and build the factories. If Mr. Gradgrind does not care especially to see a river pouring over a cliff, there are hosts of persons not of his family who do care. Mr. Gradgrind thinks that a sunset is stuff, and the Alps humbugs, and the ocean a nuisance. But those who are not Gradgrinds think differently. They have discovered that the power of perceiving what is called in natural objects beauty and sublimity is one of the radical distinctions between brutes and men, and that it is one of the strongest forces in producing a state of society in which less money need be spent for police and prisons. It is in this way that sublime spectacles may lead to lower taxation, and so become worthy of the attention of Mr. Gradgrind.

If a narrow strip of land upon both shores of the cataract should be secured, widening from a very narrow breadth at both ends to a width in the centre adequate to the exclusion of unsightly objects, and this inclosure should be a public possession, and not subject to the whims of private speculation and caprice, the water could be carried to the mills around the Falls, and the grandeur of the cataract be preserved unimpaired. This is the simple project. It was proposed four or five years ago by some of the chief citizens of this country and of Canada, but it was never carried to completion. It has now been revived with vigor because it is understood that a settlement of the estate which includes the Falls will be made within a year or two, and every delay increases the difficulty and enhances the cost of the rescue. It is urged that the State upon a fair appraisal could take for public uses the necessary domain. No wrong to private owners would be allowed. Or a company could be formed for the private purchase with guarantee of perpetual reservation to the public. But the first step is public desire that Niagara should be saved. That once awakened, Niagara would be saved. It is not New York alone that is interested. Niagara is American. Let all Americans who would preserve it beware. For if Gradgrind should take alarm at romantic and sentimental endeavors to rescue this glory of our natural scenery, he might take his revenge upon romance by lobbying for an appropriation in the River and Harbor Bill to clear out obstructions in the Niagara River, and open it up to sloop navigation.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S centenary will occur on the 3d of April, 1883. It is late for a fresh compliment to be paid to his sweet and gentle genius, but the London *Spectator* pays it by saying: "Since the time of Pope more than one hundred essayists have attempted to excel or to equal the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. One alone in a few of his best efforts may be said to have rivalled them, and he is Washington Irving." The *Spectator* adds that one only has surpassed them, "the incomparable Elia." Irving's temperament, however, was much more congenial with that of the early essayists than Charles Lamb's, and his pictures of English country life in *Bracebridge Hall* have just the delicate imaginative touch of the sketches of Sir Roger de Coverley. But in treating distinctively English topics, however airy and vivid his touch may be, Irving is manifestly inthralled by his admiration for the literary masters of the Anne time, and by the spirit of their writing. It is in the Knickerbocker world that he is characteristically at home. Indeed, it is his humorous and graphic fancy more than the sober veracity of history which has given popular and perpetual form to the early life of New York, and it is Irving who has enriched it with romantic tradition such as suffuses the story of no other State.

The bay, the river, the city, the Catskill Mountains, as Choate said of Faneuil Hall and Webster, breathe and burn of him. He has charmed the Hudson with a peculiar spell. The quaint life of its old Dutch villages, the droll legend of Sleepy Hollow, the pathetic fate of Rip Van Winkle, the drowsy wisdom of Cummunipaw, the marvellous municipality of New Amsterdam, and the nose of Anthony guarding the Highlands, with the myriad sly and graphic allusions and descriptions strewn all through his books, have made the river Irving's river, and the State Irving's State, and the city Irving's city, so that the first instinctive question of every lover of Irving from beyond the State, as he enters the Central Park and beholds its memorial statues is, "Where is the statue of Washington Irving?"

Unhappily, Echo and not the Park guidebook answers. Of course, in a general sense, "Si monumentum" may serve for a reply. From that point of view, indeed, Westminster Abbey, as the monument of English heroes in letters and arms, in the Church and the State, would be superfluous. But the Abbey is a shrine of pilgrimage because of the very fact that it is the burial-place of famous Englishmen. The Central Park in New York is already a Walhalla of famous men, and the statue that would first suggest itself as peculiarly fitting for the Park is that of the New-Yorker

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who first made New York distinctively famous in literature—the New-Yorker whose kindly genius first made American literature respected by the world.

There are, indeed, two New-Yorkers, two sons of the city of New York, who especially deserve commemoration in a great metropolitan pleasure-ground in which statues of famous men are erected. By a gift of private munificence Webster is there, and no one can demur. But John Jay is still wanting. By similar generosity, Halleck is admitted, and stands as the representative of American literature in the society of poets of other lands: Shakespeare and Burns and Goethe and Schiller. But Irving is not there. Reversing the question of Elia's story, "Where be the bad people buried?" the wondering pilgrim asks, Where be Irving and Bryant and Cooper? They were not Americans only, but by birth or choice New-Yorkers, and the three distinctive figures of our early literature. It was very touching to see the venerable Bryant, in the soft May sunshine five years ago, standing with bare head and speaking of his old friend and comrade Halleck. But who that listened did not see through tender mists of years the grave and reverend form of the speaker himself transformed to marble or to bronze, sitting serene forever beneath the shadowing trees, side by side with the poet of the "Faust" and the worshipper of Highland Mary? But Bryant would have been first to name Washington Irving as the earliest and most renowned distinctively American man of letters whose figure, reproduced characteristically and with simple quaintness, should decorate the Park.

It is the Dean of Westminster, we believe, who decides without appeal what memorials shall be admitted to the Abbey, and there was great alarm three or four years ago lest Dean Stanley should admit a monument of the young son of Louis Napoleon. In the management of the Central Park it is probably the Commissioners who exercise the authority of admitting and excluding statues of distinguished persons. They ought certainly to insist vigorously upon the rule, "No rubbish shot here." They ought not to admit everything, merely because somebody will pay for it. A high standard of artistic merit, indeed, is hardly to be expected from a Board of Commissioners, nor is it essential. The veto should be laid not so much upon the work as upon the subject of it. But to a statue of Washington Irving all the gates should open, as every heart would open, in welcome. That half-humorous turn of the head and almost the twinkling eye, that brisk and jaunty air, that springing step, that modest and gentle and benign presence — all these could be suggested by the artist, and in their happy combination the pleased loiterer would perceive old Diedrich Knickerbocker, and the summer dreamer of the Hudson legends, the charming biographer of Columbus and of Goldsmith, the cheerful gossip of Wolfert's Roost, and the mellow and courteous Geoffrey Crayon, who first taught incredulous Europe that beyond the sea there were men also, and that at last all the world must read an American book.

THE American who sits in a street omnibus or railroad car and sees a young woman whose waist is pinched to a point that makes her breathing mere panting and puffing, and whose feet are squeezed into shoes with a high heel in the middle of the sole, which compels her to stump and hobble as she tries to walk, should be very wary of praising the superiority of European and American civilization to that of the East. The grade of civilization which squeezes a waist into deformity is not in that respect, at least, superior to that which squeezes a foot into deformity. It is in both instances a barbarous conception alike of beauty and of the function of woman. The squeezed waist and the squeezed foot equally assume that distortion of the human frame may be beautiful, and that helpless idleness is the highest sphere of woman.

But the imperfection of our Western civilization shows itself in more serious forms involving women. The promiscuous herding of men and women prisoners in jails, the opposition to reformatories and penitentiaries exclusively for women, and in general the failure to provide, as a matter of course, women attendants and women nurses for all women prisoners and patients, is a signal illustration of a low tone of civilization. The most revolting instance of this abuse was the discovery during the summer that the patients in a woman's insane hospital in New Orleans were bathed by male attendants.

It should not need such outrages to apprise us of the worth of the general principle that humanity and decency require that in all public institutions women should be employed in the care of women. A wise proposition during the year to provide women at the police stations for the examination of women who are arrested failed to become law. It is hard, upon the merits of the proposal, to understand why. Women who are arrested may be criminals, or drunkards, or vagabonds, or insane, or witless, or sick. But whatever the reason of the arrest, there can be no good reason whatever, in a truly civilized community, that a woman taken under such circumstances should be abandoned to personal search and examination by the kind of men to whom that business is usually allotted. The surest sign of the civilization of any community is its treatment of women, and the progress of our civilization is shown by the constant amelioration of that condition. But the unreasonable and even revolting circumstances of much of the public treatment of them may wisely modify ecstasies over our vast superiority.

The squeezed waists and other tokens of the

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kind show that our civilization has not yet outgrown the conception of the most meretricious epochs, that woman exists for the delight of man, and is meant to be a kind of decorated appendage of his life, while the men attendants and men nurses of women prisoners and patients show a most uncivilized disregard of the just instincts of sex. We are far from asserting that therefore the position of women in this country is to be likened to their position in China, where the contempt of men denied them souls, or to that among savage tribes, where they are treated as beasts of burden. But because we are not wallowing in the Slough of Despond, it does not follow that we are sitting in the House Beautiful. The traveller who has climbed to the *mer de glace* at Chamouni, and sees the valley wide outstretched far below him, sees also far above him the awful sun-lit dome of "Sovrau Blanc." Whatever point we may have reached, there is still a higher point to gain. Nowhere in the world are women so truly respected as here, nowhere ought they to be more happy than in this country. But that is no reason that the New Orleans outrage should be possible, while the same good sense and love of justice which have removed so many barriers to fair play for women, should press on more cheerfully than ever to remove those that remain.

Editor's Literary Record.

FROM no other single work can so vivid and just an impression be derived of the character and career of Dean Swift as from the vigorous monograph[1] prepared by Mr. Leslie Stephen for the "English Men of Letters" series, just published by the Messrs. Harper; nor are there many readers who, even if they had the opportunity and leisure to scan all the multifarious and contradictory memoirs of Swift that have been written, would be able to carry away from them so clear and accurate a conception of the man as they may derive from this brief but comprehensive sketch. Availing himself, in its preparation, not only of Swift's writings and correspondence, which must always be resorted to for the chief materials for a life of the great humorist and satirist, but freely using all the contemporaneous and more recent memoirs, including the unfinished, but, as far as it goes, full and trustworthy life of Swift by Forster, Mr. Stephen has winnowed out all that is apocryphal, or gossipy, or inaccurate in the most of the former, and has exercised a sound discretion in arranging all that is to be found in any of the memoirs that throws real light upon the person, the character, or the performances of his subject. Necessarily, where there was so great a mass of materials to draw upon, in order to keep his sketch within the limits prescribed for the volumes in this series much compression was inevitable; but Mr. Stephen's selections have been so well chosen and on so liberal a scale, and his abbreviations are so judiciously executed, that no incident that essentially colored the character of Swift, or that illustrates his personal, social, literary, or political career, has been stifled or excluded. The sketch is on a reduced scale, but it preserves every play of the expression and features of its sturdy and uncompromising original, and is a life-like reproduction of one of the most remarkable figures that is to be met with in the entire field of English literature.

MRS. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE'S *Records of Later Life*[2] resumes her autobiographical reminiscences where she left off at the close of her sparkling *Records of a Girlhood*, and continues them, from her marriage in 1834 until the summer of 1848, in the same engaging vein that made the former volume delightful reading. In this interval she had revisited England several times, had ripened from girlhood into womanhood, had experienced some of the infelicities and hard prose of life, had been forced to earn a livelihood by dramatic readings and representations, and had grown more sober and mature in her character and in her estimates of men and things. This transition is gradually betrayed by the tone of her letters, of which the larger part of her volume is made up, and in which she records her social experiences in England, and her recollections of many of the most distinguished celebrities of the time. Among those with whom she associated, and who received her with open and hospitable arms, were Sydney Smith, the poet Rogers, Wordsworth, Charles and Henry Greville, Lady Dacre, Lady Morley, the Grotes, Lady Holland, Lord Lansdowne, the Procters, and Thackeray; and her reminiscences fairly coruscate with characteristic anecdotes of each of them, and besides are diversified with pleasant desultory morsels descriptive of English life and society, and with spirited pictures of contemporary English men and women, notable in their day for rank, or for their prominence in the world of fashion, art, letters, and politics.

IT is a fair question whether the rich humor which occasionally crops out in and now and then enlivens the writings of Laurence Sterne is a sufficient compensation for his long stretches of nonsense and folly and his unutterable beastliness. Neither his character nor his writings are savory. Both, indeed, had their

[1] *Swift.* By LESLIE STEPHEN. "English Men of Letters." 12mo, pp. 205. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Records of Later Life.* By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 12mo, pp. 676. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

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charms; he was witty, an excellent talker, an agreeable boon companion, and a loving father, and his writings are studded with pretty and pathetic sentiments and relishing strokes of humor, and picture at least one exquisite imaginary character—Uncle Toby, who is the archetype of invincible good-nature, delicious guilelessness, and shrewd simplicity. But his wit and conversation were flippant, and tainted with indecency; he was not an exemplary parent; he was incapable of true or lasting friendship; his sweetest sentiments were often empty; his finest touches of pathos and humor were often neighbored by gross indelicacy; and although Uncle Toby is himself always sweet and pure, his surroundings are often unclean, either in fact or by suggestion. Still, Sterne was a literary meteor in his day, and although he has no literary progeny, and there has been no writer of note whose posthumous influence upon our literature has been so imperceptible as his, any history of English literature would be incomplete from which he is omitted. Mr. Traill has carefully sifted the various extant memoirs of Sterne, as well as his correspondence and the several essays that have attempted to characterize the man and his writings, and gives the result in a well-written and thoughtful sketch[3] prepared for the "English Men of Letters" series, which presents a full view of the incidents of his life, and a just idea of the quality and characteristics of his productions and their place in literature.

In the *History of the United States Under the Constitution*,[4] of which he now presents a generous installment, Mr. Schouler observes a judicious mean between the extremes of elaborateness and of condensation and abridgment. Addressed to plain but adult understandings, it is peculiarly adapted to the needs of that large body of our countrymen whose time for reading is limited, and who desire a full, clear, compact, and unvarnished chronicle of the progress of the republic and its people in the early stages of our national life, and of the operation and effects of the whole train of acts and policies that constitute the public history of those early times. The history, so far as completed, embraces the interesting period of twenty-eight years, from the accession of Washington to the Presidency in 1789 to the close of Madison's administration in 1817, including the administrations of Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, and is very properly preluded by a brief survey of the situation prior to the adoption of the Constitution, under the Confederation, and by a concise sketch of the proceedings of the Convention that framed the Constitution, and of the action in the several States that resulted in its ratification. The general plan pursued by Mr. Schouler is to concentrate the study of the movement of the national life upon administrative periods and their subdivisions of Congressional periods, and to this end he arranges events illustrative of the growth and divergence of political ideas, the crystallization of political parties, the evolution of institutions and of conflicting theories of government and methods of administration, and the development of the interests that colored our foreign and domestic policy, in successive groups, each of which has for its common centre one of the fourteen Congresses that held their sessions during the first twenty-eight years of the new republic, and that at once tested and displayed the elastic power of the Constitution to adjust itself to every contingency of peace or war, and to withstand every strain, whether proceeding from within or without. While pursuing this general plan, at due intervals Mr. Schouler pauses for a general survey of the ground traversed, and a recapitulation of the results reached by the nation at large at various stages, embodying in these surveys and recapitulations a retrospect of the steps of internal development, and of the progress of the people and republic in the elements of permanent national life, and a record of the attitude of the nation toward foreign powers, and of the gradual growth of its influence as one of the family of nations. The history of the times is elucidated, not merely by references to and citations of public papers, executive messages and communications, legislative acts, judicial decisions, departmental reports, and important treaties, but by exceedingly full and luminous synopses of each, giving clear and definite ideas of them, and sufficiently minute to make their intention and bearing manifest. Mr. Schouler has very successfully traced those impelling influences, individual and collective, social, moral, political, and industrial, which contributed to the general advance of the new nation; and although his work is inferior in philosophic grasp and insight to the histories of Bancroft and Hildreth, and is less rich in political pictures and biographical portraitures, its unambitious simplicity, conjoined with its ample and straightforward narrative, renders it more suitable than either for popular reading. It should not be inferred that Mr. Schouler has no political bias. Like all independent thinkers, he has his ideals, and he does not conceal them; but still it remains that he is never a blind partisan, is generally fair and discriminating in his estimates of men and in his conceptions of their motives, and is candid and accurate in his versions and outlines of political measures and parties. Of his style as a writer we can not speak so complacently. He is often obscure, frequently indulges in the use of phrases and epithets that are flippant, or coarse, or com-

[3] *Sterne*. By H. D. Traill. "English Men of Letters." 12mo, pp. 173. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *History of the United States Under the Constitution*. By James Schouler. 12mo, Vol. I., 1783-1801, pp. 523. Vol. II., 1801-1817, pp. 472. Washington: William H. Morrison.

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monplace, and persistently offends good taste by the use of metaphors and illustrations that weaken the sense, and darken what they are designed to illuminate.

MR. CHARLES GEORGE WALPOLE, a London barrister, has rendered a service to the students of Irish history by a *Short History of the Kingdom of Ireland*,[5] similar to that which was rendered to readers of English history by Mr. Green, by his *Short History of the English People*, less the fruits of original research which gave special value to the latter, and less also the abounding petty errors that detracted from its merits. Mr. Walpole assumes no credit for original research, but has mainly resorted for his materials to the numerous works which have been written, from diverse stand-points, on the general history of Ireland, or illustrative of particular epochs and events. From these he has constructed a comprehensive outline of Irish history from a period a little anterior to the introduction of Christianity, in the early part of the fifth century, to the time when Ireland ceased to be a separate kingdom, at the beginning of the present century. Besides these authorities, Mr. Walpole has carefully scanned and made an intelligent use of the statutes of the realm in illustration of the tribal and early social system of Ireland, its ancient laws, customs, and tenures, and such vestiges of each as still remain, and also has gleaned from the published state papers whatever is contained in them that throws light on the Irish policy of the various English sovereigns and statesmen, and on the condition, character, and vicissitudes of the Irish people at different stages of their national history. Mr. Walpole's professional knowledge imparts great value to this portion of his work. He writes with strict candor and impartiality, and his unvarnished recital of the direful history of Ireland is all the more severe an arraignment of the misrule, mismanagement, misgovernment, oppression, rapacity, perfidy, and cruelty of her English spoilers and masters because it is strictly dispassionate, and because he is not blind to the serious imperfections of the Irish character in the days of Ireland's opportunity.

AN interesting and in some respects encouraging feature of our contemporaneous home literature is the large and increasing number of writers of verse, who make no pretensions to the highest order of poetical excellence, but whose productions are yet noteworthy for the fluent ease and gracefulness of their style, and the variety and technical perfection of their versification. Moreover, besides these engaging exterior graces of form and expression, not a few of these writers exhibit a highly cultivated taste, a healthy imagination, a lively and versatile fancy, a nice perception of the more delicate shades of feeling and emotion, and creditable descriptive and narrative powers. Among recent publications of this class which are a fair exemplification of the qualities recounted in the above generalization, are three volumes of poems severally by Mary Ashley Townsend, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Anna Katharine Green. *Down the Bayou, and Other Poems*,[6] by the first-named, is a collection of descriptive and narrative poems, songs, sonnets, and poems of the affections and of sentiment and reflection, none of which are marred by any capital defects, and some of them are in the vein of true poesy—tender, sensuous (in the best sense), imaginative, and pathetic, without any tincture of morbidness or extravagance. The opening poem of the collection, "Down the Bayou," is a Southern idyl of great sweetness and melody, and full of invitations to the pencil of the artist, depicting love in content, as "My love, my summer love, and I," drift dreamily through shifting scenes of luxuriant semi-tropical loveliness, the fever of the grand passion assuaged by the blissful repose of enjoyment. Several of the songs in the volume, notably "L'Amour" and "The Summer," have much of the indefiniteness, rich in sweet suggestions, which is so delightful an element of Shakspeare's songs. There are also some fine pictures of virginal purity and loveliness in the poems inscribed "Olga," "Lost and Found," and "St. Julienne," and pre-eminently in the dainty verses to "Eleanor."—The predominant characteristics of Mrs. Spofford's poems[7] are their refined taste, their deep but subdued feeling, and their sensitiveness to the beautiful in form and color, to the harmonies of natural sounds, and to the tender sympathies of the gentler affections. Less warm and sensuous than Mrs. Townsend's poems, they are, however, far from cold, and often rise to the height of generous enthusiasm, as in her numerous charming flower pieces, and in her poems descriptive of places, and of the days and seasons.—Strength rather than grace is conspicuous in *The Defense of the Bride, and Other Poems*,[8] by Anna Katharine Green. The ballads and narrative poems which form the greater part of this collection, and which also comprise the best work in it, are vigorous productions, whose bareness of redundant words and epithets and whose directness and straightforwardness of narration are in strong contrast with the diffuse garrulity of most female writers. The

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[5] *A Short History of the Kingdom of Ireland.* From the Earliest Times to the Union with Great Britain. With Five Maps and Appendices. By CHARLES GEORGE WALPOLE, M.A. 12mo, pp. 423. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 102. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *Down the Bayou, and Other Poems.* By MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND ("Xariffa"). 12mo, pp. 230. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[7] *Poems.* By Mrs. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD. 16mo, pp. 172. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[8] *The Defense of the Bride, and Other Poems.* By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN. Sq. 12mo, pp. 124. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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author is not of the kind who talk merely for the sake of talking. She has something to say which she is conscious is worth the telling; she has the true story-teller's faculty for investing what she has to say with interest, and for keeping expectation on the stretch; and she delivers her message with masculine force and brevity, and sometimes with even more than masculine bluntness and emphasis. It must not be inferred, however, that her poems are ungentle or devoid of tenderness; for although she never indulges in the "luxury of woe," in many of them are prolonged passages that quiver with true sensibility, and touch the heart by their pathos.—There are several other volumes of recent poetry, among which are *Sheaves*,[9] by Harriet Converse, *The Life of a Love*,[10] by N. M. Sedarté, and *Poems*,[11] by John B. Tabb, that indicate the refined poetical taste of their authors, but seldom rise to the full level of the modest standard outlined at the opening of this notice. Easy and flowing in their style, graceful in expression, ingenious in ringing new changes on familiar thoughts, or in giving new turns to the kaleidoscope of fancy by which old forms are thrown into new combinations, and generally correct in their structure and versification, the one thing they lack is the inspiration, the "frenzy" that Shakspeare speaks of, which transmutes all things by its "heavenly alchymy," whether in the world around us or in the world within, into the rich gold and gems of poesy.

THE *Hand-Book of Politics*,[12] by Hon. Edward McPherson, Clerk of the House of Representatives, is an indispensable book of reference for public men, and indeed for all intelligent citizens who desire precise and accurate information, without any coloring, respecting those large and grave political questions which have engaged the attention of our people, and are destined to exert an influence upon the national history. The current volume of this useful publication, and the others that have preceded it in the series, form a full and continuous record of all the more important political measures of the country, State and national, legislative, executive, and judicial, from the Presidential election of 1860 to the present time, so arranged as to be easily referred to. Among the important matters recorded in the current volume are the proposed funding legislation of the present Congress, the effort to modify the Coinage Act, the legislation, and the votes in each case, on the extension of the charters of the national banks, on the apportionment of Representatives under the new census, respecting polygamy, the Chinese, the Geneva Award, and the Tariff Commission, and the consideration of the electoral count, the regulation of inter-State commerce and of the alcoholic liquor traffic, and the reduction of taxation. Among the executive papers are the last Message of President Hayes, the inaugural address of President Garfield, and the messages and vetoes of President Arthur. The volume also contains an excellent digest of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States during the years 1880 and 1881, full abstracts of the constitutional amendments recently made or now pending in the several States, and of the proposed amendments to the Constitution of the United States, and a large body of valuable tabulated statistics on the votes for President, the population, the public debt, the national banks, and the currency, imports, exports, revenue, appropriations, and expenditures. Dr. McPherson has compressed an immense amount of important information within the briefest possible compass, omitting nothing from his record that is essential to a precise knowledge of the facts that attended the proposed, inchoate, or perfected political action of the nation during the years 1880, 1881.

THE editor's table is laden with holiday books in tempting variety and embarrassing profusion. Briefly, they form two classes: illustrated books suitable for presentation to adults, and books intended for holiday gifts to young people, comprising travels, adventure, poetry, romance, and fairy and nursery tales, which depend upon the interest of the printed text, assisted by illustrations, for their attractiveness to boys and girls. Belonging to the first-named group are the following: *The Artists' Year*,[13] a sumptuously printed folio, elegantly bound portfolio-wise, of full-page illustrations typical of the twelve months of the year, contributed by as many leading American artists, each accompanied by a brief poem descriptive of some characteristic aspect of the month—the whole showing the succession and transitions of the seasons. The illustrations are landscape scenes, depicting the distinctive phases of the months poetically, but yet with substantial fidelity to nature. The artists who have contributed to this beautiful album, and who are named in the order of the months they have illustrated, are Arthur Quartley, J. W. Casilear, J. R. Brevoort, R. M. Shurtleff, Mrs. Dillon, David Johnson, James M. Hart, H. Bolton Jones, Thomas Moran, R. Swain Gifford, George H. Smillie, and A. F. Bellows. The poems that form the letterpress of the volume are the product of the chastened fancy and refined taste of Miss Margaret P.

[9] *Sheaves*. A Collection of Poems. By HARRIET CONVERSE. Sq. 12mo, pp. 160. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[10] *The Life of a Love, in Songs and Sonnets*. By N. M. SEDARTÉ. Sq. 12mo, pp. 128. New York: American News Company.

[11] *Poems*. By JOHN B. TABB. Sq. 16mo, pp. 112. New York.

[12] *A Hand-Book of Politics for 1882*. Being a Record of Important Political Action, Legislative, Executive, and Judical, National and State. From July 1, 1880, to July 31, 1882. By EDWARD MCPHERSON, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 210. Washington: James J. Chapman.

[13] *The Artists' Year*. Original and Selected Poems of the Months. By MARGARET P. JANES. Illustrated. Oblong folio, pp. 55. New York: White and Stokes.

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Janes.—*Three Great Poems*[14] is the title given by the publishers to an illustrated reprint of Bryant's "Thanatopsis," "The Flood of Years," and "Among the Trees," the two first named illustrated by W. J. Linton, and the last named by J. McEntee. The volume is beautifully printed and tastefully bound; and in their engravings the artists have caught and happily translated some of the deepest and some of the most subtle of Bryant's poetic meanings. Mr. Linton has been peculiarly fortunate in his rendition of the lofty conceptions in "Thanatopsis," and in his reproduction of its picturesque descriptions and the weird atmosphere that pervades them.—Two other very attractive volumes in this class are a reprint of Frances Ridley Havergal's touching Christmas poem, *Bells Across the Snow*,[15] worthily illustrated with appropriate designs by Jessie McDermott, Alfred Fredericks, W. L. Snyder, and others, drawn and engraved under the supervision of George T. Andrew; and a fine edition of the complete *Poetical Works of T. Buchanan Read*,[16] illustrated from drawings by Dielman, Fenn, Humphrey, Murphy, and others.—The publications for the young folk compose quite a respectable library, and comprise a little of everything appropriate to the taste of children of every age, from boys and girls well on in their teens to the little toddler in the nursery. Among them are the following: *Vice Versa*,[17] an extravaganza that will tickle the fancy of boys by its amusing recital of the tribulations of an unsympathetic father, who, by the magic of an East Indian wishing-stone, is involuntarily made to change forms with his twelve-year-old son, each seeming to be the other while his real inner self remains unchanged; and in spite of his expostulations that he is not what he seems, is forced to go to a school that the boy detested because of the niggardliness of the master and the sneakish propensities of some of his companions. Here the man transformed into a boy is made a martyr to hard lessons and bad fare, falls into all sorts of scrapes, and is taught by woful experience that school is not the paradise for boys he had alleged it to be.—*The Wreck of the Redbird*[18] is a spirited and instructive story, told in his best vein by George Cary Eggleston, of the vacation sports and adventures of three schoolmates, by land and water, on the Carolina coast. The story is enriched with interesting glimpses of the real life of the denizens, black and white, fish, flesh, and fowl, of that region.—*The Story of Siegfried*[19] is a freely rendered and highly poetical prose version of the fine old mediæval legend of the semi-mythical, semi-historical Scandinavian hero of that name, giving a glowing account of his surprising deeds and adventures, interspersed with tales of other doughty heroes, and at the same time furnishing an excellent outline of the thoughts, feelings, and mythology of our Northern ancestors.—*The Cryptogram*[20] is the title of one of Jules Verne's wonder-stories, the scene of which is laid in the vicinity of the fabled El Dorado, in South America, and in which descriptions of the geography and natural history of that region are interwoven with a tale that abounds in hair-breadth escapes and startling surprises, and that keeps the wits of the young reader actively employed in his efforts to solve the mysterious meaning of a secret cipher.—*The Young People of Shakspeare's Dramas*[21] is a collection of biographical and historical sketches of the youthful characters that figure in Shakspeare's dramas, accompanied by selections from the parts in which they appear in the plays, illustrating their personal and historical fortunes.—*The American Boy's Handy-Book*[22] is a manual of familiar sports, games, and amusements, and of many others that are new or less commonly known to boys, with instructions for mastering them, and for the construction and use of toys, playthings, and apparatus, the whole arranged under the seasons to which the games, sports, etc., are best adapted, or in which they are most in vogue by the unwritten law of boys' customs.—*The Bodley Grandchildren and their Journey to Holland*[23] is the first of a new series of Mr. Scudder's genial and instructive Bodley books, in which the original Bodley children are supposed to have grown up and to be surrounded by children of their own, who inherit their parents' love of travel. In this volume the two Bodley families, grandchildren and all, start from New York in the summer of 1881, after first familiarizing themselves with the doings of their Dutch ancestors in New Amsterdam, and spend several weeks in Holland seeing sights, studying men and manners, taking lessons in history, and especially tracing the connection between American and Dutch history.—*Diddie, Dumps, and Tot*[24] is a reminiscence of the old stories, le-

[14] *Three Great Poems.* Thanatopsis; Flood of Years; Among the Trees. By William Cullen Bryant. Illustrated. Small 4to, pp. 134. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[15] *Bells Across the Snow.* By Frances Ridley Havergal. Illustrated. Square 4to, pp. 32. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

[16] *The Poetical Works of T. Buchanan Read.* New and Revised Edition. 8vo, pp. 346. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[17] *Vice Versa; or, a Lesson to Fathers.* By F. Anstey. 12mo, pp. 349. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[18] *The Wreck of the Redbird.* A Story of the Carolina Coast. By George Cary Eggleston. 12mo, pp. 216. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[19] *The Story of Siegfried.* By James Baldwin. Illustrated by Howard Pyle. 12mo, pp. 306. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[20] *The Cryptogram.* Part II. of the Giant Raft. By Jules Verne. Translated by W. J. Gordon. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 254. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[21] *The Young People of Shakspeare's Dramas.* For Youthful Readers. By Amelia E. Barr. 12mo, pp. 258. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[22] *The American Boy's Handy-Book.* What to do and how to do it. By D. C. Beard. 12mo, pp. 391. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[23] *The Bodley Grandchildren and their Journey to Holland.* By Horace E. Scudder. 4to. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[24] *Diddie, Dumps, and Tot; or, Plantation Child-Life.* By Louise-Clarke Pyrnelle. Sq. 16mo, pp. 217. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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gends, traditions, apologues, songs, superstition, and folk-lore, with which the Southern slaves regaled one another and the children of their masters in the old plantation times. These stories, legends, etc., are of the kind that are irresistibly fascinating to the imagination of childhood, while at the same time they illustrate some of the most genial features of the social manners and customs of the people of the South before the war, and of the relations that subsisted between them and their black retainers.—The following books are more especially addressed to the capacity of very young people: *Snow and Sunshine,*[25] a pleasant Christmas story of New York life, by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb; *Ting-a-Ling,*[26] a series of tales, by Frank R. Stockton, describing the doings of giants, dwarfs, and magicians in a far Eastern land; *Little Folk in Green,*[27] a galaxy of new fairy stories with quaint illustrations in brilliant colors; *Christmas Rhymes and New-Year's Chimes,*[28] a volume of original tales, stories, dialogues, and descriptions in rhyme, by Mrs. Mary D. Brine, beautifully illustrated; and *Elfin Land,*[29] a collection of original rhymes, by Josephine Pollard, modelled on the style of Mother Goose's immortal melodies, and fancifully illustrated in rich colors by Walter Satterlee.

[25] *Snow and Sunshine.* A Story for Boys and Girls. Illustrated. By Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. 4to, pp. 224. New York: White and Stokes.

[26] *Ting-a-Ling.* By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 187. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[27] *Little Folk in Green.* New Fairy Stories. By Henrietta Christian Wright. Illustrations in Color by Miss Emmet. Small 4to, pp. 92. New York: White and Stokes.

[28] *Christmas Rhymes and New-Year's Chimes.* By Mary D. Brine. Illustrated. Royal 4to, oblong, pp. 124. New York: George W. Harlan and Co.

[29] *Elfin Land.* Rhymes by Josephine Pollard. Designs by Walter Satterlee. Folio, oblong, pp. 40. New York: George W. Harlan and Co.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of October.—Nominations of State officers were made during the month as follows: Massachusetts Democratic, Boston, September 19, General B. F. Butler, Governor, and S. W. Bowerman, Lieutenant-Governor; New York Republican, Saratoga, September 20, C. J. Folger, Governor, B. P. Carpenter, Lieutenant-Governor; Massachusetts Republican, Worcester, September 20, R. R. Bishop, Governor, Oliver Ames, Lieutenant-Governor; Connecticut Republican, New Haven, September 20, W. H. Bulkeley, Governor, John D. Candee, Lieutenant-Governor; New York Prohibitionist, Rochester, September 20, Professor A. A. Hopkins, Governor, Rev. W. H. Boole, Lieutenant-Governor; Nebraska Republican, Omaha, September 21, J. W. Dawes, Governor, A. W. Agee, Lieutenant-Governor; Colorado Democratic, Denver, September 22, James B. Grant, Governor, John Prowers, Lieutenant-Governor; New York Democratic, Syracuse, September 22, Grover Cleveland, Governor, D. B. Hill, Lieutenant-Governor; Connecticut Democratic, Hartford, October 4, T. M. Waller, Governor, G. G. Sumner, Lieutenant-Governor.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens was elected Governor of Georgia, October 4, by about 50,000 majority. On October 10 the Democrats carried Ohio, and the Republicans made large gains in West Virginia.

The chairman of the Utah Commission reports the completion of the registration of voters of that Territory. One thousand polygamists of both sexes were disfranchised.

The surrender of Damietta, on September 23, finally disposed of the Egyptian rebellion. The Khedive, accompanied by his ministers, returned to Cairo September 25.

The Turco-Greek difficulty has been settled by an order from the Sultan for the immediate surrender to Greece of the whole frontier as fixed by the International Commission.

Six hundred Jewish families were obliged to leave Presburg, Hungary, on account of the anti-Jewish riots.

DISASTERS.

September 19.—Fire-damp explosion in a mine near Dortmund. Twenty men killed.

September 22.—Collision between the Portchester Special and Harlem Rapid Transit trains in the Fourth Avenue Tunnel. Three passengers killed, and several injured.

September 23.—Thirty soldiers drowned by the falling in of a railroad bridge over the river Drave.

September 30.—Steamer *R. E. Lee* burned on the Mississippi River, thirty miles below Vicksburg. Twenty-one lives lost.

October 7.—Tidal waves in Panama, drowning about seventy persons.

October 13.—Advices from Cuba of the drowning of thirty-six persons by the overflowing of rivers during a recent cyclone.

October 17.—Steamer *City of Antwerp* sunk in a collision near Eddystone. Fourteen lives lost.

OBITUARY.

September 22.—In London, Lord Tenterden, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

September 25.—At Göttingen, Friedrich Woehler, the eminent chemist, aged eighty-two years.

October 4.—At the Hot Springs in the South of France, Adelaide Phillips, aged forty-nine years.

October 15.—In Baltimore, Maryland, Rev. Thomas Guard, aged 50 years.

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Editor's Drawer.

CHRISTMAS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

CHRISTMAS is a delightful season in Christian lands, especially when the balance of presents and dinners is in one's favor, and the tin-horn crop among the children has been a failure. Very different is Christmas in heathen lands, where the uses of the stocking are unknown, and Christmas trees are hung with unfortunate travellers and unappreciated missionaries instead of glittering and showy presents. Think of Christmas in the region of the north pole, where the night lasts for six months, so that even the ablest of the Esquimaux can not distinguish Christmas-eve from Thanksgiving night, nor Christmas morning from Washington's Birthday or Decoration-day! Even more depressing is Christmas in Central Africa, as a distinguished English traveller once discovered to his mingled sorrow and danger.

The traveller was a good and noble man. He was engaged in discovering fresh lakes, new kinds of cannibals, and original sources of the Nile in the heart of Africa, and his only desire was to do good to the human race, and to prove that the maps made by other travellers were all wrong. He had been three years in the Dark Continent, and having suffered incessantly from fever, starvation, the rude embraces of lions and elephants, the bites of deadly serpents, and the cruelties of native kings, was nearly worn out. He arrived late one afternoon on the shore of a mighty lake which no other white man had ever seen, and which was at least five hundred miles distant from any of the various localities in which European map-makers had previously placed it. He lay down under the shadow of the trees, faint with all the various things that predispose a man to be faint in Central Africa, but exulting in the thought that he would compel the map-makers to place Lake Mjambwe where he wanted it, and not where they selfishly imagined that it would present the most picturesque appearance. Suddenly he remembered that it was the 24th of December, and that Christmas-eve would naturally arrive in the course of the next two hours. The thought saddened him. He glanced at his bare feet—for his supply of stockings had long since given out—and he thought of the happy homes in England, where the children were preparing to hang up their mothers' largest stockings, while he must spend the blessed Christmas season among savage heathen and untrained animals. He felt at that moment that he would give his new lake for an hour in his English home, and he covered his face with his hands and sobbed himself asleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight. The woods were vocal with parrots who incessantly remarked, "Polly wants a cracker," and ostriches, and other tropical birds, each singing at the top of its voice. On the bosom of the lake floated immense native canoes bearing parties of excursionists, the music of whose accordions and banjoes came over the water to the wearied traveller. He was hungry, and felt in his pockets for his quinine pills, but they were all gone. He tried to rise to his feet, but he was too weak and rheumatic to rise without help, so he sank back, murmuring, "'Tis 'ard, 'ard indeed, to die on Christmas among the 'eathen."

The sound of women's voices roused him. Three native women, clad only with the *tsetse* and *pombo* worn by their sex in that part of Africa, emerged from the forest on their way to draw water from the lake. They saw the traveller, and one of them, moved with compassion, sang, in a low, mournful tone: "The poor white trash done come to Africa. He hasn't no mother for to fry hominy for him, nor no wife for to send to the store with a jug." Enfeebled as he was, the traveller knew that this was wrong, for he had read *Mungo Park's Travels*, and he could not help remarking, "You women don't sing that song as it ought to be sung."

"Sing it yourself, then," retorted the singer, in a cold, heartless way, and thereupon the women passed on, and left the wretched white man to perish.

The cruelty of the women made the traveller so indignant that he resolved to make one tremendous effort for life. He managed to rise, after painful exertions and the use of many scientific terms, and hobbled slowly toward a native village about a quarter of a mile away. He had scarcely reached it when he was seized by two gigantic cannibals and dragged to the king's palace, where he hoped that either death or breakfast, he did not much care which, awaited him.

The palace consisted of one large room with an enormous throne extending entirely across one end of it. On this throne sat twelve native kings in a row, each one with a musical instrument in his hand. The one who sat in the middle looked fiercely at the traveller, and demanded of his captors what was the charge against him.

"Poor white trash, Mr. Johnsing," briefly replied the largest of the two cannibals.

"Mr. Bones—I should say, prisoner," began the king, "what do you say for yourself?"

"I am a white man," replied the traveller; "but I 'aven't 'ad any soap for years, so I plead hextenuating circumstances. Besides, I am 'ungry. Will you not give me some breakfast?"

The king's face grew bright with rage—for it could not grow any darker than it was—and he turned to his brother kings, and conversed with them rapidly in the Mjambwe tongue. They were evidently discussing the fate of the

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traveller, for presently the middle king cleared his throat, and said:

"Prisoner, you have forfeited your life, but we are disposed to be merciful. You ought properly to be baked alive, and afterward eaten, but we shall pronounce a lighter sentence. You will listen attentively while we sing the opening chorus and the favorite plantation melodies, and you will guess every conundrum, and laugh at every joke. Say I not wisely, Brother Bones?"

A unanimous "Yah! yah!" from the other kings expressed their warm approval.

"No! no!" cried the traveller, in an agony of fear. "Give me some little show. Burn me, if you will, but do not torture me on this 'oly Christmas morning with your hawful songs and conundrums. I've 'eard them all at 'ome." And in his desperation the wretched man fell on his knees before the native king who had pronounced the dreadful sentence. That monarch, indignant beyond measure, raised his guitar, and struck the traveller a terrible blow over the head. The whole earth seemed to reel, and the doomed white man became unconscious.

When he regained his senses he found himself sitting on the shore of the lake where he had sat the night before. A young man neatly dressed in European clothes stood before him, and remarked, in a graceful way, "Mr. Jones, I believe."

"And you are Mr. Smith, I dessay," replied the traveller. "'Ave you got anything to heat with you?"

The young man had been sent to find the traveller. He had with him all sorts of stores, including canned plum-pudding and boned turkey. As he drew the traveller's arm in his, and assisted him to the place where breakfast was awaiting them, he said, "I wish you a merry Christmas."

It was the merriest Christmas the traveller had ever known, and when he returned to England with more new lakes and two private sources of the Nile, he said that all his honors could not give him the delight which he had known during his last Christmas in Central Africa after awakening from his terrible dream of the twelve native kings. W. L. ALDEN.

AN AUTUMN MEMORY.

THE November sun was stealing between the daintily embroidered leaflets, and playing on the ripples of the woodland rivulet. The golden-rod along the brook-side was now and then disturbed by the flight of some wild bird, and the sumacs in their cardinal fezzes looked like so many nodding Turkish sentinels.

A glorious but brief period when a delicate veil of haze hangs around the wood, and the indelicate politician hangs around the candidate to negotiate the sale of his vote; when the partridge drums up in the tree, and the suspender peddler drums up in the northern part of New York; when the honest farmer works the harvest field, and the young lady works the Christmas slippers for the clergyman; when poetic damosels pluck the languid ferns, and the unpoetic housewife plucks the languishing Thanksgiving turkey!

The birds twittered by the brook, and the squirrels darted along the stone wall and up in the tree, and the voices of merry nutting parties reverberated through the silent aisles of the forest in harmony with the sincere but unpoetic squawk of the cat-bird.

That's about the style of day it was when a light-hearted couple, tired of their woodland promenade, sat upon a fallen tree.

"I am always so happy in the woods," she commenced, "especially in the autumn, as the crepuscular shadows steal timidly into the valley, for then I float back to childhood's happy time—"

"Glad to hear it," he replied, rather abruptly. "I shall bring you up here often; the air is exhilarating, and will do you good; and we will gather wild flowers and leaves, and arrange them in quaint designs."

"Oh, you are so good!" she said, in tones of deep, unswerving devotion. "I would much rather walk here with you than in the bustling city."

"You would?" he inquired, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"Indeed I would!" she responded. "When here with you, all alone, I feel perfectly secure and happy."

"And so do I," he chanted, as he thrust his hand into his vest pocket, and felt his capital, which consisted of two suspender buttons and a night-key—"so do I, my dear, because this pretty autumn wood is just about fourteen miles from the nearest ice-cream saloon!"

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE LITTLE BANANA PEEL.

LIKE a bar of the beaten gold
I gleam in the summer's sun;
I am little, I know, but I think I can throw
A man that will weigh a ton.
I send out no challenges bold,
I blow me no vaunting horn,
But foolish is he who treadeth on me;
He'll wish he had ne'er been born.

Like the flower of the field vain man
Goeth forth at the break of day,
But when he shall feel my grip on his heel
Like the stubble he fadeth away;
For I lift him high up in the air,
With his heels where his head ought to be;
With a down-coming crash he maketh his mash,
And I know he's clear gone upon me.

I am scorned by the man who buys me;
I am modest and quiet and meek;
Though my talents are few, yet the work that I do
Has oft made the cellar doors creak.
I'm a blood-red republican born,
And a Nihilist fearless I be;
Though the head wear a crown, I would bring its pride down,
If it set its proud heel upon me.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

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NORRISTOWN ETCHINGS.

MANY of the diaries kept by "society" ladies one hundred years ago, and printed for the delectation of nineteenth-century readers, may not be very brilliant literary efforts, but they admirably serve to show how simple and unassuming were the lives of "quality folk" in ancient times. The annexed is excerpted from the recently printed diary of Lady Sourapple:

"*July* 16.—John took yarn to the weaver, and brought back flax, spices, and sugar. The stage wagon had not arrived when he left Ipswich, and there was no package from London. My lord was to send hangings for the large drawing-room, but it matters not."

This, the reader may say, is very commonplace. And so it is. If it had been written by the obscure Mary Jane Boggins instead of the Lady Sourapple, it would not have been embalmed in print; but the object in quoting it is to compare it with a couple of extracts from the diary of a "society" lady of 1882—which will not be printed for the benefit of readers a century hence, albeit quite as interesting as the Lady Sourapple literature:

"*December* 18.—Painted a lovely stork on ma's pickle jar. Decided to have my new heliotrope damassé made without a train. Read three chapters of 'The Midnight Shriek; or, The Fainting Bride.' Purchased a charming velvet collar with a gold clasp for dear little Fido's neck. Charles Augustus called this evening. He's too sweet for anything.

"*December* 21.—Worked a supremely beautiful pen-wiper for a Christmas present to Charles Augustus. I gave him a pair of utterly intense slippers of my own embroidering last year, but they were three sizes too small. A pen-wiper is never a misfit. Brother Tom asked me to sew on a suspender button. He has no regard for the delicate state of my health. Was at Mrs. De Upkrust's 'German' last night, and danced every set. Didn't get home until three o'clock this morning. I must now dress for the Kodphish reception, which is to be too utterly all but."

Harriet Martineau declared that she had met but three men who knew how to treat women. Perhaps all the others had left their pocket-books at home in their other trousers pockets. Nothing is more embarrassing or more calculated to convince a man that life is not worth living than to treat a woman, and, when he comes to pay the bill, make the startling discovery that he has forgotten his pocket-book.

A magazine writer says, "Woman is primarily a being who listens." That depends. If woman, primarily, overheard a couple of neighbors in earnest conversation in the adjoining back yard, no doubt she listened; but if her husband came home at midnight so weary and worn out with overwork that his footsteps were very uncertain, his neck-tie awry, and his breath flavored with cloves and other refreshments, it is safe to wager odds that she didn't listen. She talked, and talked, and talked, and the poor man was reluctantly compelled to do all the listening.

Victor Hugo says that he now lives only for his grandchildren. Ah, Victor, although you have lived long enough in this world to thoroughly understand human nature, you don't seem to appreciate the fact that a rich man in a majority of cases can give his heirs a hundred per cent. more pleasure by dying for them.

It is exceedingly bad taste for newspapers to ridicule mortuary poetry inserted after death announcements by grief-stricken parents and friends; but at the same time the reflective reader can not help being impressed with the absurdity of the obituary sentiment, "Gone, but not forgotten." The fact that the person is dead is convincing proof that he is "gone," and that only two or three days have elapsed since his decease should be satisfactory evidence that he is "not forgotten." It would be a marvel if he was.

An agricultural journal speaks of the "inventive faculty among farmers." Many persons have noticed this remarkable faculty. A farmer can invent more excuses to get his hired man out of bed three hours before breakfast than Mr. Edison could think of in a year. The hired man works like a draught-horse, some fine day in winter, to finish up all the odd jobs on the farm, and retires early in the evening firm in the belief that he will have a couple of days' comparative rest at least. Next morning his fond anticipations are fatally crushed by discovering that his employer has invented seventeen pieces of work that must be finished by dinner-time, each one requiring two hours' labor.

J. H. WILLIAMS.

A FEATHER'S WEIGHT.

(*With the present of a quill pen.*)

"THE PEN is mightier than the sword;"
Yes; and a woman's lightest word
Is sometimes more to hapless men
Than stroke of sword or thrust of pen.

No word is lighter than this holder—
A feather's weight; but I, grown older
Than once I was, remember still
How men do trust to woman's will
As to the turning of a feather—
Her "Yes" or "No," and "Wonder whether...?"
Some pity, therefore, moves me now
For that most wise and fortunate Other,
That future-coming man and brother
Whose heart shall wait to hear your vow.
Be sure that, when his whole fate lingers
On pen-tip 'twixt those gentle fingers,
Not for a single fault you slay him,
But in all features duly weigh him.
This painted quill itself's the measure
Of what should be your queenly pleasure;
For, in awards of bliss or bale,
A feather often turns the scale.

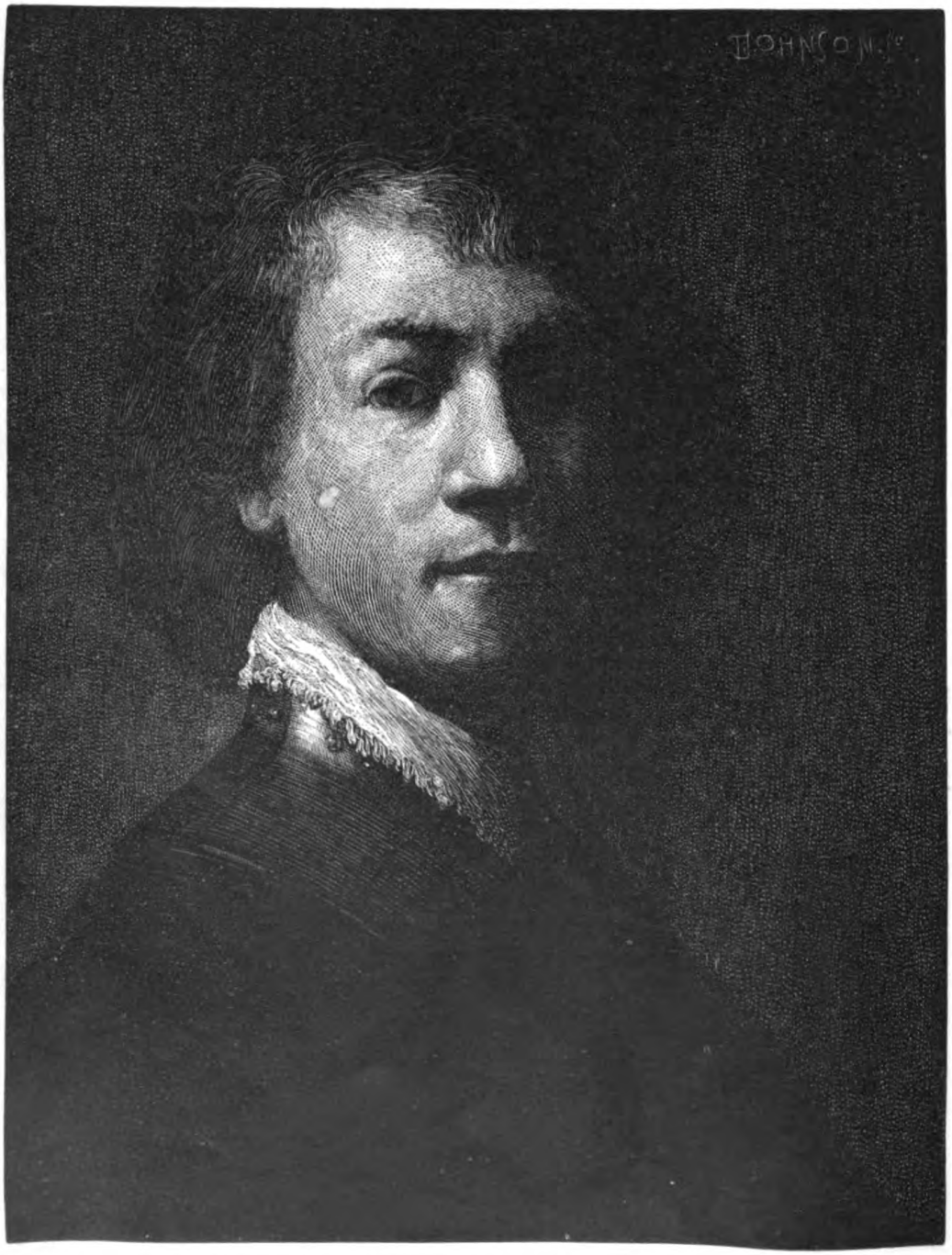
G. P. LATHROP.

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REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT OF THE BURGOMASTER.—[See Page 178.]

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXCII.—JANUARY, 1883.—Vol. LXVI.

ARTIST STROLLS IN HOLLAND.

I.



SIGNAL-WOMAN.

VERY large opal or the inside of a mother-of-pearl shell would make a good background for this thin strip of distant Holland that lies blinking away in the early morning light. A long, narrow ribbon of a picture it makes, with its little spots and dots and splashes of color here and there, accidental here and methodical there, as if part of a pattern. By carefully looking through a glass, these dots of various shapes and sizes soon resolve themselves into windmills, cows, sheep, Dutchmen, churches and steeples, and little red-tiled houses with green or blue shutters. I do not pretend that this is a peculiar or striking instance of the first glimpse of a foreign strand consisting of cows, windmills, and steeples—I know of other such places—but I contend that the Dutch sand slip is cleaner, the cows are sleeker and fatter, the windmills more jaunty and active, the cottages more spick and span and more recently out of a toy box, the specks of humanity more rotund and well-to-do. Never, except on some other strip of Dutch strand, will you see just such specks as these. And as we draw nearer the shore, and the bits of color take more definite form, there is no mistake—this is Holland, and no other land at all.

Flushing is still in the dim, hazy distance. It is the luminous haze of an early

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autumnal morning at sunrise. Such a morning and such a scene are well worth coming these few miles to see, even if we see nothing else, and take the returning boat back to England. I don't mean to compare it to an Alpine sunrise, in order to give the preference either way. The charm of this particular sunrise is its unexpectedness: it was not down in the programme. We had not been preparing for it for days; we had bribed no one to wake us at some unholy hour; we had not made the hour more unholy still by strong language against all mountains, sunrises, guides, and all concerned in turning us out into the marrow-chilling mists, eyes blinking and teeth a-chatter, with no deeper wish than for it all to be done with, and go to breakfast.

We had come from London by the Queensborough and Flushing route. The vessels are no doubt the largest and finest that cross that ever-vexed bit of sea, which often tries the inner consciousness more than the Atlantic itself. One great charm of this route is that you glide peacefully down the Thames for miles, and are safe in your berth and haply asleep before the ship begins her playful skipping over the Channel waves. The chances are that you reach this quiet bit of water on the other shore before you wake. You do not bump about outside a harbor bar, either, just a few minutes before landing. There is time to compose one's self—if one has not rested well, to put it mildly—before facing the little ordeal of landing at an unearthly hour in a strange country. They give you a very good breakfast on board the steamer, and plenty of time for it, too, on that bit of smooth water. You reach Flushing in a good temper; and a good temper has very much to do with the truthfulness of first impressions. There is plenty of time, too, to note down our "first impressions" of this land flowing with milk—I am not sure about the honey, but certain about the butter and cheese, if they can be said to flow. Somebody has said that you do not "land" in Holland, but "go on board." That must have been written long before Flushing Harbor was built, as that seems solid and substantial enough, however lightly moored the rest of the country may be behind it.

There are trains in waiting for all sorts of places, but there is no hurry. Never did we see the so-called express train in any unseemly haste in Holland. There is time and to spare for the pleasant farce of the custom-house examination. The official kindly selected the easiest thing to undo, and asked if we were going to stay in Holland or going further on. Ere the straps were unbuckled fairly, he scuffled on his cabalistic chalk mark, and we were free.

Some one fond of telling pleasant lies has said that with the English and French languages you can go anywhere in the Low Countries. But when one asks an intelligent railway official where the ticket office is, and he looks puzzled, not to say pained, and we put the question in another form, and point to a crowd at the far end of the rambling station and say "Ticket office?" and he says "Yes," and nods vigorously, and we rush off and find the refreshment bar instead, it must be admitted that faith in the prevalence of English in Holland is somewhat shaken. However, as often happens, when the "trusted" fails, the "least expected" comes to the rescue. A newsboy of sixty summers, with an armful of jaw-dislocating Dutch morning papers, obligingly marshalled us the way that we were already going in the direction of the other small crowd, which did mean tickets.

It is a sad thing to feel that you don't want the morning paper. The titles were enough. I began to feel that I could not read at all. The newsboy was a godsend, however; he set aside all thought of disseminating early morning Dutch literature, and put his services as interpreter entirely at our disposal. He kindly prevented us from rewarding him too scantily for his services by explaining that the ten coins of rather good design and size, but dubious color, were only worth twopence. We continued "paying out" (to use a combination of nautical and commercial terms) until a beam of satisfaction showed upon his weather-beaten countenance. It is a trying moment for a "happy-go-lucky" temperament to find itself early in the morning in a strange land face to face with problems of a new and uncanny-looking currency. Two or three of the biggest of the coins won't go into any decent purse, and if left loose in the trousers pocket, they go rasping and knocking about, setting the teeth on edge, and jamming the fingers while they search for smaller coinage of about the size of shirt buttons. It seemed part of a liberal education to get up a knowledge of the

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intermediate specimens—combinations of copper, nickel, bronze, pewter, and silver. Still, it must be done; it would never do to go on paying away at this rate.

"We ought to have some sort of system. Suppose you pay for all, and we will settle up—"

"Some time," said the most careless of us to the most reckless (or the reverse, if he likes it better). It cast a gloom of its own over us, and nearly settled us for the day.



A MORNING OBSERVATION IN HAARLEM.

The first impressions—which are supposed to be everything—of a new country, as seen from the bedrizzled windows of an express train, are not always worth writing down. It is only as you linger a few minutes at a way-side station that you begin to note the little differences that make it evident that you are at some distance from home. Many a hasty sketch we made from the convenient end windows of the railway carriage of the bits of character and incident seen on the platforms of the village stations. Such is the dignified repose of the Dutch that we could generally make a tolerably complete sketch before they moved. Seldom was the sketch-book out of hand, or the well-sharpened pencil unready.

If the study of the relative values of Dutch money is not cheering, it is not much relief to turn to the pages of a Dutch railway time-table. As we had been forced to admit the necessity of "some system" with regard to expenditure, we put off the evil day of arranging any very definite route until the morrow. We had two objective points—North Holland and Friesland—and so long as we came to these in good time and by direct or indirect wanderings, the other places might arrange themselves

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"ON THE EDGE OF HOLLAND."—[FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.]

as Time and happy Chance should will. We decided not to go straight on to Amsterdam the first day, but to break our journey at Haarlem.

Many artists consider this delightful old town as one of the greatest attractions in all Holland. To go there and not to visit the shrine of Franz Hals is like going to Italy and leaving out Venice. On our way to Haarlem, however, we came to Dordrecht; and as all the delights of form and color of that most deeply dyed of all picturesque towns "wheeled into our ken," we began to loudly and bitterly lament that we were not to stop and explore then and there. To our aid came a good-natured Dutch fellow-passenger, speaking English, who assured us that we could stop over three hours, and go on by the next train to Haarlem, and that our luggage, booked therefor, would be as safely awaiting us in the station as if we had never lost sight of it. No sooner said than done. A man and his luggage are as soon parted as the fool and his money. Our good-natured friend explained to the ticket collector—I fancy we had no real right to break the journey at Dort, but they seem curiously amiable on Dutch railways—and we passed out of the station and faced toward the town.

We did not respond to the pantomimic blandishments of the tram-car conductor, preferring to wander at our own sweet will, and get lost if possible. A very modern sort of Dutch villa, with a misbegotten little Mansard roof, plate-glass windows, muslin curtains of sprawling pattern, parted in the centre to display a cockety veneered table containing a basket of wax fruit and a couple of sickly Parian statuettes, a small garden with paths of black cinders, the garden surrounded with wood palings painted a rich arsenic green, and outside the palings a little pathetic moat, covered with duckweed, running entirely round the small domain, and around and over all an unmistakable bouquet of strangulated drainage—this was the first picture we stopped a moment to take in (mentally only). It was not exactly what we came on purpose to see, but we were not dismayed. Did we not see gleaming in the distance the lovely tower of the cathedral, and the marvellous roofs of the old houses, tiled with every hue of soft velvety red, towers, gables, and spires with the golden weather-cocks, all looking like delicate tracery on the gray-blue sky beyond? Onward!

But first of all, to restore the circulation, my companion indulged in a few steps of a darky dance, known among the select few as the "Essence of Ole Virginny." This, executed on the broad highway by a small neat youth nearly if not quite concealed by a monumental Ulster bristling with scores of uncanny flaps and pockets, brought a hitherto unseen and undreamed-of crowd of smiling but wondering natives up, seemingly from the ground.

"What on earth are they looking at? Is there anything peculiar about me or this Ulster?"

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"Nothing at all, my dear boy. Come on."

It was agreed that there was to be no sketching, merely a skirmish to see all we could, and then get back in time to catch the train, leaving the serious business of carefully doing it until another visit; that is to say, if we found Dort, on near inspection, turn out to be what it promised from afar. We had nearly three hours before us. Many a bigger place has been "done" for good and all in less time. For the first quarter of an hour we carefully noted the lay of the land and the various turnings, so as to find our way back again without being obliged to ask. But soon the interest began to thicken, the turnings were unnoted, and neither of us knew nor cared where we were, so long as we were going from one moving picture to another. We did not refer to Murray or Baedecker, uselessly bulging out our coat pockets; what we were simple enough to enjoy most of all, those excellent guides took no note of. The church tower was our guiding star; and as we moved from foreground to foreground, so to speak, how splendidly it would "compose" with the masses of quaint gables and red roofs; then with tops of trees golden with autumnal colors; then with tangle of shipping, bewilderments of masts, brown sails, spars, ropes, and flapping pennons; now at the end of a long canal, with the multiform and multicolored backs of houses overhanging either side; now again at the end of a long street of elaborately gabled houses filled with picturesque bustle and life! Threading in and out the ever-moving kaleidoscope of form and color, as spots of high light, were the white caps of the women-folk, with their gold ornaments glinting in the sunlight, and all this seen through ever-shifting veils of pale blue peat smoke. And over and above all these varying moving sketches wafted a strange tangle of queer and not often unpleasant odors—peat reek and the various tarry smells of the shipping, coffee being roasted or ground on the pavement in front of grocers' shops, all the spices of the Indies seeming now and then to get mixed with the inevitable escape of gassy smells from old gas-pipes being grubbed up, and to be having a battle royal for pre-eminence. Happily the coffee, spices, and peat smoke in most instances appeared to have the best of it.

Dort seemed well off for rivers—three, not over silvery or limpid, and yet to a painter's eye not of an uninviting muddy tone, gray, green, or yellow, sometimes in separate tints, sometimes in mixtures as they lay stagnant here or swirled swiftly there past the dikes, walls, and bridges of the old town, making not one island of it, but several. The breeze seems to have a fine chance for play round Dort; the brown and yellow sails scud by, and the windmills far and near seem cut loose or working for a wager.

By degrees, taking no note of time or direction in our wanderings, we came to the cathedral itself. Just a peep inside we agreed to, but it was far from easy to find the entrance. Every door that seemed the right one was not, and we were fain to ask our way in best pantomime. We were shown the koster's residence—a pathetic little green-painted door belonging to a humble wooden excrescence jammed between the buttresses of the main building. We knocked, and a tidy, smiling dame, speaking never a word, but looking unutterably intelligent and willing, led us through her little De Hooge like kitchen, the blue and white tiles, the glistening pots and pans like burnished gold and silver, something uncommonly nice bubbling in a gold-like saucepan on the fire. We looked so long and admiringly on this unexpected picture that the good woman must have thought us famished: it could not have been ready, that bubbling, fragrant stew, or I feel sure the good soul would have offered us some there and then. There was a large fluffy cozy cat curled up on a cushion on the easy-chair: evidently the church mice were not so poor, nor scarce either. A large open Bible with opulent silver clasps was on a small table, and near it a gray and blue mug filled with pale yellow chrysanthemums. It was a wonder that we tore ourselves away from this simple little ditty in color to the "frozen music" of the cathedral interior beyond.

It was not a very cheerful strain of "frozen music" either, that particular interior, as we saw it. It might have been once. Alas! the demons of sacrilegious havoc, the flaming torch, the invaders' cannon-shot, the pick and crowbar, and even the simple but efficient half-brick through the stained-glass windows, had done much. The foolish restorer, with his mud-pie of stucco and his ghastly shroud of whitewash, had done more. The "tooth

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THE DORDRECHT FIRE DEPARTMENT.

of time" had mumbled off choice bits of rare carving in wood and stone. But still there it was:

> "There was a something in its look
> That murder could not kill."

If the pious Dutchmen of the good old days could only see the present state of their temple, reared with such reverence and toil to the Most High, I fancy that they would think the boasted progress of this age rather crab-like in some matters of taste and refinement.

Out, somewhat sadly and rather chilled, into the bright air again, we found it time to get back to the railway, and began to think of some pantomime expressing that end and aim. But first let us try a little plain English on this man loading a truck with beer barrels. "Railway station? I will *schouw* you the way." And he left his truck and took us down several streets until we struck the tram line. He told the conductor our destination, made light of our thanks, and away we went, with infinite jingling of bells, and tooting of horn, and snipping of tickets with a bell-punch as big and as dangerous-looking as an army revolver. It was a new tramway, and proudly they seemed to regard it. The conductor looked like an admiral of the fleet. At the station we found but one solitary small boy at the telegraph office. Everybody else, he explained, had gone to see the *fire*—and the train expected in a few minutes!

There was a fire somewhere near by, and sure enough down quite at the end of the long platform was the entire staff of the station, even the cook in white cap and apron, gazing off into the dim distance—all except the small boy. We sought a restaurant over the way, and tried to get something from the solitary waiter who couldn't get away. He was evidently distracted between duty to us and impulse to rush off to the scene of conflagration. He brought us a *jam* sandwich for *ham*, which was a near shot for one in his state of agitation. We had a good opportunity while sitting by the window to see something of the Fire Department. The engine went by, but very deliberately and with much hesitation. We had even time to sketch it as it rested for a time while somebody went back for something. The station cook and party came upon the scene by this time; and between his advice to go back, as it was all over, and the railway porter's advice to go on, as it was still smoking, if not burning, we got time to do a good bit. However, at last the prudent counsel of the porter seemed to prevail, and the machine finally meandered quietly off in the direction of the late fire, pushed and dragged by a very scratch company, and followed by the chattering crowd. Fires are not of frequent occurrence, evidently, in Dort, and they probably had not seen that archaic old "squirt" out for years. What wonder that they moved it gently, for fear of internal injury!

The distant scream of the coming train warned us to the station, and we were soon on board again, well pleased with our three hours' experience. I think that one of us told the other the story of the Western man on a Mississippi steamer who got off at a "wood-up" station, where the boat would be detained an hour. He asked the captain if there would be time enough to see the town. The captain thought there would. The traveller returned in an hour with both eyes in mourning; his coat was torn up the back, and he had evidently been rolled in the mud.

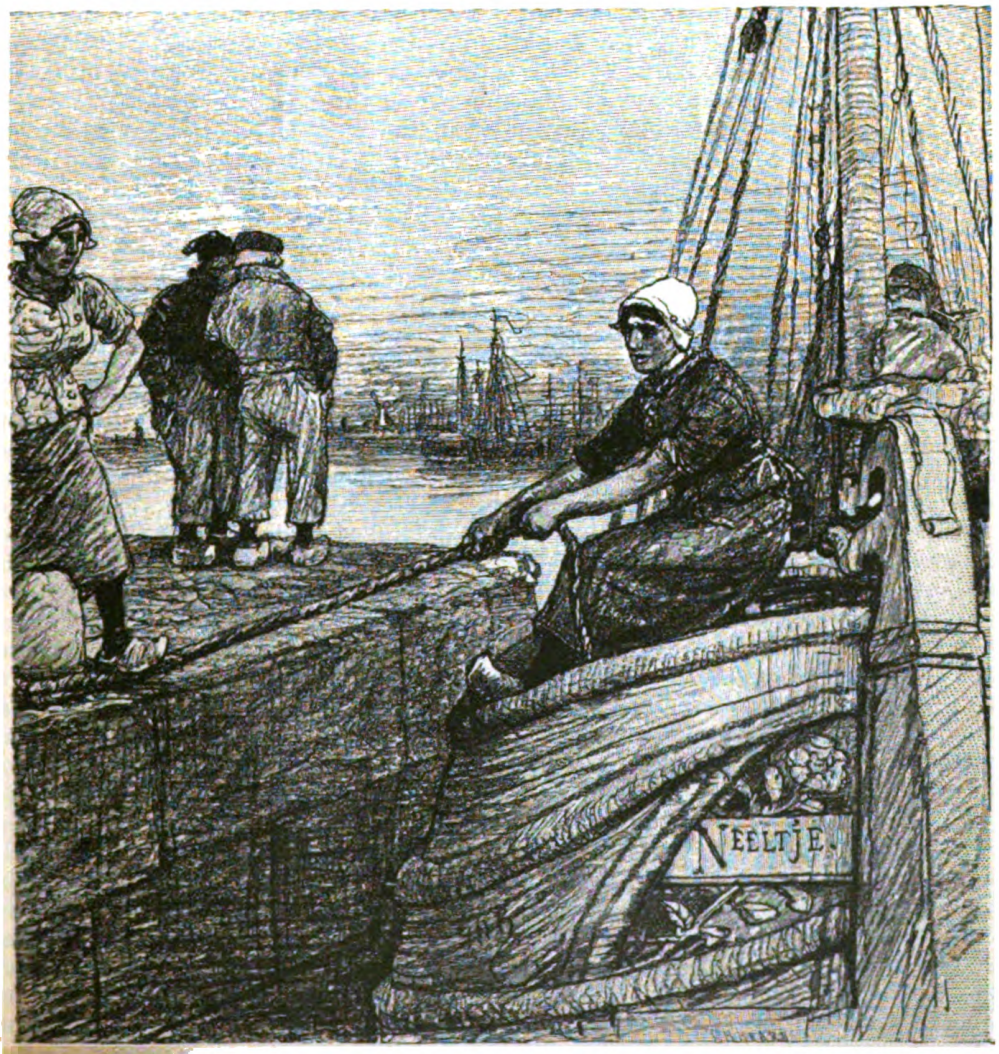
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"Have you enjoyed your walk?" asked the captain.

"Oh, very much indeed. There was a free fight going on up in the village, and I asked if they would count me in, and they did, and so I took a hand in; and then after a time I asked again, 'Is this a *free* fight?' and they said it was. So I said they might count me out, and I came away. For a small place, I found it most lively and amusing. I enjoyed it very much."

The amusements of Dort are not, in the present age, of this nature. There may have been such opportunities during the troubled times of the wars of the Middle Ages.

Our luggage was safe enough at Haarlem station, and we were soon comfortably housed at the Hotel Fünckler—landlord and all his people speaking English, and probably all the modern languages if required. Haarlem seems prim and quiet, not to say dozy, after Dort. It was too late to see the pictures that day, so we rambled about town, sketching bits of streets, canals, people—anything that came in our way. We were soon struck by the deep interest the Dutch people of every class seem to take in any one sketching. They will leave their dearest and most absorbing pursuits, business, home, friends, to come and look on. You will not have time to get a dozen lines in your book before you feel some one breathing almost in your ear. They are generally eating something if they are women or girls, or smoking if they are men or



HANDLING A ROPE ON A PULL-BOAT.

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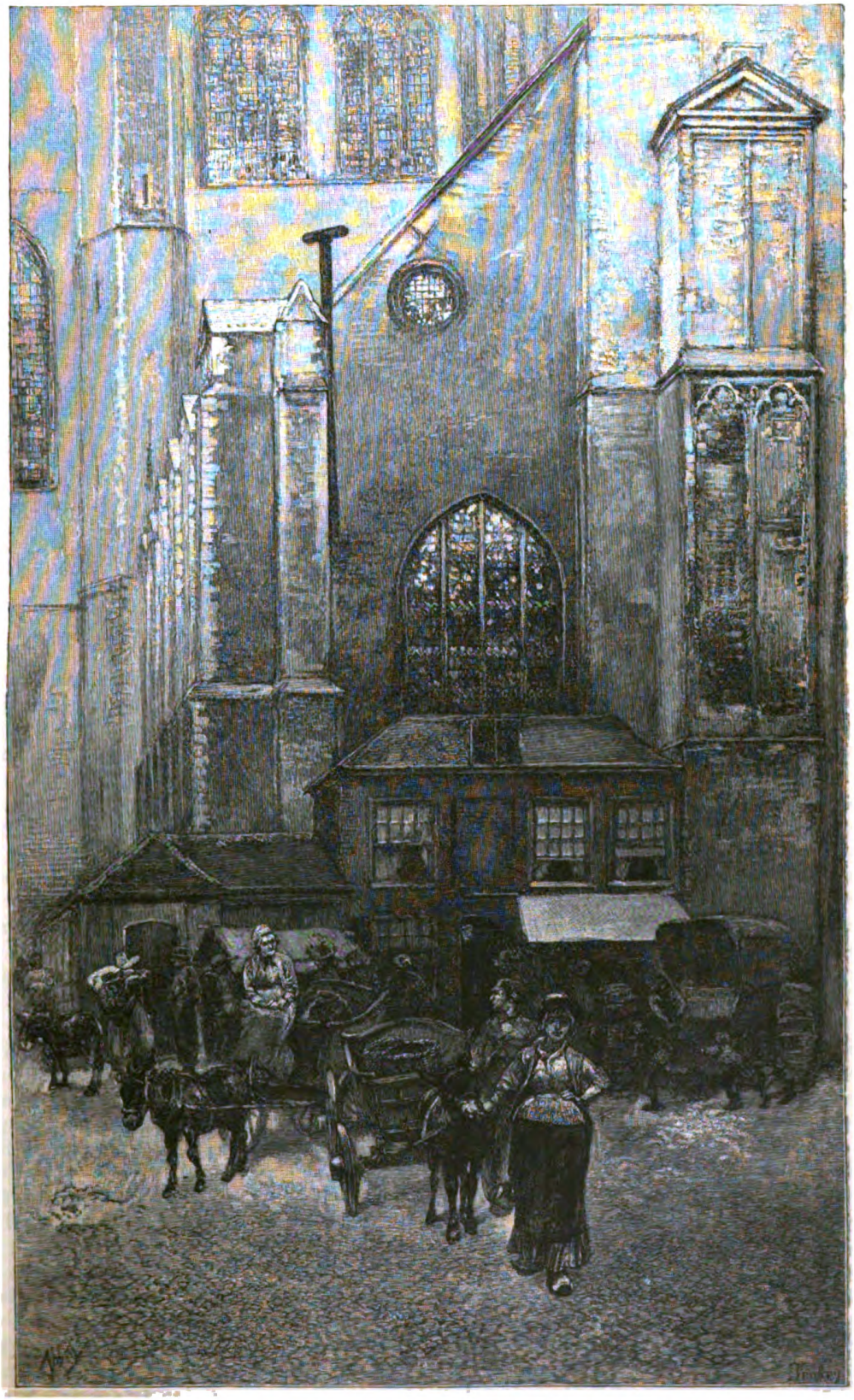
boys; but they are quiet and kind enough. There is no sort of use in looking severely at them, with a "What-do-you-want?" expression. They calmly eat or smoke, and look rather injured, or else return stare for stare with interest. Sometimes we would try the effect of turning over the leaf and beginning to write a few notes. It was seldom of any use; you would still find yourself a centre of attraction. If you stand with your back to a wall, they will try to squeeze their heads round back of the book, or else they will plant themselves well in front of you, and stop by the hour together if you will. The only way is not to mind being overlooked.

Haarlem is being modernized at a furious rate. Some of the old canals have been filled up and made into "boulevards." One was being filled up: we went out of our way to see if it was "sketchable." It certainly was not bad, with its inky pent-up waters, the banks piled high with sea-sand, the men pitching it in with great wooden spades. But, oh! the perfume! Sulphuretted hydrogen was the most innocent element of the peculiar "bouquet." It was enough to stop a clock; and yet they didn't seem to mind it. Small boys were playing with little boats in it. Some men from a tobacco factory near by were wetting some leaves of the plant in its fragrant aroma-giving element. I suppose that they had always been in the habit of using this same water for the same purpose, and it never occurred to them to stop because the water was getting a trifle richer in quality.

Around these new boulevards is springing up the modern Dutch villa—the pet production of speculative builders all the world over. Some were better—mostly here better—and some few worse than the one faintly hinted at in our few words about Dort. Although Holland abounds with the most delightful specimens of domestic architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they seldom care to revive it when they build a new house. There seems to be but one approved style now, and that the very worst style of French villa, with its dull dark "Mansard" roof. There is also an almost universal run on a certain garden statue in plaster, the most ill-modelled child with a short tunic, holding a basket of chalk fruit on its simpering idiotic head. No garden is complete without that, and if the means of the owner permit, a large globe of shining quicksilvered glass, in which is reflected the most awful distortions of every surrounding object. Those who are tired of hearing of "high art" and "æsthetics," of harmonies and symphonies of color, of dadoes and old bric-à-brac, should come here to rest the troubled brain. If one could only stay a few months with the owner of one of these villas! The people are by no means reticent in displaying their objects *de luxe*—mostly wax flowers or French vases. Gilt-edged books bound in good old-fashioned positive colors, a "magenta" tint now and then that seemed to have been distilled from long pent-up and suffering canal water; these massed in brass-bound book-slides, and tended by a Muse or two in plaster of Paris, are on the veneered table between the parted curtains of every one of these new abodes. Wandering along one of the canals, we stopped to admire a crow-stepped gabled house of time-toned velvety brick. We read on a tablet high up the name of Ph. Wouvermans. Yes, that must have been his studio window—that large one. A pleasant house, and a substantial, well-to-do air all about it. A pleasant spot, too, by the tree-shaded canal. Wonder if it is still a studio? It looks like it. It almost tempts one to ring the bell and ask if Heer Wouvermans is at home.

We passed out of the town through the one fine old postern-gate left standing, and wandered off a little way into the country to see how that looked. There were no shady lanes, nor stone walls nor fences to obstruct the view. The narrow rush-fringed ditch runs round and through each little domain. It was fortunately during the potato gathering, and the groups of women and children at work in the fields were most picturesque. I am not particularly fond of the idea of women doing the hard field-work that they sometimes engage in; but potato digging, picking, sack-filling, and the rest of it are such very picturesque and easy-looking proceedings that one is tempted to look upon it as a female accomplishment or pastime, like hay-making. But the women do in Holland a number of masculine tasks, and very tempting most of them "compose" for the sketcher's benefit. As solid, well-set-up specimens of healthy humanity the women have often the advantage of the men. It is a treat to see a powerful young Dutchwoman handle a rope on a pull-boat.

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THE MARKET-PLACE, HAARLEM.

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IN THE POTATO FIELD.

There are still in Haarlem a goodly number of charming old houses of the seventeenth century. Some of their gables lean rather forward toward the street or sideways toward their next-door neighbor in a way suggestive of fundamental debility. At first sight it seems safer to walk in the middle of the road, and look out for falling bricks. But one soon gets over the tottery character; in fact, some one told us that they were built originally at that angle forward. When they lean sideways, they admit the mouldering pile beneath, and own to the sinkage. The fine old city walls and ramparts that withstood the famous siege have been pulled down, all but one fine old gateway, a splendid specimen of its kind, picturesque to the last degree. That is all there is left to illustrate one of the greatest chapters in the history of Haarlem. The boulevard and the tram car have risen over the dust of all the rest. I should like to say something more worthy of this memorable siege, there is such a splendid opportunity; but on second thought perhaps it is as well to refer the reader to Motley, and not seek to supersede that admirable history.

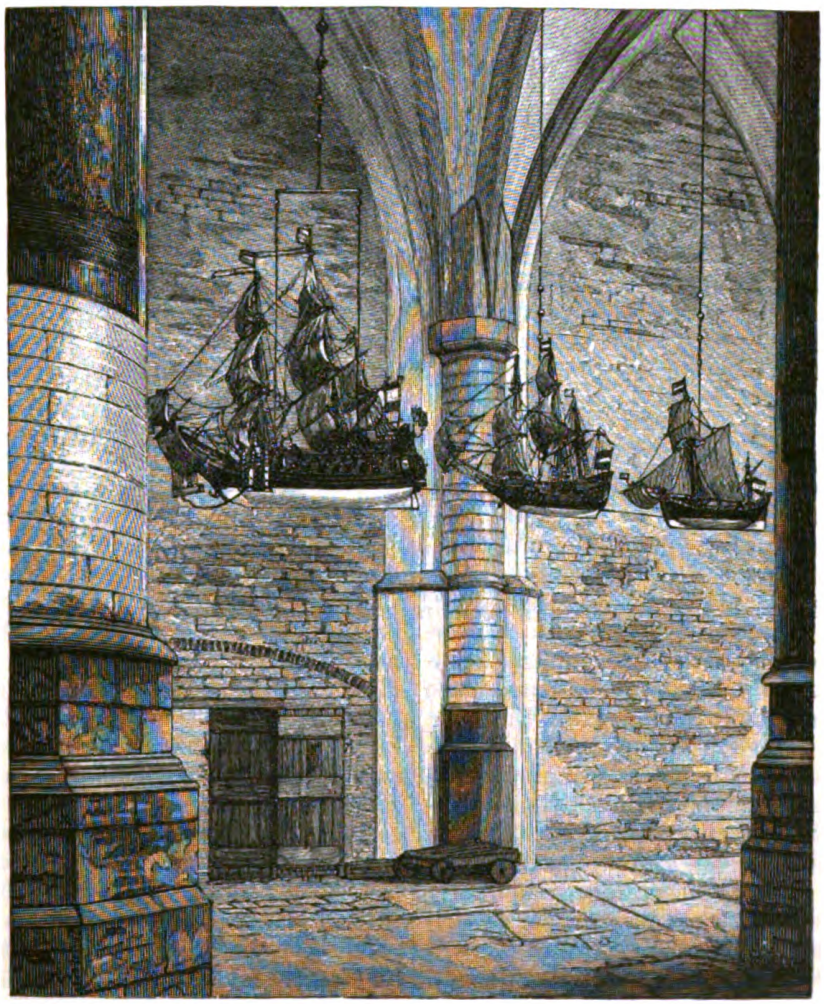
If any reader should feel inclined to notice the lack of Serious Purpose in this article, let me hasten to say that we scarcely had a serious moment there; we enjoyed it so much that we found no time to get serious. There is no use whatever in lamenting the sad fact that the Dutchman of to-day will, whenever he gets a chance, pull down remorselessly his most lovely old ramparts and town walls or halls, or, in fact, any relic of the past, to make way for a boulevard or a railway station. To tell the truth, we found the pick-axe and shovel being wielded on one or two old city gates in a way to make the antiquarian's heart bleed. The demon of improvement seems to be let loose at the present moment all over the land. Perhaps there may be some good healthful purpose served, after all, now and again. Wiser heads must settle these matters; as I said before, let us take things as we find them.

The cathedral at Haarlem is not so fine in form or so picturesquely situated as that at Dort, but it seems better cared for and preserved. The restorer has not enjoyed himself over it from time to time. The great organ is its show piece. It did not happen to play while we were visiting the church, and as we did not happen to want it to play seriously enough to pay the fee for the far-famed special perform-

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ance (the "Thunder-storm," which turns all the neighboring milk, and "God save the Queen," which is enough to loosen all one's teeth), we did not hear it on that occasion. I, for one, regret it now. Although I have spoken lightly of that tremendous instrument for the moment, I feel that we missed something.

toy ships, so they remain, and a rare comfort they are to the art student interested in the marine structures "of the period." There is rather a want of elegance about the interior, and, to speak kindly, there is rather a vain display in the matter of whitewash. And if one must now say farewell for the moment to the mighty



SHIP MODELS IN THE CATHEDRAL.

We saw the interior of the cathedral in the dim twilight, which most certainly lent enchantment to it. Votive offerings in the shape of models of old Dutch galleons, with sails all set and pennons flying, hung from the ceiling here and there. These are the only votive offerings left to tell the tale — gold, silver, precious stones, changed rapidly into other spheres of usefulness during the long wars. It was no use melting down the organ, we are forced to admit that the style of its architecture is as far from being serious as it is from being joyous. It is rather frivolous, with its flowers like cabbages, and its elephantine Cupids. Nevertheless, I shall be delighted to see it again.

The Museum, with its glorious magisterial works of Hals, not to mention other fine things, is well worthy even a special pilgrimage, to any one with a spark of art

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fire alight, or even a good bit of art tinder in their souls on which a light may be kindled. A worthy description of the Hals masterpieces here is out of the question; it would only tantalize the poor art student who can't get at them at once, and make him miserable until he can. Such is not our motive. "Go as soon as you get the chance," is all there is to be said. And that many artists do go, the names in the visitors' book can testify. I saw the names of Millais, Frith, Ouless, the ink scarcely dry.

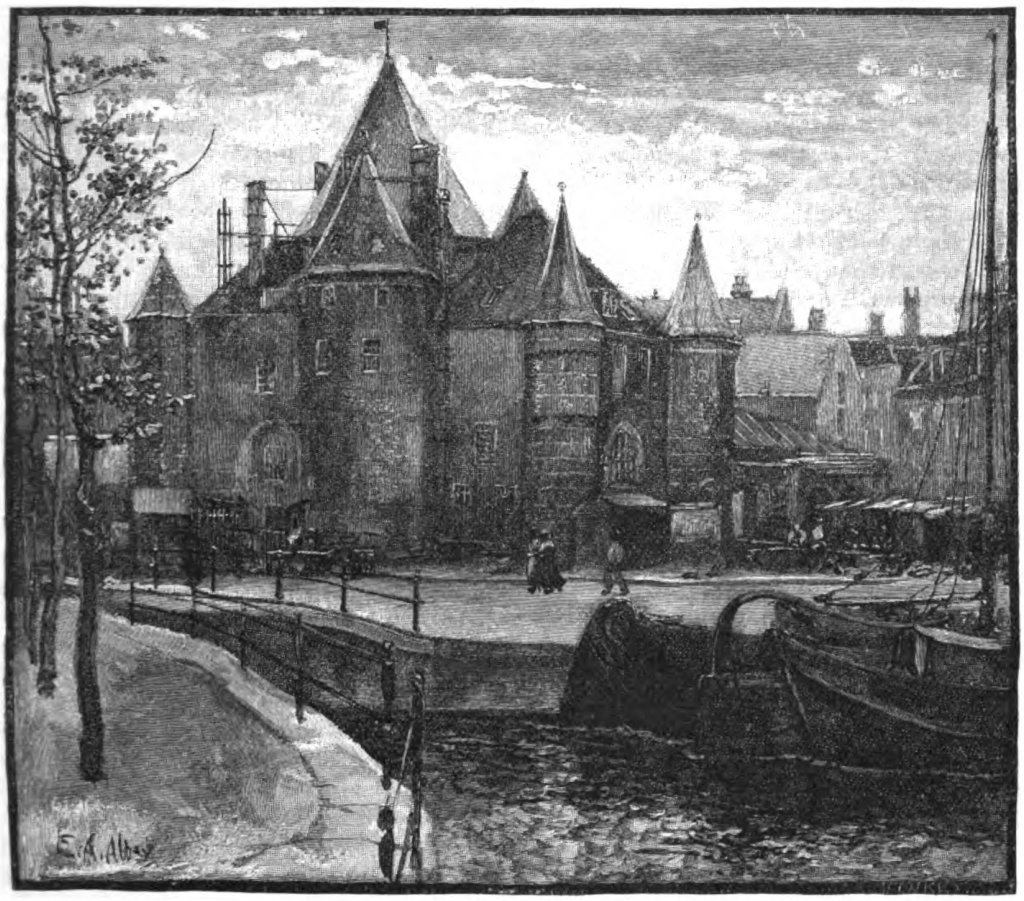
The sight of a collection like this is apt to make one serious, it seems such uphill work to it. That is, if you happen to wish to go in that peculiar direction, up that particular hill of Franz Hals. If your objective point be the towering Titian, Velasquez, or Rembrandt, you may feel inclined to make light of the Hals eminence; but before you make *very* light of him, my dear young or old friend and fellow-student, try and do just a little bit worthy to go anywhere in the same gallery with him, and then that will somewhat help you on your way to Titian and Velasquez.

And now, as we have lingered somewhat on the way—North Holland is still far off—let us push on to Amsterdam. We will mercifully spare you Rotterdam, although there is a very good gallery—in fact, the gallery itself is about the only decent one in all Holland, the little gallery at Haarlem excepted. The Hague and Amsterdam galleries are simply series of small rooms lighted by side windows, with reflections of opposite buildings on sunny days, and all sorts of havoc. The Rotterdam gallery principally lacks good pictures; there are some well worth seeing, but no masterpieces, as at the sister cities with the bad galleries. But poor Rotterdam lost her pictures years ago by fire, and it is not so easy to get fresh masterpieces every day. The river Maas, by Rotterdam, filled with shipping of all nations, is most sketchable to a marine painter. The movement along the "Boomjies," the "Rialto" of the place, "where merchants most do congregate," is well worth seeing.

Amsterdam itself, as a town, may be very enterprising and commercially prosperous—it is, in fact, reeking with prosperity. Still, as a dream of architectural beauty, it is surpassed by one or two other and smaller places in the country. Perhaps even a very intelligent business man would prefer the town-hall of Amsterdam to the town-hall of Middelburg, down in Zeeland, but no architect, painter, or sculptor would do so for a moment. And as for those delightful old Dutch mansions of two or three hundred years ago, with their cunning masonry and brick-work, their elaborate figures, weathercocks, and flourishes wrought by iron-workers when the blacksmiths and the masons were artists proud of their guilds, well, you will find these things too in the smaller towns in greater perfection. Middelburg, Veer, Hoorn, Delft, Dort, Leyden, Alkmaar, Utrecht, Nymegen, Maestricht—these are named at random; there are many towns even richer in fine old houses. But let us hope to come to them in due course.

The real pride of Amsterdam, after the evidences of her prosperity and her monuments of successful engineering, lies in her art galleries—perhaps it is safer to say her pictures, public and private collections, and her collections of antiquities and objects of art in the little tentative museum. The Hague and Utrecht in respect of museums are her only rivals. But, sad to relate, the Hague collection will, as soon as the museum now building at Amsterdam is finished, be merged into and mingled with the big sister's treasures. How the Hague people can ever see their collection taken from them without spilling their heart's blood is more than I can understand. The present little museum of Amsterdam is in an old house—date sixteenth century, it seemed to be. Some of the rooms were furnished from floor to ceiling with genuine examples of Dutch furniture, all of that same period. Other rooms were of the half-century earlier and later, each complete in itself, and each a complete picture. Everything was arranged in its proper household position—pictures on hangings of Spanish leather, or on backgrounds of Flemish tapestry; brass sconces, and ebony or tortoise-shell framed bevelled glass mirrors in between; brass candelabra hanging from the oaken rafters; all the chimney furniture, the andirons. tongs, shovels, and brushes, in place, and the garniture of brass and delf on mantel-shelves as it should be; oaken tables with carved legs and feet, with old Persian rugs for table covers; old vellum-bound books on shelf; oaken cabinets, with great tankards upon them of various

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NEW MARKET, AMSTERDAM.

metals; great drinking horns on gold and silver stands, studded often with precious stones; mighty, deep-potion-holding goblets as well. What lusty fellows those old Dutchmen were who tossed them off with toasts to their many victories by sea and land! A modern wine-glass beside one of these cups would seem puny and pitiable, only fit for a doll's house. No little mincing decanters, either, were they that kept the goblets company, but deep, wide-bodied flagons, such as figure in Van der Helst's pictures of civic and guild banquets, where the pourer of the wine holds the flagon to the top of his reach high, and the cup low down, so that

"The bubbles that swim at the beaker's brim,
And break at the lip when meeting,"

are like little balloons. Then the mighty metal dishes and trenchers, big enough to hold the princely swan or the kingly peacock, or ostrich, or whatever small game happened to be in fashion at the time. The powerful limbed stools and chairs on which they sat were all in place. We were the only anachronisms in these perfect rooms, and, moreover, I don't think either of us was proud of the fact, if the truth must out. If a few of those old swash-bucklers of the time could walk in, clad in buff leather and steel corselet, with waving plume, long, fierce, up-brushed mustache, keen rapier on thigh, or with hand on hilt bent forward, and just cocking up the back hem of broidered cloak, great buckety boots of Cordovan leather, with jingling spur of inch-long rowels at heel; or even a few gay gallants of the time in satin or velvet jerkins, brave with bows of tagged ribbons, great bows of the same tagged ribbon where the garters fastened, cuffs and collar or ruffs of good old point, buff square-toed shoes with heels worth mentioning, long hair cut square across the brow—what would they think of us as the improved product of two centuries? It is true that we were neither of us good ex-

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amples of elegance, prowling about their rooms in long Ulsters, bulging with Baedecker and Murray, still I don't fancy that they would care more for the chimney-pot hat, the curate collar, and the well-shot-forward wristband, the skin-tight cut-away coat, and the groom's trousers. However, needless to say (much to our regret, as we would have been charmed to see them), the aforesaid shades kept discreetly away.

These specially arranged and kept rooms were all very well and lovely; but some of the others in the house were given up to what Barnum would call "good square curiosities"—none of your new-fangled art matters of such places as South Kensington, but the good old thing. There was the cast of the hand and foot of some dead-and-gone Dutch giant; the pistol with which some ordinary murderer slew some ordinary victim, long forgotten; pickled snakes and stuffed monkeys, moth-ravaged and dusty; and south-sea war clubs enough to stock an arsenal. I think that this museum has also the very club that slew poor Captain Cook. We saw this club in many Dutch museums, and I fancy that Amsterdam has it as well. Fortunately these peculiar treasures are not overwhelmingly numerous, and are only temporarily there until the coming of the Hague collection and the completion of the new building.

We had the good fortune to see the famous collection of pictures at the house of the Burgomaster Six. I don't know if the present Six be Burgomaster or no. I hope so fervently. It would be a rank shame to call a Six anything else; worse, even, it would be an anachronism. I wonder, also, if the present Six resembles his glorious ancestor who was so happily inspired to collect Rembrandts? It is something to have a house where the family portraits, painted by the great Dutch master, are still hanging—I believe in the self-same places where Rembrandt hung them. And such a portrait!—that of the Burgomaster. Never was anything more alive, more looking at you, than this; not gazing on you with that fixed stony stare which is commonly supposed to be so marvellous if it "seems to follow you round the room." The eyes of any staring daub will do that. These eyes seem to beam on you so kindly and calmly, so refined, so intelligent, so haunting, in fact, that they do more than merely "follow you about the room." They followed us home, and pleasantly haunted us for days. How we talked of that one picture! If we plodded about silently after that, thinking instead of talking, we generally found, on comparing notes, that we had been thinking of that one picture. True, it was only a man's portrait; but, after all, it is one of the world's wonders in the way of art. And for those who love simple, direct, unaffected work, and who fancy that no art can endure except the very high, and that a complicated muddle of contorted humanity is the most high, this will ever be a joy to look upon.

Before we leave the Rembrandt-haunted home of the Sixes, let us own that there is a charming small gallery under the same roof, and that there are some gem-like little Dutch works therein. But we walked about as in a dream. It is sad to own to it, but I for one forget completely all of the perfectly lovely collection but that one picture. I do remember dimly some rare blue and white china, enough to make a collector blue with envy and crackled with covetousness. They were to ordinary blue and white as clotted cream is unto sour skimmed milk. Happily they did not sink very deeply into my desires, or affect my subsequent happiness. The portrait was my preserver, and I knew there was no use in coveting that.

There are other private galleries in Amsterdam, and we did our duty to them, and were well repaid, but we were careful not to rinse our palates with much small beer after the wine of that portrait. Who was it said,

> "Never graceful, wise, or sainted—
> That is how the Dutchmen painted"?

If this unkind indictment be true, it goes also to prove that they got on uncommonly well even without any of the above vital qualities. I frankly own that I can't remember any very graceful example of Dutch sacred or profane art, saint or goddess. I do remind me, however, of a certain "Susanna," fearfully and wonderfully made, which must have been commissioned by some by-gone "society for the discouragement of indiscreet elders," and must have been a grievous success in its day and generation. I don't remember any glaring example of a Dutch "Venus," by-the-way, except little snuff-box-lid affairs of a very mild form. The Dutch painters only took to the nude

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for the purpose of moral teaching. Eve (evidently filled with large apples), Potiphar's wife, and Susanna, St. Anthony and his undraped temptress—these mostly served the old painters when they wished to adventure into the regions of high art and soar above common things.

And "sainted"? Perhaps it is fair to admit that the dear old Dutchmen did try the more elevated paths now and then. Did they not do their best to plant their share of arrows into long-suffering St. Sebastian? The Prodigal Son, I admit, generally broke down, and the representations of the Prodigal revelling with improper companions were often too realistic to be fit for the thin fine air of the upper levels of high art. The Virgin presenting the Infant with a small model of a Dutch windmill, and Abraham offering up Isaac, with an early example of wheel-lock pistol, are a few well-known instances of how they tried. Perhaps this realistic treatment of sacred things was the better way of presenting the subjects to the people of their day. And, after all, they were in these matters much as greater painters were. Did not Paul Veronese in his "Marriage at Cana" depict himself, relatives, and friends as assisting at the wedding feast?

There is an unmistakable atmosphere of art about Amsterdam; of Rembrandt especially you might say that he is pervading the air still after these centuries. It would be no easy matter for a stranger to visit Amsterdam and get away without being made aware of Rembrandt's great hold upon the people. If he were not shown his pictures, he would no doubt have his house pointed out to him, and if not that, then the square or the statue would be his fate. I could not help thinking, when I saw the pretty surroundings of the Rembrandt statue in Amsterdam, that poor Ary Scheffer's statue at Dort would be glad to change places with him. The extremely sainted Ary seems sadly out of his element, and must feel low and commonplace clad in badly fitting bronze frock-coat and trousers, standing bare-headed, with a wretchedly small palette on his thumb, in the middle of Dort market-place, surrounded by quacking ducks and geese, and plain, not to say coarse-speaking, market-women. Rembrandt would rather enjoy smiling down on the fat ducks. But poor dear Scheffer! What a mercy for him that his nerves are of enduring bronze! We only staid long enough in Amsterdam to "do" the collections at the rate of about three a day, and to make arrangements for cruising about the Zuider Zee, and seeing North Holland and Friesland.

There is not much to see in the way of costume in the large Dutch cities. Any part of London or Paris would show as great a variety. In fact, I should be inclined to back a London "Blue-coat School" boy against anything in Holland, as not only being more downright picturesque, but also more historically correct and interesting to a student of costume. He means something. I do wish, however, that the Blue-coat boy himself could only know how well the real cap of the period would go with the rest of the dress, and wear it bravely. No, he would rather go bare-headed all his days, in the wildest weather, than stand the street gamin comparing his head-gear to a "muffin." His patron Edward VI. wore one of the same shape. But what would the London street boy say to the costume of half-orphan schools of Amsterdam? Some sad humorist of philanthropic turn, in years gone by, thought it a neat idea to make the children of the school dress forever after in a party-colored dress of black and red. I have no doubt that he saw in it some fitting reminder of their half-orphaned condition if they were grotesquely pied up and down with these two striking contrasts.

The "Aan Spraaker" is also, to the innocent stranger, more of an object of amusement than his grewsome and serious office intended him for. He is a quick-moving individual, rushing from house to house, bearing tidings of deaths and births. He is clad in black cloth citizen's costume of the last century, cocked hat, white streamer behind flying in the wind if his message is of birth (some subtle sub-meaning also conveyed of sex as well, I fancy), a black streamer if of death. His knee-breeches, black stockings, and shoes with great silver buckles make him rather a striking figure as he cuts along the streets on his momentous errands. He always struck me as having left something important behind him at home, and as hurrying back for it with all his might. As a picturesque object, or as an expression by means of outward show of his serious mission, he struck us as being somewhat of a failure.

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FISHERMEN'S WIVES.

Down about the docks, among the shipping, the Dutch sailor and his womenkind sometimes, if from the Zuider Zee ports or islands, are very good catches for one's note-book. You even see parties of them leading each other, generally by their interlocked little fingers, about town, looking into the shop windows of the Kalverstraat. They have not changed much in appearance, these sailor and fisher folk, during the last two hundred years. There are old Dutch pictures of these mariners, dressed then in the self-same baggy breeches, furry cap, and jerkin, rich with big silver buttons on vest and around waistband. We became rather impatient to get to the little islands and far-off ports, where we could see them at home and more at ease.

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LIVING LAMPS.

TO those who go down to the sea in ships, or linger along the indentures of rocky shores on summer nights, an opportunity is offered to enter the confines of that mysterious realm, the phosphorescent world.

On the New England coast these displays of phosphorescent phenomena are particularly noticeable, and the castellated rocks are frequently bathed with their splendors. When

> "The day is done, and the darkness
> Falls from the wings of night,"

the phantoms of this world of light spring into existence, changing the bosom of the ocean to a scene of weird revelry. Every drop of water seems a gleam of light, and the grim kelps and sea-weeds depending from the rocks drip with liquid fire. Ahead of our boat waves of light appear; beneath the surface moons and stars move here and there, revolving and rising in graceful curves with gentle undulation; while swift flashes, coming from the gloom beyond, dart across the field, leaving a brilliant nebulous train behind. The scene, as the waves break upon the rocks, is one of dazzling splendor. At Spouting Horn, Nahant, the water, forced through a natural crevice in the overhanging crag, is thrown high in air, for a moment hangs suspended, a luminous mist, then settles upon the grim battlements, bathing them in a warm lambent light that winds its way in gleaming rivulets to the sea.

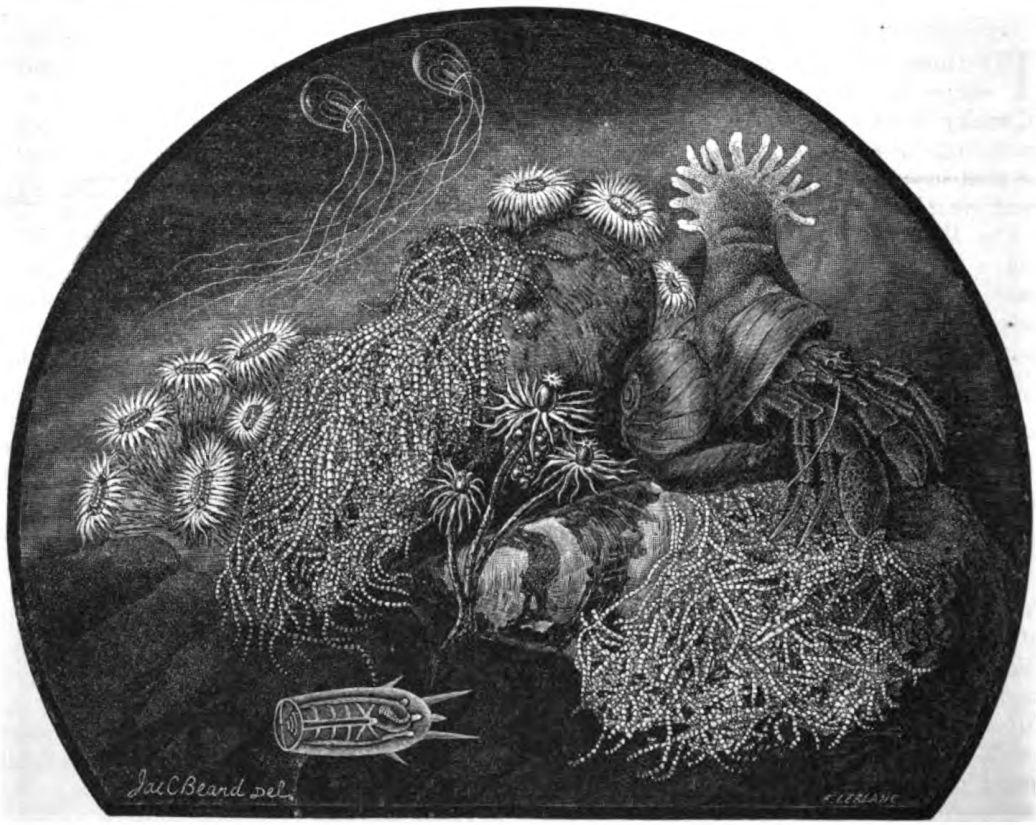
But what are these mystic shapes? In answer, we dip the scoop-net into the water; the wish of Midas is here well-nigh fulfilled. The meshes become a shining web of golden fabric, and entangled in them are myriads of gleaming living creatures, the veritable lamps of the sea. They are medusæ—jelly-fishes, if you will—too common to be described; unsightly objects when stranded upon the shore, but at night possessed of a loveliness peculiarly their own. Large forms of aurelia and cyanea move along surrounded by a halo of golden-greenish light. The cyanea is a giant of its kind, a fiery comet sweeping in and out among the lesser mimic constellations. One of these large jellies was observed near Nantucket from the mast of a vessel moving lazily along, its disk encircled by a halo twenty-feet in diameter, while the train of gleaming tentacles stretched away two hundred feet or more. Mrs. Agassiz measured one whose disk was seven feet across, with tentacles over one hundred and twelve feet in length. In the daytime the great semi-transparent disk, with its flexible lobed margin, is a dark reddish-brown color, while the tentacles, bristling with lasso cells and spiral darts, are yellow, purple, brown, or pink. While the cyaneas tint the sea with a greenish light, the little dysmorphosa, that at times appears in vast numbers where currents meet around rocky points, illumines it with a light of deep aurelian hue. On successive nights we may find as many different varieties changing the water to white and yellow tints. The shapely zygodactylæ wander about like *ignes-fatui;* the idylia gleams with ever-changing hues; pleurobrachiæ flit about, their fringed tentacles glistening with red, green, yellow, and purple rays; the golden melicerta and resplendent forms of coeyne, tima, clytia, eucope, and a host of others add to the glory of the scene. The pleurobrachia and its relatives, from the peculiar external character of their locomotive appendages, are among the most beautiful of all marine light-givers. The beroes are perhaps the most familiar, assuming many forms, sometimes spherical, oval, and oblong.

> "Shaped as bard's fancy shapes the small balloon,
> To bear some sylph or fay beyond the moon.
> From all her bands see lurid fringes play,
> That glance and sparkle in the solar ray
> With iridescent hues. Now round and round
> She whirls and twirls; now mounts, then sinks profound."*

Clear as crystal, they move through the water by means of their lace-like hyaline fins, that glitter with hues of vivid iridescence. So numerous are these and other light-givers in the Northern seas that the olive-green tint of the water is due to them even in the daytime. Mr. Scoresby, finding sixty-four of them in a cubic inch of water, summed up the amusing calculation that if eighty thousand persons had commenced at the beginning of the world (he refers to popular, not geological reckoning) to count, they would barely at the present time have completed the enumeration of a single species found in a cubic mile.

* Drummond, on the beroe.

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GROUP OF PHOSPHORESCENT ANIMALS.

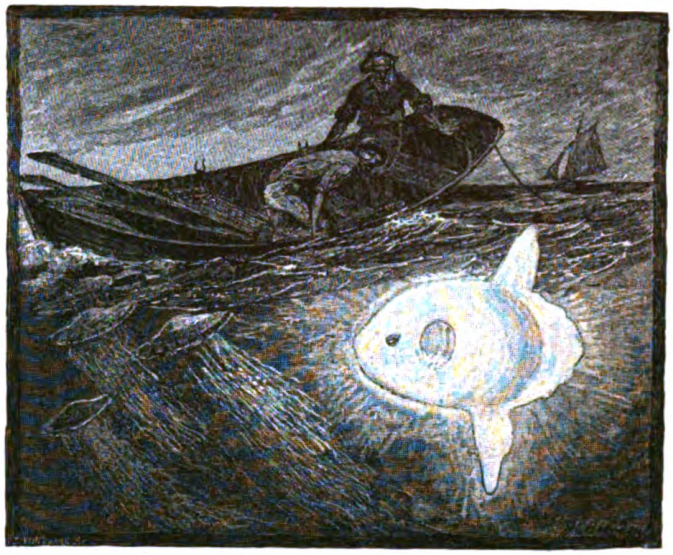
Off the New England coast numbers of luminous sea-anemones have been dredged. On one, the *Urticena nodosa*, the light was confined to the smooth parts of the column, and the tentacles, that resembled tongues of flame waving about. Some of this genus were found perched upon the shells of hermit-crabs; if luminous, they must present a strange sight moving along, the rider illuminating the way for its steed.

In the lowest walks of life we find the same curious phenomena. Michaelis, a distinguished professor at Kiel, was the first to discover microscopic light-givers, observing phosphorescence in a rotifer (synchata) which is extremely common in the Baltic and the lagoon of Venice. One interesting form, the *Peridinium michaelis*, named after the naturalist, resembles a miniature Florentine vase, surrounded by a ciliated belt of flame. They emit a greenish-yellow light, and offer a magnificent spectacle under the microscope in a dark room. But of all the infusoria the giant monad noctiluca presents the most gorgeous appearance at night. It resembles a minute currant, a curved filament, its locomotive organ, looking like the broken stem. Beneath the outer envelope is a gelatinous layer containing numerous granules that seem to be the light-giving organs. The greatest emission of light is seen when a contraction of the tissues, either by mechanical or chemical means, is produced. If the luminous property disappears, it can be reproduced by dropping a drop of weak acid among them. Under a microscope of thirty diameters Ehrenberg saw some of them become brilliant on one part of the body only, others on many points, and others again on their whole surface. As he increased the magnifying power to one hundred and forty diameters, a greater number of relucent points became visible, the light seemingly concentrating in them, while the homogeneous luminosity of the animal disappeared. From this he premised that the scintillating points were the light-emitting organs. A gobletful of the noctilucæ produces light sufficient to read by at a distance of two feet, the glass appearing fairly ablaze, while a sensitive

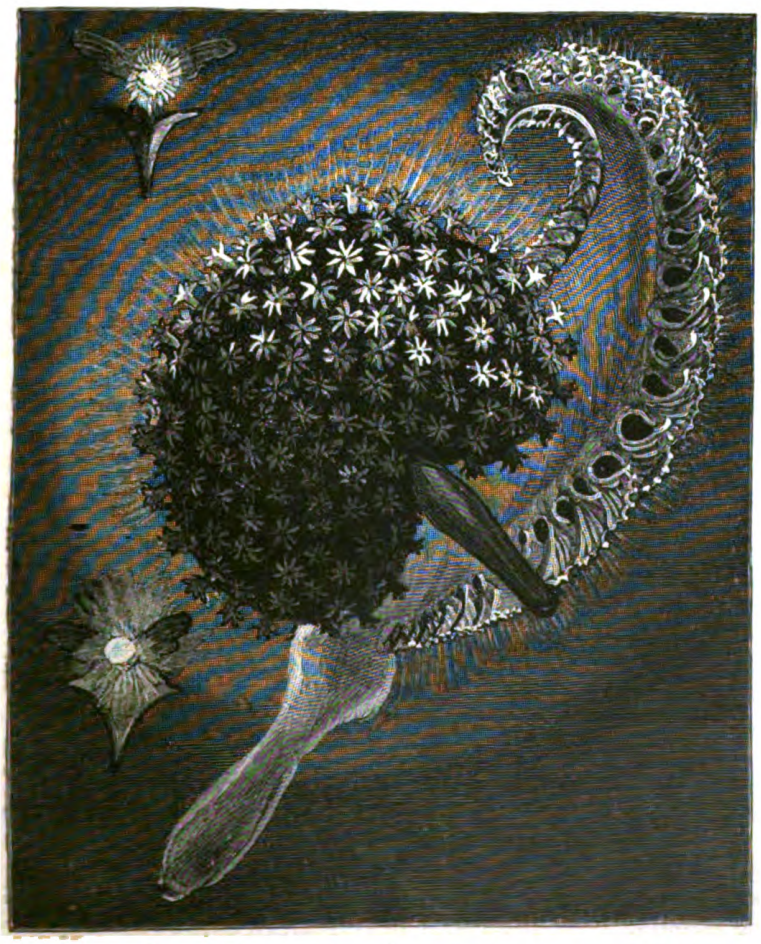
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thermometer placed among them shows not the slightest elevation of temperature —a demonstrative definition of the term phosphorescence.

Humboldt, who bathed among the noctilucæ of the Pacific, tells us that his body was luminous for hours after, and even the sands upon which they were left at low tide appeared like grains of gold. The captain of an American ship traversed a zone of these animals in the Indian Ocean nearly thirty miles in breadth. It was a perfect night, yet the light emitted by these myriads of fire bodies, of which he estimated there were thirty thousand in a cubic foot, eclipsed the brightest stars; the Milky Way was but dimly seen, and as far as the eye could reach, the water presented the appearance of a vast sea of molten metal of purest white. The sails, masts, and rigging cast weird shadows all about, and flames sprang from the bow as the vessel surged along—an impressive and appalling spectacle.



THE SUBMARINE SUN (THE SUN-FISH).



THE SEA-PEN (PENNATULA PHOSPHOREA), CLEADORA, AND MARINE FIRE-FLIES.

Very similar in general appearance to the noctiluca is the diatom pyrocistis; it has, however, a thin coating of silica, through which the strange light shines. Its immense numbers are often productive of weird displays. Seeming pillars of fire have been seen from the decks of vessels, coursing along and standing out in vivid brightness against the night, which upon close observation were found to be water-spouts formed in a sea of these living lights, so that the whirling, rushing column appeared a veritable pillar of fire. So bright

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LANTERN-FISHES.

was the light of *Pyrocistis fusiformis*, observed by Sir Wyville Thomson, that he read the finest print by their light from the port of his cabin.

Many of the marine worms are highly phosphorescent, resembling fiery serpents as they move about in sinuous curves. The pectinaria, with its combs of burnished gold, the nereis, with opal tints and gleams of pearl, sabella, bedecked in radiating corona, and aphrodita, with its bristling coat of golden mail, are a few that night and day are resplendent with either iridescent or phosphoric light. Nephrytys, ioida, psamathe, and phyllis are all brilliant light-givers. Perhaps one of the most striking of these worms is the *Cirratulus grandis*, common on our shores. From its body numberless golden filaments start that wave to and fro, coiling, darting this way and that, flashing a rich yellow light, and appearing in the dark at times a flaming nebula.

Among the light-givers that live upon the bottom, the star-fishes are worthy of notice, asterias, ophiocnida, and many others often showing a pale phantom light. The sea-pens are remarkable for their phosphorescence. *Rennilla reniformis* is a rich purple variety, according to Agassiz, emitting a "golden green light of wonderful softness." The *Pennatula phosphorea* emits a vivid purple light as it moves along by the regular pulsation of its fringed arms, that when fully expanded resemble the feathers of a quill pen. One of the most beautiful of these forms is the *Virgularia mirabilis*. A huge arctic form, the umbellularia, also a light-giver, grows to a height of four or five feet. Darwin observed the light of one of this order at the mouth of the Plata. Great patches of luminous matter twelve feet in diameter, with well-defined outline, appeared upon the bottom, resembling the reflection of the moon, and were not disturbed as the vessel passed over them. Silvery flashes were also seen

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by the same naturalist, which were owing to the presence of certain copepod crustaceans; and on our Eastern shores the observer will find in almost every case where the water assumes a white creamy tint, it is owing principally to the presence of countless numbers of little shrimps. Other crustaceans are equally noted in this respect. A few years ago a shower of cyclops—the minute, single-eyed, shrimp-like creatures of our ponds—fell upon a Western town. The houses and streets were covered with them, their phosphorescent bodies appearing like golden rain.

Sir Joseph Banks was the first to observe phosphorescence among crabs, and during his trip from Madeira to Rio he captured one (*Cancer fulgens*) that actually appeared to be afire, presenting a most astonishing spectacle. Placed in a glass on the deck of the vessel, it sent out magnificent flashes of light, especially when irritated, impressing the beholders that it had the property of secreting some phosphorescent matter that was subject to the will. Later, MM. Edoux and Soulezet collected some of the phosphorous substance, and found it to be yellowish, vis-



GORGONIAS.

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cous, and soluble in water, but losing its luminous property soon after its separation from the body of the animal.

The common sow-bug (idotæa) often illumines the crevices and sea-weeds along our shores. In the Bay of Biscay the crabs (*Geryon tridens*, *Munida tenuima*, and *Dorynchus*) have been dredged from a depth of half a mile, with eyes mere stalks, their tips blazing with phosphorescence. The light was confined to these points, giving them a singular appearance in the dark as they waved to and fro.

Among the deep-sea fishes dredged by the *Challenger*, numbers totally blind were found by Dr. Gunther, of the British Museum, to possess colossal luminous organs, while some had extremely large organs of vision, especially fitted to absorb the pale phosphorescent light. In his opinion these luminous organs are used as torches to lighten the dark recesses of the sea, or as a means of communication between their possessors. The lamented Willmoes was fortunate in observing the phosphorescent light emitted by the fish sternoptyx, while the moon-fish (*Orthagoriscus mola*) has been observed by many moving through the water like a great moon, emitting a pale silvery light over its entire surface. The fishes scopelus, chauliodus, argyopelecus, and several others, have long been known to possess peculiar pearly spots upon their sides, considered phosphorescent. The *Scopelus resplendens* has them, and is called the brilliant lamp-fish —according to Sir John Richardson, from the fact that it has upon its head at night a glowing light. Dr. Gunther has shown that these pearly eye-spots are also luminous organs, a part of the illuminating economy of the submarine world. These pearly phosphorescent spots occur in great numbers in the curious little fish argyopelecus, not uncommonly found in the Mediterranean. In form it is equally remarkable, the anterior portion being extremely deep, then narrowing off suddenly to the tail. In front of the eyes is one spot, behind them two, the gill membrane bears six, there are six larger yet upon the throat, while scattered over the body in groups are many more, in all one hundred and six. Dr. Ussow, the Russian naturalist, and Leydig, of Bonn, have also examined them, the former considering them accessory eyes, while the latter divides them into three groups—eye-like organs, mother-of-pearl organs, and luminous organs. Examination shows them to have an investure of brown pigment, a glittering metallic layer, an internal body of a gelatinous substance made up of delicate radiated cells provided with nerves and blood-vessels. Semper expresses the opinion that they possess all the attributes of true eyes, while other naturalists compare them to the pseudo-electric organs of other fishes.

One of the most interesting luminous fishes is a shark, *Squalus fulgens*, that resembles the black nurse, or scymnus, that I have often caught on the Florida coast. It was seen for the first time by Dr. Bennet, who captured a specimen in a tow-net in lat. 2° 15′ S., long. 160° W. It gave out so bright a light that the voyagers at first thought it a large pyrosoma, but as the net was hauled upon the deck the shark squirmed out, thrashing about and snapping its jaws, emitting a continuous light of intense brilliancy, so that the time of night was told from a watch held near it. The light-giving medium seemed to pervade its entire surface, becoming fainter as the shark became quiet, blazing out again in fitful flashes as it grew restive and tossed about. Placed in an aquarium, it lighted up the cabin with its brilliancy, and even several hours after death the strange lamp continued to shine with unwonted splendor.

It is in the Southern seas that these displays of nature reach their fullest development. We have seen the bottom with its waving plumes and fans studded with glittering diamonds; the graceful yellow and purple reticulated fans (gorgonias) bathed in warm lambent flames of green, blue, and white, which, when lifted from the water, illuminated our faces by their light.

Among the coral were numbers of the star-fishes (ophiuridæ), their graceful forms stamped in lines of fire upon the dark background. In some the light was a brilliant green, coruscating from the centre of the animal in curious flashes of flame. Now only one ray would be illuminated, then two or more, and then suddenly the light would course down them all toward the disk, transforming the entire creature into a golden star. Here were scintillating flashes of uranium green that we found were the offerings of the flower-like coral caryophyllia; others came from alcyonarian zoophytes of various kinds, whose light when examined

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LIGHT OF THE PYROSOMA.

showed a spectrum of red, yellow, and green rays only. Groups of graceful pavonias shone with pale lilac tints that outlined their rich shapes against the gloom, their light, unlike that of the star-fishes, being constant. But the most curious of all were the ghost-like gleams that we found playing about the remains of an old wreck that was bored by teredo and pholas, the open doors of the latter bivalve being lighted by the animal itself.

With what grace the little pteropod cleodora moves along, with its curious fins illumined by the gleams of phosphorescent light concealed within its triangular shell! Here an ascidian, or sea-squirt, emits a latent spark, and in the tribe are the most glorious fire bodies of the sea, the salpa and pyrosoma, the latter a pelagic aggregation of individuals, forming a hollow cylinder, closed at one end, from five inches to five feet in length. The numberless animals of the colony are grouped in whirls, their orifices so arranged that the inhalent are upon the outside of the cylinder, and the exhalent

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upon the inner side. Each animal draws in a current from the outside, ejecting it into the interior, and the result of this volume of water rushing from the open end forces the entire colony along. They are richly tinted during the day, but at night are, as their name implies, veritable

keys our party had been drifting over the reef in silent admiration of the scene below, when in the boat in front of us a singular light suddenly appeared like a halo, surrounding a fair young face, flooding it seemingly with golden radiance. A large pyrosoma had been captured, and



LANTERN-FLIES.

fire bodies. Humboldt refers to the spectacle he enjoyed when passing through a zone of them in the Gulf Stream, distinguishing by their light the forms of dolphins and other fishes that, surrounded by their gleams, stood out in bold relief far below the surface. The light they emit is at times yellow, red, green, and azure blue, and so brilliant that it is said of Bibera, the naturalist, that he used them to illuminate his cabin, writing a description of them by their own light. They are met with in the South American waters in vast shoals, dimming the lustre of the stars, and giving the sea the appearance of molten lava that here and there breaks into flashes of light, born of the incandescent forms below.

On such a night among the Florida

in its glass prison held aloft in pleasant jest—a living beacon to the more tardy explorers. The brilliancy of this beautiful creature was distinctly visible at a distance of several hundred yards, and that of one five feet in height can well be imagined.

The salpa, closely allied to the pyrosoma, produces as weird effects. They join together in chains sometimes miles in extent, from the mast-head looking like gigantic fiery serpents winding their way over the sea. Other forms equally interesting are certain cuttle-fishes that dart through the water like meteors, the Portuguese man-of-war (physalia), with its long azure tentacles, and many more.

Among land animals light-givers are equally abundant. Dr. Phipson, the em-

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GIRL DECORATING HEAD OF COMPANION WITH TROPICAL FIRE-FLIES (ELATER NOCTILUCUS).

inent chemist, is said to have observed a metallic pink phosphorescent light in the eyes of a human being in perfect darkness, and Remiger, in his *Natural History of Paraguay*, relates that he has seen the eyes of the sleeping monkey (nyctipithecus) so brilliant in complete darkness that they illuminated objects at a distance of half a foot. The gecko, a lizard found along the Nile, has been observed to emit a brilliant light. I have frequently found upon the breast of the night-heron a yellow oily powder, and was informed by credible witnesses among the fishermen of the reef that at night the spot shone with a yellow phosphorescent light, casting upon the water about the watchful bird a golden glare, an alluring summons to many a luckless fish that fell a victim to this phase in the struggle for existence.

Earth-worms are often phosphorescent, and the common thousand-legs (scolopendra) are so luminous at times that the upturned earth seems flecked with golden patches. The luminous fluid seems to be communicated by the centipede to every part of its integument at will, but, curious to relate, like the newly discovered phosphorescent paint, does not shine unless the animal has been previously exposed to solar rays. These are the lamps of the subterranean world, changing the gloomy tunnels of the worm and mole into halls of light.

Among insects the fire-fly is the most familiar, its sudden appearance, as night comes on, changing the gloom to a scene of splendor. The green luminous spot under the microscope shows a cellular tissue filled with a yellowish oily substance

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CHINESE FIRE-FLY (FULGORA CANDELARIA).

traversed by the trunks and branches of tracheæ or air-tubes from a larger one that issues from the breathing-hole near the luminous mass. When this spiracle is closed, the light disappears, shining again when it is opened, and as the air-holes open and shut at the will of the insect, it is assumed that the light is so controlled, also explaining why the light is greater when flying than at rest.

The beetles (elater) are the most resplendent forms of the South. Over seventy distinct species of them are known from Chili to the Southern States of North America. They have two yellow phosphorescent spots upon the back, and two others hidden under the wing-cases, which are only visible when the insect flies. We have frequently read by their light; allowing the insect to cling to the finger, and passing it along the page, a spot two inches in diameter would be rendered luminous by the dorsal lights. The sight produced by these tropical fire-flies is often extremely magnificent, and has been aptly described by Southey.

"Sorrowing we beheld
The night come on; but soon did night display
More wonders than it veiled: innumerous tribes
From the wood cover swarmed, and darkness made
Their beauties visible; one while they streamed
A bright blue radiance upon flowers which closed
Their gorgeous colors from the eye of day;
Now, motionless and dark, eluded search,
Self-shrouded; and anon, starring the sky,
Rose like a shower of fire."

Now a red glare dashes by, followed by an intermittent blaze of rich orange-yellow, while in the foliage all about the brilliant green light of the photuris appears, dying away a mimic revolving light. At times these attract others of golden hues, and a bevy of flashing incandescent bodies circle about each other for a moment, and then dart away like flaming meteors to illumine the gloom beyond. One, the pyrophorus, emits, when at liberty, a rich ruddy glow, and again a yellowish-orange, but in captivity it seems diffused with a pale green glow. These are the insects the early Spanish invaders took for the lights of an immense army as they advanced upon the ancient capital of Mexico. At this time they were used by the natives at night, numbers of them being tied to the feet. Southey refers to this in the poem already quoted. When Coatel was guiding Madoc through the cavern,

"She beckoned, and descended, and drew out
From underneath her vest a cage, or net
It rather might be called, so fine the twigs
Which knit it, where, confined, two fire-flies gave
Their lustre."

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In parts of the South to this day they are in common use as a decoration by the ladies; and among the peasantry of Italy and Greece a gala toilet would not seem complete without a diadem of flashing fire-flies that gleams and scintillates like a veritable halo about their heads. As even-



READING BY MEANS OF THE ELATER NOCTILUCUS.

ing falls, these maids of the sun follow the gleaming insects, and bedeck one another with living gems that only nature can produce. Upon one occasion Don Domingo Condé, of Colombia, appeared upon the evening promenade with an enormous live beetle as a catch to his Panama hat, which in turn was ornamented with a loop of blazing fire-flies; and in his palace cages of silver wire hung, imprisoning myriads of the gleaming insects.

At the Cape of Good Hope a curious beetle is found, the *Paussus lineatus*, that appears to be holding two globes of light, in reality its horns or antennæ, which are phosphorescent.

The Chinese have the curious lantern-fly (*Fulgora candelaria*), with its long cylindrical proboscis, from the transparent sides of which a brilliant light appears. Travellers have observed the magnificent spectacle of a tree covered with these light-givers, the limbs, branches, and leaves blazing with unwonted splendor. Madame Merian observed another of this genus (*Fulgora lanternaria*), that emitted a light of such intensity that the box in which they were confined seemed to be afire.

Phosphorescent light has been observed in the eyes of the little nocturnal moth *Noctua psi*, and in the eyes of *Bombyx cossus*.

Many of the plants about which these gorgeous creatures move share with them the phosphorescent favor. In South America, a vine known as the cipo, when injured, seems to bleed streams of living fire. Large animals have been noticed standing among its crushed and broken tendrils, dripping with the gleaming fluid, and surrounded by a seeming net-work of fire. A singular luminosity has been observed about a little plant of the hepatica family, while among the fungi many forms are more or less phosphorescent. One of the most striking is the rhizomorpha—a curious organism resembling long, thin, dark-colored roots, sometimes expanding into a membraniform production beneath the bark of old trees, and in caves and mines. In the caverns of Bohemia it is common, and at times so vivid in the English coal mines as to admit of reading; but in the mines of Hesse, North

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Germany, this cryptogamic phosphorescence is seen in great beauty, the air galleries appearing illuminated with a pale radiance resembling that of moonbeams stealing through some distant crevice.

What botanist or lover of flowers has not in the twilight watched the fairy-like gleams play about the petals of his or her nasturtiums? About the yellow petals of the sunflower that nods us recognition from some humble door-yard these culprit fays of light are seen; and then upon the marigold, the orange lily, Oriental poppy, buttercup, and many more, their lavish favors play.

About the roots of olive-trees in Italy the red mushroom (agaricus) is found. Just before night-fall it becomes pervaded with a blue phosphorescent light that grows in brilliancy as the darkness increases, only dying away as the sun returns again. If taken from the ground and kept in darkness, it gleams with light for several days.

This wondrous phenomenon of phosphorescence, that is found alike in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, in life and death, in growth and in decay, is, though doubtless the result of molecular action, still a sealed letter, a secret yet held by nature. The illumination of plant life is supposed to be electric, while various theories are arraigned against each other as to the explanation of the phenomenon among animals, many scientists believing it to be a slow combustion; but the most delicate thermoscope fails to show the slightest heat, and the phosphorescent substance of animals shines for some time *in vacuo*, as well as in hydrogen gas or carbonic acid, that are powerless to support true combustion. Yet many claim that phosphorus exists in the luminous tissues of insects, and the phenomenon is combustion without heat.

It is generally accepted that all light-giving animals have distinctive phosphorescent organs or glands in which the phosphoric substance is secreted. Darwin saw the luminous matter streaming from a dead jelly-fish (dianæa), and the phosphorescence of the thousand-legs comes off upon the hands. Yet, again, the same light gleams upon dead fish that in life gave no evidences of phosphorescence, and could have had no secretive glands.

The light of the common fire-fly shows a spectrum from which the blue and violet are omitted; in most insects examined, the least frangible rays predominate. The phosphorescence of an injured insect gives a spectrum of nearly green light only—strange to say, similar to that of phosphoric oils and phosphorus.

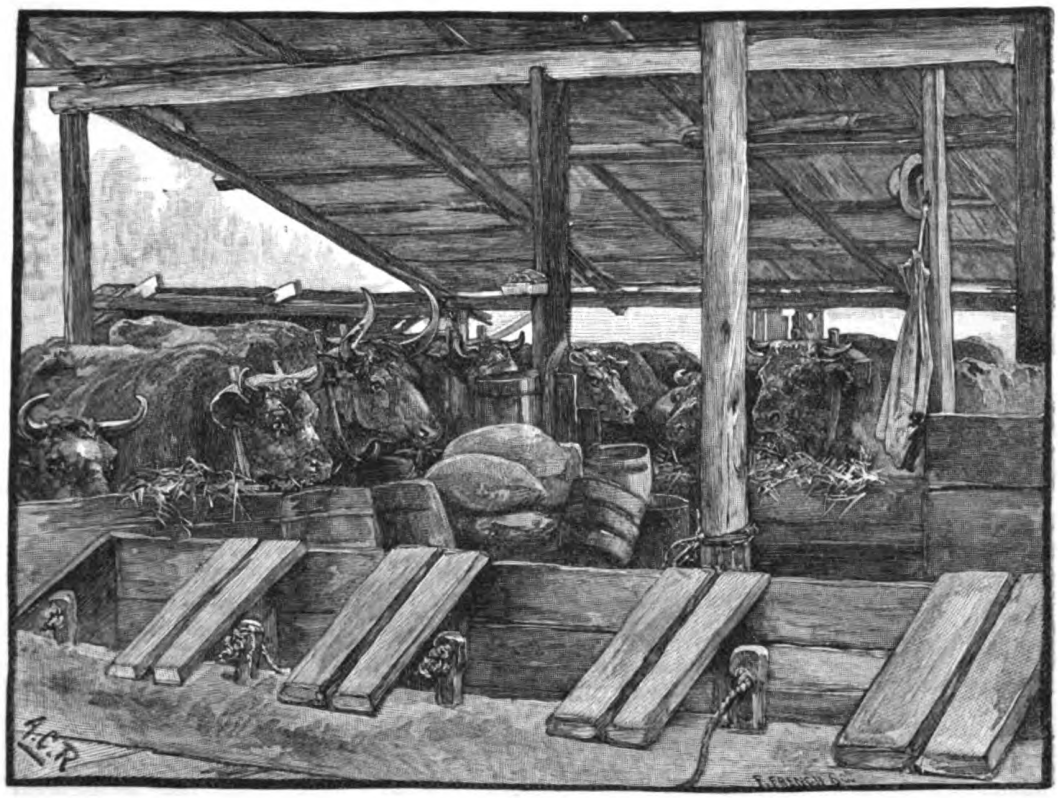
As to the economic value of the light-emitting power of animals, we can form a more perfect understanding. It has been demonstrated that the lights of insects are their signals of communication—the males distinguishing the gleams of the female. In marine phosphorescent animals they may serve a similar purpose to attract and warn, and are the veritable lights of the "dark unfathomed caves," illumining the abyssal and unexplored depths—the darkest spots on the habitable globe.

THE ANCHOR.

As, many a time, within the zone of palms,
  In beauteous haven of some Indian land,
The voyager beholds, at noontide calms,
  His anchor biting in the golden sand,
'Mid stony arborescence submarine,
Weeds, cowries, and the rare pearl-oysters seen
Distinctly through the waters crystalline,

So may we—looking in our minds, rife
  With branch-work of the ever-building thought,
With salt weeds, and the scattered things that life,
  Or worthless shells or pearls of price, hath wrought—
Perceive, when turbid passions have no breath,
When God's high sunlight nothing shadoweth,
Hope's anchor-hold on golden grounds of Faith!

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NOONDAY AT THE LOGGING CAMP.

IN A REDWOOD LOGGING CAMP.

ALL forest trees show a tendency to dispose themselves in groups or in strata. The usual cause, or at any rate a coincident of this, is the lithological character of the region where they grow, or else it is a matter of altitude. Thus in mountains you may see a regular stratification of trees from the base to timber-line. The case of the Californian redwoods of both species is a very marked one in respect to this characteristic. The "big trees" proper (*Sequoia gigantea*) are confined to certain groves on the western flank of the Sierra Nevada, whose boundaries are well known, and where even the individual trees have been counted in some cases. The other species, distinguished by the name "redwood" (*S. sempervirens*), is confined to that portion of the Coast Range between Santa Cruz and the northern line of California—a narrow belt about three hundred miles in length, which is said to be defined strictly by the outcropping of the metamorphic limestones left more or less uncovered by the lava currents from the coast volcanoes of former days.

The general history of the sequoias (the name is a compliment to that enlightened chief who first reduced the Cherokee language to writing) need not be retold here with much detail. The genus is coniferous, and is more nearly related to the cypresses than anything else, but its allies are scattered—one in Japan, one in the Himalayas, and another in the Gulf States of America, all reaching unusual stature. It is a group remarkable for its antiquity, too, remaining as the representative of almost the earliest period when trees grew upon the earth.

The redwoods in this coast belt stand in an unbroken forest along the base of the range—a forest whose height you appreciate only when you note how low a cleared hill seems beside its wooded fellows. It is difficult when in the forest to understand how tall the trees really are, since the spruces, etc., with which they are associated are far beyond the ordinary, and there is nothing to guide the eye. Where the redwoods grow, heavy fogs roll in from the Pacific during all the rainless

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OLD CHAPEL AT FORT ROSS.

months. Entangled in the dense and clustering foliage of the tall and crowded trees, they are condensed by the cool air which is held in the pockets of shade under the matted twigs and needles, and fall in misty showers, constantly refreshing the soil. Thus it happens that the redwood forests are particularly rich in a great variety of other trees and bushes; and a perfect jungle of undergrowth, shrub-like and herbaceous, flourishes there, among the rest vast quantities of poisonous plants (especially rhus), so that it is the worst of places for any person to go a-rambling who is susceptible to harm from that source.

The trunks of all the coniferous trees, and especially of the sequoias, stand as straight as though turned in a lathe and set by a plummet, rising usually a great distance without large limbs, but sometimes hirsute with stubby boughs spirally attached all the way down. In specimens of healthy growth and sound heart the stem tapers gently to a stiff though slender top spray; but in the majority of trees you will see no tapering top, but a sudden squaring off, which looks like a deformity, and which the chopper will tell you betokens an unsound trunk.

Again they will bend off at right angles into a plume-like branch, which *is* a deformity. In windy places, like the exposed sea-front, all the boughs are twisted into a single plane landward, and great picturesqueness results; but it is always a stiff, motionless, statuesque picture, in the darkest tone foliage can assume, for there is nothing wavy or pliant anywhere from root to topmost leaf.

Such were the stern autochthonous trees whose downfall, at the hands of the lumbermen, we went up from San Francisco to witness.

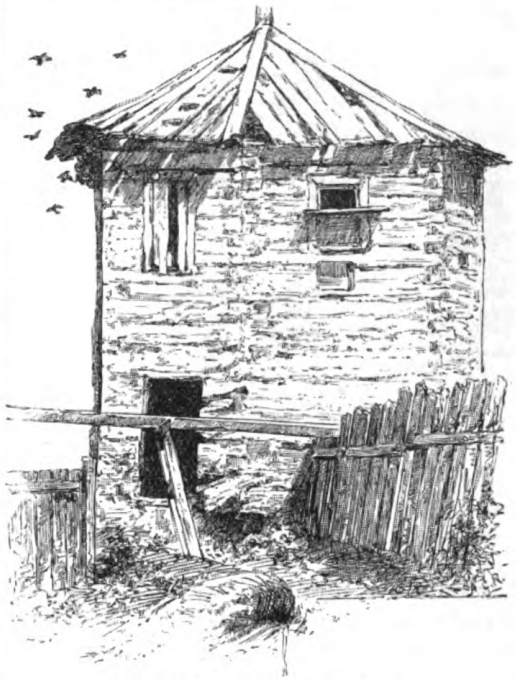
Fully a century ago the pleasant vales leading up into the Coast mountains had been penetrated by the frontiersmen of Mexico, of which country this whole great region was an ill-defined province under the name of Alta California. These men were herdsmen or farmers. Early in the present century a colony of Russians and

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Indians from Alaska, under the leadership of Alexander Koskoff, landed at Bodega Bay, and began farming where now is the village of Bodega. Not satisfied with this place alone, however, they travelled northward some forty miles, and established a permanent trading post and agricultural station near Salt Point, the site and many of the buildings of which are now occupied as the village of Fort Ross—an anglicized abbreviation of *Fuerte de los Rusos*, as the post was called by the Spaniards.

The occupancy of this strip of coast—for their hold extended all the way between Point Arenas on the north and Point Ruges on the south—by the Muscovites from 1811 until 1840, when they abandoned their station, left its impress upon the names of the region, and especially clings to the principal stream watering this portion of the redwood belt—the Russian River.

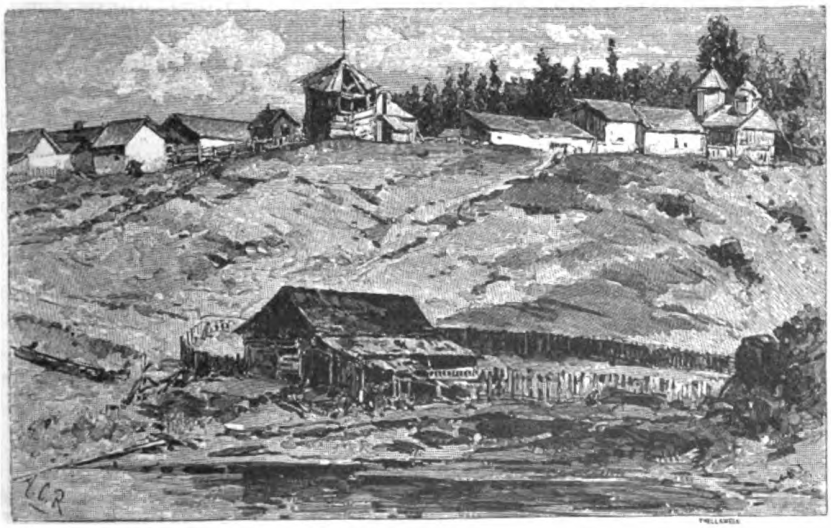
This river, which flows southward from sources close to the foot of Mount Shasta, turns suddenly to the west, forces its way through the Coast Range, and pours a swift flood into the Pacific—a matter of ambition to the stream, perhaps, but of not the slightest moment to the ocean, which does its best, in fact, to prevent the sacrifice. Seven miles above the mouth of the river, just where it escapes from the clutch of the hills and the forest, stands the two small settlements of Moscow and Duncan's. Both owe their existence to the presence of mills, and from each small branch railways run back into the forest



OLD BLOCK-HOUSE, FORT ROSS.

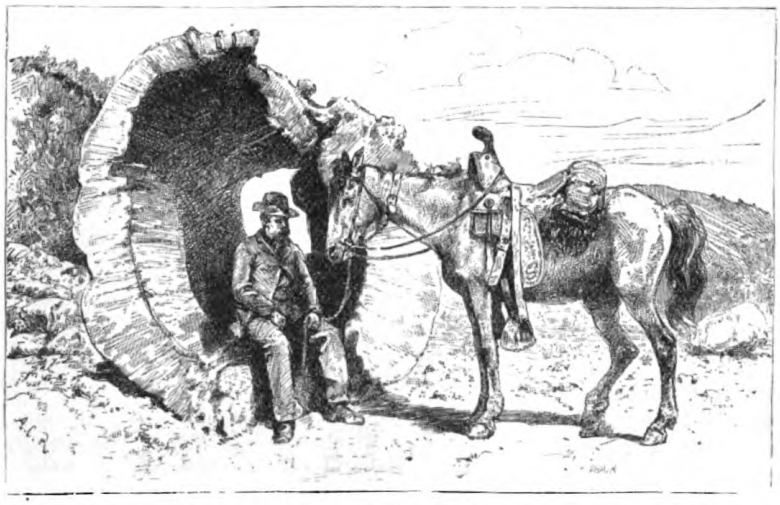
for the purpose of bringing out the logs. Duncan's, on the northern bank of the river, is the terminus of the North Pacific Coast Railway, and there we took up our quarters, a very comfortable hotel furnishing us bed and board.

Before we went back into the woods, however, circumstances and the tender of good horses led us to some excursions which taught us "the lay of the land," and enriched our sketch-books with some notes worth telling.



FORT ROSS—VIEW FROM THE LANDING.

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A BIT OF DRIFT-WOOD.

Upon the high hill west of Duncan's stand splendid groves of varied trees, accented by thickets of the red-limbed madroña. Between lie open spaces of lush pasture, where cattle and horses loiter with contented eyes and rounded bellies.

"The men who own these uplands," said our neighbor, "live like lords—at least in respect to their lack of care. They buy calves when a few weeks old, adding to the produce of their own herds, turn them out, and never see them again till the butcher calls to buy beef. Right here," he added—with an appropriateness to place rather than talk—"three of us last spring tried to head off a single man who had just robbed the stage at the foot of the hill; but as he was coming up the gully there," pointing to a densely thicketed ravine, "something told him he ought to run. He crossed this open space, and was just in the edge of those woods when we came up. He got away that time, but a few months after he was caught on another charge, and proved to be notorious as a road agent."

A sudden escape from curtaining oak branches brought us full upon the summit, where the other side fell away precipice-like, but unbrokenly turfed, and there before us was all the grand expanse of the Pacific, the fretting of its surf coming as a continuous, far-away deep music,

"Like the great chords of a harp in loud and solemn vibrations."

But the shore was miles away, and its high horizon, rising to meet our point of view, made the interspace seem the deeper. Through this interspace, avoiding skillfully the protruding headlands pushed out by the opposite hills to try what dovetailing would do toward stopping its course, wound the double S of the river.

Hurling its current against the rock-faced piers of the hills on this side and then on that, one bank always rising sheer from the water, leaving the other low and flat, the elbows of its sinuous course inclosed stretches of sand with coarse grass and willows, marshy islands and shallows where herons fed, and wandering cormorants alighted to rest their paddles, half-submerged ledges of rocks, and fertile areas of alluvial soil just above the reach of the freshets. Never was seen such a collection of drift-wood as the huge forest relics cast up here! I rode my horse up beside one short hollow log, high and dry on the beach, and could not look over its top as I stood in my stirrups. Its interior would have sheltered a picnic party.

All the hills were free from woodland near the river, save where occasional gullies sheltered thickets of small stuff, but through the turf here and there protruded the rocky frame-work, gray, splintered, and lichen-painted under the weather's hand. It was all green then that lay before us, save the sinuous band of blue river and its fringe of yellow sand-flats, but a green mottled and blending with yellow and orange, red, purple, and brown; a verdancy universal, yet nowhere uniform, broken, as a whole, only by the blues of the sky and the changing sea and the flashing stream, yet having as many expressions and touched with hues as various as the different points upon which your eye might rest. It was a landscape of the simplest elements—rounded hills, a water-course, the sea, a cloudless arch,

"High over all the azure-circled earth"—

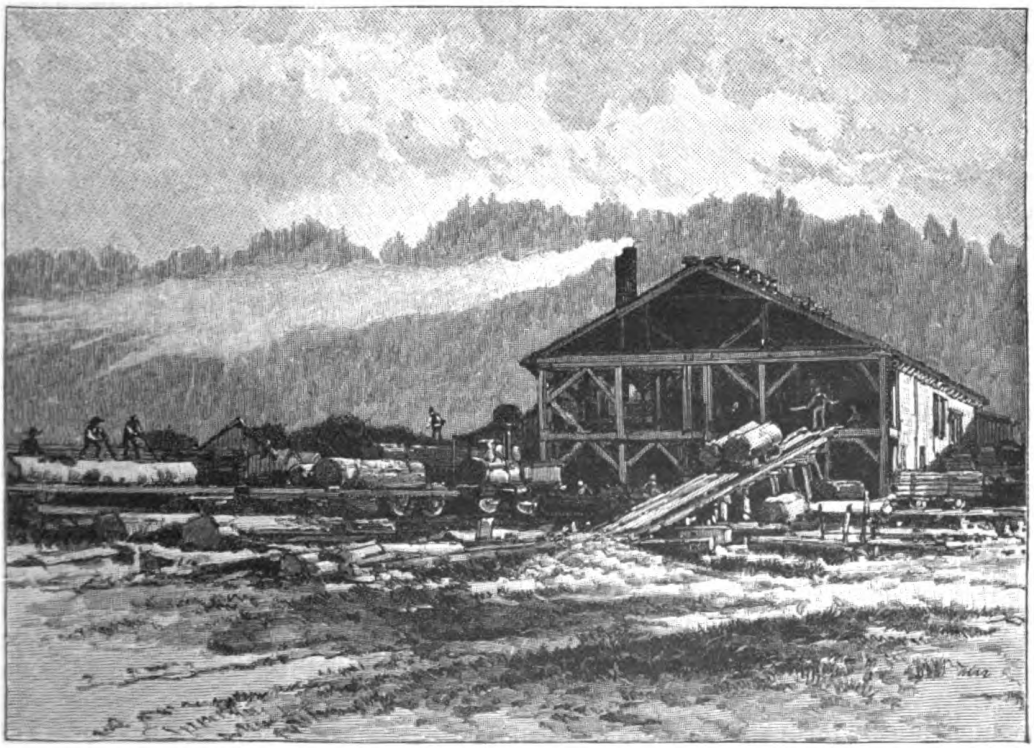
yet its quiet beauty was satisfying, with a charm far beyond the reach of words to interpret.

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Chiselled out of the steep hill-side, near the river-level, the stage-road ran upon a sort of shelf, giving it lodgment where otherwise not even a goat could have kept its foot-hold. Leading our horses down to this road by a series of zigzags, crushing sweet-fern and brilliant flowers under our feet at every step, we followed it along the river toward the shore. Here and there farm-houses and ploughed land were to be seen, but nearly all the wide expanse of open uplands was devoted to pasturage, hundreds of cattle being constantly in sight, gazing at us with frightened eyes from the road-side, or crawling about like ants on the lofty ridges. In several little nooks on the southern bank stood small shanties, which were the homes of Indians and half-breeds—mongrels left between the Diggers, who were natives of this region before the whites came, and the Kodiaks or Russians. They cultivate small tracts, and otherwise eke out a contented existence by fishing and working upon the ranches, chiefly as herders.

The cow, indeed, is the strong point of ranch industry here, and the only stables we saw were intended for her. Turning in through a high swinging gate, past a barn where the two species of resident swallows were quarrelling loudly over rights of possession, we entered one of the dairy-houses. There are a dozen or so of dairies about here, almost wholly in the hands of Swiss people, and the butter they make is of the most excellent kind, fragrant and yellow with the rich herbage of the hills. The cows, nevertheless, are of ordinary stock, and their owners profess contempt for the "fancy" breeds as something very pretty to play with, but of no real value to the farmer. Certain it is that these Swiss can get more milk out of a scrub cow than any of their neighbors are able to.

This dairy was a small frame building of three rooms. In the largest the pans were set upon racks against the wall, and kept at the proper temperature. In a second room were water-heaters and arrangements for washing pans, etc. The third room was a sort of shed where the butter was made. Here, between two upright posts, was hung upon trunnions a square pine box, like a Saratoga trunk, so as to revolve with a rapidity depending upon the speed with which a blindfolded pony in the neighboring yard walked around the set of cogs that kept the gearing in motion. This box was the churn, and we were just in time to get a dipperful of the



THE LUMBER MILLS AT DUNCAN'S.

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buttermilk, which was drawn off by pulling a plug in the bottom when the butter had "come." We looked into the churn, and saw it partly filled with a foamy mass of yellow granules as rich as gold and fragrant as flowers. After this had been repeatedly washed with spring water, the dairyman drew near to the churn a heavy fan-shaped table, glistening with its cold bath. Here was heaped the sixty or seventy pounds of sticky pellets, to be "worked" under a stout roller-mallet until suitable for market. This done to his satisfaction, the man took up a pair of heavy brass calipers in whose jaws were fixed the two halves of a cylindrical wooden mould, the length and calibre of which shaped the size of the standard two-pound roll customary in this market. One powerful grasp compressed into this mould all it would hold; the surplus was cut off, the roll released and folded in its cool linen wrapping, and it only remained to stand it on end with the similar cylinders filling the shallow shipping case, and to cart it away to the train. The whole operation was deft and neat and genuine; and the heated gold broker at the Bohemian Club tasted in his crisp mouthful next day all the subtle juices of the herbs upon Sonoma hills.

The mouth of the river, when we had gone near enough to have a good view of it from a headland, made a very noble picture. The green hills on the south slope gradually to a well-turfed base, hiding the beach, but showing a long sand-spit running out almost across the very entrance of the little bay, behind which are calm shallows. The northern headland, on the other hand, stands in bold outline—a point of sheer cliff jutting between the ocean and the river. Yet the charge of those waves rolling from the spicy archipelagoes of the great South Sea, or from the bleak coasts of Tartary, is met, not by this mole, but by an outer row of gigantic isolated rocks, overtopping the tide as the stones of Carnac rear their heads above the level plain, and the imagination can easily believe some giant of old, more powerful than the Druids, to have planted them there as a breakwater guarding the harbor. Around their base curls the angry foam of swift-charging, impotent breakers, and they glory in the snowy clouds of spray that envelop their flanks, for thus the rage of the mightiest of oceans is proved ineffectual, and the tamed waves sink behind them into sullen peace upon the weedy shore.

Such was the broad landscape of the region where we cast our lot these pleasant June days, and watched the cutting of the big trees.

Tradition says that credit for the very first attempt to make lumber with a saw in this region (for the Russians hewed all their beams and planks) belongs to John Dawson, of Bodega. Dawson was one of three sailors who abandoned their ship at San Francisco as early as 1830, preferring the free and easy life of the Californians. In two or three years they became citizens under the Mexican government, and took up granted ranches hereaway, Dawson marrying the daughter of a Spanish dragoon officer. She was only fourteen when she went to live as mistress of the Cañada de Pogolome, and only seventeen when she found herself the richest widow in Northern California. Dawson's lumber was cut over pits by means of a rip-saw, which he handled without help. Not half a century later steam mills in this district are turning out two hundred thousand feet of lumber daily.

The centre, or at least one centre, of this lumbering is here at Duncan's, where the Russian River receives a tributary named Austin's Creek. A wonderful railway follows its banks half a dozen miles back into the hills to supply the mill with logs.

Never was seen so unshipshape and disreputable a locomotive as that on duty here. A stubby black boiler, with a trifling amount of upper gear, makes steam, turning four small wheels by means of a cog underneath. There is no cab, or place to put one, no pilot, head-light, or any other appurtenances of an ordinary locomotive, and the wire bonnet of the smoke-stack is worn on one side with such a "What-d'ye-soye?" air that the smutty little machine declares itself a very hoodlum among locomotives. Nevertheless, it accomplishes wonderful feats of pulling.

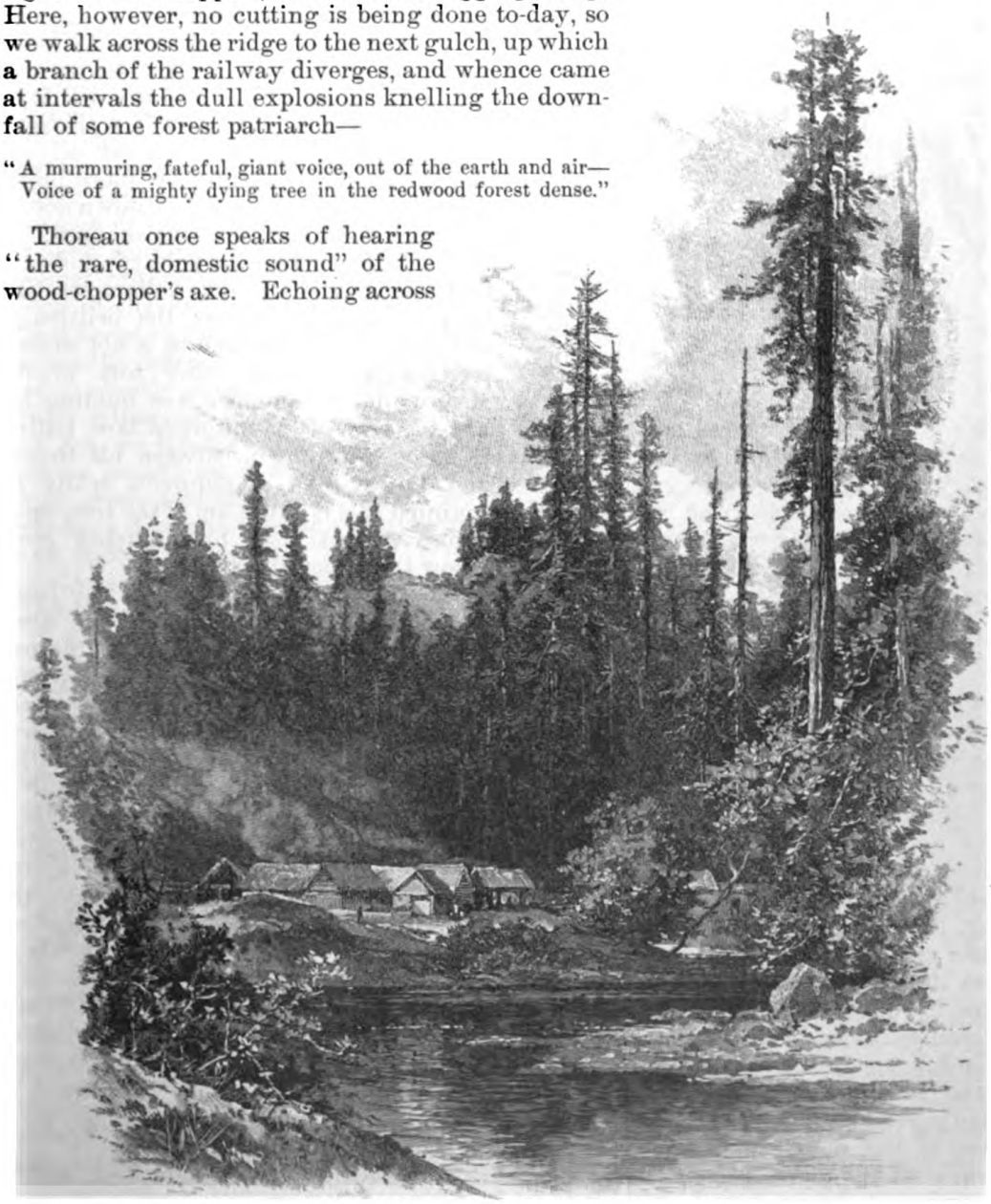
Free of the load of logs brought down, it is going back in the coolness of the early morning, and we go with it. The track is of the usual gauge, but the cars are platforms of only half the ordinary length, and are fastened together by ropes, shortened up when the train is empty, but lengthened so as to separate loaded cars by six or eight feet, in order that the protruding ends of the logs shall not interfere.

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The track is rudely built and rickety, the rails being heavy strap-iron bolted upon string-pieces. It runs shakily through tunnels of infinitely varied verdure, curves along ledges blasted out of the brown and fern-hung rocks of the creek shore, traverses low ground upon causeways of ties and stringers, each as big as a hogshead, ventures out upon some precarious bracket-trestle whence it might plunge directly into the stream. Almost from the first we have entered the old forest, where (now that the choppers have passed on) we revel in the beauty of unhindered plant luxuriance: in the lofty spires of kingly redwoods, and of pines and spruces ambitious to equal them; in the glossy masses of erect pepper-woods, whose leaves look like oleander, smell of bay-rum, and tingle upon the tongue like curry; in the awkward form of the half-flayed madroña; and in the grace of the light-toned masses of maple, alder, and small shrubbery along the water-side. Enjoying this green wilderness, and with interest freshened by the sight of huge pedestals that once bore trees, and by increasing signs of the choppers, we reach the logging camp. Here, however, no cutting is being done to-day, so we walk across the ridge to the next gulch, up which a branch of the railway diverges, and whence came at intervals the dull explosions knelling the downfall of some forest patriarch—

"A murmuring, fateful, giant voice, out of the earth and air—
Voice of a mighty dying tree in the redwood forest dense."

Thoreau once speaks of hearing "the rare, domestic sound" of the wood-chopper's axe. Echoing across



LOGGING CAMP ON AUSTIN'S CREEK.

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A LOGGER.

the frozen rim of Walden Pond, it perhaps bore well these adjectives; but here no such impression is conveyed, and the thought suggested is a sad rather than a pleasing one, as the sharp strokes come to our ears with quick repetition. Shaping our course by such signals—

> "A measured beat, a ringing sound,
> A hardened resonance of sound"—

we presently learn our proximity to the scene of the chopping by the roaring profanity coming up from sources invisible as yet.

This gulch, like the other, proved a narrow ravine, down which dashed a trout brook, where once had grown two or three ranks of gigantic trees, the stumps remaining, like small Martello towers, to attest their greatness of girth and proud height. Yet these were by no means large examples, for whereas none of the stumps here measured more than a dozen feet across the top, specimens twice that diameter have been cut. Nor would the latter giants be unexampled among trees. Several of the members of the "big-tree" groves of the Sierra Nevada surpass any example of the *sempervirens* ever seen; the Douglas spruce of the mountain forests often exceeds three hundred feet in length, and eleven hundred layers have been counted in a Lambert pine. Such a growth of vegetable fibre, toughening through many centuries, and rearing hundreds of cubic feet of solid substance, excites our astonishment, and has been well defined in the phrase, "A monument of accumulated and concentrated force."

To see the prostration of a column like that would be something to remember; and following two men who, axe in hand, were making their way up toward one of the larger-sized redwoods upon the steep hill-side, we watched their attack.

"The first question, sir," said the leading axe-man, politely, "when we are going to fall a big tree, is where she'll lay; because unless a man cares [*i. e.*, is careful] to fall her right, she'll break all up, and the bigger the trunk the more liable she is to break. You can see down across the creek there how that one snapped."

We looked where he pointed, and saw that a bole fully six feet in diameter had broken squarely across; the brittleness of this timber, nevertheless, is not excessive, compared with other soft woods. Meanwhile the chopper was holding his axe in front of his upturned face, letting it hang, head down, between his thumb and finger, like a plummet, while he squinted past it at the top of the tree, upon whose perfect shaft no branches grew below the upper quarter.

"I can tell by this whether she leans out of the perpendic'lar. If she does, you've got to allow for it; but this one don't, and I guess, Joe, we'll drop her right along that knoll just to the east'ard o' that oak stump—see it? But we'll have to roll that there log out of the way a little, or she'll break her back acrost it, sure."

Having made this simple preparation (sometimes hours are spent in dragging logs to fill gullies, or in levelling knolls and getting stumps out of the way), the men returned and began chopping out some mortise-holes in the trunk about four feet above the ground. These were intended for the insertion of their iron-shod "spring-boards"—pieces of flexible planking about four feet long and six inches wide, upon which they were to stand while chopping at a height too great to reach from the ground.

The undercut was made first, and it was a fine sight to watch these stalwart men perched upon their strips of springy

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board, hurling their axe-heads deep into the gaping wound, and never missing the precise point at which they aimed. I do not know any attitudes more manly or motions more muscularly graceful than those of the chopper; but perhaps the noble surroundings may count more largely than we think in this estimate.

In about an hour the undercut had approached the heart of the tree, and the men desisted from their work, which must now proceed on a scientific basis.

"As I said afore," the chopper explained, "we must fall a tree straight and true where we've fixed for it, or else she'll go to pieces. In order to do this we've got to measure it this way."

As he speaks he picks up from near where his coat and saw and water caddy are lying, two sticks about four feet in length—one a square stiff lath, the other switch-like. Going to the tree he lays one end of the lath upon the partially exposed stump in the undercut, its extremity resting against the heart of the wood at the exact centre of the bole. Then stooping and sighting along it, he moves the outer end of the lath until it points exactly along the line where the trunk is intended to be thrown.

"Joe, go out there about a hundred feet or so and set a stake; I want to show these gentlemen how nicely we can drive it in with this big sledge we're goin' to let loose directly."

"Do you mean to say you will drop your tree as accurately as that?"

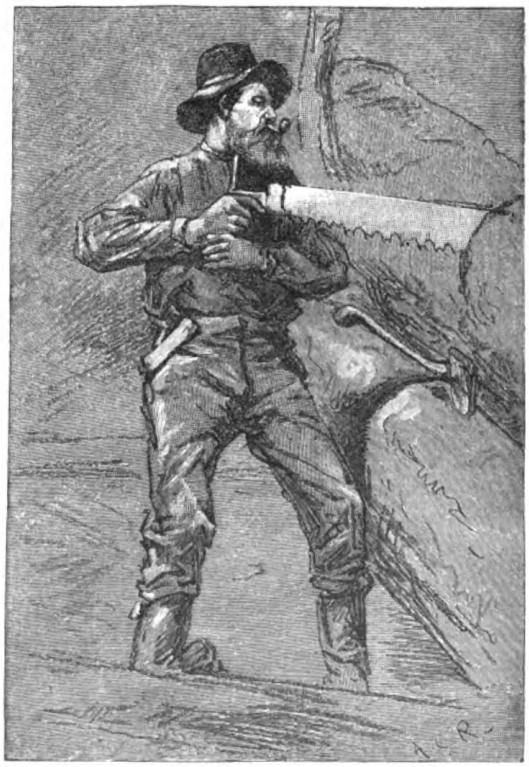
"You bet—hit that stake plumb; 'n' it 'll take more mumble-te-peg 'n you're worth, I reckon, to pull it out afterward!"

Meanwhile he went on with his mathematics. Having aimed the lath, he measured with his switch from its outer end to the "corner" at each side of the undercut, and finding one side a little shorter than the other, chopped in until he had equalized the hypothenuses of the two right-angled triangles whose straight sides were back to back in the line of the lath. The object and importance of this was to make sure that the limit of the undercut, where the strain and breakage controlling the fall of the tree (and marked by the line of upright slivers in a stump) would finally come, should be at right angles to the intended direction of that fall.

"How tall do you think this tree is?" I ask.

"Well, I should say pretty nigh on two hundred feet; but it is easy enough to find out exactly."

Taking his axe the chopper cut a straight stake, sharpened its end, and placed it before him while he stood very erect. Then with his knife he cut a notch just four inches above the point on the stake which came squarely opposite his eyes—this extra four inches being an allowance for planting the stake in the ground. Walking away to a point on the hill-side level with the base of the tree, and about the right distance, as he guessed at it, he planted the stake and lay down on his back behind it, with his heels against its foot, and his eye trying to bring the notch on the stake in range with the topmost plumelet of the redwood. One or two slight shiftings of position enabled him to get this range, and thereby to construct an equal-sided triangle. It only remained to measure with his five-foot rule the distance from his eyes to the base of the tree to learn the height of the tree, representing the other side of the triangle. The fact in this case was 180 feet.



A SAWYER.

This practical triangulation finished, the

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THE BLACKSMITH.

axes were laid aside, and the spring-boards inserted in new mortises behind the tree, and a big two-handed saw set at work to make the overcut. Soon the crevice begins to open a little, and then a little more, until the cautious woodmen begin to cast their eyes aloft, watching carefully the signal that the next stroke would be the last, cutting the one remaining tendon that holds the mighty column up, for already there are sudden strange shivering motions in the densely bushy thickets of foliage that adorn its lofty crown, and dead twigs rattle down, snapped off by thrills of approaching destruction.

"Riven deep by the sharp tongues of the axes,
there in the redwood forest dense,
I heard the mighty tree its death-chant chanting.

"The choppers heard not, the camp shanties echoed not,
The quick-eared teamsters, and chain and jack-screw men, heard not,
As the wood-spirits came from their haunts of a thousand years to join the refrain;
But in my soul I plainly heard,

"Murmuring out of its myriad leaves,
Down from its lofty top, rising over a hundred feet high,
Out of its stalwart trunk and limbs, out of its foot-thick bark,
That chant of the seasons and time—chant not of the past only, but the future."

So Walt Whitman—himself a sequoia in the forest of poets—sets to fitting music in my grateful memory the ominous crackings of tense fibre I think I hear, the partings of well-knit rind, and the hushed commotion of shocked branches and crowded leafage overhead. Then comes the final stroke of the axe, severing the last slender stay, and, with a mingled roar and scream of frightened despair, the huge mast, carrying all its lofty spars and well-set rigging, slowly leans to its fate, gathers headway, spurns with giant heel the faithless stump which hitherto has borne it proudly against every gale and torrent, and so, stately to the last, "rustling, crackling, crashing, thunders down."

Picking our way through the settling dust and débris of crushed branches which lie in a thousand splinters of red and green around the head of the prostrate chief, we look for the stake with which Joe challenged our credulity, but fail to find it, for it has been driven "plumb through to China," as Joe avers.

"Accidents must happen pretty often in this business," we remark.

"Yes, right often, both to men and animals. Sometimes a tree is weak, and topples over before you're ready for it; or, instead of lying still when it strikes, it sort o' picks itself up and takes a long jump forward, which is unexpected, and liable to hurt somebody. Then the worst of all is where the butt breaks off and shoots back behind the stump like one o' them darned big battering-rams you read about, and worked by sheet-lightnin' at that. Yes, a heap of men gets killed in the woods every year. We never had none killed dead right here, but a mighty curious thing happened last September was a year. One of the men went to work in the mornin' 'long with the rest—good, solid man he was, too, with heaps of sand in him. He didn't come in to dinner, nor when night come. Then we begun to question round, and found none of the boys had saw him since mornin'. We found his coat and tools, but nary hide nor hair of him then nor no time afterward. We rather looked for a sheriff to be comin' round the next day or two, thinkin' the fellow might have got wind he was onto his trail (though we knew nothin' agin

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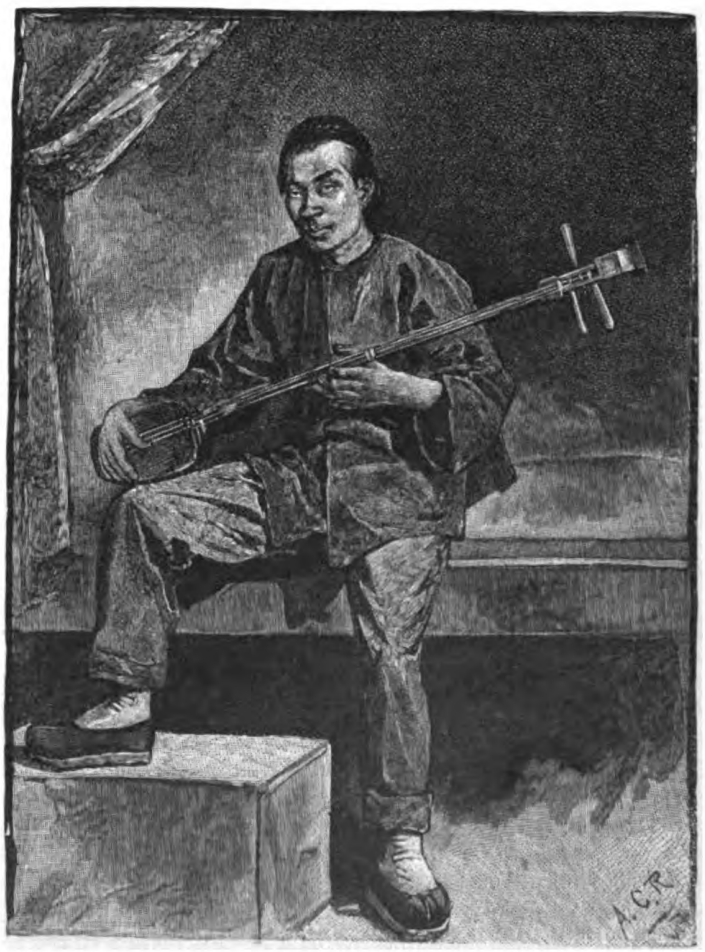
him—but you can't 'most always tell, you know), but none came."

"What was your conclusion as to this strange disappearance?"

"Well, we just allowed that one of these big trees had got the drop on that fellow, as it were, and druv him clean into the ground. Cigar? No, thank ye; I'll stick to my pipe."

The wastefulness of this lumbering is one of the striking features of the scene. Only the largest trees are cut, those measuring less than two feet in diameter rarely being touched, and the axe is laid, not to the roots (though they are not thick and widely divergent, considering the height and weight they support), but some distance above, so that in very large specimens the massive stump, upon whose flat top you might build a comfortable house, stands ten or twelve feet above the ground, and contains hundreds of feet of sound lumber, which must be left to rot or burn. Then many trees are broken by their fall, so that large parts of them are useless; other parts may be knotty, or crooked, or inconvenient to drag out, and so only half of a great trunk will be utilized. Huge logs are consumed, also, in road-making and bridge-building in the hills, and dozens of small trees are crushed by the fall of their greater companions. Then, when a district is pretty well cleared of its best timber, fire is set in the brush and prostrate trunks. Feeding eagerly upon the resinous wood, half dried and broken, it gathers so much heat that the saplings are nearly all killed, and the flaky, tinder-like bark of the larger trees is singed in a way which must greatly injure and often destroy them. Moreover, these fires, fanned by the gusty breezes rushing in every afternoon from the ocean, often get beyond control, and sweeping through the oily tops and brittle trunks, spread blackened ruin over miles and miles of precious forest. *Precious*, however, it seems never to occur to the lumberman these forests are; yet he is probably no more wasteful and careless here than elsewhere, and finds his match for heedless extravagance in nearly every pursuit that deals in what nature furnished us at the outset in abundance, but replaces only very slowly, giving abundant leisure for our repentance. The spendthrift lumberman is bad enough, but no worse than the wasteful oysterman or buffalo-hunter, reckless of the future. It is, or ought to be, a matter of rejoicing to everybody that the Forestry people, under Mr. Sargeant's guidance, are paying especial attention to preserving as far as possible the magnificent forests of the Coast Range.

It is interesting to observe how speedily Nature re-asserts herself the instant the lumberman leaves her undisturbed. Every redwood stump that escapes the fire is at once surrounded and crowned by a dense thicket of sprouts, which in two or



THE COOK.

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three years conceal it under a cone of vivid green. Meanwhile innumerable bushes, briers, evergreen saplings, and vines have grown up among the many trees left standing, so that an inexperienced person, not noting the absence of large trees, might never suspect that the lumberman had marched through the district, sparing nothing he cared to take, only a few months ago.

An example of this swift and pleasant renewal was a large ravine close to the mills whither we used often to go, partly to escape the intensely chilly wind that swept up the valley of the Russian River during the whole month of May, but chiefly for enjoyment of its loveliness.

This ravine was a circular basin, a quarter of a mile in width, surrounded by hills of considerable height, forested, except at one place where a promontory rose above the rest into a huge pile of crimson rocks and purple heather surmounting lower slopes of gold and green, where the long yellow plush of the turf rippled under the wind like the surface of the river itself. Into this basin, through a rift in the hills behind, poured a stream, expanding into a marsh here, but a marsh so choked with flags and coarse grass, or hidden under such a variety and luxuriance of trees and bushes, that it was no easy matter to see any water.

From end to end of this basin, and right through its centre, ran an old bridge or causeway, broken now and useful only for the small foot-travel which might go that way, but plainly once the avenue to the mill of thousands of logs, whose places the forest had hidden so bravely that we never missed any trees out of the still crowded ranks. Here was sketching material to last a whole summer through—backgrounds of hills near and remote; glimpses of white cottages to accentuate the middle distance; trees dark and massive, with drooping boughs and pinnacled tops, or carrying rounded, dense thickets of olive foliage far above the hill horizon; rounded heaps of willowy bush foliage, feathery maples, alders, and the like, some in blossom, with a foreground of lichen-painted and flower-studded rocks, ruined platforms of grass-grown logs, or the irregular perspective of the old causeway making a lane straight into the heart of your composition.

As I sit watching the making of a sketch it is hard to realize myself in California. Looking one way, I might easily think a cypress swamp in Louisiana my hospice; looking another, any Eastern mountain scene is duplicated, from North Carolina to the Adirondacks. Of course a minute glance detects differences at once, but the general impression is about the same one would gather from a wild bit of wet woodland in the hills of any Atlantic State. Always on the lookout for my friends the birds, I see that a stranger would scarcely notice the difference between California and the Catskills in this respect. The scream of woodpeckers, the short whistle of the plumed quail—knightly bird!—the loud click and chatter of a blazing, beelike hummer, would excite his question; but one hears here the same kind of melody, and recognizes the songs of old friends in a new brogue, as is to be expected of cousins living on this side of the big continent. Among these low bushes, for instance, a finch is bobbing about, chirping in a metallic manner perfectly familiar; and from another bush comes a joyous roundelay telling me at once that it is a song-sparrow that is the performer. The blackbirds, nestling in the willows so well moated by the sluggish creek, carol above their treasures in just the happy-go-lucky strain one hears in an Ohio "swale," but, improving on it, have converted the old cheery roulade into the sharp jingling of an armful of small sleigh-bells. Chickadees and wrens squeak and chatter at you, the solemn wail of the dove comes from the dark cliff, the coarse scream of the jay (here bluer and with more swagger than at home), and the pretty prattle of many a warbler, all suggest, if they do not precisely tally with, the familiar bird-notes of Eastern woods and swamps. I have heard it said that the birds in California do not sing. It is a wicked libel. They are more musical, on the whole, I believe, than those of the Atlantic coast, and richer melody was never heard than drops from their happy throats during all these sunshiny May days.

But let us return to our redwoods, and the second stage of their degradation from trees to logs, and from logs to lumber.

The tree having been felled, men proceeded to trim away its top, and to split off its thick coat of bark. This can often be pried away almost without breaking it, except on top, so that a great cast, as it were, of the trunk is left in the bark, which lies there, after the logs are removed, like

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"SNAKING OUT" LOGS.

a huge ruined canoe. I have seen masses of redwood bark fifteen inches in thickness; the tree which it clothed, if straight and sound, would be worth a thousand dollars. It does not follow, however, that the biggest trunks are the most valuable, since it often happens that very large trees prove unsound or completely hollowed.

The stripping of top branches and bark having been effected, the trunk is sawed

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into logs fifteen or twenty feet in length. A path is now cleared to them from the nearest road sufficiently good to take in six or eight yoke of oxen. This does not require to be a very good path either—though in some cases much labor and rough engineering is required for these wood roads—since the agility of the little oxen is quite wonderful when one notes what barriers of fallen trunks and what almost vertical slopes of hill-side are surmounted. Near the lower end of the log an iron hook, called a "dog," is driven in, where the drag-chain is attached. Then, under a shower of such "good mouth-filling oaths" as would have satisfied Falstaff, under resounding thwacks and proddings of an iron-tipped goad, the slipping and stumbling cattle snake the log endwise down the hill. But a single log must be of extraordinary size to content the driver. Having arranged them in line at the head of the little gully which previous draggings have smoothed out, he chains together two, three, even five or six logs, and starts up the slow-moving cattle with a train behind them four or five rods long. Though the pitches they scramble down are too smooth and steep for us to follow, sure-footed they stay upon their legs, and keep out of the way of the logs; thus all goes well, yet the shouts and imprecations of the bull-whacker never cease. He curses the logs, which are trailing along without a fault; he hurls vile but vivid epithets at the exemplary oxen collectively and individually; he swears at the meek Chinaman who travels ahead diligently wetting the ground to make it slippery; he damns everything all the time, yet is suave and polite and mild-mannered to us as we scramble alongside, for his profanity is purely professional, and his objurgations to be taken wholly in a Pickwickian sense.

The snaking out of these logs is another source of casualty to the lumberman, arising not so often from the logs, however, as from the big round butts which in many cases are sawed off from the original trunk. These are like huge solid cart-wheels, and of great weight: if one of them gets loose upon the steep hill-side, whatever stops it must stand stiff and high. We were taking breakfast with Charlie Nolan, the wide-awake foreman at the camp, one day, Nolan sitting where he could look out of the open door and up the mountain. Suddenly he dropped his knife, grabbed up a small boy in each hand, and shouting, "Get out of this!" made for the door. Nobody waited to inquire what was the matter, but followed the injunction, turning, when the open air was gained, just in time to see the stoppage by a firm stump of an immense butt, which had come thundering down through the thinned woods, aiming directly at our cottage, whose frail walls would have offered no obstacle whatever to its progress. Breakfast tasted much better after this escape from losing it altogether.

The railway having been reached by the bull-team and their train, the logs are laid lengthwise upon a sloping platform or bank strengthened by buried skids, where a white foreman and two or three Chinese laborers easily roll them down upon the cars, aiding themselves with cant-hooks, jack-screws, and consonantal expressions in two languages designed to relieve the feelings.

Having been placed upon the cars, the logs are secured by ropes and dogs so that they can not fall, and then are taken at a break-neck pace down to the mill, and tumbled over upon a slanting platform, whence they can easily be rolled upon the small car which carries them up into the mill by stationary engine-power.

The men who do this work are an interesting lot: *lot*, however, if it implies that it is a collection of like articles, is a bad word, for the striking thing about the Californian lumbermen is their diversity, and their habit of frequently changing from one kind of work to another, or from this camp to the next one, in endless succession. At Duncan's camps almost every European nationality was represented—French, German, Norwegian, Spanish, English, Scotch, and Irish, not to speak of Americans, Chinese, and "Indians not taxed." The Americans employed are very often graduates of the Maine woods, or "Bluenoses" from Lower Canada. These Maine men are likely to become foremen, or sub-foremen, and form a nucleus around which the floating crowd is gathered. It often happens that a man will hire himself to labor in the redwoods who is fitted for a far better kind of work, but has met with misfortune. You would think all of them had at one time possessed great wealth—or at any rate had had the opportunity of independent riches—to hear their stories; and if you believe them all, you are more strongly than

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AT THE LANDING.

ever reminded of the "slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" so likely to happen. There is a kindly emulation among Californians to prove one's self to have been more unfortunate than one's neighbor, by magnifying the prize just missed. This is perhaps consoling to the unfortunates, but it is confusing to the credulous historian.

It is a curious social life existing in these forest communities, the membership of which is constantly changing, and whose scene is annually shifted. At this camp there were only two families, but they had nothing to do with the housing or feeding of the sixty or more men (half Chinese), who messed by themselves, and slept in slab shanties near by, the Chinamen having a group of well-mottoed houses to themselves.

John Chinaman is in force here, as everywhere, for all help-work. His slight, wiry frame, with its shoulder under the lever, shows as much tough strength as that of his burly white neighbor, and he grinds all day at the feed-cutter, or totes kegs of water, balanced across his neck, up and down the rough declivities from morning till night, without seeming to tire out or ever thinking of a holiday. His it is also to manage the kitchen of the camp.

"John, where can we get something to eat?" we ask, as the sun begins to send level beams between the ruddy pillars of the soldierly sequoias.

"Heap catchum cook-house," he answers, and following his beck, our experience shows him a capital bread-maker and beef-roaster, but *not* a careful washer of dishes.

The men had gathered in the long wooden shed for supper, eating on wooden tables, but with an abundance of furniture and a plentiful bill of fare. Supper was hurried through this evening, for the men had on hand a frolic which had also the serious purpose of ridding the camp of an obnoxious old boar that had acquired a troublesome taste for the blood of Mongolian shanks, whose shrunken lines could ill spare the commodity. Re-enforced with great heartiness by the Chinese contingent, the whole camp therefore turned out on a boar hunt, assisted by several dogs even more diverse in breed than their masters. The approved weapons for this sort of chase, I understand, are rifles, spears, and knives; but here were to be seen only a club or two and some ropes looped with lassos, except that a valiant wielder of the brush brought up the rear with a six-shooter tightly clutched in his red right hand. The advance was not incautious. That pig had long made himself respected to the extent that when he appeared every man not only gave him the right of the

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road, but hastened to climb upon a stump, so as to run no risk of incommoding his swineship in the least by his presence.

It was not long, however, before a series of energetic grunts was heard ahead, and the army stopped, the artist mounting a very high stump. He said he thought they had stumbled on a bear, and he wanted to be where he could fire over the heads of all the men. Though only a black and bristling pig, a bear of the biggest kind could not have held the army at bay more thoroughly. If he had charged, I tremble to think what might have happened; but he rushed away into the bushes and ran into a corner, where he became the victim of strategy, and was presently bound and led forth in degrading captivity, followed by a procession of one artist, a score of grinning lumbermen, and a mob of chattering and dancing Chinese, for the intention was not to kill him, but only to eradicate his pugnacious propensities.

This done, the painter put up his pistol, and we all adjourned to the big shanty, where some of the men pulled off their boots and stretched themselves in restful ease upon their bunks, while others shuffled the cards for "a little game," or did odd jobs of tinkering.

It was a strange and interesting picture the interior of the big shanty made as the darkness of the outside withdrew all the light from within, and left the walls and the faces illumined only by a great fire of resinous redwood chunks built upon a raised earthen hearth that occupied the whole centre of the cabin, and the smoke of which escaped up a big bell-hooded flue in the ceiling.

The talk fell upon the enemy ignobly conquered; upon their work, and the probable plans of "the old man," meaning their employer; upon some men who had just departed, which carried it away to Frisco, and drifted it upon the familiar ground of reminiscences of the dance-house, the poker table, and the men who were always waiting to "get the drop" on somebody, or watching that somebody didn't get the drop on them. Stirring stories some of them, but as unreportable as the vigorous metaphors in which they were portrayed. Many of these men did not know the names of their mates beyond a Sam or Jake to call them by; and they had no especial curiosity to know, this atmosphere making a man tender about asking his neighbor personal questions, being shy of disturbing the pleasant *status quo* which rests upon careless ignorance. Would "old Folinsbee's daughter" have enjoyed the ball at Poverty Flat, think you, any the better for knowing all about her partner, when she

> "danced down the middle
> With the man that shot Sandy McGee"?

I think not. In California one lays his course by Mrs. Partington's philosophy, no longer trite:

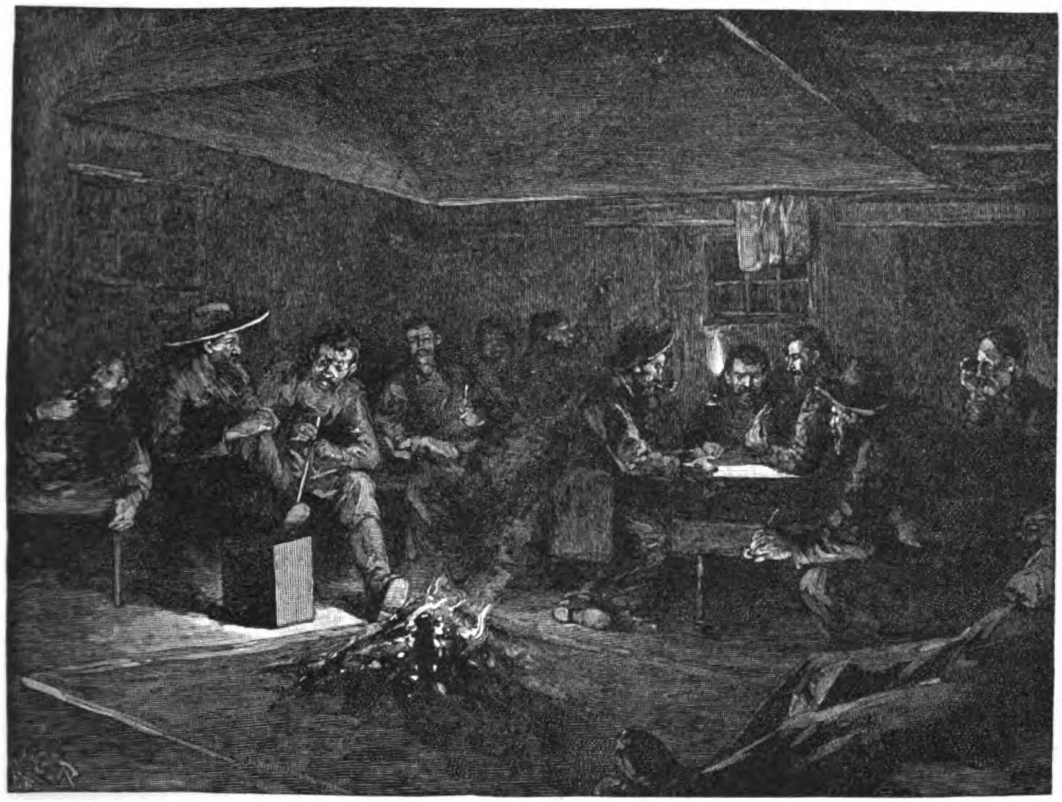
> "Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Twere the height of folly to be otherwise."

Down at the mills on the river, however, the men employed were largely those having families. For these the company had built a series of pretty cottages which were set in small gardens, kept in neat order, and held an air of solid home comfort that was very pleasing.

The mills here are essentially like all the rest in the redwood belt. I had hoped to see some wonderful boards, a dozen feet broad, cut out, but I was disappointed. If the log is of large size, it is sent at once against a "muley," or straight rip-saw, working perpendicularly, which splits it in two, after which the halves are often quartered. The smaller logs and these quarters are then hauled and rolled, with the help of steam-tackle, to the opposite side of the building, where they are cut up by a circular saw of large size. Lest its width should not suffice in all cases, however, there is rigged just over the circular saw a second one, working to meet it; between both, very wide boards might be turned out, but it is not often done, since there is no demand for them.

The capacity of these mills is from twenty to forty thousand feet of lumber a day, and to them are attached planers, shingle machines, picket headers, and so on. Next to boards, fence posts are made in largest quantity, and after these the rough split fence pickets so commonly used in this part of the State, the great durability of the wood, when unpainted, recommending it for service in fences and as roofing. Redwood shingles last like the cedar and cypress our grandfathers chose as the thatch of those old houses whose stability is our admiration. As this timber grows scarce it will doubtless be applied to uses far more varied and ornamental than at present, particularly in the way of "finishing," where the grain

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IN THE BIG SHANTY.

of the wood is to be preserved in view, and for cabinet-work. The bedstead and bureaus of the room where I am writing are made of varnished white pine, and were no doubt imported from Michigan. The redwood treated in the same way, or by other methods to which pine and ash are subjected, would have produced a handsomer result, and in a more agreeable tone. I am reminded, however, that redwood lumber for fine uses must be seasoned with extraordinary care to save it from shrinking *lengthwise*—a fault in which, I believe, it is unique.

A final day at Duncan's was spent in Azalea Gulch, just opposite, than which nothing more lovely is hidden in the depths of the redwood gloom. It is reached by crossing the river in a boat, and walking through long galleries, canopied with flowers and foliage, chiselled out of the overhanging cliff. The vale is broad at first, with open glades carpeted in Persian pattern—the varied greens of grasses, the sulphur dots of innumerable asters, the purple dashes of wild pea, the warm orange of the eschscholtzia, and the bloody stains of the wide-spread sorrel, combined in Nature's rough loom. There are hillocks sown thick with ferns; red-stemmed, white-crowned thickets of madroña climbing the sheltered hill-side through billows of emerald shrubbery; there are solid pyramids of bay as impenetrable and smooth as close-cropped hedges, or as the mossy ledge near by, where the dwarf oaks grow scraggy and gale-bent atop; and caves of indigo darkness in the face of the forest wall, half hidden under fringes of Spanish moss catching silver from the sunlight. These things and more, like them and different from them in degrees of beauty, chain the eye as you slowly ascend the glade, hearing ceaselessly the musical splash and gurgle of the trout water so well hidden under those dense alders—alders like a delicate lace-work, worked in an intricate pattern of emerald leaves and white branches and twigs; but the strangest of all pictures is in the groves of bay; borne down and contorted ever since they were saplings by floods in the creek, they display the most grotesque tree forms ever seen. The trunks become of great size (some of them are two and three feet in diameter), but all lie prostrate, or nearly

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so, upon the ground, and join together two or more tree-like growths of huge erect branches, or arch here and there in fantastic curves which resemble nothing so much as a crowd of huge snakes writhing about in a cave. Nor is the impression of a cave distant from the truth. The foliage of this tree, whenever it takes the dwarfed form, is borne only upon the tips of the branches, that terminate in great bunches of twigs. Each thick-crowding limb thus carries outwardly an umbrella-like mass of leaves, through which very little light can enter; and as here these branches are not only overhead, but are drooping upon all sides to the very ground, a complete canopy of shade results, unobstructed by interior twigs or foliage, through which the fat, distorted, smooth-skinned trunks and recumbent limbs seem to crawl and writhe in uncanny fashion.

When the glade began to narrow into a cañon the redwoods appeared—magnificent specimens standing all about the scant level of the bottom, two by two, and rising straight two hundred feet, as though trying to look over the hill-tops.

Between the buttresses of their great roots the soil is damp and black, and innumerable cushions of moss hide the ledges of rock, and feed upon the soft remains of logs half hidden in masses of ferns and weedy vegetation-loving shade, and endless dews of the deep coniferous woods. Half a mile further the cañon becomes too steep and narrow for much large timber, though choked with smaller growth; and at its head is a most picturesque cataract—a bit of music, a flash of green and white water, a veil of glistening verdure, and a background of splintered rocks.

WIDOW BROWN'S CHRISTMAS.

His window is over the factory flume;
And Elkanah there, in his counting-room,
Sits hugging a littered table.
His beard is white as the foam, and his cheek
Is weather-beaten and withered and bleak
As the old brown factory gable.

Christmas is near; and he, it is clear,
Is squaring accounts with the parting year;
Setting forth, in column and row,
Whatever a penny of gain can show—
Mortgages, dividends, and rents,
City bonds and gover'ments,
A factory here and a tannery there,
Good bank stock and railroad share—
As fast as his busy brain can count,
Or his busy pen indite 'em,
Figuring profit and gross amount,
And adding item to item.

Thinks he: "It's a good round sum I make;
Don't seem much like I was goin' to break!"
And he looked again, as he poised his pen
To fillip the drop of ink off.
But just as he gave the pen a shake,
He said "Ho! ho!" at a strange mistake
He found himself on the brink of:
He said "Ha! ha!" and his lips drew in
With a hard, dry, leathery kind of grin,
As much like the smile of a crocodile
As anything you can think of.

"I declare! there's Widder Brown
In the cottage over in Tannery Town!
The family had the house rent free
As long as her husband worked for me.
A good, smart, faithful chap was Jim—
Wish I had forty as good as him!

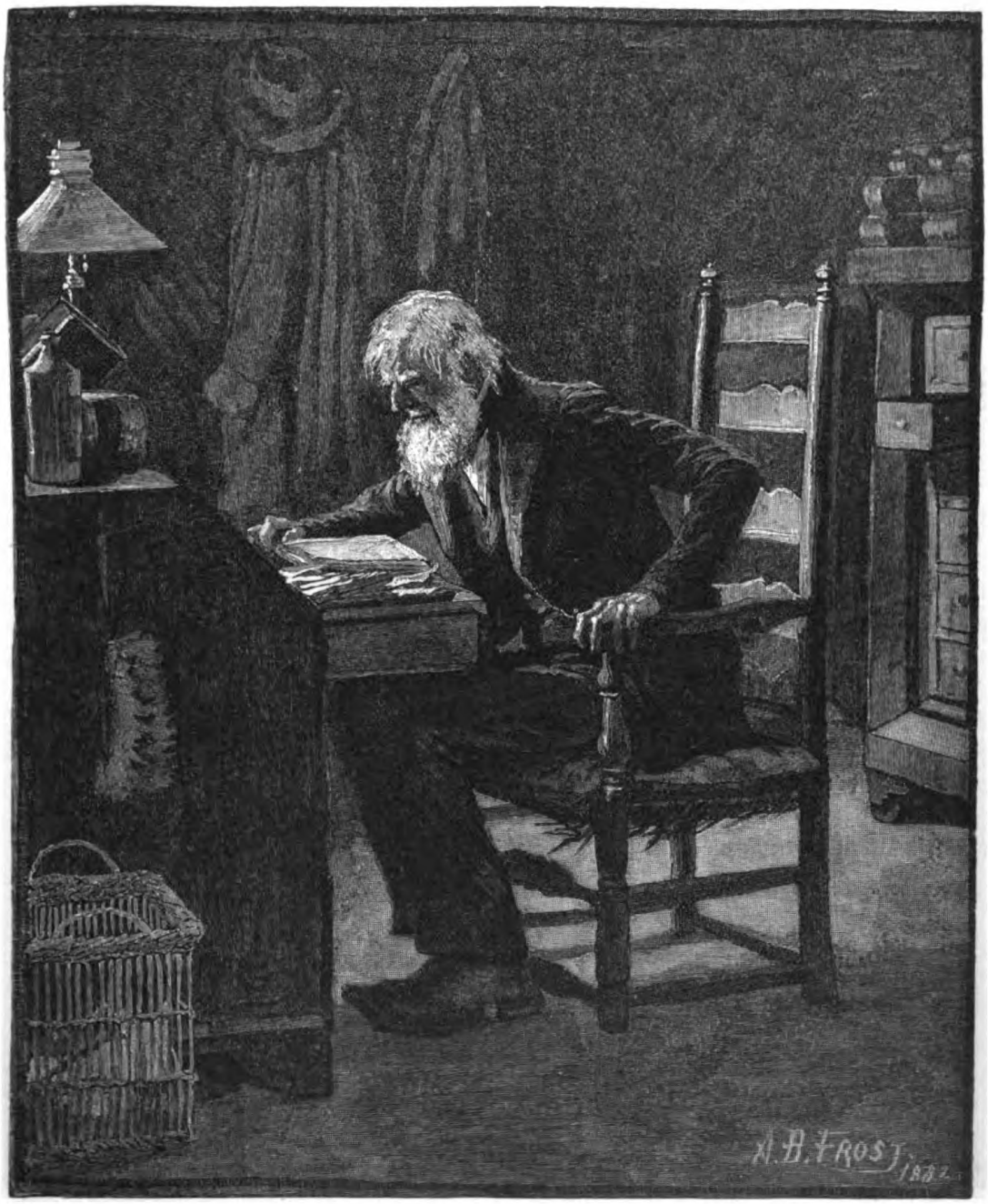
But he died one day, and left her there;
And I put the place in the parson's care—
For the only man in the town I dare
To trust is Parson Emery—
To see that the house don't run away,
And collect the rent she agreed to pay.
I'll write a letter this very day,
To jog the good man's memory."

The letter was straightway penned and sent;
And it preached hard times to a dreary extent:
"For money is tight at ten per cent.;
Often no sooner got than spent;
The poor man finds it a heavy stent
To earn his mess of pottage;
And so," concluded the argument,
"You may, if you please, remit the rent
Jim's widder owes for the cottage."

In two days' time the answer came.
"The parson is prompt. But—what in the name!"
He cried, as he opened and read the same:
How extremely odd it sounded!
"*Dear, noble, generous, honored friend*—"
Were terms he couldn't well comprehend;
And when he had struggled on to the end,
He was utterly astounded.

He gasped and gurgled, and then burst out:
"What 'n thunder's the ol' fool ravin' about?
He's crazy, without a shadder o' doubt!
A-writin' to me as if I was a saint!
Wa'al, mabby I be, and then mabby I ain't.
An' what's his argyment? why, to be sure,
That I'm a marciful man to the poor,
An' feel for the sufferin' brother,

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"SQUARING ACCOUNTS WITH THE PARTING YEAR."

An' stay the widder whose staff is gone;
And so he continners a-layin' it on,
An' he ain't sarcastical, nuther.

"Blamed ol' blunderhead! couldn't he see
'T the poor I was marciful tu meant *me?*
But here he goes on, in a gushin' mood,
To tell o' the woman's gratitude,
Because I've been *so exceedingly good*
As to pity her sad condition,
An' give him the blessed authority tu
Remit—REMIT—*the rent that is due.*

Why don't he remit, then? wish I knew!
'Stid o' that, here's more of his hullabalew,
To thank me for the remission!

"Remission—remit. Oh, drat the dunce!"
And he rushed for a dictionary;
It having occurred to him all at once
That the meanings sometimes vary
Of even the simplest words we write;
And that a prosy old parson might
Use one, and a man of business quite
Another, vocabulary.

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Finger and eye ran down the page:
"RA, RE"—he was flushed with rage:
"REMEMBER—REMIND—REMIT!"—at last
The terrible talon had it fast,
With the definition against it set:
"*Send back*," he read; but, lower yet,
"*To release, to forgive, as a sin or a debt!*"
Ah, through that mesh in the treacherous net
Had slipped the widow's pittance!
'Twas so! 'twas strange! 'twas very absurd,
That thus from a phrase, or a single word,
With equal reason could be inferred
Collection of debt, or quittance!
Words have their forks, like highways, whence
To left and right run the roads of sense;
And, taking the wrong derivative,
The heedless old parson had come to give
Remission instead of *remittance*.

Elkanah glared for a moment, and then,
With a snort at the book, and a scoff at the men
Who invented the language, seized his pen,
Tore one letter, and wrote again,
Protruding his chin, while the hard dry grin
Grew terribly savage and sinister;
Till, too impatient to brook delay,
He quite forgot it was Christmas-day,
Swung on his Ulster, and swooped away
Toward Tannery Town and the Widow Brown
And the good old blundering minister.

As out by the forenoon train he went,
He had ample time to consider:
"To be soft-soaped to sich an extent—
Cracked up like a spavined hoss that's meant
To be sold to the highest bidder—
It's pooty dumbed rough on a plain old gent
That never was known to give a cent,
Say nothin' o' seventy dollars' rent,
To anybody's widder!
An' I ain't one o' the kind that cares
To be boosted up in a woman's prayers
For a favor I never did her.

"Yet she might pray for me all her days,
An' I wouldn't object to the parson's praise,
Which he spreads so thick in his letter;
But though he believes it himself, and though
Other folks may think it's all jes' so,
The plague is, I know better!
He'll wonder what sort of a beast I be,
When I tell him square out how it seemed to me,
What a blamed, ridickelous, fool's idee
That I should forgive a debtor!"

Quick moist flushes, strange hot streaks,
Shot down to his shins and up to his cheeks.
He loosened his collar, and wondered what
In time made 'em keep the cars so hot.
Still, as he thought of the interview
He was going to seek, the warmer he grew.
And he said to himself, with a leer, "Must be
I'm fond of parsons' s'ciety!
For what else under the canopy
I'm makin' the trip for I can't see,
Sence a letter or tu would as soon undu
The snarl he's got me inter,
Save railroad fare, an' the wear an' tear
Of a journey in midwinter.

"It's an awk'ard mess, I du declare!
The widder she'll cry, an' the parson he'll stare,
An' like enough somebody else will swear—
Wish I was back in my office chair!
For why should I go twelve mile or so
An' lose my time an' my dinner,
To prove to their face, beyend a doubt,
'T I ain't no saint, as they make out,
But a hardened sort of a sinner?"

Some such thoughts perplexed his brain,
As up to the station rolled the train,
With slackening speed and brakes screwed down,
And the brakeman bawled out, "Tannery Town!"
"Wa'al, here I be!" With gathering frown
And firm-set teeth, old Elkanah straight
Took his way to the parson's gate;
No longer inclined to turn about,
In a flurry of confusion,
And like a coward retrace his route,
But grimly resolved to carry out
His original resolution.
Though, after all, he approached the spot,
Outwardly cold and inwardly hot,
As a brave man goes to be hanged or shot,
Or whatever else he thinks is not
The thing for his constitution.
And when this answer he received,
"Parson ain't to hum"—will it be believed?—
He felt like the very same man reprieved
At the moment of execution.

Wa'al, no, he wouldn't go in and wait:
He stood in the snow at the parsonage gate:
No train back till half past one,
And the village bells had just begun
To ring for noon: for a minute or two
He stood, uncertain what to do,
Looking doubtfully up and down
The dreary streets of Tannery Town,
And thought of his money and Mrs. Brown:
Then this is what he did do—
He turned his feet up the snowy street,
And went to call on the widow.

'Twas Christmas-time, as I said before;
And when, arrived at the cottage door,
He reached for the old bell handle,
He paused a moment, amazed and grim,
For he heard such a racket as seemed to him,
In the home of the late lamented Jim,
Sufficient cause for scandal.

A short, sharp ring, then a hurried noise
Of whispering, scampering girls and boys,
And the door was opened a little space,
Through which peered out, with a bashful grace,
A surprisingly pretty-looking,
Timidly smiling, bright young blonde;

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And Elkanah caught, from the room beyond,
A savory sniff, a wonderful whiff,
Of most delicious cooking.

He sees a table, with neat cloth spread,
Steaming dishes, and cream-white bread,
Cranberry sauce, and thick squash pies,
And the curly brown pates and wondering eyes
Of the imps that had made the clatter;
Then the mother just bringing in, to crown
Her banquet, a beautiful, golden-brown,
Great roasted goose on a platter.

Her ravenous tribe on the fat of the land!
I'll let her know that I understand
Whose money pays for the orgies!"

But, seeing the old man standing there,
The widow, seemingly unaware
Of his brow's severe contraction,
Perceiving only his thin white hair,
And his almost venerable air,
Wiped her fingers, and placed a chair,
With a charmingly natural action;
Welcoming him with never a trace



"DID HE SAY THAT?—SAY THAT OF ME?"

A crabbed old man, to whom the sight
Of happy children gave small delight;
A hungry man, who had come so far
To a feast his presence could only mar;
An iron-fisted miser,
Who would seldom afford himself a fat,
Delectable Christmas goose like that,
Or indulge in anything half so good—
Confronting the widow, there he stood,
Glowering under his visor;
And it certainly seemed that his presence would—
To say the least—surprise her.

For he said to himself, "Her means are spent,
An' she hasn't a penny to pay her rent,
While this is the way she gorges

Of guile in her smiling and grateful face;
Accounting this visit the crowning grace
Of his noble benefaction.

"Oh, sir," she began, "I am glad you are here"—
With a quivering lip and a starting tear—
"To see what happiness" (this was gall
To the stingy old wretch) "you have given us all!
Since you were so good—" "Not I," he cried;
"I never was good!" But she replied,
With gentle, sweet insistence:
"It seems but a trifle to you, no doubt;
Such kindness as yours—" Here he burst out,
"I tell ye, woman, ye're talkin' about
A thing that has no existence."

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"Ah, *you* may say that, since you have shown
A goodness which you are too good to own!
But I could never, with what I know,
Permit another to wrong you so."
Then up spoke one of the younger crew:
"Ye may bet yer dollars on that! it's true;
For only yesterday, I tell you,
Wasn't she in high dudgeon,
Just hearing you called by Deacon Shaw
The keenest old skinflint ever he saw!
He said he would sooner have hoped to draw
Sap from a hatchet or blood from a straw
Than money that wasn't allowed by law
From such an old curmudgeon.

"Well, what have I said?" "Hush, Jamie, hush!"
Cries the mother, in consternation;
While Elkanah starts, with an angry flush
And a vigorous exclamation.
"Did he say that?—say that of me?
He's tighter himself than the bark of a tree."
"He has more heart than he lets folks see:
A little like you in that," says she.
"Ho! ho! wa'al, wa'al! that's a queer idee!
That's a curi's ca'calation!"

"But he, when at last he understood
What a friend you had been, how exceedingly good,
To my poor orphans," she went on,
"And me—for the sake of him that is gone—
He was humbled; he took it quite to heart;
Declared you had acted a noble part,
And expressed sincere repentance
For having misjudged you so till now.
But your example—" "Example! I vow,
Mis' Brown," snarls Elkanah; but somehow
He couldn't complete the sentence.

"Your Christian example!" the widow cries,
"Who wants proof of it, there it lies"—
With a glance of pride at the great squash pies,
And the goose superbly basted.
"The deacon was here at half past one;
And at half past two the *proof* had begun:
The goose was brought by the deacon's son,
And then it seemed as if every one
Must do as the deacon and you had done."

"Yes, sir," says Jamie; "and wasn't it fun!
It was ring, ring, ring! it was run, run, run!
Squashes that weighed pretty nigh a ton!
Such apples you never tasted!"
"It came to us in our sorest need,"
The widow resumed; "and all are agreed
'Twas a harvest of which you sowed the seed.
You see your charity was, indeed,
An example that wasn't wasted."

"My charity!" Elkanah groaned. "Well, well!"
"'Twas more of a blessing than I can tell"—
She choked a little and wiped a tear—
"For we have been dreadfully poor this year.
'Tis a hard, hard struggle to provide
For my five little ones since *he* died.
Faithfully, every day I meant
To save a little to pay my rent;
I stinted and planned, but still I found,
As often as Saturday night came round,
I had spared, when they were patched and fed,
Hardly enough for Sunday's bread.
Such constant weariness, want, and care
Seemed often more than a life could bear.
Then came, oh, sir, your gracious gift,
Which all of a sudden seemed to lift
The burden which weighed me to the ground;
And all these other good friends came round;
And so, in our joy and thankfulness,
It seemed to me I could do no less
Than make a feast," she said with a smile.
"Be patient! be quiet!" For all the while
The hungry children clamored,
And climbed the chairs, and peeped at the pies,
And ogled the goose with wistful eyes.
"'Tis a favor," said she, "I should greatly prize,
If you would sit by, and not despise
The bounty which Heaven through you supplies."
"Hem! wa'al! ye take me by surprise.
Don't know," the old man stammered.

She smilingly reached for his coat and hat,
And the goose was fragrant, the goose was fat.
"I think you will stay." "Wa'al, as to that,
I don't dine out very often;
I called to explain—but never mind.
Fact is, Mis' Brown, I *haven't* dined;
And if you insist—sence you *air* so kind—"
He was rather surprised himself to find
His heart beginning to soften.

"Don't care 'f I du." And down he sat.
The goose *was* fragrant, the goose *was* fat.
The old man did the carving;
The sauce was dished, the gravy poured,
And the plates all round that little board
Were filled in a manner that didn't afford
The slightest hint of starving.

Not in all that dreary year
Had her cottage known such cheer.
With hope, and her happy children near,
The widow smiled contented.
Even old Elkanah ceased to be
Greatly scandalized to see
Cheerful faces and childish glee
In the home of the late lamented.

Nature's ways are wise and kind:
Clouds pass, dawn breaks, and ever behind
Each dark sea hollow swells a wave;
And fresh grass grows on the new-made grave;

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And softly over the broken heart,
And its sorrowful recollections,
The leaves of another hope will start,
And tender new affections.

The widow talked and told her plans:
What a dutiful child was Nance!
The parson had got her boys a chance
To blow the organ the coming year:
'So there will be twenty dollars clear!
The girls will help me more and more;
I'll sew; and often, as heretofore,
Earn bread for the morrow while they sleep;
And so I have hopes that I yet may keep
My little flock together—
With Heaven so kind and friends so good—
Send them to school and provide them food
And shelter them from the weather.

"But oh, what a change for them and me!
How different now it all would be,
If my dear husband—" Mrs. Brown
Here, for some reason, quite broke down;
And even old Elkanah's sight grew weak;
You might have observed in his withered cheek
Some unaccustomed twitches,
And in his voice, when he tried to speak,
Some very unusual hitches;
For, seeing how long she yet must strain
Her utmost energies, just to gain
Bread for her babes—perhaps in vain—
He had some twinges of shame and pain,
And a curious feeling I can't explain
At the thought of his hoarded riches.

"Hem! wa'al, Mis' Brown! it's a pooty tough case!"
He made a motion as if to place
His hand in his pocket, but drew it back.
"Though I must say, you've got a knack!
You're gittin' along, an' I'm dreffle glad!
No more, no, thank'ee, ma'am! I hain't had
Sich a dinner as this, I don' know when!"
Down went the uncertain hand again.
"Your children are well, an' growin';
Few years, your boys 'll be rich men—
Mabby they will, no knowin'."
He merely pushed back his empty plate,
Then tugged at his watch. "Ha! is it so late?
I'd no i'dee on't! train won't wait;
Guess I'll haf ter be goin'!"

"Must you, indeed! How the time has flown!"
The lonely old man had never known
So grateful a soul, a look and tone
So gentle and so caressing;
And while she handed his hat and coat,
Arranged the collar about his throat,
Smoothed the creases, and brushed his arm,
He felt a strange, bewildering charm,
The very touch of her hand shed such
Unconscious love and blessing!

"I thought there was something he came to say,
To explain!" cries Jamie. "Ah, yes! by-the-way!"
Says Elkanah, slightly flurried;
"A leetle mistake—but that's all right!
The parson, he didn't take in, not quite,
My full intent regardin' the rent:
Don't be the least mite worried
"'Bout that for sartin another year.—
Bless me! I b'lieve it's the train I hear!
Good-day!" And off he hurried.

He seemed surrounded and pursued
By spirits of joy and gratitude!
And he said to himself, "I must conclude,
Although the ol' parson wa'n't very shrewd,
'Twas a lucky mistake o' his'n!"
And he felt some most surprising things,
Strange perturbations and flutterings,
As of something within him spreading wings—
The angel within new-risen!

"I'm beat if there ain't the parson now!"
With eager stride and radiant brow
The minister crossed a steep by-street,
Through ridges of snow leg-deep, to greet
The friend of the widow and fatherless,
Who growled to himself, "Good thing, I guess,
For some of the fatherless folks we know,
Me and him didn't meet an hour ago—
Good thing all round, shouldn't wonder!"
The parson came panting up the hill,
Hands out, with a greeting of warm good-will;
All smiles; serenely unconscious still
Of his most amazing blunder.

A soul as simple as rills that run
Joyous and clear in the summer sun!
Not one who had chosen his work, but one
The Lord Himself had chosen;
A child of faith, and a shepherd indeed!
Not one of those whose formal creed
Has the tinkling sound and the hollow look
Of ice left over a shrunken brook—
Shrunken away from the living day,
Leaving its surface frozen.

Under the leafless village elms
The parson waylays and overwhelms
With more felicitation
Of the late epistolary sort
The impatient old man, who cuts him short
With a quaint gesticulation.

"No more o' that, please understand!
I've seen Jim's widder." This time the hand
Dives into the pocket, and brings out
A bright bank-note: "Guess the' ain't no doubt
But what we'd oughter give her a lift;
An' here's a trifle, a Christmas gift,
I was pooty nigh forgittin'.
Remit her rent the comin' year;
And I'd like to *remit* to her now this 'ere.
By-the-way!" drawls he, with a sidelong leer,
"Did j'ever notice—it's kind o' queer—
There's tew way's o' *remittin'*?"

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Sick is Anthea sickly is the Spring
The primrose sick, & sickly euery thing
The while my deer Anthea do's but droop
The tvlips lillies daffodills do stoop;
Bvt when again sh'as gvt her healthfvll hovre
Each bending then, will rise a proper flower



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THE OLD ENGLISH SEAMEN.

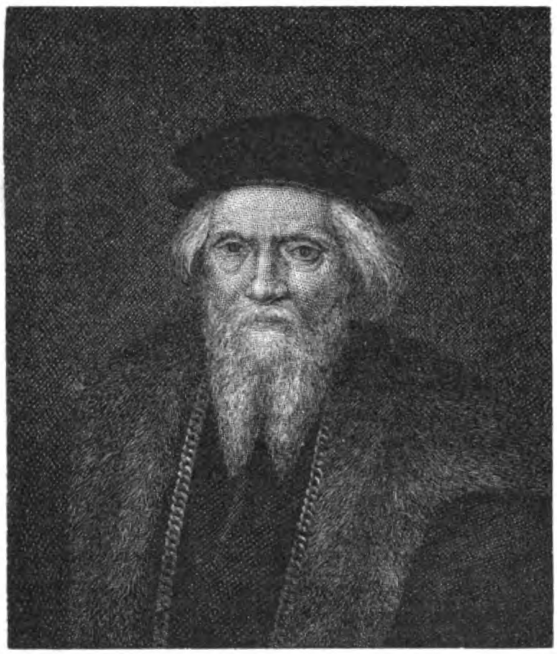
I DOUBT if any single class of men ever made a greater change in the fortunes of mankind than was brought about by the great English seamen of the sixteenth century. Some of them were slave-traders, others were smugglers, almost all were lawless men in a lawless age; but the result of their daring expeditions was to alter the destiny of the American continent, and therefore the career of the human race.

In the year 1500, Spain, with Portugal, was the undisputed master of the New World. At the present time neither Spain nor Portugal owns a foot of land upon the main continent of North or South America. The destiny of the whole Western world has been changed; and throughout almost all the northern half of it the language, the institutions, the habits, have been equally transformed. At the time when Europe was first stirred by the gold and the glory brought from the newly discovered America, it was only Spain, and in a small degree Portugal, that reaped the harvest. These were then the two great maritime and colonizing powers of Europe; and two bulls from Pope Alexander VI. in 1593 had permitted them to divide the newly discovered portions of the globe between them. Under this authority Portugal was finally permitted to keep Brazil—which was first colonized by Portuguese—while Spain claimed all the rest of the continent. To this day the results of that mutual distribution are plainly to be seen in South America. Brazil speaks Portuguese, while almost all the rest of South America, with Mexico, speaks Spanish. But beyond Mexico, through all the vast length and breadth of North America, English is the prevailing and official language. Throughout that region, instead of the Latin race, the Germanic prevails; instead of the Roman Catholic faith, the Protestant preponderates. There has not been in the history of the world a profounder change in the current of human events. The most remarkable circumstance of all is, that this change was substantially made in a single century (the sixteenth), and was made mainly through a single class of men—the old English seamen. They it was who broke the power of Spain, and changed the future destinies of America.

Other nations doubtless co-operated. Italy, especially, contained the great intellectual and cultivated race in that age, and furnished both Spain and Portugal again and again with ships, mathematical instruments, captains, crews, and even bankers' credits. Spain sent across the Atlantic Ocean Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci, Italians; France sent Verrazzano, an Italian; England sent Cabot, an Italian by citizenship and probably by birth and blood. For centuries the descendants of the Northmen confined their voyages to the shores of Western Europe; they knew less even of the Mediterranean than their Viking ancestors; but London had Italian merchants, and Bristol had Italian sailors, and it is to these that we owe the pioneer explorations of the Cabots. We must begin with these, for on these rested, in the first place, all the claims of England to the North American coast.

There is a great contrast between the ample knowledge that we have about the career of Columbus and the scanty and contradictory information left to us in regard to the Cabots. There is scarcely a fact about them or their voyages which is known with complete accuracy. We do not know past question their nationality or their birthdays, or the dates of their voyages; nor do we always know by which of the family those expeditions were made. John Cabot was long regarded as a Genoese who came to England to reside; yet it has been thought possible that he was an Englishman who was merely naturalized in Venice in 1476. Sebastian Cabot is now pretty well known to have been born in Venice, yet some contemporary authorities describe him as a native of Bristol. He received a patent from the King in 1496—he and his father and brothers—to make discoveries; but the only engraved map bearing his name claims that he had already found North America two years before that date. "John Cabot, a Venetian, and Sebastian Cabot, his son, discovered this region, formerly unknown, in the year 1494, on the 24th day of June, at the fifth hour." This date appears both in the Latin and Spanish inscriptions on the unique copy of this map in the National Library at Paris; the map itself having been engraved in 1544, but only having come to light in 1843. Its authenticity has been fully discussed by M. D'Avezac, who believes in it, and by Dr. J.

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SEBASTIAN CABOT, BY HOLBEIN.

G. Kohl and Mr. Charles Deane, who reject it. Mr. R. H. Major, of the British Museum, has made the ingenious suggestion that the date, which is in Roman letters, was originally written by Cabot thus, MCCCCXCVII., and that the V, being carelessly written, passed for II, so that the transcriber wrote 1494 instead of 1497. To add to the confusion, there is evidence in the Spanish state papers that would, if credited, carry back the first voyages of the Cabots to an earlier date than even that of Columbus. The Spanish envoy in England wrote to the sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella (July 25, 1498), that the people of Bristol had been annually sending ships for seven years "in search of the island Brazil and the seven cities, according to the fancy of that Italian Cabot." This would imply that his first expedition took place in 1491.

But it is quite certain that this carries back the date too far; it is almost certain, also, that it was the example of Columbus which aroused Sebastian Cabot to action. In one of the few sentences positively attributed to him, though by an unknown witness, he says of the first voyage of Columbus: "In that time when news was brought that Don Christopher Colonus, Genoese, had discovered the coasts of Indies, whereof was great talk in all the court of King Henry VII., who then reigned, insomuch that all men, with great admiration, affirmed it to be a thing more divine than human to sail by the West unto the East, where spices grow, by a way that was never known before; by this fame and report there increased in my heart a great flame of desire to attempt some notable thing; and understanding by the sphere (globe) that if I should sail by way of the northwest I should by a shorter track come into India, I imparted my ideas to the King."

It is altogether probable that the map of Sebastian Cabot gives us an authentic basis of knowledge in regard to the points visited by him even if the date assigned is not quite trustworthy. His "Prima Vista," or point first seen —what sailors call landfall—was in that case Cape Breton. He sailed along Prince Edward Island, then known as the Isle of St. John, and along the Gulf of St. Lawrence, perhaps beyond the site where Quebec now stands. He then sailed eastward to Newfoundland, which he described as consisting of many islands; then southward to the Chesapeake River, and then homeward. He saw first the bleakest and most rugged part of the North American coast. If he saw it in 1494, he was its first known civilized discoverer; if he saw it in 1497, it is possible that Amerigo Vespucci saw Florida in that same year, but very likely at a later period of the year.

At any rate, it is probable that in 1497 Sebastian Cabot and his father sailed with five ships, furnished at their own cost, but upon the condition that they should pay the King one-fifth of all profits. They were authorized by the King to sail "to all parts, countries, and seas of the East, of the West, and of the North, under our banners and ensigns . . . . upon their own proper costs and charges, to seek out, discover, and find whatsoever Isles, Countries, Regions, or Provinces of the Heathen and Infidels whatsoever they be, and in whatsoever part of the world, which before this time have been unknown to Christians." They were also permitted, in the royal phrase, "to set up our banners and ensigns in every village, town, castle, isle, or mainland of them newly found, and to subdue, occupy, and possess them." In addition to all other uncertainties, the authorities differ greatly as to whether it was John or Sebastian who should have the honor of the great discoveries made by this expedi-

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tion. Hakluyt, who compiled the well-known collection of voyages, and who was born a few years before Sebastian Cabot's death, and was the best-informed Englishman of his time as to nautical matters, declares that "a great part of this continent as well as of the islands was first discovered for the King of England by Sebastian Gabote, an Englishman, born in Bristow, son of John Gabote, in 1496." Elsewhere he says: "Columbus first saw the firme land August 1, 1498, but Gabote made his great discovery in 1496." On the other hand, there is an entry in the Milan archives (August, 1497): "Some months ago his Majesty Henry VII. sent out a Venetian, who is a very good mariner, has good skill in discovering new islands, and he has returned safe, and has found two very large and fertile new islands, having likewise discovered the seven cities, 400 leagues from England, on the western passage." This names neither John nor Sebastian. But there is another letter in the Milan archives, from Lorenzo Pasqualigo to his brother (dated August 23, 1497), which might seem to settle the matter:

"This Venetian of ours, who went with a ship from Bristol in quest of new islands, is returned, and says that seven hundred leagues hence he discovered 'terra firma,' which is the territory of the Grand Cham. He coasted for three hundred leagues, and landed. He saw no human being whatsoever; but he has brought hither to the King certain snares which had been set to catch game, and a needle for making nets; he also found some felled trees; wherefore he supposed there were inhabitants, and returned to his ship in alarm.

"He was three months on the voyage, it is quite certain; and coming back, he saw two islands to starboard, but would not land, time being precious, as he was short of provisions. The King is much pleased with this intelligence. He says that the tides are slack, and do not flow as they do here. The King has promised that in the spring he shall have ten ships, armed according to his own fancy; and at his request he has conceded to him all the prisoners, except such as are confined for high treason, to man them with. He has also given him money wherewith to amuse himself till then; and he is now at Bristol with his wife, who is a Venetian woman, and with his sons. His name is Zuan Cabot, and they call him the great admiral. Vast honor is paid him, and he dresses in silk; and these English run after him like mad people, so that he can enlist as many of them as he pleases, and a number of our own rogues besides.

"The discoverer of these places planted on his new-found land a large cross, with one flag of England, and another of St. Mark, by reason of his being a Venetian, so that our banner has floated very far afield."

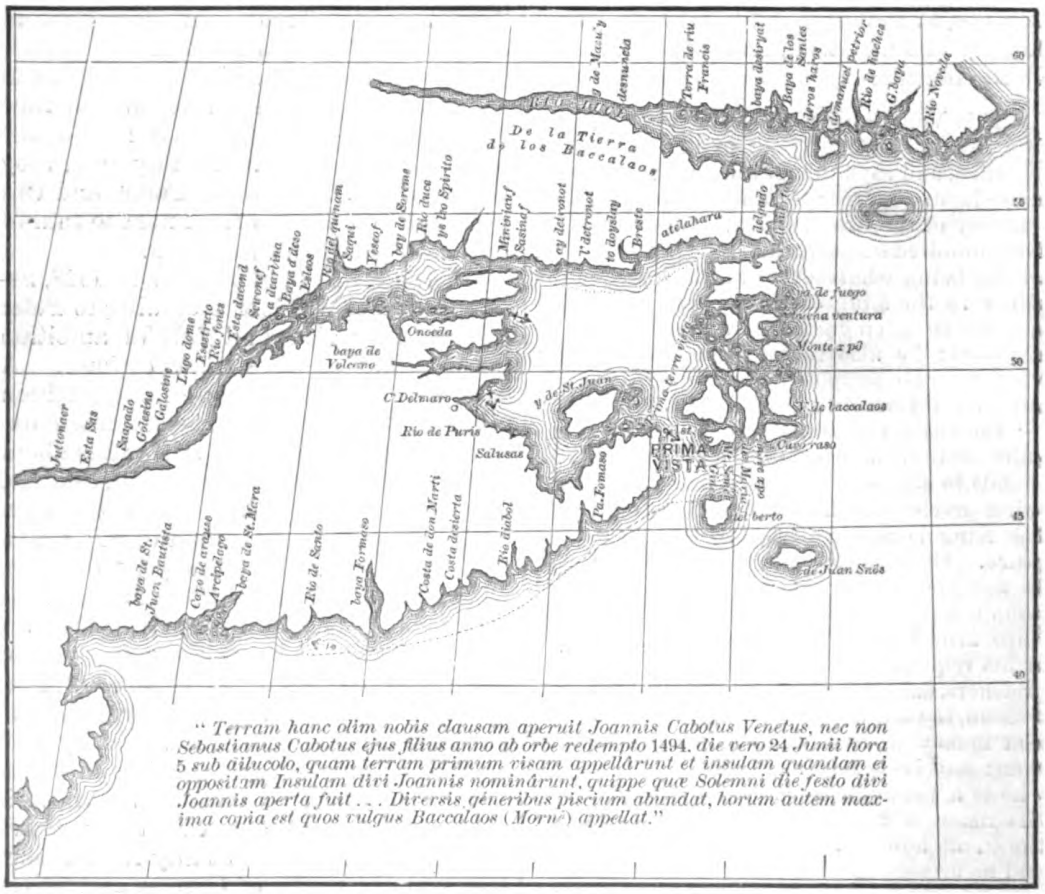
But the librarian of the Bristol public library, Mr. Nicholls, who has compiled a biography of Sebastian Cabot, points out that we have among the privy purse expenses of Henry VII. some entries that quite change this story. We have there recorded the very sum paid to John Cabot (August 10, 1497): "To him who found the new isle, £10." Fifty dollars was certainly a moderate price to pay for the whole continent of North America, and certainly not sufficient to keep "the great admiral" and his Venetian wife in silk dresses from August to the following spring. This evident exaggeration throws some doubt over the whole tone of Signor Pasqualigo's narrative; yet it leaves the main facts untouched. The most probable explanation of the whole contradiction would seem to be that John Cabot, the father, was the leader in the "great voyage," and won most fame at the time, but that his death, which happened soon after, left his son Sebastian in possession of the field, after which time Sebastian's later voyages gave most of the laurels to his name. At any rate, they belonged to the name of Cabot, and this will probably always rank next to that of Columbus in popular renown.

On the death of his father in 1498, Sebastian Cabot was left, according to Peter Martyr, very rich and full of ambition (*ricchissimo et di grande animo*). A patent for another voyage had just been given to the father, and the son made use of it, though some doubt still exists about the leadership of this expedition, and Mr. Deane thinks that John Cabot had not yet died, but went in command of it. Cabot went expressly, Gomara says, "to know what manner of lands these Indies were to inhabit." The King's privy purse account shows that bounties were given to those who enlisted under Cabot. "A reward of £2 to Jas. Carter for going to the new Isle, also to Thos. Bradley and Launcelot Thirkill, going to the new Isle £30." It would be curious to know if these sums represent the comparative value of the recruits; at any rate, besides two pounds' worth of Carters and thirty pounds' worth of Bradleys and Thirkills—these being respectable merchants—Cabot had a liberal supply of men upon whose

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heads no bounty was set, unless to pay him for removing them. Perkin Warbeck's insurrection had lately been suppressed, and had filled the jails; and the Venetian calendar tells us that "the King gave Cabot the sweepings of the prisons." It was poor material out of which to make colonists, as Captain John Smith discovered more than a century later.

What with jail-birds and others, Cabot took with him in 1498 three hundred men, and sailed past Iceland, or Island, as it was then called, a region well known to Bristol (or Bristow) men, and not likely to frighten his rather untrustworthy ship's company. Then he sailed for Labrador, which he called "La Tierra de los Baccalaos," or, briefly, "The Baccalaos"—this word meaning simply cod-fish. He said that he found such abundance of this fish as to hinder the sailing of his ships; that he found seals and salmon abundant in the rivers and bays; and bears which plunged into the water and caught these fish. He described herds of reindeer, and men like Esquimaux, but he could find no passage to India among the "islands." This is what they were habitually called in those days, though the King more guardedly described the new region in his patent as "the said Londe [land] or Isles." Cabot left some colonists on the bleak shores of Labrador or Newfoundland, then returned and took the poor fellows on board again; he sailed south, following the coast as far as Florida, but not a man would go ashore to found another colony, and he returned to England with increased fame, but little profit. Later he explored Hudson Bay, looking vainly for a passage, while the King was still giving bounties to those who went to "the new island," or sometimes to "the Newfounded island," which shows how easily the name Newfoundland came to be fixed upon one part of the region explored.



"Sebastian Cabot, Captain and Pilot Major of His Sacred Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Don Carlos the 5th of this name, and King our Lord, made this figure extended in plane in the year of the birth of our Saviour Jesus Christ, 1544."

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SIR JOHN HAWKINS, KT.

Sebastian Cabot was certainly in one sense the discoverer of America: it was he who first made sure that it was a wholly new and unknown continent. In his early voyages he had no doubt that he had visited India, but after his voyage of 1498 he expressed openly his disappointment that a "New Found Land" of most inhospitable aspect lay as a barrier between Europe and the desired Asia. As the German writer Dr. Asher has well said, "Cabot's displeasure involves the scientific discovery of a new world." In his charts North America stands as a separate and continuous continent, though doubtless long after his time the separate islands were delineated, as of old, by others, and all were still supposed to be outlying parts of Asia. In this, as in other respects, Cabot was better appreciated fifty years later than in his own day. His truthful accounts for the time discouraged further enterprise in that direction. "They that seek riches," said Peter Martyr, "must not go to the frozen North." And after one or two ineffectual undertakings he found no encouragement to repeat his voyages to the North American coast, but was sought for both by Spain and England to conduct other enterprises. He was employed in organizing expeditions to the Brazils, or to the north pole by way of Russia, but the continent he had discovered was left unexplored. He was esteemed as a skillful mariner and one who had held high official station; he died

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dreaming of a new and infallible mode of discovering the longitude which he thought had been revealed to him from heaven, and which he must not disclose. The date of his death, like that of his birth, is unknown, and his burial-place is forgotten. But fifty years later, when Englishmen turned again for a different object toward the American continent, they remembered his early achievements, and based on them a claim of ownership by right of discovery. Even then they were so little appreciated that Lord Bacon, writing his *Reign of Henry VII.*, gives but three or four sentences to the explorations which perhaps exceed in real importance all else that happened under that reign.

For about half a century the English seamen hardly crossed the Atlantic. When they began again it was because they had learned from Spain to engage in the slave-trade. In that base path the maritime glory of England found its revival. For fifty years Englishmen thought of the New World only as a possession of Spain, with which England was in more or less friendly alliance. It was France, not England, which showed at that time some symptoms of a wish to dispute the rich possession with Spain; and after the voyage of Verrazzano, in 1521, the name New France covered much of North America on certain maps and globes. It was little more than a name; but the Breton and Gascon fishermen began to make trips to the West Indies, mingling more or less of smuggling and piracy with their avowed pursuit, and the English followed them—learned the way of them, in fact. Under the sway of Queen Elizabeth, England was again Protestant, not Catholic; the bigotry of Philip II. had aroused all the Protestant nations against him, and the hereditary hostility of France made the French sailors only too ready to act as pilots and seamen for the English. Between the two the most powerful band of buccaneers and adventurers in the world was soon let loose upon the Spanish settlements.

It is a melancholy fact that the voyage which first opened the West Indian seas to the English ships was a slave-trading voyage. The discreditable promise made by Columbus that America should supply Europe with slaves had not been fulfilled; on the contrary, the demand for slaves in the Spanish mines and the Portuguese plantations was greater than America could supply, and it was necessary to look across the Atlantic for it. John Hawkins, an experienced seaman, whose father had been a Guinea trader before him, took a cargo of slaves from Guinea in 1562, and sold them in the ports of Hispaniola. "Worshipful friends in London," it appears, shared his venture—Sir Lionel Ducket, Sir Thomas Lodge, and the like. He took three ships, the largest only 120 tons; he had but a hundred men in all. In Guinea, Hakluyt frankly tells us in the brief note which gives all that is known of this expedition, "he got into his possession, partly by the sword and partly by other meanes, to the number of 300 negroes at the least, besides other merchandises which that country yeeldeth." With this miserable cargo he sailed for Hispaniola, and in three ports left all his goods behind him, loaded his own ship with hides, ginger, sugar, and pearls, and had enough to freight two other ships besides. This is almost all we know of the first voyage; but the second (in 1564) was fully described by John Sparke, one of his companions—and a very racy record it is. This was the first English narrative of American adventure; for though Cabot left manuscripts behind him, they were never printed.

When we consider that the slave-trade is now treated as piracy throughout the civilized world, it is curious to find that these courageous early navigators were not only slave-traders, but of a most pious description. When Hawkins tried to capture and enslave a whole town near Sierra Leone, and when he narrowly escaped being captured himself, and meeting the fate he richly deserved, his historian says, "God, who worketh all things for the best, would not have it so, and by Him wee escaped without danger; His name be praysed for it." When the little fleet is becalmed, and suffers for want of water, the author says, "But Almightie God, who never suffereth His elect to perish, sent vs the sixteene of Februarie the ordinarie Brieze, which is the northwest winde." With these religious sentiments Hawkins carried his negroes to the Spanish settlements in Venezuela and elsewhere. The news of his former voyage had reached Philip of Spain, who had expressly prohibited the colonists from trading with Hawkins. But they craved his slaves, and he had the skill to begin his traffic by explaining that he only wished to sell

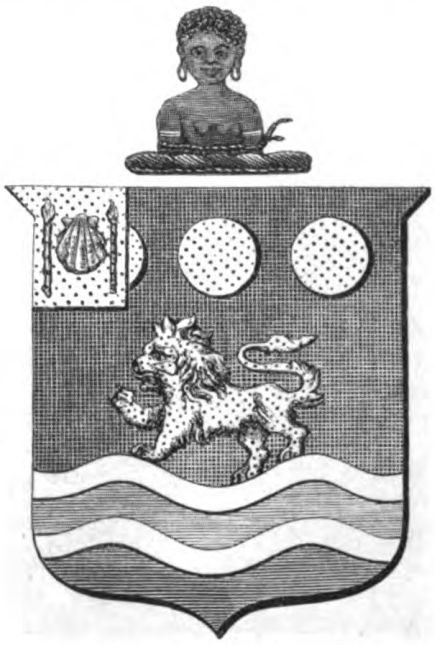
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"certaine lean and sicke negroes, which he had in his shippe, like to die upon his hands," but which, if taken on shore, might yet recover. It was thought that it might be a kindness to the poor to let them buy lean negroes at a low price, and so the bargain was permitted. If a town gave him a license to trade in slaves, and charged money for it, he put the prices high enough to cover the charges. If the prices were thought too high, and the town authorities objected, he would go on shore with a hundred men in armor, and "hauing in his great boate two falcons of brasse, and in the other boates double bases in their noses"; and with these cannon would so frighten the people that they would send the town treasurer to negotiate. The treasurer would perhaps come on horseback, with a javelin, but would be so afraid of the captain on foot with his armor that he would keep at a safe distance, and do the bargaining at the top of his voice.

Hawkins and his men seem to have feared nothing seriously except the alligators, which they called crocodiles, and of which they asserted that they drew people to them by their lamentations. "His nature is euer, when he would haue his praie, to crie and sobbe like a Christian bodie to prouoke them to come to him, and then he snatcheth at them; and thereupon came this prouerbe that is applied vnto women when they weepe, *Lachrymæ Crocodili*, the meaning whereof is that as the crocodile when he crieth goeth then about most to deceive, so doth a woman most commonly when she weepeth." Shakspeare, who was about this time writing his play of *King Henry VI.*, apparently borrowed from Sir John Hawkins this story, and introduced it in his lines:

> "As the mournful crocodile
> With sorrow snares relenting passengers."
> —2 *Henry VI.*, iii. 1.

Hawkins and his men visited Cuba, Hispaniola, the Tortugas, and other places; supplied food to Laudonnière's French settlements in what was then called Florida, and ultimately sailed along the coast of North America to Newfoundland, and thence to Europe. By this voyage Hawkins obtained fame and honor; he became Sir John Hawkins, and was authorized to have on his crest the half-length figure of a negro prisoner, called technically "a demie-Moor bound and captive." Later, when Queen Elizabeth had definitely taken sides against Spain, and withdrawn all obstacles to Hawkins's plans, he established a regular settlement, or "factory," in Guinea as the head-quarters for his slave-trade; sailed with slaves once more for a

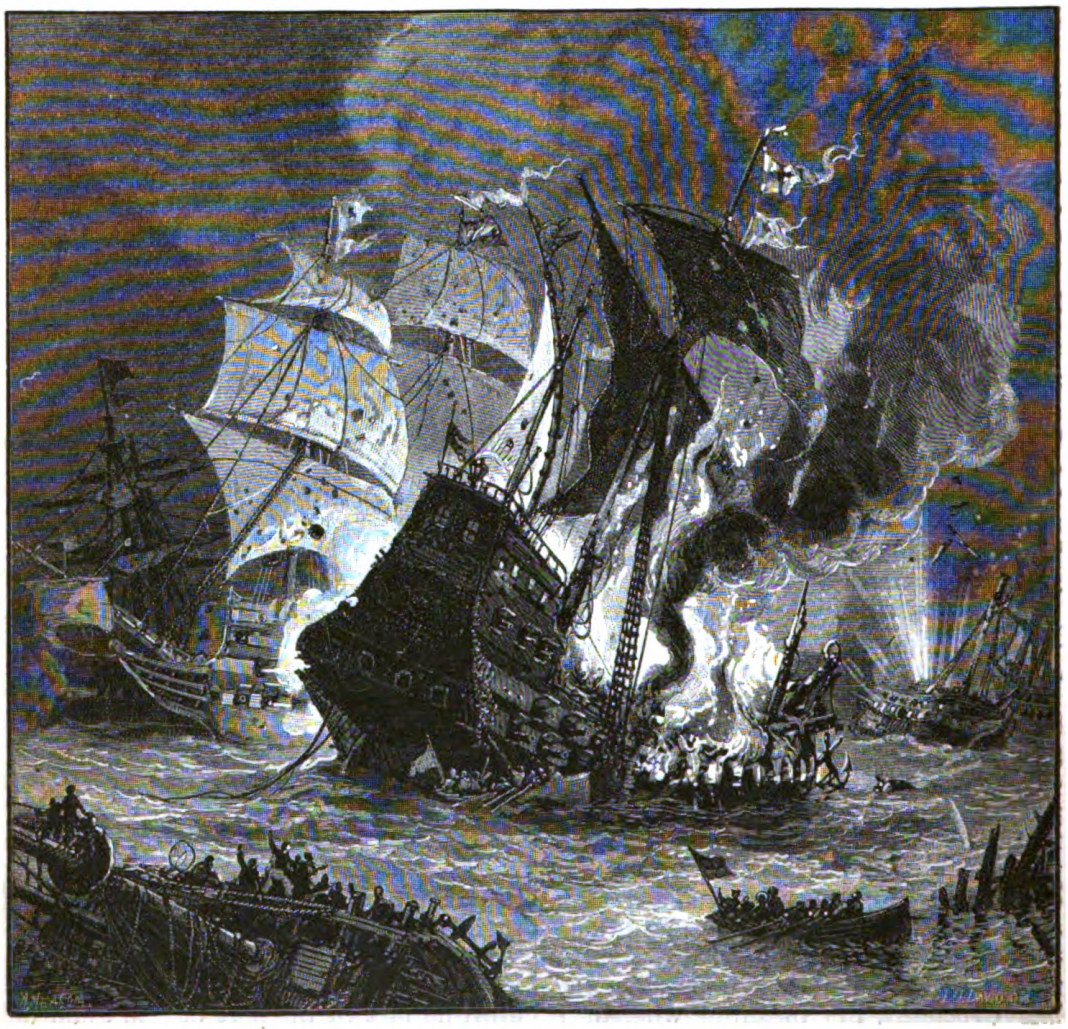


THE HAWKINS ARMS.

third voyage across the Atlantic (1568); traded in some places openly, in others secretly and by night, in spite of King Philip's prohibition, and prospered well until he met in the port of San Juan de Ulloa a Spanish fleet stronger than his own. Hawkins had already put into the port with disabled ships, when he saw a fleet of thirteen Spanish treasure-ships outside. He might perhaps have kept them from entering, or have captured or sunk them, had he dared; but he let them in upon a solemn compact of mutual forbearance, was then treacherously attacked by the Spaniards, and an engagement was brought on. The English were at first successful, but the Spaniards used fire-ships against them, and Hawkins was utterly defeated. Some of his vessels were sunk; others were driven to sea without provisions.

Hawkins himself thus plaintively describes their sorrows: "With manie sorrowfull hearts wee wandred in an unknowen Sea by the space of fourteene dayes, tyll hunger enforced vs to seeke the lande, for birdes were thought very good meate, rattes, cattes, mise, and dogges,

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DEFEAT OF THE BRITISH UNDER SIR JOHN HAWKINS AT SAN JUAN DE ULLOA.

none escaped that might be gotten, parrotes and monkayes that were had in great prize were thought then very profitable if they served the tourne [turn] one dinner." A poor remnant of them reached England at last in a condition as wretched as that of the negroes they had kidnapped; and Hawkins thus sums up their adventures: "If all the miseries and troublesome affaires of this sorrowfull voyage should be perfectly and thoroughly written, there should need a paynfull [painstaking] man with his penne, and as great a time as hee had that wrote the lives and deathes of the martirs." Nothing is more probable than that Hawkins regarded himself as entitled to a place upon the catalogue of saints. But darkened as were these voyages by wrong and by disaster, they nevertheless were the beginning of the long sea-fight between Spain and England for the possession of the New World.

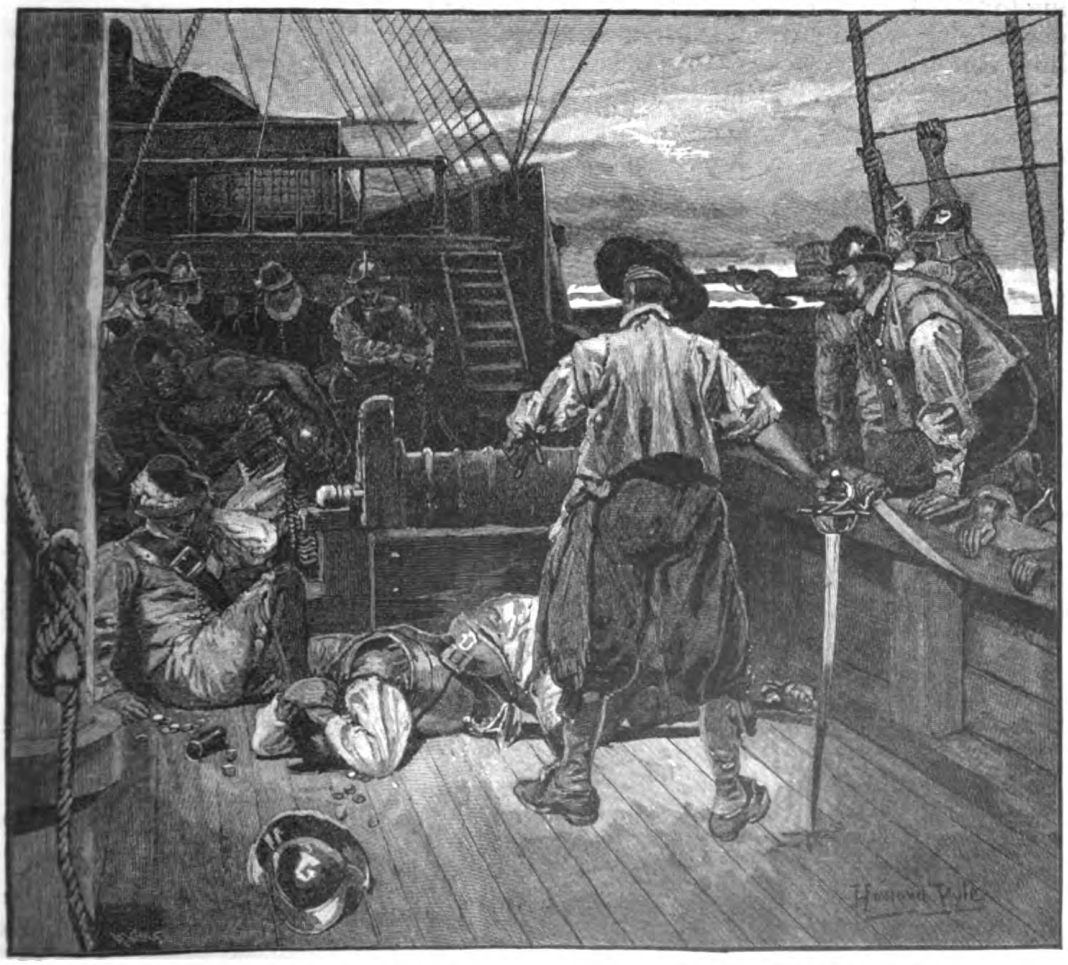
The contest was followed up by the greatest of the English sailors, Francis Drake, first known as commanding a vessel under Hawkins in the ill-fated expedition just described. From the time of that disaster Drake took up almost as a profession the work of plundering the Spaniards; and he might well be called a buccaneer, had he not concentrated his piracy on one particular nation. He was the son of a Protestant chaplain who had suffered for his opinions; and though the policy of Elizabeth was long uncertain, the public sentiment of England was with the United Netherlands in their desperate war against Philip II. The English seamen had found out that the way to reach Spain was through her rich possessions

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in West India and South America, or by plundering the treasure-ships to which she could afford but meagre escort. Drake made one trip after another to the American coast, and on February 11, 1573, he looked for the first time on the Pacific from the top of a tree in Panama. He resolved to become the pioneer of England on that ocean, where the English flag had never yet floated, and he asked the blessing of God on this enterprise. In November, 1577, he embarked for the fulfillment of this purpose, being resolved to take Peru itself from the Spaniards. His enterprise was known at the time as "the famous voyage," and ended in the first English circumnavigation of the globe.

Such novels as Kingsley's *Westward Ho! or, Sir Amyas Leigh* give a picture, hardly exaggerated, of the exciting adventures of these early seamen. Drake sailed from Plymouth, November 15, 1577, with one hundred and sixty-four sailors and adventurers in a fleet of five ships and barks, and after making some captures of Spanish vessels about the Cape de Verd Islands, he steered for the open sea. He was fifty-four days out of sight of land—time enough to have made six ocean voyages in a Liverpool steamer—before he came in sight of the Brazils. There he cruised awhile and victualled his ships with seals, which are not now considered good eating. Following down the coast in the track of Magellan, he reached at last the straits which bear the name of this Portuguese explorer, but which no Englishman had yet traversed. Drake's object was to come by this unexpected ocean route to Peru, and there ravage the Spanish settlements.

Reaching the coast of Chili, he heard from an Indian in a canoe that there was a great Spanish ship at Santiago laden with treasure from Peru. Approaching the port, the Englishmen found the ship



"THOMAS MOON BEGAN TO LAY ABOUT HIM WITH HIS SWORD."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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riding at anchor, having on board but six Spaniards and three negroes. These poor fellows, never dreaming that any but their own countrymen could have found their way there, welcomed the visitors, beating a drum in their honor, and setting forth a jar of Chilian wine for their entertainment. But as soon as the strangers entered, one of them, named Thomas Moon, began to lay about him with his sword in a most uncivil manner, striking one Spaniard, and shouting, "Go down, dog!" (*Abaxo, perro!*) All the Spaniards and negroes were at once driven below, except one, who jumped overboard and alarmed the town. The people of Santiago fled to the woods, and the Englishmen landed and robbed the town, including a little chapel, from which they took "a silver chalice, two cruets, and one altar cloth, the spoyle whereof our Generall gave to M. Fletcher, his minister." On board the captured ship they found abundance of wine and treasure, amounting to 37,000 ducats of Spanish money—a ducat being worth five and a half shillings English.

They sailed away, leaving their prisoners on shore. Landing at Tarapaca, they found a Spaniard lying asleep, with thirteen bars of silver beside him, these being worth 4000 ducats. "We tooke the siluer," says the narrator, briefly, "and left the man." Landing for water at another place, they met a Spaniard and an Indian boy driving eight "*Llamas* or sheepe of Peru, which are as bigge as asses"; each of these having two bags of leather on his back, each bag holding fifty pounds of fine silver—800 pounds weight in all. Soon after they captured three small barks, one of them laden with silver, and another with a quantity of linen cloth. At Lima they found twelve ships at anchor, robbed them, and cut their cables; and afterward they came up with a bark yielding eighty pounds of gold and a crucifix of gold and emeralds. Everywhere they took people wholly by surprise, such a thing as an English ship being a sight wholly new on the Pacific Ocean, altogether unexpected, and particularly unwelcome.

Everywhere they heard of a great Spanish treasure-ship, the *Cacafuego*, which had sailed before their arrival; they fol-



PART OF MAP OF DRAKE'S VOYAGES, PUBLISHED BY J. HONDIUS IN HOLLAND TOWARD THE CLOSE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

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lowed her to Payta and to Panama, and the "General" promised his chain of gold to any lookout who should spy her. Coming up with her at last, they fired three shots, striking down her mizzen-mast, and then captured her without re-



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

sistance. They found in her "great riches, as iewels and precious stones, thirteene chests full of royals [reals] of plate, fourscore pounds weight of golde and sixe and twentie tunne of siluer." To show how thoroughly Drake did his work, piratical as it was, the narrator of the voyage says that there were found on board two silver cups, which were the pilot's, to whom the General said, "Senior [Señor] Pilot, you haue here two siluer cups: but I must needes haue one of them"; and the pilot gave him one "because hee could not otherwise chuse," and gave the other to the ship's steward, perhaps for as good a reason. Thus went the voyage; now rifling a town, now plundering a captive, now capturing a vessel and taking "a fawlcon [breastplate] of golde with a great emeraud in the breast thereof," from the owner in person. Never once did they encounter an armed opponent, or engage in a fair fight; on the other hand, they were never guilty, as the Spaniards often were, of wanton cruelty, judging both sides by the testimony of their own witnesses. It was an ignoble warfare in one sense; but when we consider that these Englishmen were in an unknown sea, with none but unwilling pilots, and that there was not a man on shore who was not their enemy, there was surely an element of daring in the whole affair.

They repaired their ships at the island of Sanno; and there the attacks upon the Spaniards ended. The narrator thus sums

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DRAKE'S ATTACK ON SAN DOMINGO.

up the situation: "Our General at this place and time, thinking himselfe both in respect of his priuate iniuries received from the Spaniards, as also of their contempts and indignities offered to our countrey and Prince in generall, sufficiently satisfied and reuenged, and supposing that her Maiestie at his returne would rest contented with this seruice, purposed to continue no longer upon the Spanish coastes, but began to consider and to consult of the best way for his countrey."

He resolved at last to avoid the Straits of Magellan, which he had found dangerous, and the Atlantic Ocean, where he was too well known; and to go northward along the coast, and sail across the Pacific as he had already crossed the Atlantic. He sailed as far north as California, which he called New Albion; he entered "a faire and good bay," which may have been that of San Francisco; he took possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth, setting up a post with that announcement. He then supposed, but erroneously, that the Spaniards had never

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visited that region, and his recorder says of it: "There is no part of earth here to bee taken up wherein there is not some speciall likelihood of gold and silver." Then he sailed across the Pacific, taking for this passage from midsummer until October 18 (1579), when he and his men came among the islands off the coast of Africa, and so rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and reached England at last, after three years' absence. They were the first Englishmen to sail round the world, and the first of their countrymen to visit those islands of "the gorgeous East" which Portugal had just reached, and Spain had now wrested from Portugal.

The feats of Hawkins and Drake, clouded as they were by the slave-trade in one case, and by what seemed much like piracy in the other, produced a great stir in England. "The nakednesse of the Spaniards and their long-hidden secrets are now at length espied." Thus wrote Hakluyt three years after Drake's return, and urged "the deducting of some colonies of our superfluous people into those temperate and fertile partes of America which, being within six weekes sailing of England, are yet unpossessed by any Christians, and seeme to offer themselves unto us, and stretching nearer unto her Majesty's dominions than to any other part of Europe." The forgotten explorations of Cabot were now remembered. Here was a vast country to which Spain and France had laid claim, but which neither had colonized. The fishermen of four or five nations were constantly resorting thither, but it belonged, by right of prior discovery, to England alone. Why should not England occupy it? "It seems probable," wrote the historian of Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1583, "by event of precedent attempts made by the Spanyards and French sundry times" (*i. e.*, by their uniform failure) "that the countries lying north of Florida God hath reserued the same to be reduced unto Christian civility by the English nation. For not long after that Christopher Columbus had discouered the islands and continents of the West Indies for Spayne, John and Sebastian Cabot made discovery also of the West from Florida northwards to the behoofe of England." Frobisher had already attempted the Northwest passage; Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the first English colonizer, took possession of Newfoundland in the name of the Queen, and tried in vain to settle a colony there; and he died at sea at last, as described in Longfellow's ballad:

> "Beside the helm he sat,
> The Book was in his hand.
> 'Do not fear; Heaven is as near,'
> He said, 'by water as by land.'"

He had obtained a commission from the Queen "to inhabit and possess at his choice all remote and heathen lands not in the actual possession of any Christian prince." He himself obtained for his body but the unquiet possession of a grave in the deep sea; but his attempt was one event more in the great series of English enterprises. After him his half-brother Raleigh sent Amadas and Barlow (1584) to explore what was then first called Virginia in honor of the Queen; and the year after, Raleigh sent an ineffectual colony to establish itself within what is now North Carolina. Then the tumults of war arose again; and Sir Francis Drake was summoned to lead a great naval expedition, a real "armada," to the attack on Spanish America.

He sailed from Plymouth, England, September 17, 1585, with twenty-five vessels carrying 2300 men, and he had under him, as Vice-Admiral, Captain Martin Frobisher, famous by his endeavor after the Northwest passage. I must pass lightly over the details of Drake's enterprise. It was full of daring, though it must be remembered that the Spanish forts in the West Indies were weak, their ordnance poor, and their garrisons small. At the city of San Domingo, which is described as "the antientest and chief inhabited place in all the tract of country hereabout," Drake landed a thousand or twelve hundred men. A hundred cavalrymen hovered near them, but quickly retreated; the thousand Englishmen divided in two portions, assaulted the two city gates, carried them easily, and then reunited in the market-place. Toward midnight they tried the gates of the castle; it was at once abandoned, and by degrees, street by street, the invaders got possession of half the town. The Spanish commissioners held the other half, and there were constant negotiations for ransom; "but upon disagreement," says the English narrator, "we still spent the early mornings in firing the outmost houses; but they being built very magnificently of stone, with high lofts, gave us no small travail to ruin them." They kept two hundred

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THOMAS CAVENDISH.

sailors busy at this work of firing houses, while as many soldiers stood guard over them; and yet had not destroyed more than a third part of the town when they consented to accept 25,000 ducats for the ransom of the rest.

It is hard to distinguish this from the career of a buccaneer; but, after all, Drake was a mild-mannered gentleman, and kept a chaplain. There are, to be sure, in the anonymous "short abstract" of this voyage "in the handwriting of the time," published by the Hakluyt Society, some ugly hints as to the private morals of the officers of Drake's ship, including the captain himself. And there is something very grotesque in the final fall from grace of the chaplain, Francis Fletcher, himself, as described in a memorandum among the Harleian MSS. This is the same chaplain who had the chalice and the altar cloth as his share of the plunder of a church at Santiago. Drake afterward found him guilty of mutiny, and apparently felt himself free to pronounce both temporal and spiritual penalties, as given in the following narrative by an eye-witness:

"Drake excommunicated Fletcher shortly after.....He called all the company together, and then put a lock about one of his legs, and Drake sytting cros legged on a chest, and a paire of pantoffles [slippers] in his hand, he said, Francis Fletcher, I doo heere excomunicate the out of ye Church of God, and from all benefites and graces thereof, and I denounce the to the divell and all his angells; and then he charged him vppon payne of death not once to come before the mast, for if hee did, he swore he should be hanged; and Drake cawsed a posy [inscription] to be written and bond about Fletcher's arme, with chardge that if hee took it of hee should then be hanged. The poes [posy or inscription] was, Francis fletcher, ye falsest knave that liveth."

Carthagena was next attacked by Drake, and far more stoutly defended, the inhabitants having had twenty days' notice because of the attack on San Domingo. Carthagena was smaller, but for various reasons more important; there had been preparations for attack, the women and children had been sent away, with much valuable property; a few old-fashioned cannon had been brought together; there were barricades made of earth and water-pipes across the principal streets; there were pointed sticks tipped with Indian poisons, and stuck in the ground, points upward. There were also Indian allies armed with bows and poisoned arrows. Against all these obstacles the Englishmen charged pell-mell with pikes and swords, relying little upon fire-arms. They had longer pikes than the Spaniards, and more of the Englishmen were armed. "Every man came so willingly on to the service, as the enemy was not able to endure the fury of such hot assault." It ended in the ransoming of the town for 110,000 ducats, or about £30,000. It seems, by the report of the council of captains, that £100,000 had been the original demand, but these officers say that they can "with much honor and reputation" accept the smaller sum after all, "inasmuch," they add, "as we have taken our full pleasure, both in the uttermost sacking and spoiling of all their household goods and merchandise, as also in that we have consumed and ruined a great part of the town by fire." After all, the Englishmen insisted that this ransom did not include the abbey and the block-house or castle, and they forced the Spaniards to give "a thousand crowns" more for the abbey, and because there was no money left with which to redeem the castle, it was blown up by the English. Drake afterward took St. Augustine, already settled by the Spaniards, and after sailing northward, and taking on board the survivors of Raleigh's unsuccessful colony in what is now North Carolina, he sailed for England.

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CAPTURE OF THE "SANTA ANNA," SPANISH FLAG-SHIP, BY CAVENDISH.

What a lawless and even barbarous life was this which Drake led upon the American coast and among the Spanish settlements! Yet he was not held to have dishonored his nation, but the contrary. His Queen rewarded him, poets sang of him, and Sir Philip Sidney, the mirror of all chivalry at that day, would have joined one of his expeditions had not his royal mistress kept him at home. The Spaniards would have done no better, to be sure, and would have brought to bear all the horrors of the Inquisition besides. Yet the English were apt pupils in all the atrocities of personal torture. Cavendish, who afterward sailed in the track of Drake, circumnavigating the globe like him, took a small bark on the coast of Chili, which vessel had on board three Spaniards and a Fleming. These men were bound to Lima with letters warning the inhabitants of the approach of the English, and they had sworn before their priests that in case of danger the letters should be thrown overboard. "Yet our General," says the narrator, "wrought

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

so with them that they did confess it; but he was fain to cause them to be tormented with their thumbs in a wrench, and to continue three several times with extreme pain. Also he made the old Fleming believe that he would hang him, and the rope being about his neck, he was pulled up a little from the hatches, and yet he would not confess, choosing rather to die than to be perjured. In the end it was confessed by one of the Spaniards." Who can help feeling more respect for the fidelity of this old man, who would die but not break his oath, than for the men who tortured him?

Yet it is just to say that the expeditions of Cavendish, like the later enterprises of Drake, were a school for personal courage, and were not aimed merely against the defenseless. Cavendish gave battle off California to the great Spanish flagship of the Pacific, the *Santa Anna*, of 700 tons burden, bound home from the Philippine Islands. They fought for five or six hours with heavy ordnance and with small-arms, and the Spaniards at last surrendered. There were on board 122,000 *pesos* of gold, besides silks and satins and other merchandise, with provisions and wines. These Cavendish seized, put the crew and passengers—nearly 200 in all—on shore, with tents, provisions, and planks, and burned the *Santa Anna* to the water's edge. Then he sailed for England with his treasures, across the Pacific Ocean, and thus became the second English circumnavigator of the globe. This sort of privateering was an advance on the slave-trading of Hawkins and on Drake's early assaults upon almost defenseless towns, but it was often very remote from all honorable warfare. Yet it was by such means that the power of Spain was broken, and that the name of England and England's queen became mighty upon the seas.

As the sixteenth century began with the fame of the Cabots, so it ended with the dreams of Raleigh. It is to be observed that none of these great buccaneers had done anything with a view to colonizing, nor would it have been possible, by armed force, to have held the conquered Spanish towns. Had England only been strong enough for this, South America as well as North America might have spoken the English tongue to-day. But it was the British naval strength only that was established, and after the dispersal of the great Spanish Armada sent by Philip II. against England in 1588, the power of Spain upon the water was forever broken. This opened the way for England to colonize unmolested the northern half of the New World; and the great promoter of this work, Sir Walter Raleigh, was the connecting link between two generations of Englishmen. He was at once the last of the buccaneers and the first of the colonizers.

He himself had made a voyage, led by as wild a dream as any which, in that age of dreams, bewildered an explorer. We must remember that, though the terrors of the ocean were partly dispelled, their mysteries still held their sway over men. Job Hartop, in the region of the Bermudas, describes a merman: "We discovered a monster in the sea, who showed himself three times unto us from the middle upward, in which part he was proportioned like a man, of the complexion of a mulatto or tawny Indian." But especially the ac-

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counts were multiplied of cities or islands which now appeared, now disappeared, and must be patiently sought out. Sir John Hawkins reported "certain flitting islands" about the Canaries "which have been oftentimes seene, and when men approached them neere, they vanished.... and therefore it should seeme he is not yet born to whom God hath appointed the finding of them." Henry Hawkes, speaking of that standing mystery, the Seven Cities of Mexico, says that the Spaniards believed the Indians to cast a mist over them, through witchcraft, so that none could find them. Is it strange that under these influences Sir Walter Raleigh went in search of the fabled empire of Guiana?

Guiana was supposed in those days to be a third great American treasure-house, surpassing those of Peru and Mexico. Its capital was named El Dorado—"the gilded." Spanish adventurers claimed to have seen it from afar, and described its houses as roofed with gold and silver, and its temples as filled with statues of pure gold. Milton links it with Peru and Mexico:

> "Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezuma,
> And Cuzco, in Peru, the richer seat
> Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoiled
> Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
> Call El Dorado."

Raleigh himself went in search of this El Dorado, sailing up the Orinoco to find the kingdom, which was said to lie upon an island in a salt-water lake, like the Caspian Sea. He brought home report of many wonders, including a race called Ewaiponima, of whom he says that they have eyes in their shoulders and mouths in the middle of their breasts, with a long train of hair growing backward between their shoulders. He admits that he never saw them, but says that every child in the provinces he visited affirmed of their existence. It was of these imaginary beings that Shakspeare describes Othello as discoursing:

> "The cannibals that each other eat,
> The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Raleigh also reports a description he had heard of the inhabitants of this wondrous empire, sitting with the Emperor at their carousals, their bodies stripped naked, and covered with a white balsam, on which powdered gold was blown by servants through hollow canes "until they be all shining from the foot to the head, and in this sort they sit drinking by twenties and hundreds, and continue in drunkenness sometimes six or seven days together."

Raleigh brought home little else, except "that good creature, tobacco"; but his descriptions of nature were so beautiful and his treatment of the natives so generous that, in spite of his having a touch of the buccaneer quality about him, we can well accept the phrase that in him "chivalry left the land, and launched upon the deep." But that which makes his memory dear to later generations is that he, beyond any man of his time, saw the vast field open for American colonization, and persistently urged upon Queen Elizabeth to undertake it. "Whatsoever prince shall possesse it," he wrote of his fabled Guiana, "shall be greatest; and if the King of Spayne enjoy it, he will become unresistable." Then he closes with this high strain of appeal, which might well come with irresistible force from the courtier-warrior who had taught the American Indians to call his queen "Ezrabeta Cassipuna Aquerewana," which means, he says, "Elizabeth, the great princess, or greatest commander":

> "To speake more at this time I feare would be but troublesome. I trust in God, this being true, will suffice, and that He which is King of al Kings and Lorde of Lords will put it into thy heart which is Lady of Ladies to possesse it. If not, I will judge those men worthy to be kings thereof that by her grace and leaue will undertake it of themselues."

HUMILITY.

GRIEF lives in the estate of kings,
And care will seek a haughty place;
Joy comes to dwell with common things;
And happiness the swallows chase
When grasses wave on dewy lawn,
And opens the great lid of dawn.

Childhood and joy are with us still,
Though fortune frown upon our state;
The feet of spring return to fill
The rounding fruit, whate'er our fate:
And still the summer's cloudless blue
Opens to let the white birds through.

Then climb not toward the steps of a throne,
A canopy must veil the sky;
From the green field we do not own
We yet may watch the wild birds fly;
There shall remain the ancient heaven
Once unto the child-heart given.

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To Meddowes

Ye haue been fresh and green
  Ye haue been filled with flowers:
And ye the walks haue been
  Where maids haue spent their hours.

Yov haue beheld, how they
  With wicker arks did come
To kisse and beare away
  The richer cowslips home.

Yaue heard them sweetly sing,
  And seen them in a rownd:
Each virgin, like a spring,
  With hony-suckles crown'd.

But now, we see, none here,
  Whose fil'urie feet did tread,
And with dishevell'd haire,
  Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like vnthrifts, hauing spent
  Yovr stocke, and needy growne
Y'are left here to lament
  Yovr poore estate, alone.



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THE ROSARY OF HEARTS.

A CHRISTMAS EPISODE.

I WAS calling on an interesting friend in a high and narrow city boarding-house. To reach her apartment I had climbed three long flights of stairs, which brought me into a twelve-by-ten hall bedroom, back, lighted by a single window at the end. This tiny but perfectly kept room now represented home to the queenly woman who was its occupant. Its redeeming feature was the smallest of possible open fire-places, for the man who built the house was an aggressive believer in fresh air; and that peculiar style of heating and ventilation produced by a grate and soft coal was a prime necessity to the sensitive lungs of my friend.

The furniture consisted of a worn carpet, a "cabinet" bed, a small bureau, two chairs, an exquisite inlaid davenport desk —greatly out of harmony with its surroundings, and a small table by the window. The peculiar draperies of this window—various pieces of black and white and blue and green muslin, in addition to the customary shade—evidently arranged with a view to the ultimate production of varying degrees of light and shade, betrayed at once the nature of the occupation of its mistress.

She was still young, and oh, how beautiful! but she had had "reverses." That is the short soft euphemism that society has invented to cover a cruelly bitter experience, and thereby to veil and hide a series of distinct and heart-breaking agonies.

In my friend's case "reverses" meant as follows. Her father had been for many years the central pivot, so to speak, of the principal business enterprises in the large country town in which he lived. His home was in a stately mansion built by himself. His two elder daughters had married men who had grown up in his business, and were now his trusted partners. The only son, the youngest in the family, was in college. The fond father had given his children every possible educational advantage, seldom denying a request, for he felt an unusual tenderness toward them, as their mother had died when my friend, Kate, was ten. When Kate left school she assumed the position of mistress in the household, and, surrounded by every luxury that a refined and cultured taste could desire, she reigned with grace and dignity.

But a day came in which it was found that the particular article that had built up the father's fortune had been gradually supplanted in the market by a newer style; his profits declined, then ceased, then the balance got on the wrong side, and at last he had to begin drawing on the fund he had laid away for old age in the oldest and "solidest" bank in the county, consoling himself meantime with the maxim, utterly fatuous to men similarly situated, and that has lured many a one to his undoing, "Things must take a turn some time." The younger sons-in-law, more in step with the times, saw the drift of things, and had just made up their minds to suggest to Mr. Huntington that some radical change in the business was demanded, when all parties were rudely awakened from a dream of security by the discovery that a speculating and too much trusted cashier had involved the bank in such complete ruin that, instead of dividends, an assessment was at once called for. There was nothing to meet it, and "Bankrupt" was written opposite a name that had hitherto been only honored in the commercial world.

In the family council that followed this discovery it was at once resolved that every salable thing should be at once disposed of, of course including the dear homestead where they had all been born and reared, and all were to take shelter with the oldest daughter, who lived in a large house that had been inalienably settled on her as a wedding gift by her husband's father.

When the auction sale was over, my friend and her father found themselves, with a few personal keepsakes and their wardrobes, established in the sister's house; but the tremendous upheaval by which the roots of the father's life had been wrenched from the soil in which they had grown so long had inflicted an irreparable injury, and three weeks from that day he had a fatal "stroke." His last intelligible words were, "Boys, pay that other thirty cents," for even in death his mind was stung by that deficit, this being the exact amount lacking from cent. per cent. after every possible sacrifice had been made. He had imbued the minds of those under his training with an ineffaceable sense of the sacredness of an obligation; and though, while they watched the last

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flickerings of his expiring breath, no word to that effect was spoken, each one inwardly made the high resolve that even this delirious mandate should be regarded as a sacred trust, to be executed at whatever cost.

His own son had already left college, and accepted a modest clerkship, while the sons-in-law had youth and energy and the immense advantage that high integrity of purpose gives a man—a capital as certain to make itself felt eventually as government bonds.

When Kate Huntington, who had experienced one terrible loss before, turned from her father's grave, she felt that there was little left of her but a capacity for suffering. She had adored her noble father, had been his intimate companion as well as the sympathizing and prescient witness of the cruel sufferings that had culminated in his death. Her struggles to hide her own pangs at the disintegration of her home, and her efforts to sustain him, had been more than even her brave soul could bear, and she had barely power to stagger from the carriage to her bed, where for weeks she presented the strongest type of "nervous prostration." But she was young and full of vitality, and so she slowly crept back to strength, and a keen sense of the fact that the bread of dependence, though bestowed by one's nearest and dearest, is a very bitter pabulum.

These things happened just at the beginning of the late mercantile depression, and also at the beginning of the present period of the application of decorative art to every appropriate and inappropriate object; and Kate, who had pursued drawing and painting in water-color, after the manner of average boarding-schools, but who was conscious of powers which might achieve higher things, startled her family by announcing at breakfast one morning: "I'm going to New York, to live and work. Not one of you need say a word; my mind is all made up, and the details are pretty much settled. I want you, James," addressing her eldest brother-in-law, "to borrow for me one hundred dollars, which, if my life is spared, I shall repay, and if not, I've provided for it in my will." Her will! They began to think her demented; but the sequel proved that she had well used the long still hours of convalescence in thinking out a complete plan of life, founded on an advertisement in a New York paper for the services of persons capable of painting on silk and satin. The work was to be done at home, and the firm was famous for the artistic merits of its fans, menu cards, etc., as well as for high commercial integrity. "I shall leave you next Monday morning, and for a few days shall be the guest of Molly Porter, just while I'm locating, and in due time you'll learn where my home is." The very atmosphere about her seemed to radiate resolution and decision, while the quiet look of settled determination in her eyes told them all there was no use in remonstrance; and besides, when they had recovered from the first shock of the announcement, they all felt that she had really made a wise resolve, for they had all dreaded lest they should be doomed to see her proud spirit falter and break down in the effort to endure a dependent and aimless life.

The Molly Porter of whom she had spoken had been a school friend, who was now married and living in New York, and Kate and she had often exchanged visits. Among the steps Kate had already taken was to write a letter to Molly, saying, "Important business calls me to New York—business that requires a little time, inquiry, and comparison, and, if perfectly convenient, I should like to claim your hospitality for a few days." Molly had replied, "Come as soon as you like, and stay as long as you like, for you are ever a most welcome guest." She had readily divined that the "business" might refer in some way to the late catastrophe in her friend's affairs, but she had to confess herself stunned when Kate arrived and laid her plan before her; but with all the zeal of an innately kind heart she aided with knowledge and advice, and to such good purpose that in less than a week Kate was established in the little "three pair back" where we found her, and actually at work.

She wrote to her family, dating her letter, "The Eyrie, No. — Madison Avenue."

"Everything has turned out wonderfully well. Through Molly's help—she always was famous for good sense—I'm established in one of the most comfortable of those boarding-houses that constitute a vast camp flanking Fifth Avenue, and which range from the sewing-girl's sleeping-closet in Eighth Street to the palatial quarters, with prices to match, that prevail near Central Park. I've found the golden mean. I command every es-

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"I'S COME TO BWING YOU MY CHWISMAS CARD."—[SEE PAGE 240.]

sential of comfort in a room just large enough to swing Mr. Dick's cat in, but which, when my bed is made up, takes on spacious proportions. The light is perfection to work by, and, most charming of all, there is an open grate. This last crowning delight I owe to what we've always laughed at as Molly's faculty of picking up and keeping in mind little odd bits of knowledge about people that at the moment seem like the merest mental drift-wood, but which come out in practical applications so useful that we have to own that she has a great power of putting this and that together. You all know how I suffocate in a stuffy room:

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open-fire ventilation seems almost a vital necessity to me, but it never occurred to me to hope for it in the very cheap quarters I must accept; but Molly, appreciating my idiosyncrasy, said: 'Now I think of it, there's old Dr. Valentine's house. It's now used as a boarding-house, and it's a good one. He had a hobby—open grates in every room; insisted that they are essential to life. Let's go there.' True to her astute notion, here we found my grand desideratum, and though it costs me a dollar a week extra, I have it. Most thrilling object among all my surroundings—I've reserved it for the climax. It is a clean, crisp one-dollar bill, laid out at full length and breadth before my rejoicing eyes. It was paid me for decorating a blue satin sachet bag with a spray of sweet-brier just like the last one I made before I was sick. I'm to do another to-morrow, and as many more as I can. Who says that I'm not independent? I assure you that I am far stronger than I was on Monday morning when I said good-by."

This letter reached her family on Saturday night, and as the entire chain of events above narrated had occurred within six months, and as similar "reverses" come to thousands every year, we see that the elements of romance are not altogether wanting in a time and country where less than a half-year had sufficed to transform the queenly mistress of her father's mansion into a worker for her daily bread, with that portion of her borrowed money that had not been expended for railway fare and luggage express, and the aforenamed one-dollar bill for work done, to represent her entire resources.

She had taken the precaution to carefully write out a paper which she knew would be as binding on her sisters as the most formally executed legal document, in which she had directed that in case of her death before the debt was paid, they were on no account to allow any sentimental scruples to prevent their selling her personal keepsakes, and defraying her funeral expenses. She had added by way of remark: "The intention of the donors was to promote my happiness. I do not think I could sleep peacefully in a borrowed grave."

The morning of my visit was nearly four years after this, and though she had worked steadily on, and had been better and better paid for her work as its true artistic quality came to be appreciated, she was still obliged to practice the most careful economies in order to keep and dress herself, and carry out another darling purpose, which was to contribute her share to the payment of "that other thirty cents" in the dollar which had haunted her dying father. With the least possible delay she had repaid the borrowed hundred dollars, and her next care was to pay for the transportation of the inlaid desk, which had a very vital connection with her heart's history. Then she dedicated one-fourth of all she got each week for "The Fund," as the entire family had come to regard moneys that were spared by each and all. To do it cost many sacrifices. Kate was still wearing the garments of four years ago. In her girlhood she had been accustomed to replenish her wardrobe twice a year in the most fashionable shops of the metropolis, with little thought of their cost, but the clothes she now wore had been cleansed and pressed and dyed and turned, and had gone through the entire round of changes known to feminine art. You could not have kept her from looking like a queen in rags, but her summers, which she now passed beneath her sister's roof, were devoted to remaking with her own hands, with a very little help from a country dressmaker, these same garments. No more tours in Europe nor excursions to the mountains or sea-shore for her. Life was an unbroken work-a-day.

Occasionally there came a call for self-denial that really hurt cruelly. Only five weeks before my visit she had deliberately decided that she ought not to spend money for self-gratification—not even when her sister's baby died; so, though longing to see the little creature, who had been her delight in the summer, before it was laid away forever, she bravely wrote her sister: "I long to put my arms about you, and pray with you for help to bear this sorrow, but I know it is not best to come, so I weep alone and pray for you." Such things as these constitute the real sting of "reverses."

A knock at the door summoned Kate to the hall for a parley with a messenger boy, and as it proved a long one, I rose and walked to the mantel. Her talent had so ripened under its constant use that I always found something to repay my looking in the pretty trifles, the work of her ever-busy fingers, that found a place

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there. My eye was at once arrested by a singular object, or rather collection of objects, that hung above it, under a neatly framed photograph of her father. I was earnestly striving "to make it out," when Kate returned, and, in answer to the question which she read in my eyes, she took it down, and placing it in my hand, said, "That is my rosary of hearts," and, hesitating a moment, she added, "in a certain way it has been my salvation."

The central item was a heart-shaped locket of dark enamel, with a border of arabesque tracery in gold, and it was enriched by a cross in exquisite pearls. I instantly recognized it as the gift which Mr. Huntington had made to Kate on her sixteenth birthday, having ordered it made in Geneva, where that birthday found them, as a fitting casket in which to inclose a miniature of his lost wife. The chain attached to it was a rare bit of antique workmanship that had caught Kate's artistic eye in the shop of a celebrated dealer in Florence.

This souvenir, her watch (which had been the birthday gift of the year before), her desk, and a rarely brilliant diamond that sparkled on her left hand, were absolutely all the relics she had secured from the wreck of her former luxurious life. At equal intervals along this chain were disposed heart-shaped objects, corresponding in size with the locket, covered with satin of various shades, each bearing a design, and arranged like the Easter "leaves," in which a connecting ribbon holds inclosed leaves between decorated covers of eccentric shapes. As I inspected it more closely, my curiosity and interest were intensely aroused. On one side of each of these was a tiny picture, and on the other either an initial in quaint shape, a monogram, a date, or a few words delicately traced, and when I saw that each concealed leaves, being joined at the points by the smallest of pins, I began to suspect that I had been intrusted with a most precious and intimate treasure. I felt that possibly I almost held Kate's own heart in my hand.

It must be understood that I had been from her childhood her most intimate friend; after her mother's death, and the marriage of her sisters, like a sister, till a great and engrossing love came into her life, and I married and removed to New York; so that it was not out of keeping with her proud and reticent nature to let *me* see this quaint record, for record it was.

On one "heart" was a childish face, sweet as one of Raphael's cherubs, surrounded by this legend, in finest of characters, "A child's hand can open the dikes of Holland"; on the reverse, "A. M.," interwoven in a monogram, and lurking in a border that had to be studied to find its curiously concealed date, "Xmas, Dec. 25, 18—." One bore the head of a negress surmounted by a gorgeously party-colored turban; the other side said "Pet." One had a lyre, surrounded by "strings that can give a dumb heart voice"; and when I remembered Kate's passionate fondness for her piano, I felt that she must have sadly missed the relief to a burdened heart that that instrument affords to some natures. One was of unsullied white, with nothing to betray its secret. All had been wrought with such delicacy and originality of fancy that they constituted an interesting study, and there were so many that to make them must have occupied many hours. I felt that the true treasure of each was within, and though I longed to look, should never have dared to ask the privilege.

Presently Kate seated herself by me. Taking my hand in hers, and first looking at me, and then beyond, with a peculiar far-away gaze, as if beholding some high vision withheld from other eyes, she at last seemed to come back to herself, and she had evidently decided to tell me a little of what I longed to know. She began: "You wouldn't think that such a silly little thing as that would keep a person from despair. Let me tell you how it began." She hesitated, as if it still cost her an effort to go on, but continued: "You see the one with the monogram 'A. M.'? That marks a crisis in my life, a point where I was saved from madness or something worse. If any one imagines that these four years in which I have been working on, even with their progressive successes, have not had their dark and bitter hours, it is a mistake. You know what a companion my father was, and to live for days and days with no one to share your thoughts is desolation indeed. With your husband and your home, you can form no notion of it. Of all the varieties of loneliness there is nothing to equal the populous solitude of a city street—millions of persons, but not one who cares for you. A 'constitutional' walk has sometimes

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sent me home nearly desperate. It happened that just before last Christmas I had reached a morbid mood that not the utmost pressure of holiday 'orders' and constant work could dispel. My sisters, in their efforts to make a 'merry Christmas' for their children out of very little, had neglected to write those home letters that are almost my breath of life. Everybody in the house was planning to brighten the day for somebody by gifts; one lady who had two little girls worked day and night almost to achieve her various 'surprises.' All the day before Christmas packages had been arriving, and, in order to aid her stratagems, I had allowed her parcels to be delivered in my room. I had dispatched my last completed 'order' at dusk, and the house was so beset by parcel-men that I knew it would be abusing kindness to ask that Sam, the sable waiter, should be detached from his duties to accompany me to the church door, and come for me when service was over—a thing which he occasionally did—so I was left to the company of my own dismal thoughts. The memory of all that I had lost swept over my soul, and as I paced back and forth I inwardly murmured, 'Why must we live on when those we love are dead?' I grew more excited and rebellious every minute. The anxious mother would come occasionally to ask if a special parcel containing a pair of costly dolls, which were to constitute the central pivot of her Christmasings, had arrived, but the holiday pressure had risen to such a stress that it was not brought till long after mdnight, by which time I was wrought to such a frenzy that sleeping was out of the question; and where it all might have ended I shudder even now to think.

"The slow hours seemed interminable, as visions of the happy past and of the terrible gulf between the then and now reproduced themselves in endless treadmill round in a brain that seemed almost on fire with the friction. Dawn did come at last, and with it I heard a faint knocking at the door. I opened it. There stood little Annie Milton, who said, 'I's come to bwing you my Chwismas card. I's got lots of sings, and a big, big dolly. Wish you mewwy Chwismas, and I's going to see my dolly.' She placed in my hand an envelope containing a Christmas card, which —saved me from I know not what; for, as I looked at it, for the first time in weeks my eyes poured forth an irrepressible flood of tears, and a terrible nervous tension was relieved."

Kate rose, stepped to her desk, took therefrom a small portfolio, and, unlocking it, took out a Christmas card of superior artistic quality, which represented on the right the curving bend of a frozen river, a grove of fir-trees on the left, a road cut through the sparsest portion of the grove parallel with the windings of the river, a number of gay sleighs drawn by spirited horses, each with its couple—evidently a country sleigh-ride—and the bright moonlight resting over all.

I instantly recognized the locality; it was a bit that lay between my own home in the country and Kate's, which some true-eyed artist had chosen for a lovely sketch; but I could not believe that the mere vivid presentation of this home scene could have so overpowered Kate's resolute soul as to have opened the gate of tears. During a moment's pause, in which I saw her choke down a rising flood of emotion, she gazed earnestly at the card, and then, clasping my hand more firmly than ever, she gasped out, "It was just there that he—" in saying which she had revealed the secret of its power; and groaning, "Oh, must it be?" her head went down on my shoulder, and after a few moments of violent sobbing she was able to speak again. "It does me good to speak and—weep." The explanation of all this lay in the heavy loss she had met before her father's death. As noble a man as woman ever loved had been plighted to her.

He had been made certain that Kate returned his love, on a still, bright winter's night, as they were driving homeward, after having called on me, over this graphically pictured road. The date of the wedding had been fixed. Meantime the lover made a business trip to Europe. The returning steamer went down with all on board—and it took down the largest half of poor Kate's heart. Her engagement ring still shone on the finger where he had placed it, and all who knew the peculiar singleness and constancy of her nature felt that it would never be displaced till her hands were folded for the last time over her widowed heart.

"But," said Kate, "to go on with the history of the day. By the time that I was a little tranquilized, Sam knocked, and left a box 'with Dinah's compliments.' Dinah was the cook. It contained a dozen cakes of her own unapproachable make, and of

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which she knew I was fond, and a common visiting-card, on which was inscribed, in the peculiar chirography of a fellow-boarder, 'To my Pet. Sweets to the sweet,' and proved to be the fruit of a request for 'something just right, and not a bit common.' 'For,' said Dinah, 'I's determined, ever since the night I had the toothache, to let Miss Huntington know how I 'preciate her.'

"My room being on the sky floor, is near Dinah's, and one zero night I had heard her groaning and 'taking on' with a swollen face. The fire was not yet out in my grate, and I soon heated some water, and had my rubber bottle filled and under her aching face, and a little bromide completed the relief that put her asleep. I began to feel ashamed of having given way to my feeling of isolation, for certainly it had been given me to inspire gratitude in old Dinah's heart; but, while the thought was in my mind, another knock announced Dinah herself, who brought a box 'with Sam's compliments.' Evidently Sam and Dinah had planned together. The box contained a slightly *passé* nosegay, with a 'Jack' rose in the centre, and a card, on which was a comic frog playing a guitar, and singing, 'Yum, yum, there's a good time coming.' With all its incongruity, it expressed a kind thought, and as such I accepted it. Life had already begun to look brighter before I went down to breakfast, and there the 'merry' war of Christmas wishes went on. And when I returned to my room, I found my desk surmounted by a superb basket of roses from the mother whose hands had been so busy for her own children, but who had not forgotten the lonely woman in the Eyrie. And there was also a token in the shape of a card from every boarder in the house, each bearing the marks of having been chosen with thoughtful care. Let no one say that these little ready-made missives haven't a blessed mission. Mine heartened me so that I dressed for church in an almost cheerful frame, and there the music and the service distilled like the dew of Hermon on my perturbed soul. Oh, the blessed balm to the bruised spirit that comes from those divine utterances! When I returned I found that the postman had, so to speak, completed my cure, for he had brought a letter from my sister covering little cards from each of the children, but its chiefest value lay in the following sentence: 'Owing to an excellent series of sales, next week three-quarters of the old indebtedness will be paid.' My heart gave a great bound of thankful joy, for I had no idea that our mutual task was so nearly done. I went to my desk"—it had been the gift of her lover, who had laughingly said, "We'll begin buying household furniture with this"—"and took from its resting-place the locket and chain which stand for so much of my past life, and while in half reverie I took up a pencil, and began sketching the outside of the locket, and as to do something is the irresistible demand of my nature, I also commenced experimenting with some bits of satin that I had used for testing my brushes and pencils, and so, without any deliberate, premeditated intention, I evolved a satin-covered heart-shaped Christmas leaf, and the thought came to me, Why not make it a memorial and memento? So I made Dinah's head on one, Sam's frog on another, and I put a thought, or a date, or an initial in each that made it an expression of the occasion that had led up to it, and afterward I thought of 'stringing' them, and hanging them up for a visible sign. To make them has filled up odd minutes, and to look at them when alone has been a rebuke, an admonition, and a support. When I find myself becoming dispirited, I ask myself, 'Haven't I something to add?' and forthwith I find that I have been forgetting benefits. You may look at them."

I did. There is but one that I will describe. It was placed next the locket itself, and was the white satin one. On its leaf was a pen-and-ink sketch of a tomb, the door closed, but resting on it, as if about to open it, a hand. Kate had often maintained that hands are as individual and as indicative of character as faces, and that, now that albums of photographed hands are fashionable, people will find it out. This one was a faithful sketch of the hand in which she had expected to place her own with a womanly "I will." How often she and I had discussed its peculiarities in fond girl fashion!—its sinewy strength and its gentleness of touch, the fingers tapering like a woman's to the very ends, and there springing back with the angle that adds the last touch of fascination.

On the leaf opposite was written:

"And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away."

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This only confirmed what we all knew, that no other hand would unseal the closed crypt in Kate's soul; but she continued: "I've the greatest news to tell you still. I am going home for this Christmas. The Fund is now so nearly sufficient that my orders for this year will complete my share, and if we live we shall, after the second day of the new year, rejoice in the uplifting sensation that our dear father's spirit, which felt 'a stain like a wound,' can indeed rest in peace, and I shall then add one heart to my rosary, on which will be inscribed 'Jubilate.'"



THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S.

A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN.

THE ladies of St. James's
  Go swinging to the play;
Their footmen run before them,
  With a "Stand by! Clear the way!"
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  She takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
  Beneath the harvest-moon.

The ladies of St. James's
  Wear satin on their backs;
They sit all night at *Ombre*,
  With candles all of wax:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  She dons her russet gown
And runs to gather May dew
  Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's
  They are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences
  Was broken in the air:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  The breath of heath and furze,
When breezes blow at morning,
  Is scarce so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's
  They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays forever,
  Their red it never dies:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Her color comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily,
  It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's
  With "Mercy!" and with "Lud!"
They season all their speeches
  (They come of noble blood):
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Her shy and simple words
Are sweet as, after rain-drops,
  The music of the birds.

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MY PHYLLIDA.

The ladies of St. James's
They have their fits and freaks;
They smile on you—for seconds,
They frown on you—for weeks:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide
Is always true—and Mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida!
I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James's,
And give me all to keep;
I care not whose the beauties
Of all the world may be,
For Phyllida—for Phyllida
Is all the world to me!

FOR THE MAJOR.

Chapter IV.

JULY passed, and August began. Sara Carroll had spent the weeks in trying to add to her father's comfort, and trying to alter herself so fully, when with him, that she should no longer be a burden upon his expectation, a care upon his mind. In the first of these attempts she was and could be but an assistant, and a subordinate one, filling the interstices left by Madam Carroll. For the Major depended more and more each day upon his little wife. Her remarks always interested him, her voice he always liked to hear; he liked to know all she was doing, and where she went, and what people said to her; he liked to look at her; her bright little gowns and sunny curls pleased his eye, and made him feel young again, so he said. He had come, too, to have a great pride in her, and this pride had grown important to him; it now made one of the ingredients of his life. He liked to mention what a fine education she had had; he liked to say that her mother had been a "Forster of Forster's Island," and that her father was an Episcopal clergyman who had "received his education at Oxford." He thought little Scar had "English traits," and he enumerated them. He had always been a proud man, and now his pride had centred itself in her. But if his pride was strong, his affection was stronger; he was always content when she was in the room, and he never

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liked to have her long absent. When he was tired, she knew it; he was not obliged to explain. All his moods she comprehended; he was not obliged to define them. And when he did appear in public, at church on Sundays, or at her receptions, it was she upon whom he relied, who kept herself mentally as well as in reality by his side, acting as quick-witted out-rider, warding off possible annoyance, keeping the conversation in the track he preferred, guarding his entrances and exits, so that above all and through all her other duties and occupations, his ease and his pleasure were always made secure.



"HE CAME OFTEN TO THEIR FLOWER GARDEN."—[SEE PAGE 248.]

Of all this his daughter became aware only by degrees. It went on so unobtrusively, invisibly almost, that only when she had begun to study the subject of her father's probable needs in connection with

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herself, what she could do to add to his comfort, only then did she comprehend the importance of these little hourly actions of Madam Carroll, comprehend what a safeguard they kept all the time round his tranquillity, how indispensable they were to his happiness. For the feeling he had had with regard to his daughter extended, though in a less degree, to all Far Edgerley society; he wished—and it was now his greatest wish—to appear at his best when any one saw him. And, thanks to the devotion and tact of his wife, to her watchfulness (which never seemed to watch), to the unceasing protection she had thrown round his seclusion, and the quiet but masterly support she gave when he did appear, no one in the village was as yet aware that any change had come to the Major, save a somewhat invalid condition, the result of his illness of the preceding winter.

Sara herself had now learned how much this opinion of the Far Edgerley public was to her father; he rested on Saturday almost all day in order to prepare for Sunday, and the same preparation was made before each of the receptions. At these receptions she could now be of use; she could take Madam Carroll's place from time to time, stand beside him and keep other people down to his topics, prevent interruptions and sudden changes of subject, move with him through the rooms, as, with head erect and one hand in the breast of his coat, he passed from group to group, having a little conversation with each, and so much in the old way that when at length he retired, excusing himself on account of his health, he left unbroken the impression which all Far Edgerley cherished, the impression of his distinguished appearance and polished delightful manners.

During these weeks, the more his daughter had studied him and the ways to make herself of use to him, even if not a pleasure, the greater had become her admiration for the little woman who was his wife—who did it all, and so thoroughly! who did it all, and so tenderly! What she, the daughter, with all her great love for him, could think out only with careful effort, the wife divined; what she did with too much earnestness, the wife did easily, lightly. Her own words when she was with him were considered, planned; but the wife's talk flowed on as naturally and brightly as though she had never given a thought to adapting it to him; yet always was it perfectly adapted. Sara often sat looking at Madam Carroll, during these days, with a wonder at her own long blindness: a wonder also that such a woman should have borne always in silence, and with unfailing gentleness, her step-daughter's moderate and patronizing estimate of her. But even while she was thinking of these things Madam Carroll would perhaps rise and cross the room, stopping to pat dog Carlo on the rug as she passed, and she would seem so small and young, her very prettiness so unlike the countenance and expression one associates with intellectual ability, that the daughter would unconsciously fall back into her old opinion of her, always, however, to emerge from it again hurriedly, remorsefully, almost reverentially, upon the next example of the exquisite tact, tenderness, and care with which she surrounded and propped up her husband's broken days.

But the Major's life was now very comfortable. His daughter, if she had not as yet succeeded in doing what she did without thought over it, had at least fully succeeded in relieving him from all feeling of uneasiness in her society: she now came and went as freely as Scar. She had made her manner so completely unexpectant and (apparently) unobservant, she had placed herself so entirely on a line with him as he was at present, that nothing led him to think of making any effort; he had forgotten that he had ever made one. She talked to him on local subjects, generally adding some little comment that amused him; she had items about the garden and fields or dog Carlo to tell him; but most of all she talked to him of the past, and led him to talk of it. For the Major had a much clearer remembrance of his boyhood and youth than he had of the events of later years, and not only a clearer remembrance, but a greater interest; he liked to relate his adventures of those days, and often did it with spirit and zest. He was willing now to have her present at "Scar's lessons"; she formed sentences from the chivalrous little manuscript book in her turn, and now and then took part in the game of dominoes that followed. The Major grew into the habit of taking an afternoon walk with her about the grounds—always at a safe distance from the entrance gate. They went to visit the birds' nests she had dis-

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covered, and count the eggs or fledglings, and he recalled his boyhood knowledge of birds, which was accurate and wide; they went down to the pond made by the brook, and sent in dog Carlo for a bath; they strolled through the orchard to see how the apples were coming on, and sat for a while on a bench under the patriarch tree. These walks became very precious to the daughter; her father enjoyed them, enjoyed so much the summer atmosphere, pure and fresh and high, yet aromatic also with the scents from the miles of unbroken pine and fir forest round about, enjoyed looking at the mountains so much, noting the moving bands of light and shadow cast upon their purple sides as the white clouds sailed slowly across the sky, that sometimes for an hour at a time he would almost be his former self again. He knew this when it happened, and it made him happy. And Sara was so glad to see him happy that she began to feel, and with surprise, as if she herself too might be happy again, happy after all.

This first little beginning of happiness grew and budded like a flower; for now more and more her father asked for her, wanted her with him; he took her arm as they walked about the grounds, and she felt as glad and proud as a child because she was tall enough and strong enough to be of real use to him. She remembered the desolation of those hours when she had thought that she should never be of use to him again, should have no place beside him, should be to him only a care and a dread: thinking of this, she was very thankfully happy. When she could do something for him, and he was pleased, it seemed to her almost as if she had never loved him so much; for, added to her old strong affection, there was now that deep clinging tenderness which fills the heart when the person one loves becomes dependent, trustingly dependent like a little child, upon one's hourly thought and care.

The rector of St. John's had continued those visits which Miss Carroll had criticised as too frequent. When he came he seldom saw his senior warden; but the non-appearance was sufficiently excused by the state of the senior warden's health, as well as made up for by the presence of his wife. For Madam Carroll was charming in her manner to the young clergyman, always giving him the kind of welcome which made him feel sure that she was really glad to see him, and that she wished him to come soon again. As he continued to come, it happened now and then that the mistress of the house would be engaged, and unable to see him. Perhaps she was reading to the Major from his *Saturday Review;* and this was something which no one else could do in the way he liked. She alone knew how to select the items he cared to hear, and, what was more important, how to leave the rest unread; she alone knew how to give in a line an abstract that was clear to him, and how to enliven the whole with gay little remarks of her own, which, she said, he must allow her—a diversion for her smaller feminine mind. The Major greatly valued his *Saturday Review;* he would have been much disturbed if deprived of the acquaintance it gave him with the events of the day. Not that he enjoyed listening to it; but when it was done and over for that week, he had the sensation of satisfaction in duty accomplished which a man feels who has faced an east wind for several hours without expletives or loss of optimism, and then come home to enjoy his fire. Life should not be too narrow, too confined; there should always be a consideration of public events, a general knowledge of what was going on in the world; this the Major said at the receptions, as he alluded to the latest European news. For they never discussed American news at the receptions; they never came further westward, conversationally, than longitude twenty-five, reckoned, of course, from Greenwich. In 1868 there was a good deal of this polite oblivion south of the Potomac and Cumberland.

When, therefore, Mr. Owen happened to call at a time when Madam Carroll was engaged, Miss Carroll was obliged to receive him. She did not dislike him (which was fortunate; she disliked so many people!), but she did not care to see him so often, she said. He talked well, she was aware of that; he had gone over the entire field of general subjects with the idea, as it seemed, of finding one in which she might be interested. But as she was interested in nothing but her father, and would not talk of him now, save conventionally, with any one, he found her always rather unresponsive.

His congregation thought her, in addition, cold. Not a few of them had men-

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tioned to him this opinion. But there was something in Sara Carroll's face which seemed to Owen the reverse of cold, though he could not deny that to him personally she was, if not precisely wintry, at least as cool as a late October day, when there is neither sun to warm nor wind to vivify the gray still air. Yet he continued to come to the Farms. His liking for the little mistress of the house was strong and sincere. He thought her very sweet and winning. He found there, too, an atmosphere in which he did not have to mount guard over himself and his possessions—an atmosphere of pleasant welcome and pleasant words, but both of them unaccompanied by what might have been called, perhaps, the acquisitiveness which prevailed elsewhere. No one at the Farms wanted him or anything that was his, that is, wanted it with any tenacity; his time, his thoughts, his opinions, his approval or disapproval, his ideas, his favorite books, his evenings, his sermons in manuscript—all these were considered his own property, and were not asked for in the large low-ceilinged drawing-room where the Major's wife and daughter, one or both, received him when he came. They received him as an equal (Miss Carroll as a not especially important one), and not as a superior, a being from another world; though Madam Carroll always put enough respect for his rector's position into her manner to make him feel easy about himself and about coming again.

He continued to come again. And Miss Carroll continued her uninterested manner. The only change, the only expression of feeling which he had seen in her in all these weeks, was one look in her eyes and a sentence or two she had uttered, brought out by something he said about her mother. During one of their first interviews he had spoken of this lady, expressing respectfully his great liking for her, his admiration. Madam Carroll's daughter had responded briefly, and rather as though she thought it unnecessary for him to have an opinion, and more than unnecessary to express one. He had remembered this little passage of arms, and had said no more. But having met the mistress of the house a few days ago at a cabin on the outskirts of the town, where a poor crippled boy had just breathed his last breath of pain, he had been much touched by the sweet comprehending sisterly tenderness of the mother who was a lady to the mother who was so ignorant, rough-spoken, almost rough-hearted as well. But though rough-hearted, she had loved her poor child as dearly as that other mother loved her little Scar. The other mother had herself said this to him as they left the cabin together. He spoke of it to Sara when he made his next visit at the Farms; he could not help it.

And then a humility he had never seen there before came into her eyes, and a warmth of tone he had not heard before into her sweet voice.

"My mother's goodness is simply unparalleled," she answered. "You admire her sincerely; many do. But no one save those who are in the house with her all the time can comprehend the one-hundredth part of her unselfishness, her energy—which is always so quiet—her tenderness for others, her constant thought for them."

Frederick Owen was surprised at the pleasure these words gave him. For they gave him a great pleasure. He felt himself in a glow as she finished. He thought of this as he walked home. He knew that he admired Madam Carroll; and he was not without a secret belief, too, that she had a respect for his opinion, and even an especial respect. Still, did he care so much to hear her praised?—care so much that it put him in a glow?

Toward the last of August occurred, on its regular day, one of Madam Carroll's receptions. To Sara Carroll it was an unusually disagreeable one. She had never been fond of the receptions at any time, though of late she had accepted them because they were so much to her father; but this particular one was odious.

It was odious on account of the presence of a stranger who had appeared in Far Edgerley three weeks before, a stranger who had made his way into society there with so much rapidity and success that he had now penetrated even the exclusive barriers of the Farms. But this phraseology was Miss Carroll's. In reality, the stranger's "way" had not been made by any effort of his own, but rather by his manners and appearance, which were original, and more especially by a gift for which Nature was responsible, not himself. And as to penetrating the barriers of the Farms, he had not shown any especial interest in that old-fashioned mansion, and now that he was actually there, and at one of the receptions, too, he seem-

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ed not impressed by his good fortune, but wandered about rather restlessly, and yawned a good deal in corners. These little ways of his, however, were considered to belong to the "fantasies of genius"; Madam Carroll herself had so characterized them.

The stranger had, indeed, unlimited genius if signs of this kind were to be taken as evidences of it; he interrupted people in the middle of their sentences; he left them abruptly while they were still talking to him; he yawned (as has already been mentioned), and not always in corners; he went to see the persons he fancied, whether they had asked him to do so or not; he never dreamed of going to see the persons he did not fancy, no matter how many times they had invited him. He had a liking for flower gardens, and had been discovered more than once, soon after his arrival, sitting in honeysuckle arbors which the owners had supposed were for their own private enjoyment. When found, he had not apologized; he complimented the owners upon their flowers and their view.

Strangers were so rare in Far Edgerley —high, ancient little village in the mountains, far from railways, unmentioned in guide-books—that this admirer of flower gardens was known by sight through all the town before he had been two days in the place. He was named Dupont, and he was staying at the village inn, the Washington Hotel—an old red brick structure, whose sign, a weather-beaten portrait of the Father of his Country, crowned the top of a thick blue pole set out in the middle of Edgerley Street. He was apparently about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, tall, slender, carelessly dressed, yet possessing, too, some picturesque articles of attire to which Far Edgerley was not accustomed, notably low shoes, with red silk stockings above them, and a red silk handkerchief to match the stockings peeping from the breast pocket of the coat; a cream-colored umbrella lined with red silk; a quantity of cream-colored gauze wound round a straw hat.

But it was not these articles, remarkable as they were, nor his taste for opening gates without permission, nor his habit of walking in the middle of the street, ignoring sidewalks, nor another habit he had of rising and going out of church just before the sermon—it was none of these which had given him his privilege of entering "the best society." The best society had opened its doors to Genius, and to Genius alone. This genius was of the musical kind. Dupont played and sang his own compositions. "What," said Madam Carroll, "is genius, if not this?" Madam Carroll's opinion was followed in Far Edgerley, and Dupont now had the benefit of it. The Rendleshams invited him to tea; the Greers sang for him; he was offered the *Saturday Review;* even Mrs. General Hibbard, joining the gentle tide, invited him to Chapultepec, and when he came, showed him the duck yard. Miss Honoria Ashley did not yield to the current. But then Miss Honoria never yielded to anything. Her father, the junior warden, freely announced (outside his own gate) that the "singing man" amused him. Mr. Phipps hated him, but that was because Dupont had shown some interest in Miss Lucy Rendlesham, who was pretty. Not that they cared much, however, for beauty in Far Edgerley; it was so much better to be intellectual. Ferdinand Kenneway, when he learned that the new-comer had been received both at Chapultepec and the Farms, called at the inn, and left one of his engraved cards—"Mr. F. Kenneway, Baltimore." He had once lived in Baltimore six months. Dupont made an excellent caricature of Ferdinand on the back of the card, and never returned the call. On the whole, the musician had reason to congratulate himself upon so complete a conquest of Far Edgerley's highest circle. Only two persons (besides Phipps) in all that circle disliked him. True, these two disliked him strongly; but they remained only two, and they were, in public at least, silent. They were Miss Carroll and the rector of St. John's.

Perhaps it was but natural that a clergyman should look askance at a man who always rose and walked out of church at the very moment when he was preparing to begin his sermon. Miss Carroll, however, had no such sufficient reason to give for her dislike; when Dupont came to the Farms he was as respectfully polite to her as he could be in the very small opportunity she vouchsafed him. He came often to their flower garden. She complained of his constant presence. "I am never sure that he is not there. He is either lying at full length in the shade of the rhododendrons, or else sitting in the rose arbor, drumming on the table."

"Very harmless amusements they seem to me," replied Madam Carroll.

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"Yes. But why should we be compelled to provide his amusements? I think that office we might decline."

"You are rather unkind, aren't you? What harm has the poor fellow done to us?"

"Oh, if you are going to pity him, mamma—"

"Why should not one pity him a little?—a young man who is so alone in the world, as he tells us he is, not strong in health, and often moody. Then, too, there is his genius."

"I am tired of his genius. I do not believe in his genius. There is no power in it. Always a 'little song'! A 'little song'! An eccentric accompaniment does not make them vigorous."

"Do you wish him to shout?"

"I wish him to take himself elsewhere. I am speaking very freely, mamma; for I have noticed that you like him."

"He is a variety—that is the explanation; we have so little variety here. But I do like him, Sara, or rather I like his songs. They seem to me very beautiful."

Nothing more was said on either side. Sara had announced her dislike, and it had been ignored; her warm regard for Madam Carroll kept her from again expressing the feeling.

The present reception was considered an especially delightful one. Madam Carroll had altered her hours; instead of from five to eight, they were now from eight to ten. True, the time was shorter; but this was compensated for by the change from afternoon to evening. For choice as had been the tone of intelligence and elegant cultivation which had underlain these social meetings heretofore, there was no doubt but that they gained in the element of gayety by being deferred to candle-light. The candles inspired everybody; it was felt to be more festal. The ladies wore flowers in their hair, and Ferdinand Kenneway came out in white gloves. The Major, too, had not appeared so well all summer as he did this evening; every one remarked it. Not that the Major did not always appear well. "He is, and always has been, the first gentleman of our State. But to-night, how peculiarly distinguished he looks! His gray hair but adds to his noble appearance—don't you think so?—his gray hair and his wounded arm? And dear Madam Carroll, too, when have you seen her look so bright?"

Thus the ladies. But the daughter of the house, meanwhile, had never been more silent. To-night she merited without doubt their adjective "cold." She had not been able to be of much use to her father this evening. During the three-quarters of an hour he had given to his guests Madam Carroll had not left him; together they had gone through the rooms, exchanging greetings, holding little conversations, inquiring after the health of the absent. As had been remarked, the little wife looked very bright. She had more color than usual; her complexion had never had, they said, a more exquisite bloom. She was dressed in white, with a large bunch of pink roses fastened in her belt, and as she stood by the side of her tall gray-haired husband she looked, the junior warden declared, like "a Hebe." And then he carefully explained that he meant a modern Hebe of delicate outlines, and not the Hebe of the ancient Greeks—"who always weighed two hundred."

The modern Hebe talked with much animation; Far Edgerley admired her more than ever. After the Major had retired she was even gay; the junior warden having lost the spray of sweet-pea from his button-hole, with charming sportiveness she called him to her and replaced it with one of her pink roses.

Meanwhile Mr. Dupont was conducting himself after his usual fantasied fashion. He strolled about and leaned against the walls—a thing never done in Far Edgerley, on account of the paper; he stared at the head-dress of Mrs. General Hibbard, an impressive edifice of black lace and bugles; he talked a little to Miss Lucy Rendlesham, to the rage of Phipps; he turned his back on F. Kenneway, and he laughed at the poetical quotations of Mrs. Greer. And then he made no less than six profound bows before Miss Corinna, the dignified leader of St. John's choir.

He bowed whenever he met her, stopping especially for the purpose, drawing his feet together, and bending his head and body to an angle heretofore unwitnessed in that community. Miss Corinna, in chaste black silk, became at last, martial though she was, disconcerted by this extreme respect. She could not return it properly, because, most unfortunately as she had always thought, the days of the courtesy, the only stately salutation for a lady, were gone by. She bowed as majestically as she could. But when it came

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to the seventh time, she said to her second sister, "Really, Camilla, his attentions are becoming too pressing. Let us retire." So they retired—to the wall. But even here they were not secure, Dupont discovering their retreat, and coming by expressly every now and then to bestow upon the disturbed maiden another salute.

Toward the end of the evening—or rather of the reception—he sang, accompanying himself upon the guitar. His guitar had a long loop of red ribbon attached to it; Miss Carroll surveyed it and its owner with coldest eye, as, seated upon a low ottoman in the centre of the room, he began what she had called his "little songs." His songs were in truth always brief; but they were not entirely valueless, in spite of her prejudice against them. They had a character of their own. Sometimes they contained minor cadences too old for Far Edgerley to remember, the wild soft plaintive cadences of the Indian women of tribes long gone toward the setting sun, of the first African slaves poling their flat-boats along the Southern rivers. And sometimes they were love-songs, of a style far too modern for the little old-fashioned town to comprehend. Dupont's voice was a tenor, not powerful, but deliciously, sensuously sweet. As he sat there singing, with his large bold dark eyes roving about the room, with his slender dark fingers touching the strings, with his black mustaches, waxed at the ends, the gleam of his red handkerchief, and the red flower in his coat, he seemed to some of the ladies present romantically handsome. To Sara Carroll he seemed a living impertinence.

What right had this person of unknown antecedents, position, and character to be posturing there before them?—to be admitted at all to the house of her father? And then her eyes happened to fall upon her father's wife, who, in the chair nearest the musician, was listening to him with noticeable enjoyment. She turned and left the room.

By doing this she came directly upon Frederick Owen, who had apparently performed the same action a little while before. They were alone in the wide hall; every one else was in the drawing-room, gathered round the singer.

"It—it was cooler here," Owen explained, rather awkwardly. At this instant Dupont's voice floated out to them in one of his long soft notes. "It has 'a dying fall,' has it not?" said the clergyman; he was trying to speak politely of her guest. But as his eyes met those of Miss Carroll he suddenly read in them a feeling of the same strength and nature as his own. This was a surprise, and a satisfaction. It was the first corresponding dislike he had been able to discover. For his own dislike had been so strong that he had been searching in all directions for a corresponding one, with the hope perhaps of proving to himself that his was not mere baseless prejudice. But until this evening he had not succeeded in finding what he sought. It was all the other way.

It should be mentioned here that Owen had not betrayed this dislike of his. If he had done so, if his objection to the musician had been known, or even suspected, it is probable that Dupont would hardly have attained his present position in Far Edgerley. For after Madam Carroll's opinion, the opinion of the rector of St. John's came next. But he had not betrayed it. There was nothing of essential importance against Dupont. The fact that he was precisely the kind of fellow whom Frederick Owen particularly disliked was simply a matter between the two men themselves, or rather, as Dupont cared nothing about it, between Owen and his own conscience; for he could hardly go about denouncing a man because he happened to play the guitar. But after three weeks of enduring him—for he met him wherever he went—it was great comfort to have caught that gleam of contempt in Miss Carroll's gray eyes; he was glad that he had been at just the right spot in the hall to receive it as she came from the drawing-room with that alluring voice floating forth behind her.

"It is a beautiful evening," he said, dropping the subject of the musician; "the moonlight is so bright that one can see all the mountains. Shall we go out and look at them?"

And Miss Carroll was so displeased with the scene within that she consented to withdraw to the scene without; and there they remained as long as the singing lasted. They walked up and down the broad piazza; he talked about the mountain water-falls. She did not appear to be much interested in them. Her companion, however, was not so much chilled by this manner of hers as he had sometimes been; he had had a glimpse behind it.

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TIT FOR TAT.

Chapter I.

IT was a glaring afternoon in the short but fiery Russian summer. Two live pictures, one warm, one very cool, lay side by side.

A band of fifty peasant girls, in bright spotted tunics, snow-white leggings, and turban handkerchiefs, blue, crimson, or yellow, moved in line across the pale green grass, and plied their white rakes with the free, broad, supple, and graceful movements of women whom no corset had ever confined and stiffened.

Close by this streak of vivid color moving in afternoon haze of potable gold over gentle green stood a grove of ancient birch-trees with great smooth silver stems; a cool brook babbled along in the deep shade; and on the carpet of green mosses, and among the silver columns, sat a lady with noble but hardish features, in a gray dress and a dark brown hood. Her attendant, a girl of thirteen, sparkled apart in pale blue, seated on the ground, nursing the lady's guitar.

This was the tamer picture of the two, yet, on paper, the more important, for the lady was, and is, a remarkable woman—Anna Petrovna Staropolsky, a true Russian aristocrat, ennobled, not by the breath of any modern ruler, but by antiquity, local sovereignty, and the land she and hers had held and governed for a thousand years.

It may throw some light upon her character to present her before and after the emancipation of her slaves.

Her family had never maltreated serfs within the memory of man, and she inherited their humanity.

For all that, she was very haughty. But then her towering pride was balanced by two virtues and one foible. She had a feminine detestation of violence—would not allow a horse to be whipped, far less a man or a woman. She was a wonderfully just woman, and, to come to her foible, she was *fanatica per la musica*, or, if aught so vulgar and strong as English may intrude into a joyous science whose terms are Italian, MUSIC MAD.

This was so well known all over her vast estates that her serfs, if they wanted new isbahs—alias log huts—a new peal of forty church bells, mounting by perfect gradation from a muffin man's up to a deaving dome of bell-metal, or, in short, any unusual favor, would get the priests or the deacons to versify their petition, and send it to the lady, with a solo, a quartette, and a little chorus. The following sequence of events could then be counted on. They would sing their prayer at her; she would listen politely, with a few winces; she would then ignore "the verbiage," as that intellectual oddity, the public singer, calls it, and fall tooth and nail upon the musical composition, correcting it a little peevishly. This done, she would proceed to their interpretation of their own music. "Let us read it right, such as it is," was her favorite formula.

When she had licked the thing into grammar and interpretation, her hard features used to mollify so, she seemed another woman. Then a canny moujik, appointed beforehand to watch her countenance, would revert for a moment to "the verbiage."

"Oh, as to *that*—" the lady would say, and concede the substantial favor with comparative indifference.

When the edict of emancipation came, and disarmed cruel proprietors, but took no substantial benefit from *her* without a full equivalent, she made a progress through her estates, and convened her people. She read and explained the ukase, and the compensatory clauses, and showed them she could make the change difficult and disagreeable to them in detail. "But," said she, "I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall exact no impossible purchases nor crippling compensations from *you*. Our father the Emperor takes nothing from me that I value, and he gives me good money, bearing five per cent., for indifferent land that brought me one per cent. clear. He has relieved me of your taxes, your lawsuits, and your empty cupboards, and given me a good bargain, you a bad one. So let us settle matters beforehand. If you can make your fortunes with ten acres per house, in spite of taxes, increasing mouths, laziness, and your beloved corn-brandy, why, I give you leave to look down on Anna Petrovna, for she is your inferior in talent, and talent governs the world nowadays. But if you find Independence, and farms the size of my garden, mean Poverty now, and, when mouths multiply, Hunger, then you can come to Anna Petrovna,

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just as you used, and we will share the good Emperor's five per cents."

She was as good as her word, and made the change easy by private contracts in the spirit of the enactment, but more lenient to the serfs than its literal clauses.

By these means, and the accumulated respect of ages, she retained all the power and influence she cared for, and this brings me fairly to my summer picture. Those fifty peasant girls were enfranchised serfs who would not have put their hands to a rake for any other proprietor thereabouts. Yet they were working with a good heart for Anna Petrovna at fourpence per day, and singing like mavises as they marched. Catinka Kusminoff sang on the left of the band, Daria Solovieff on the right.

They were now commencing the last drift of the whole field, and would soon sweep the edge of the grove, where Madame Staropolsky—as we English should call her—sat pale and listless. She was a widow, and her only son had betrayed symptoms of heart-disease. Sad reminiscences clouded those lofty but somewhat angular features, and she looked gloomy, hard, and severe.

But it so happened that as the band of women came alongside this grove, which bounded the garden from the fields, Daria Solovieff took up the song with marvellous power and sweetness. She was all unconscious of a refined listener: it was out-of-doors, she was leading the whole band, and she sang *out* from a chest and frame whose free play had never been confined by stays, and with a superb voice, all-power, volume, roundness, sweetness, bell-like clearness, and that sympathetic eloquence which pierces and thrills the heart.

In most parts of Europe this superb organ would have sung out in church, and been famous for miles around. But the Russians are still in some things Oriental; only men and boys must sing their anthems; so the greatest voice in the district was unknown to the greatest musician. She stood up from her seat and actually trembled—for she was Daria's counterpart, organized as finely to hear and feel as Daria to sing. The lady's lofty but hardish features seemed to soften all their outlines as she listened, a complacent, mild, and rapt expression overspread them, her clear gray eyes moistened, melted, and deepened, and lo! she was beautiful!

She crept along the grove listening, and when the sound retired, directed her little servant to follow the band and invite Daria to come and help her prune roses next day.

The invitation was accepted with joy, for the work was pleasant, and the remuneration for working in Anna Petrovna's garden was not money, but some article of female dress or ornament. It might be only a ribbon or a cotton handkerchief, but even then it would be worth more than a woman's wage, and please her ten times more: the contemplation of a chiffon is a sacred joy, the feel of fourpence a mere human satisfaction.

So the next day came Daria, a tall, lithe, broad-shouldered lass, very fair, with hair like a new sovereign—pardon, O race Sclavonic, my British similes!—marvellous white skin, and color like a delicate rose, eyes of deep violet, and teeth incredibly white and even.

When she went amongst the flowers she just seemed to be one of them.

The lady of the house came out to her with gauntlets and scissors, and a servant and a gig umbrella, whereat the child of nature smiled, and revealed much ivory.

Madame snipped off dead roses along with her for nearly half an hour, then observed: "This is a waste of time. Come under that tree with me. Now sing me that song you sang yesterday in the field."

The fair cheek was dyed with blushes directly. "Me sing before you, Anna Petrovna!"

"Why not? Come, Daria, do not be afraid of one old woman who loves music, and can appreciate you better than most. Sing to me, my little pigeon."

The timid dove, thus encouraged, fixed her eyes steadily on the ground and cooed a little song.

The tears stood in the lady's eyes. "You are frightened still," said she; "but why? See, I do not praise you; and I weep. That is the best comment. You will not always be afraid of me."

"Oh no; you are so kind."

Daria's shyness was soon overcome, and every other day she had to come and play at gardening a bit, then work at music.

When the winter came her patroness could not do without her. She sent for old Kyril, Daria's father, and offered to adopt her. He did not seem charmed; said she was his only daughter, and he should miss her.

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"Why, you will marry her, and so lose her," said madame.

He admitted that was the custom. "The go-between arranges a match, and one daughter after another leaves the nest. But I have only this one, and she is industrious, and a song-bird; and I have forbidden the house to all these old women who yoke couples together blindfold. To be sure, there is a young fellow, a cousin of mine, comes over from the town on Sundays and brings Daria flowers, and me a flask of vodka."

"Then he is welcome to one of you?"

"As snow to sledge-horses; but Daria gives him little encouragement. She puts up with him, that is all."

"You would like a good house, and fifty acres more than the ten a bountiful state bestows on you, rent free forever."

"Forgive me for contradicting you, Anna Petrovna; I should like them extremely."

"And I should like to adopt Daria."

The tender father altered his tone directly. "Anna Petrovna, it is not our custom to refuse you anything."

"And it is not your custom to lose anything by obliging me."

"That is well known."

After this, of course, the parties soon came to an understanding.

Daria was to be adopted, and some land and a house made over to her and her father as joint proprietors during his lifetime, to Daria after his decease.

Daria, during her father's lifetime, was to live with Madame Staropolsky as a sort of humble but valued companion.

When it was all settled, the only one of the three who had a misgiving was the promoter.

"This song-bird," said she to herself, "has already too much power over me. How will it be when she is a woman? Her voice bewitches me. She has no need to sing; if she but speaks she enchants me. Have I brought my mistress into the house?" This presentiment flashed through her mind, but did not abide at that time.

One Sunday she saw Daria strolling along the road with a young man. He parted with her at the door, but was a long time doing it, and gave her some flowers, and lingered and looked after her.

Anna Petrovna felt a twinge, and the next moment blushed for herself. "What! jealous!" said she. "The girl has certainly bewitched me."

She asked Daria, carelessly, who the young man was. Daria made no secret of the matter. "It is only Ivan Ulitch Koscko, who comes many miles every Sunday."

"To court you?"

"I suppose it is."

"Does he love you?"

"He says so."

"Do you love him?"

"Not much; but he is very good."

"Is he to marry you?"

"I do not know. I would rather be as I am."

"I wonder which you love best—that young man or me?"

"I could never love a young man as I love you, Anna Petrovna. It is quite different."

Madame Staropolsky looked keenly at her to see whether this was audacious humbug or pure innocence, and it appeared to be the latter; so she embraced her warmly. Then Daria, who did not lack intelligence, said, "If you wish it, I will ask Ivan Ulitch not to come again."

This would have been agreeable to Madame Staropolsky, but her sense of justice stepped in. "No," said she; "I will interfere with no prior claims."

This lady played the violin in tune; the violoncello sonorously, not snorously; the piano finely; and the harp to perfection.

She soon enlarged her pupil's musical knowledge greatly, but was careful not to alter her style, which indeed was wonderfully natural, and full of genius. She also instructed her in history, languages, and arithmetic, and seemed to grow younger now she had something young to teach.

Christmas came, and her son Alexis was expected, his education at St. Petersburg being finished. Until this year he had not visited these parts for some time. His mother used to go to the capital to spend the winter vacation with him there; the summer at Tsarskoe. But there was a famous portrait of him at seven years of age—a lovely boy, with hair like new-burnished copper, but wonderful dark eyes and brows, his dress a tunic and trousers of purple silk, the latter tucked into Wellington-boots, purple cap with a short peacock's feather. We have Gainsborough's blue boy, but really this might be called the Russian purple boy. A wonder-striking picture of a beautiful original.

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Daria had often stood before this purple boy, and wondered at his beauty. She even thought it was a pity such an angel should ever grow up, and deteriorate into a man.

The sledge was sent ten miles to meet Alexis, and whilst he was yet three miles distant the tinkling of the bells announced him. On he came at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, with three horses—a powerful black trotter in the middle, and two galloping bays, one on each side, all three with tails to stuff a sofa and manes like lions. Everybody in the village turned out to welcome him; every dog left his occupation, and followed him on the spot; the sledge dashed up to the front veranda, the ready doors flew open, the family were all in the hall, ready with a loving welcome; and the thirty village dogs, having been now and then flogged for their hospitality, stood aloof in a semicircle, and were blissful with excitement, and barked sympathetic and loud. When the mother locked the son in her arms, the tears stood in Daria's eyes; but she was disappointed in his looks, after the picture; to be sure, he was muffled to the nose in furs, and his breath, frozen flying, had turned his mustache and eyebrows into snow. Beard he had none, or he might have passed for Father Christmas—and he was only twenty.

But in the evening he was half as big, and three times as handsome.

His mother made Daria sing to him, and he was enraptured.

He gazed on her all the time with two glorious black eyes, and stealing a glance at him, as women will, she found him, like his mother, beautified by her own enchantment, and he seemed to resemble his portrait more and more.

From that first night he could hardly take his eyes off her. These grand orbs, always dwelling on her, troubled her heart and her senses, and by degrees elicited timid glances in return. These and the seductions of her voice completed his conquest, and he fell passionately in love with her. She saw and returned his love, but tried innocent artifices to conceal it. Her heart was in a tumult. Hitherto she had been as cool as a cucumber with Ivan and every other young man, and wondered what young women could see so attractive in them. Now she was caught herself, and fluttered like a wild bird suddenly caged.

Ivan Ulitch Koscko, who could not make her love him, used to console himself for her coolness by saying it was her nature—a cool affection and moderate esteem was all she had to give to any man. So many an endured lover talks; but suddenly the right man comes, and straightway the icy Hecla reveals her infinite fires.

Alexis soon found an opportunity to tell Daria he adored her.

She panted with happiness first, and hid her blushing face, but the next moment she quivered with alarms.

"Oh, no, no," she murmured; "you must not! What have I done? Your mother—she would never forgive me. It was not to steal her son's heart she brought me here." And the innocent girl was all misgivings, and began to cry.

Alexis consoled her, and kissed her tears away, and would not part with her till she smiled again, and interchanged vows of love and constancy with him.

Under love's potent influence she left him radiant.

But when she thought it all over, and him no longer there to overpower her, her misgivings grew, and she was terrified. She had an insight into character, and saw beneath the surface of Anna Petrovna. That lady loved her, but would hate her if she stole the affections of her son, her idol.

Daria's deep eyes fixed themselves all of a sudden on the future. "Misfortune is coming here," she said.

Then she crossed herself, bowed her head piously in that attitude, and prayed long and earnestly.

Then she rose, and went straight to Anna Petrovna. She found her knitting mittens for Alexis.

She sat at her feet, and said, wearily, "Anna Petrovna, I ask leave to go home."

"Why? what is the matter?"

"My father."

"Is he unwell?"

"No. But he has not seen me for some time."

"Is it for long?"

"Not very long."

Anna Petrovna eyed her steadily. "Perhaps you are like me, of a jealous disposition in your little quiet way. Tell the truth now, my pigeon, you are jealous of Alosha."

"Me jealous of Alexis?"

"Oh, jealousy spares neither age nor sex. Come, you are—just a little. Confess now."

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Daria was surprised; but she was silent at first; and then, being terribly afraid lest one so shrewd should discover her real sentiments, she had the tact and the self-defensive subtlety to defend herself so tamely against this charge that she left the impression but little disturbed.

Anna Petrovna determined to cure her by kindness, so she said: "Well, you shall go next week. But to-day we expect our cousin Vladimir Alexéitch Plutitzin on a short visit. He is musical, and I can not afford to part with you whilst he is here."

Then Daria's heart bounded with delight. She had tried to go away, but was forcibly detained in paradise.

Vladimir Alexéitch Plutitzin arrived—a keen, dark gentleman, forty years old, and a thorough man of the world; a gamester and a roué; bully or parasite, whichever suited his purpose; but most agreeable on the surface, and welcome to Madame Staropolsky on that account and his relationship. He seemed so shallow she had never taken the trouble to look deep into him.

His principal object in this visit was to borrow money, and as he could not do that all in a moment, he looked forward to a tedious visit.

But this fair singer made all the difference. He was charmed with her, and began to pay her attentions in the drollest way, half spooney, half condescending. He was very pertinacious, and Daria was rather offended, and a little disgusted. But all she showed was complete coolness and civil apathy.

Vladimir Alexéitch, having plenty of vanity and experience, did not accept this as Ivan did. "This cucumber is in love with somebody," said he; and he looked out very sharp. He saw at once that Alexis was wrapped up in her, but that she was rather shy of him, and on her guard. That puzzled him a little. However, one Sunday he detected her talking with a young man under the front veranda. It was not love-making after the manner of Vladimir Alexéitch, but they seemed familiar and confidential: clearly he was the man.

Vladimir burned with spite; and he wreaked it. He went into the drawing-room, and there he found Alexis and his mother, seated apart. So he began upon Alexis. He said to him, too low for his mother to hear, "So our cantatrice has a lover."

Alexis stared, then changed color. "Daria a lover—who?" He thought at first his own passion had been discovered by this shrewd person.

"Oh, that is more than I can tell you. Some fellow of her own class, though. He is courting her at this moment."

Alexis turned ashy pale, and his lips blue. "I'll believe that when I see it," said he, stoutly.

"See it, then, in the veranda," was the calm reply.

With that the serpent glided on to the mother.

Alexis waited a moment, and then sauntered out, with a ghastly attempt at indifference.

Once in the hall, he darted to the door, opened it, and found Daria and her faithful Ivan in calm conversation. The sight of the young man was enough for Alexis. He said, angrily, "Daria, my mother wants you immediately."

"Farewell, then, Ivan," said Daria, submissively, and entered the house at once. Alexis stood and cast a haughty stare on Ivan; and the poor fellow, who had walked ten miles for a word or two with Daria, returned disappointed.

Chapter II.

Meantime Anna Petrovna asked Vladimir Alexéitch what he had said to Alexis. "Oh, nothing particular; only that our fair cantatrice had a lover."

"Why, that is no news," said the lady. "But indeed he is not much of a lover, and I hope it will come to nothing. That is very selfish, for he is an old friend and a faithful one to her. His mother kept the district school at Griasansk, and taught Daria to read and write and work. Her son is a notary's clerk, and assisted her in her learning. Let me tell you she is a very fair scholar, not an ignorant savage like the rest of these girls. To be sure, her father has a head on his shoulders, and had sent her to school, contrary to the custom of the country."

That favorite topic of hers, the praises of her protégée, was cut unnaturally short by Daria in person. She came in, and gliding up to her patroness with a sweet inclination of her whole body, said: "You sent for me, Anna Petrovna. Alexis Pavlovitch told me."

"Indeed! Then he divined my thought.

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But I did not send for you; I heard your friend was with you."

"He was."

"What have you done with him?"

"I told him to go."

"That you might come to me?"

"Certainly."

"That was rather hard upon him."

"It does not matter," said Daria, composedly.

"Not to you, Daria; that is evident."

Alexis came in and flung himself into a chair, manifestly discomposed. Daria cast a swift glance at him, then looked down.

Anna Petrovna surprised this lightning glance and looked at her son, and then at Vladimir; then she turned her eyes inward, mystified and inquiring, and from that hour seemed to brood occasionally, and her features to stiffen.

Vladimir watched his poison work. Some days afterward he joked Alexis about his passion for a girl who was already provided with a lover, but found him inaccessible to jealousy. The truth is, he and Daria had come to an explanation. "She loves nobody but me," said the young man, proudly; "and no other man but me shall ever have her; not even you, my clever cousin."

"Oh, I make way for the head of the house, as in duty bound," said sneering Vladimir. "But when you have got her all to yourself, what do you mean to do with her? I am afraid, Alexis, she will get you into trouble. Her people are respectable. Your mother's morals are severe. She is attached to the girl. What on earth can you do with her?"

"I mean to marry her, if she will have me."

"Do what?"

"Marry her, man. What else can I do?"

Vladimir was incredulous and amused at first; then taking a survey of the young man's face, he saw there the iron resolution that he had observed in the boy's mother. He looked aghast. Alexis marry this blooming peasant!—a woman of another race, a child of nature. She would fill that sterile house with children, and *he* would die the beggar that he was. Vladimir did not speak all at once. At last he said, "You can not; you are not of age."

"I shall be soon."

"Your mother would never consent."

"I fear not."

"Well, then—"

"I shall marry Daria."

When Alexis said this, and looked him full in the face, Vladimir turned his cold pale Tartar eye away, and desperate thoughts flashed across him. Indeed, he felt capable of assassination. But prudence and the cunning of his breed suggested crafty measures first.

He controlled himself with a powerful effort, and said, quietly, "Such a marriage would break your mother's heart; and she has been a good friend to me. I can not abet you in it. But I am sorry I treated a serious matter with levity."

Then he left him, and his brain went to work in earnest.

The truth is that a more dangerous man than Vladimir Alexéitch Plutitzin never entered an honest house. Crafty and selfish by nature, he was also by this time practically versed in wiles; and his great expectations, should Alexis die without issue, and his present ruin, made him think little of crime, though not of detection.

He was too cunning to go and tell Anna Petrovna all at once, and so reveal the mischief-maker to Alexis. He was silent days and days, but went into brown-studies before Anna Petrovna, to attract her attention. He succeeded. She began to watch him as well as her son; and at last she said to him one day, "There is something mysterious going on in this house, Vladimir."

"Ah, you have discovered it?"

"I have discovered there is *something*. What is it, if you please?"

"I do not like to tell you; and yet I ought, for you have been a good friend to me, and if I do not warn you, you will perhaps doubt my regard. I don't know what to do."

"Shall I help you?—Alexis and Daria?"

"There, then, you have seen it."

"I see he is *extasié* with her, and no wonder, since I am. Luckily she has too much good sense."

"Anna Petrovna, my dear kinswoman and benefactress, it is my duty to undeceive you. She is more timid and more discreet, because she is a woman; but she is just as much in love. It is a passionate attachment on both sides, and—how shall I tell you!—marriage is to be the end of it."

"Marriage! My son—and my serf!"

"Serfs exist no more. We are all ladies and gentlemen, thanks to God and the Tsar."

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Anna Petrovna turned pale, and her features hard as iron. "Viper," said she, not violently, but sadly. Then her breath came short, and she could not speak.

But after a little while this just woman half recanted. "No," said she, "I had no right to say that. She sought me not; *I* brought her into this house, and she was a treasure to me. *I* brought him into the house, and she saw her danger, and asked leave to go. But *I*, who ought to have been wiser than she, had no forethought. I have made my own trouble, and it is for me to mend it. There shall be no discussion on this subject. You must not let Alexis know you have spoken to me, nor shall I speak to him."

Vladimir consented eagerly. It was not his game to quarrel with Alexis.

That very afternoon Madame Staropolsky said to Daria, "Daria, my little soul, you were right and I was wrong; you shall visit your father this afternoon."

Daria turned red and white by turns, and acquiesced, trembling at what this might mean. Two maids were sent to assist her in packing. That gave her no chance of delay.

In one hour a large sledge came round, filled with presents for her father. Anna Petrovna blessed her fervently, but with a feminine distinction kissed her coldly, enveloped her in rich furs, and packed her off *sans cérémonie*. She dashed over the hard snow for a mile or two, then through the village, sore envied, and followed by each cur, and at last landed triumphantly at her own farm and her father's, warmly welcomed, admired, and barked after: only the tears trickled down her cheeks from the door she quitted to the door she reached.

That evening the house looked blank. Everybody missed Daria, and Alexis kept looking at the door for her. At last he asked, with indifference ill feigned, what had become of her.

"Oh," said his mother, "she has gone home. She wished to go last month, but I detained her. I wished you so to hear her sing."

She then turned the conversation adroitly and resolutely.

But Alexis as resolutely declined to utter anything but monosyllables. He could conceal neither his anger nor his unhappiness. He avoided the house except at meals, yawned in Vladimir's face, and even in his mother's, and once, when she asked tenderly why he was so dull, replied that the house had lost its sunshine and its music.

This was a cruel stab to Anna Petrovna. She replied, grimly, "Then we will go to Petersburg earlier than usual, dear."

One day he cleared up and became as charming as ever.

Anna Petrovna, whose mother's heart had yearned for him, was comforted, and said to Vladimir, "Ah, youth soon forgets. Dear Alexis has come to his senses and recovered his spirits."

"So I see," was the reply. "But I do not interpret that as you do. I take it for granted he sees the girl every day."

"What," said Madame Staropolsky, "under her father's roof? He would not wrong me so, after all I have done for him. But I should like to know."

Artful Vladimir took her hand tenderly. "I don't like spying on Alexis, but you have a right to know, and you shall know."

She pressed his hand gratefully, then left him, with a deep maternal sigh.

In a few days he made her his report. Alexis rode straight to the farm every day, and spent hours with Daria. Her father encouraged him, and indeed ordered the girl to receive him as her betrothed lover.

The mother's features set themselves like iron, but she uttered no impatient word this time. She just directed her servants to pack for Petersburg.

When Alexis heard this he said he should prefer to stay behind until the full summer.

"No, my son," said Madame Staropolsky, calmly; "you must not abandon me altogether. If I have lost your affection, I retain my authority."

"So be it; I must obey," said he, doggedly. "I am not of age. I shall be soon, though, thank Heaven."

The iron pierced through the mother's heart. She winced, but she did not deign to speak.

That evening Alexis did not come home to dinner. He arrived about ten o'clock, with his eyes red and swollen, would take nothing but a glass of tea, and so to bed.

At the sight of his inoffensive sorrow the mother's bowels began to yearn over her son. "Oh, my friend," said she to her worst enemy, "what shall I do? He will not live long." Vladimir pricked up

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his ears at that. "Aneurism of the heart —very slight at present, but progressive. Why poison his short life? She is virtuous. It is only her birth. I am a miserable mother."

Her crafty counsellor trembled, but his cunning did not desert him.

"And I can't bear to see you weep," said he. "Yes, try the capital and its female attractions, and if they fail, let him marry his enfranchised serf, and found a plebeian line. I would rather endure that shame than see you and him really unhappy. But if you only knew how many of these unfortunate attachments I have seen cured, and the patient begin by hating and end by thanking his physician!"

"We will go to Petersburg to-morrow," said the lady, firmly.

They made the journey accordingly. They took a house on the Krestoffsky Island, and by advice of Vladimir furnished both Alexis and himself with large funds, aided by which this Mentor set himself to corrupt his pupil.

Everything is to be bought in capitals, and the Russian capital contained women of good position who were easily tempted to feign attachment to this Adonis, and cajole him with superlative art, which, by-the-way, in one case became nature through the lovely baroness falling really in love with him. With the assistance of these charmers, and constant letters from Daria, which he took the precaution to receive at a Post-office, and post his own letters with his own hand, he passed three months rather gayly. He saw he was being cunningly dealt with, and being a Sclav himself, he kept demanding money for his pleasures and certain imaginary debts of honor, and hoarding it for a virtuous and imprudent purpose.

As for Vladimir, he became easy about his pupil, and pushed his own interests with the aid of his grateful patroness. Her vast lands and her economy had made her prodigiously rich, and by consequence powerful, and, with her influence and the money she furnished, Vladimir got the promise of a police mastership in a town and district about seventy miles distant from Smirnovo.

But all of a sudden his complacency and the tranquillity of his patroness received a shock. Alexis disappeared, in spite of all the money invested to cure him of a virtuous attachment by pleasure, folly, and a little vice if the good work could not be achieved without it. For some days he was sought high and low in St. Petersburg, and the police reaped a harvest before they found out, or at all events before they revealed, that he had hired a travelling carriage, taken a *permis de voyage*, and gone south post-haste.

Anna Petrovna hurled Vladimir after him, and Vladimir, whose appointment was just signed, donned a uniform, and when he left the railway demanded post-horses anywhere in the name of the law, and achieved the journey to Smirnovo faster even than Alexis.

He dashed up to the door of the house. It flew open, as usual, without knock or ring.

"Alexis Pavlovitch."

"Not here."

"Has he not been here?"

"Yes, slept here one night about two days ago."

Vladimir made no noise, but into his carriage again, and away to Daria's cottage.

Empty, all but an old woman as deaf as a post, and put in charge for no other reason.

From her he could get nothing; from the neighbors only this, that the old man and his daughter and Alexis had set forth on a journey, and neither they nor the troika nor the horses had been heard of since.

Plutitzin returned crest-fallen to head-quarters, wrote to Anna Petrovna, and then went to bed for twenty-four hours.

Next day he put on his uniform, galloped about the country, and tried to learn the direction those three fugitives had taken.

He cajoled, he threatened. "They mean marriage," said he, "and the man is a minor. His marriage will be annulled, and all who have aided and abetted him sent to Siberia."

The simple country folk swallowed this brag, coming out of a uniform. They trembled and offered conjectures, having no facts; and then he swore at them and galloped elsewhere. But when he had ridden two horses lame, it struck him all of a sudden that he was acting like a fool. Why hunt these culprits in the neighborhood they had left?

Within eighty miles—a mere step in Russia—was his new post, at Samara, and all the machinery of his office; here he was but a private person cased in an irrelevant uniform.

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That very night he wrote to the municipal authorities of Samara, and let them know he should arrive at his official residence on the morning of next Thursday.

He gave just time for this missive to get ahead of him, and then started. But he made two days of it, and inquired at all the stages. Nor were these inquiries fruitless.

Thirty miles from home he struck the scent of the fugitives, and they seemed really to have anticipated his track; but then it was nearly three weeks ago.

At the last stage before Samara he donned his uniform and a glorious military decoration he had obtained before he left the army of his own accord, because he was threatened with an inquiry based on his neglect to pay debts at cards, and thus resplendent he drew near the scene of his future power and glory—stipend moderate, money to be obtained by bribes indefinite.

As he surmounted a rising ground three miles from the town a peal of musical church bells broke out—one of the drollest and prettiest things in Russia, on account of the bells ranging over three octaves, and the curious skill of the ringers in sometimes running a series, sometimes leaping off treble lowers into profound wells of melody.. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, b-o-m-e. Tinkle bome, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, bome.

All this tintinnabulation and boomen gratified Vladimir's vanity. With what quick eyes had Adulation seen the coming magnate, and with what watchful fingers rung him into the town of Samara! so Vladimir read "the bells." He smiled, well pleased, and longed to be there; but he had another rise to surmount first, and as his jaded horses plodded up it, down glided an open calêche, with glossy and swift horses, and in it sat Alexis and Daria hand in hand; she with her cheek all love and blushes on his shoulder; he, seated erect and conscious, her protector and her lord.

The carriages passed each other rapidly; but in that moment Alexis drew himself higher, if possible, and his black eye flashed a flame of unspeakable triumph on his baffled pursuer.

Then there whirled through the brain of Vladimir some such thoughts as these: "Without her father—church bells—that look of triumph—useless to follow them—let him have her—she will keep him from marrying till he dies—this marriage illegal—I will annul it on the spot—*quietly*."

Revolving the details of this villainous scheme, he entered the town of Samara.

Chapter III.

Vladimir went straight to the church. The priest's office was vacant by his recent decease. The deacon was there. Vladimir terrified the simple man; told him he had taken part in an illegal act—the marriage of two minors, one of them under a false name. The woman, a lady of rank; the *soi-disant* Alexis, an enfranchised serf, whose real name was Kusmin Petroff.

"Is it possible?" said the dismayed deacon. "Why, her father attended the ceremony."

"Her father! Did he look like a nobleman?"

"No; more like a respectable peasant."

"Of course. It was her major-domo," said the unblushing Vladimir, "and it will cost him a trip to Siberia; and if you are wise, you will endeavor not to accompany him."

"My father," said the poor man, "it all seemed honest; they sojourned here—more than a fortnight. Their banns were published. You can not suspect me of complicity. I implore you not to bring me into trouble."

"Oh, as to that," said the chief of police, "all depends on your present conduct. Noble families do not love public scandal. If you place yourself under my orders now, I dare say I shall be able to protect you."

These terms were eagerly accepted.

"Now, then," said this grim functionary, "is this sham marriage registered?"

"Only on a slip of paper preparatory to my entering it on the register."

"You will hand that paper to me."

"Here it is, my father."

"And the book of registration."

"Yes," said the deacon, faintly.

"A much higher authority than I care to name will decide whether there shall be a correct entry or none at all. While his Imperial Maj—while this grave matter is under consideration, make all future entries on loose paper *pro tem.*"

The book was handed over to the chief policeman, and returned in three weeks,

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with the remark that it had been to St. Petersburg in the interval.

The simple deacon received it with a genuflection. He thought that it had passed through the sacred hands of the father of his people.

Meantime Vladimir wrote to Anna Petrovna and told her all, addressed the letter, and burned it. He remembered that she had wavered, and, besides, he recollected her character. She was too scrupulous to co-operate with him in his sinister views, and indeed had not the same temptation.

He wrote briefly to say that Alexis and Daria were living together as man and wife, and it was even reported that he had deceived her with a form of marriage; but that might be untrue.

Anna Petrovna wrote back to say she should return to Smirnovo at once, and summoned him to her side, "for," said she, "I am alone in the world."

Instead of melting into tears at the sad words, Vladimir's eyes flashed with greed. The other day a pauper, and now all the domain of his powerful relative seemed to be separated from him only by one life, and that life not only precarious, but doomed.

He left his post directly, appointed a substitute, who was to communicate with him on important occasions, and he was at Smirnovo to receive Anna Petrovna. She came, worn out with fatigue and the struggles of her maternal heart, and next day she was seriously ill. Physicians sent for—advised darkened room—relief from business and anxieties—and poisoned her a little with mild narcotics.

Vladimir now read all her letters, and replied to all except two. These were from Alexis and Daria, entreating pardon with a filial anxiety and a loving tenderness that would have melted the mother at once. But this domestic fiend suppressed them, and the young pair got no reply whatever.

This marred in some degree their short-lived happiness. Still, they hoped all from time, and recovering by degrees the cruel rebuff, they were so happy that every day they blessed each other, and wondered whether any other mortals had attained such bliss on this side heaven.

Alas! in the midst of their paradise Fate struck them down. Alarming symptoms attacked Alexis. Physicians were sent for, one after another, and all looked grave. Daria wrote wildly to his mother: "He is dying. Come, if you love him better than I do. Come, and take him from me forever. Only save him." Hope rose and fell, then dwindled altogether. Daria watched him day and night, and eyed every doctor's face so piteously that they had not the heart to speak out, but their looks and tones were volumes. At last the greatest physician in the empire came and stood with his confrères over that sad bed. He felt the patient's heart, his head, his limbs. He said but one word:

"Moribundus."

Then he retired without losing a moment more, where science was as vain as ignorance.

Vladimir did not let Anna Petrovna see Daria's letter, but he went to her, and said, with agitation, real or feigned: "I hear Alexis is ill. I must go to him. I love the boy. If he is seriously ill, let me tell him you forgive him. Do not run a risk of shortening his life."

The poor mother trembled, wept, and assented, and the hypocrite became dearer to her than ever.

He started at once for Petersburg, and, travelling day and night, soon reached the pleasant villa from which Daria's letter was written.

Outside were pink sun-blinds, marble pillars festooned with creepers, and all the luxuries of civilized existence; inside, the dire realities of life—the husband a corpse, the wife raving, and both of them in their prime. That no cruel feature might be absent, an official stood there, like an iron pillar, demanding the immediate interment of him who, according to nature, had just begun to live.

There was no more temptation to be cruel. Vladimir buried the husband, got two good professional nurses for the wife, wrote feeling letters to the bereaved mother, and invited Daria's father to come to her at once. He even deceived himself into believing he was very sorry for all the hearts that were broken by this blow, and that he staid in the capital to keep guard over the house of mourning, whereas what he staid for was to enjoy the pleasures of the capital, and get himself appointed by the state administrator to Alexis, who, like most that love well, had died intestate, and left his love to battle for the

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rights he could have secured her by a stroke of the pen in season.

Alexis had drawn the rents of Staropolsk, his patrimony, and there was money in the house; but Vladimir thought it wise to connive at that, and fasten on a larger booty. Though older in years, he was somehow heir at law to Alexis, and, being administrator, had only to help himself.

From such a mind it is a relief to turn to sacred sorrow. An old man conveyed home by easy stages a pale young woman in a full cap, worn to hide the loss, by grief and brain-fever, of her lovely golden hair. It was the broken-hearted Daria.

A mother bereaved of her only son sought comfort in religion, and awaited her own summons, with thanks to God that she had not many years to live alone in *this* cruel world. This was the brave Anna Petrovna.



"SHE WITH HER CHEEK ALL LOVE AND BLUSHES ON HIS SHOULDER."—[SEE PAGE 259.]

CHAPTER IV.

IN the second month of her widowhood her father told Daria she ought to demand her third.

"My third!" said she. "I have lost *him*, and would you comfort me with his money?" And she burst into such passionate weeping that the old man promised faithfully not to renew the subject.

In the fourth month of her widowhood she came and stood by her father as he was smoking his cigarette, put a hand light as a feather on his shoulder, looked down upon the floor, and said, in a low but rather firm voice, "Yes."

"Yes, what?" asked the old man.

"You can ask for our thirds."

"Our thirds? Why, I have no claim."

"No, not you; but—"

"What! Daria, my little soul. You blush. Is it so? Never mind your old father. Yes: well, then, now you are a woman, and your thirds you shall have, the pair of ye, or I'm not a man."

By this time it was well known that Vladimir inherited and administered the estate of Alexis Pavlovitch Staropolsky, deceased; so Kyril Solovieff wrote to him with Russian politeness, hoped he was not premature or troublesome, but the widow of Alexis would be grateful if he would let her have her third, or a portion on account.

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Vladimir, who had not been in a public office for nothing, wrote a line acknowledging receipt, and saying the matter should meet with due consideration.

And so it did. He did not like parting with a third, but he had vague fears of a public discussion. He felt inclined to write back that he could not recognize the marriage as a legal one, but would respect the sentiments of his deceased relative, and disburse to her the same sum as if the marriage had been legal.

But before he could quite make up his mind a report reached him which, vague as it was, alarmed him seriously. He instantly employed spies; and they soon let him know that Daria Solovieff asked for her thirds because she had another to provide for, the offspring of her beloved Alexis.

This was told him with such circumstance and detail as left no doubt possible; and so the weak woman, who the other day lay at his mercy, struck terror to the very bones of this Machiavel; and all the better. It is a comfort to find that in the scheme of nature the weak can now and then confound the strong and cruel.

War to the knife now! This serf spawn, if it lived, would inherit the lands of Staropolsk and Smirnovo. Vladimir must not by word or deed admit the marriage.

He wrote and denied all legal claim, but offered 5000 rubles out of respect for the memory of Alexis.

This was declined, and proceedings commenced. A lawyer got up the case for Daria, instructed by her father.

Vladimir prepared his own case, and spent money like water; got the deacon of Samara out of the way to a better place twelve hundred miles off; had famous counsel from St. Petersburg, etc.

The case was tried in the district court. The defense was, "No marriage at all, or else illegal by minority."

On the question of minority the defense was upset, the Solovieffs made a hit there: they brought witnesses out of the enemy's camp—the nurse of Alexis, who had noted the very hour of his birth, four o'clock in the morning of the 9th of May, 1846.

Now the witnesses swore he was married 9th of May at 11 A.M.

Three witnesses who knew Alexis and had seen him married had been spirited away for the time by the gold of Plutitzin. Eighteen natives of the town gave secondary evidence—swore to the bride there present, and that the bridegroom was a young man with swarthy complexion and wonderful black eyes, who passed for Alexis Pavlovitch Staropolsky.

This evidence led up to the direct testimony of old Kyril Solovieff, that he had driven Alexis from Smirnovo to Samara, and given him at the altar his daughter there present.

The last witness was Daria herself. Her beauty and sorrow and angelic candor, coupled with her situation, which was now very manifest, and a touching justification of her proceedings both in defense of her good name and her other rights, won every heart, and indeed made every word she spoke seem gospel truth.

She deposed to her adoption by Anna Petrovna, her courtship by Alexis, their separation, his fidelity, their sojourn in Samara, their marriage, their cohabitation, her refusal to take these proceedings until she found herself pregnant.

When she was taken, sobbing and half fainting, out of the box, defense seemed impossible. Many persons present wept, and amongst them was a young lawyer, who never forgot that trial, never for a moment misunderstood a single point of it. It was the faithful, forgiving Ivan Ulitch Koscko.

The defendant's counsel rose calmly, and alleged fraud. He admitted the attachment between Alexis and the plaintiff, and argued that to possess this beautiful woman he had lent her his name upon conditions which she and her friends never violated till death had closed his lips.

The person she had legally married was some tool bought for the job, and to leave the country forever, and make way for the real possessor but fictitious husband.

Then they put in the book of registry, and, with a certain calm contempt, left their case entirely with the judge.

People stared and wondered.

The judge examined the book, and read from it: "May 9, 1866, married Kusmin Gavrilovitch Petroff and Daria Kirilovna Solovieff, strangers."

A chill ran round the court.

The judge asked the defendant's counsel in whose handwriting this entry was.

"In the same as the rest apparently."

"And who wrote the rest?"

"We do not know for certain."

"Well, *I* must know before I admit it against sworn witnesses."

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He retired to take some refreshment, and on his return they had witnesses to swear that the entry in question and the notices that preceded it, and thirty-five per cent. that followed it, were all in the handwriting of the last deacon.

"Where is he?" asked the judge.

"He was promoted some time ago to a church on the confines of Siberia."

Then the judge expressed dissatisfaction at his not being there, and thereupon each counsel blamed the other. The plaintiff's counsel believed he had been spirited away. The defendant's counsel said that was an unworthy suspicion; the law relied on the book, not on the writer; he in many cases must be absent, since in many he was dead. It was for the other party, who had the book against them, to call the writer if they dared; and being plaintiff, they could have postponed the case until they had found him.

In this argument the barrister from the capital gained an advantage over the local advocate, and the judge nodded assent.

This concluded the trial, and the judge delivered the verdict and his reasons in a very few words.

"This is a strange case," said he, "a mysterious case. There is a conflict of evidence, all open to objection. The direct evidence for the plaintiff is respectable, but interested; the evidence for the defendant is a book, and can not be cross-examined. But then that book is the special evidence appointed by law to decide these cases. It can only be impugned by evidence of forgery or addition, mutilation or adulteration of some kind or other. It is not so impugned in this case; therefore it binds me. The verdict is for the defendant, the marriage of the plaintiff to Alexis Pavlovitch Staropolsky being not proved according to law, and indeed rather disproved."

Daria's father went home furious at the defeat and the loss of money. Daria shed some patient tears, but bore the disappointment and the wrong with fortitude.

As the defeated ones drove out of the town in their humble vehicle they were stopped by an old friend—Ivan Ulitch. The meeting made them both uneasy. They had dismissed him so curtly, and what had they gained? The farmer even expected an affront, or ironical sympathy. But Ivan was not of that sort. He was "humble fidelity" in person. Affectionate, not passionate, he had obeyed his beautiful friend, and left her in prosperity, but in her adversity he returned to her directly.

"Daria, my soul," said he, "do not be discouraged by this defeat. It is a fraud of some sort. Give me time; I shall unravel it. I live here now, and shall soon be a clerk no more, but a lawyer to defend your rights."

"Good Ivan—kind, faithful Ivan!" said Daria, through her tears. "What, are you still my friend?"

"More than ever, dear soul, now I see you wronged. Do not lose heart. This defeat is nothing. Your lawyer was weak; the other side were strong and unscrupulous, and have fought with gold and fraud. That is self-evident, though the fraud itself is obscure. No matter; I will work like a mole for you, and unravel the knavery."

Daria interrupted him. "No, Ivan Ulitch; that you esteem me still is a drop of comfort, welcome as water to the thirsty. But no more law for me."

And so they parted.

Ivan, though he seemed to acquiesce, was not to be discouraged. For months and years he patiently groped beneath the surface of this case, yet never mentioned the case itself. He watched for the return of smuggled away witnesses; he listened in café's and cabarets; he courted the priest and the deacon; he was artful, silent, patient, penetrating. Love by degrees made him as dangerous as greed had made Vladimir Alexéitch.

Meantime that victorious villain hurried away to his head-quarters, and told Anna Petrovna there had been no difficulty after all. The very register of the place had shown that the person Daria was really married to was a serf.

"I do not doubt it," said Anna Petrovna; "but I can not rejoice with you. Would to God my son had married her, and not died with *that* crime on his soul!"

Vladimir shrugged his shoulders, and made no reply. As for Anna Petrovna, she never recurred to the subject; and indeed she hated the very name of Daria Solovieff. She was obliged to hear it now and then; but she never uttered it of her own accord.

Daria became the mother of a beautiful boy, and the joys of maternity reconciled her to life. Youth and health and maternal joy fought against grief, and in

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time gave her back all her beauty, with a pensive tenderness that elevated it. Her position was painful; but the country people stood by her. The women instinctively sided with her, and laid all the blame on the pride of the nobles.

She called her boy Alexis, and he was as dark as she was fair. She had him well educated from his very infancy, and let everybody know that they must treat him like a noble, but herself like a peasant. She never went near Smirnovo, nor did Anna Petrovna ever come her way. Yet they often thought of each other, and each wondered how she could have so mistaken the other's character. Their friends did not fail to keep the mutual repulsion alive, the impassable gulf open.

Ivan visited the cottage from time to time, and was always welcome. One year after the birth of Alexis, he offered marriage to Daria. She thanked him for his fidelity, but calmly declined. This restricted him to one topic; and, to do him justice, the enduring fellow did not cool in it one bit merely because Daria would not marry him. He remained just as full of the law case and Plutitzin's knavery, to whose influence he had pretty well traced the false entry in the register, and the disappearance of the deacon, lost in that boundless empire, and separated from clerical functions, otherwise Ivan would have discovered him by his agents.

But Ivan's only eager listener was the old peasant. Daria had lost faith in human tribunals, and had no personal desire for wealth. With her the heart predominated over the pocket. Her great grief now was her alienation from the mother of Alexis, her old benefactress. She often said that if any one would only confine her in one prison with Anna Petrovna, she would regain her confidence and her love. But her old patroness was physically inaccessible to her—at the capital nine months in the year, and shut up the rest; dragons at every door, under the chief dragon Vladimir, who seldom went near his office, but just cannily bribed everybody who objected to his frequent absences.

So rolled the years away, till one day Ivan Ulitch, now a keen lawyer in good practice, came to the cottage, "bearded like the pard," and somewhat changed in manner, more authoritative.

"The time is come," said he; "the plum is ripe."

Daria rose quietly and was about to retire, but Ivan requested her to stay.

She said it was not necessary; her father would tell her; besides, Alexis was calling for her.

"Then let him come to you," said Ivan, firmly. "It is for him I have been working, as well as for you. I think I have a right to look at him."

"Oh yes," said Daria, coloring up, and brought the boy in, and with her native politeness said to him, "Alosha, this is a good friend to you and me; shake hands with him."

Alexis shook hands directly.

"And now sit quiet, my dove."

Her dove sat quiet, and opened two glorious eyes on Ivan Ulitch.

"Daria Kirilovna," said Ivan, "if you submit to that knave Plutitzin, you let him rob this boy out of his right. The moment your marriage is established, he is the owner of Staropolsk and the heir of Anna Petrovna. Now do you love the son of Alexis Pavlovitch—great Heaven! how like he is to his father!—do you love him like a child or like a woman?"

The poor thing held out her arms to Alexis with an inarticulate cry, the sacred music of a mother's heart. Alexis ran to her. She was all over him in a moment, and nestled his head in her bosom, and rocked a little with him. "Do I love my heart and soul? Do I love my pigeon of pigeons?"

"I love *you*, mammy," suggested Alexis.

"Ay, my heart of hearts; but not as your mammy loves you. How could you?"

The men said nothing, but their eyes were moist, and Ivan felt ashamed he had said anything that could be construed into a doubt. He began to stammer excuses.

"Nay, nay," said Daria. "I know what you meant, and I deserve it. The love of my precious has been all *I* needed. I ought to look forward to the days when he will be a man, and perhaps ask why I neglected his interests, and his good name as well as mine. My faithful friend, if you are to be our lawyer, I will try once more—for my Alexis. I will face that dreadful court again for my Alexis."

"Victory!" cried Ivan Ulitch, starting up and waving his cap.

Alexis approved this behavior highly. It was so new in that staid house. "Victory!" he cried, and caught up his pork-

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pie to wave it, but was cut short, and nearly smothered with kisses.

"Here is a change of wind," said the old man, dryly; "but excuse me, son Ivan, it is not victory yet. These young women they hang back and pull against you, and then all in a moment start off full gallop, and neat-leather reins won't hold them. But I must have my word too. The last trial cost me all my savings in one day. Will this cost as much?"

"The double."

"And am I to pay it?"

"You will not pay one solkov. I shall pay it, and this boy's inheritance will repay it with interest."

"Good! On these terms law is a luxury."

"Not to me, if my best friend is to risk his money for us," said Daria.

"That is my business," retorted Ivan Ulitch, curtly.

Daria apologized with feigned humility, but made an appeal. "Now, father—"

"Why, girl," said he, "the longer we live, the more we learn. He is not the calf he was when he first got tethered to your petticoats. He is a ripe lawyer now, by all accounts, and as sharp as a vixen with seven cubs. For all that, Mr. Lawyer, I should like to know whether that register book will come against us."

"Of course it will: it is the pillar of the defense."

"Then it will beat us again."

"I think not."

"Then how—"

Ivan interrupted him. "Kyril Kyrilovitch, you said right: 'the longer we live, the more we learn.' Well, I have lived long enough to learn that in ticklish cases it is best to tell nobody what cards we mean to play. The very birds of the air carry our words to the other side. I will say no more than this. I have spies in the very home of Anna Petrovna. At present she knows neither me nor Plutitzin. She shall know us both, and it is not *my* witnesses that the enemy's gold shall put out of the way during the trial. It is I who will bottle the wine, and keep it in cellar for use. All I require of you is not to breathe to a soul that we even intend to appeal against that judgment. If you breathe a syllable, you will cut your own throats and mine."

Before he left he recurred to this, and once more exacted a solemn promise of secrecy. This done, he cut his visit short, and went home.

It would be out of place and unnecessary to follow Ivan Ulitch Koscko in all his acts. Suffice it to say that he now began to gather certain fruits he had been years maturing. But one of the things he did was to the best of my belief new in the history of mankind. In the first place it was a piece of knavery done by an honest man. That is unusual, but far from unique. But then it was done for no personal gain, and mainly out of love of justice, and justice had little chance of success without the help of this injustice. To this singular situation add the act itself and its unique details, and I think you will come to my opinion that, old as the world is, this precise thing was never done upon its surface before that day.

Well, then, Ivan Ulitch and the new deacon were bosom-friends, and that friendship had been planted years ago, and sunned and watered and grown and ripened for this one day's work.

The deacon went a day's journey, leaving Ivan some ecclesiastical deeds to decipher and comment on in his house. Ivan breakfasted with him, and after his departure showed the deacon's housekeeper the work he had before him, and said: "Now, Tania, mind I am not here. I can't do such work as this if I am interrupted. Do not come near me till three o'clock, nor let any one else."

Tatiana, with whom he was a special favorite, promised faithfully, and proved a very dragon.

Ivan took out of his lawyer's bag a corkscrew, various phials containing inks and chemicals, paper, numberless pens, and other things not worth enumerating, and out of his pockets magnifiers set in spectacles, and things like surgeons' instruments.

He went to a little book-shelf, took out a book, and found a key; with this key he opened an old oak chest, clamped with iron, and found a book with vellum leaves and a parchment cover brownish with age. It was the register. This book was made near a century ago by a priest who was an enthusiast. Common as skins are in Russia, this use of vellum was very rare.

He read several pages. He put on magnifiers, and examined the fatal entry; then, without removing his magnifiers, he proceeded with his surgical instruments to efface the name of Kusmin Gavrilovitch

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Petroff. In this work he proceeded with singular gentleness and slowness. He was full two hours effacing that one name. Then he heated an iron the size of a walnut, and, after trying it on other parts of the book, ironed down his work so that it was no longer visible to the naked eye, but only to a strong magnifier.

Then, with various inks and various pens, he set to work to imitate on paper the handwriting of the late deacon and the words Kusmin Gavrilovitch Petroff, for which he had previously searched when he read the other pages, and found an example readily, for it was a common name.

When he had mastered the imitation, he took a hand magnifier and wrote Kusmin Gavrilovitch Petroff over the place of the old signature. Then he put the book in the sun and let his work dry. It dried a trifle paler than the rest of the book, but with a crow's quill he added the requisite color here and there.

The work was hardly finished when a heavy knock at the door made him start and tremble.

Chapter V.

"What is it?" said he.

"Five o'clock," replied the voice of Tatiana.

And he thought it was about one.

He begged for half an hour more, and began to tie up the old papers with fingers that trembled now for the first time.

He put away the register, locked the chest, put the key in its hiding-place, unbolted the door, and asked Tatiana for a glass of brandy.

She brought it him directly, and said he needed it.

"No matter," said he; "the work is done." He drank Tatiana's health, and went away gayly.

Tatiana went into the room, and found the pile of old papers all neatly done up and tied. "Musty old things!" said she. "'Tis a shame a comely young man like that must bury his nose in such old-world muck. Smells like the grave; no wonder he got pale over them, the nasty trash."

Soon after this Ivan appeared at the cottage with affidavits to be signed by Daria, Kyril, and others, and in due course moved for a new trial upon numberless depositions alleging fraud, suppression of evidence, inefficient inquiry, recent discoveries, non-existence of an imaginary husband palmed upon the court, etc.

The notice of motion was served on Anna Petrovna and Vladimir Alexéitch. Anna Petrovna declined to move hand or foot. Vladimir opposed by powerful counsel, but the court could not burke an inquiry supported by such a mass of affidavits.

Vladimir, however, was very successful in another branch of policy. Even as Fabius wore out Annibal, he baffled the plaintiff, "ad cunctando restituit rem."

First, Anna Petrovna, whom he had the effrontery to call his leading witness, though he knew "oxen and twain ropes would not drag her" into court.

Then at the end of three months he was ill himself.

Then, just as the trial was coming on, he could not find the late deacon. He had suddenly disappeared from Russia, and was said to be in Constantinople.

And so he sickened the adversaries' hearts, and they began to fear the new trial would not come on in their lifetime, if at all.

It was actually delayed eighteen months by these acts. But Ivan was not idle. He got the local press to insert timid hints of a most important trial unreasonably delayed. He even got a hint conveyed to the president that the right of postponement was being extended to a defeat of justice, and at last a sturdy judge said: "No. At the last trial you relied mainly on an evidence that is easy of access. It is a sufficient defense, and you disclose no other. The cause ought to be tried during the lifetime of all the parties interested."

Then he appointed a day.

The trial came on, with great expectation, in the leading court of Petersburg.

This time there were three judges.

To avoid weariness, I shall confine myself to such features of this trial as were new.

At the first trial Daria was dressed like a lady, and was interesting by her pale beauty and manifest pregnancy.

At this trial she was more beautiful, but dressed like a superior peasant, and her lovely boy like a noble, in rich silk tunic, boots, and cap with feather. So with a woman's subtlety did she convey that she came there for her son's rights, not her own.

The court was full of ladies, and they all found means to telegraph their sympa-

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thy, and keep up her fainting heart as she sat there, with her boy's hand in hers.

As to the evidence, the depositions of the old witnesses were taken down by the local court, and merely read at Petersburg. To these were now added certain facts, also proved on the spot, one being the adoption by Anna Petrovna of their client. They proved by many female witnesses her virtue from her youth, and that she was not the woman to live paramour with any man.

They were more particular as to the banns, and proved by oral testimony of several persons that not Kusmin Petroff, but Alexis Staropolsky, was cried in church with Daria Solovieff.

They then tried to prove a negative, that nobody had seen Petroff, but one of the judges stopped them. Said he, "It does not lie on you to produce Petroff. The other side will do that."

"We doubt it," said the advocate.

"Then all the better for you," said the judge.

From Daria herself they elicited that no man called Petroff had ever written or spoken to her either before or after her marriage, and that ten minutes after the wedding she and Alexis had met Vladimir Alexéitch, the real defendant, just outside the town, and her husband and he had exchanged looks of defiance.

They proved by another witness the arrival of Vladimir in the town about half an hour after the wedding, and that he was seen to go into the church at once, and come out with the deacon.

Vladimir, there present, began to perspire at every pore.

When the defendant's turn came, his counsel told the court all this had been put forward at the last trial, and had been met triumphantly by an obvious solution, viz., that the late Alexis Staropolsky had loved a beautiful woman, who had never deviated from the paths of virtue before, and was only persuaded under cover of a marriage ceremony. At that point, however, the young noble had protected himself against a mésalliance, and substituted a convenient husband, who was to disappear, and did disappear; but the good simple deacon had recorded all he saw or divined—the real marriage.

"A real marriage without banns," suggested one of the judges.

"So it appears," said counsel, indifferently. "I am not here to bind the plaintiff to Petroff, but to detach her from Staropolsky. The register is here. The plaintiff married Petroff or *nobody*. The proof is technical, and is the proof the law demands. This court does not sit to make the law, nor to break the law, but to find the law."

"That is so," said the president. "Let me see the book."

The book was handed up. The judges examined it, and all looked grave.

Counsel proceeded to prove the handwriting, as before, by secondary evidence.

One of the judges objected. "This writing is opposed to such a weight of oral testimony that we shall expect to see the writer of it."

Counsel informed the court that they had hunted Russia for him, but could not find him. "For years after this business he lived near Viatka, but now we have lost sight of him. Had the plaintiff appealed in a reasonable time, we should have had the benefit of his personal evidence."

"There is something in that," said the judge. Another remarked that entries in the same handwriting preceded and followed the entry in question. A third judge found another Petroff exactly like the writing of the fatal Petroff, and so, after a snarl or two, they excused the absence of the old deacon.

Vladimir's counsel whispered him, "You are lucky; the case is won."

The judges retired to take some refreshment, and agree upon their judgment.

They left the register behind them. Ivan got it from the clerk, and examined it carefully. The other side looked on sneeringly.

Ivan moved his finger over the entry, and whispered, "It feels rough here."

"Indeed," said his counsel. "Yes, I think it does. Don't say anything; get me a magnifier."

Ivan went out, and soon found a magnifier, having brought three with him into court for this little comedy. Counsel applied it.

"The vellum appears to be scraped in places," said he. "Now let me see. We will flatter the president." Just then the judges entered, and this foxy counsel said, respectfully: "We have found something rather curious in this entry; but my eyes are not so good as your excellency's. Would you object to examine it with a magnifier?"

The judge nodded assent. The book

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and magnifier were handed up to him. He examined them carefully, and said that he thought some name had been erased and another written over it.

At that there was an excited murmur.

"But," said he, "we must take evidence, for this is a serious matter. You must call experts. And *you*, please call experts on your side, for they seldom agree."

The trial was postponed an hour, and the court seemed invaded with bees.

Ivan got experts, and sat quaking and wondering how much experts really knew. "*We* suspect erasure," said he, to guide them.

In the box those two saw erasure of some word previous to the writing of Petroff. But they could not say what word it was. Did not think it was Petroff.

The other two saw erasures, or else scraping, but thought it was rather the light scraping of vellum that is sometimes done to get rid of the grease, etc., and make a better signature. But agreed with the others that the words were written over the scraping.

One of the plaintiff's experts was recalled and asked his opinion of that evidence.

Said he, "I was surprised at it, because in preparing parchment for writing nobody scrapes in the form of the coming signature; one scrapes a straight strip."

Here the judge interposed his good sense. "Look through the book," said he, "and tell me in how many places the vellum has been scraped before writing."

He looked and could not find one but this entry.

They battled over it to and fro, and at last one of the experts swore that Daria's name and Petroff's were not written with exactly the same ink; more gum in the latter.

After a long battle of experts the judges compared notes, and the president delivered judgment.

"This is the case of Substance *v.* Shadow. Here is a weight of evidence to prove that the plaintiff is a virtuous woman, adopted for her superior qualities by the mother of the deceased, and that mother, described before the trial as a leading witness, does not appear to contradict her on oath. The plaintiff and Alexis Staropolsky are traced to Samara, seen there as lovers by many; their banns are called, and they are accompanied to church by living witnesses. They go from the church door and meet the defendant, who dares not enter the witness-box and deny this. They cohabit, and a son is born, but the husband dies. This calamity is taken advantage of to defeat the right with shadows. The first shadow is Kusmin Gavrilovitch Petroff; he is never seen to enter the church door or leave it. If he was present at the ceremony, he came in at the window, departed out of the window, and vanished into space. But more probably he is a nom de plume. A certain deacon erased some other name, and then wrote over the vacancy this nom de plume, and then made himself a shadow. We need not go into conjectures as to what name was originally written in that registry. That might be necessary under other circumstances, but here there is a chain of evidence of living witnesses to prove the marriage of Daria Kirilovna Solovieff and Alexis Pavlovitch Staropolsky. It is encountered by no man and no *thing*, but a mutilated book recording a nom de plume upon an erasure. The judgment must be for the plaintiff. The marriage was legal, and her son is legitimate. Their material rights will no doubt be protected in another court upon due application."

The people rose, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs to Daria and her beautiful boy, and he actually kissed his hand to them with the instinct of his race.

Out of court there was a joyful meeting, and Daria actually took Ivan by the shoulders and kissed him on both cheeks. But she was away again so quick that the enraptured but modest lover never kissed her in return, he was so taken by surprise. However, he remembered the gentle onslaught with rapture. He sent her home with certain instructions. He remained to do her business. The case was reported, and he sent six copies of journals to the house of Anna Petrovna. One of the two copies sent to herself was in a light parcel surrounded by lace, for he felt sure Vladimir had taken measures to intercept information of any kind.

He then moved the Orphan Court to attach the separate estate of Alexis, deceased, give the widow her third, and put the rest in trust for Alexis junior.

The other party, however, asked a brief delay to argue this, and meantime gave notice of appeal to the Senate on the question of marriage and legitimacy.

Vladimir wrote to Anna Petrovna, bid-

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ding her be under no anxiety as to the final result. They should accuse the other side of tampering with the register.

However, when this letter reached her, Anna Petrovna was another woman. The journals directed to her house were intercepted, but the parcel of lace reached her, and inside it was the report, and this line: "Sent in this form because important communications to you have been constantly intercepted since you put yourself in the power of your son's worst enemy."

"Can this be so?" said Madame Staropolsky. "No, it is a calumny. I will not read this paper." She tossed it from her.

On second thoughts she would read it, out of curiosity, just to see by what arts these people had deceived the judges.

She read the report word for word, read it with carefully nursed prejudice fighting against native justice and good sense, and a sort of chill came over her. She had resigned her intelligence to Vladimir for seven years. Now she began to resume it.

"Oh, foolish woman," she said, "to go on year after year hearing but one side in such a case as this! Virtuous! Yes, she was: and he impetuous and willful. How often have these two things led to a mésalliance?"

She went over all the points of the judgment, and could not gainsay them.

She sat all day and brooded over the past, and digested the matter, and was sore perplexed. Next day, whilst she was brooding, the old nurse of the family, whom Vladimir had been unable to corrupt, put into her hands a note.

"From whom?" she asked.

"From one who loves you, my heart's soul."

"Ah! What, has she bewitched *thee*?" She opened the note with compressed lips, but hands that trembled a little.

"ANNA PETROVNA,—How can we deceive you? You have eyes and ears, and more wisdom than the judges; pray, pray let us come to your feet for judgment. I will abandon all my rights if you look us in the face and bid me. DARIA."

"The witch!" said Madame Petrovna, trembling a little. "She thinks I can not resist her voice. And can I? Ay, nurse, she will abandon her rights, but not her son's."

"Can you blame her, my heart?"

"No," said the lady, with a blunt honesty all her own.

Then she sat down and wrote, with her most austere face: "Come, if you have the courage to meet the mother of Alexis."

She sent the nurse off with this in a fast troika; and when the nurse was gone, she regretted it. Daria was a woman now, and a mother defending her child. What chance would the truth have if she resisted it with that voice of hers and all a mother's art?

Then again she thought: "No, I have my eyes as well as my ears, and I am a mother too. She can not deceive me."

Some hours passed, and the carriage did not return.

Then she said: "I thought not. It was bravado. She is afraid to come."

Then she began to be sorry Daria was afraid to come.

Meantime Daria was dressing the boy in a suit she had bought in St. Petersburg expressly for this long-meditated, longed-for, and dreaded interview. The suit was the very richest purple silk—cap, tunic, and trousers tucked into Wellington-boots; in the cap a short peacock's feather. This was all the motherly art she practiced. She prepared no tale nor bewitching accents, and she trembled at what she was going to do.

Anna Petrovna, finding she did not come, rang and inquired whether the nurse had come back.

"No."

"Has the carriage returned?"

"No."

Another hour of doubt, and wheels were heard.

Anna Petrovna seated herself in state, and steeled herself.

The door opened softly, and two figures came toward her down the vast apartment.

It was the young Alexis and his mother. I put him first because his mother did so. She kept him a little before her to bear the brunt; with a white hand on his shoulder, she advanced him, and half followed, like a bending lily, with sweet obsequious Oriental grace.

As they advanced, Anna Petrovna rose rather haughtily at first; but no sooner were they near her than she uttered a cry so loud, so passionate, though devoid of terror, that it pierced and thrilled all hearts without alarming them.

"My boy, my child, come back from the dead—where—how? Am I mad—am

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I dreaming? No, it is my child, my beautiful child? He is seven years old—the painter has just left. Jesu! this is Thy doing. Thou hast had pity on another bereaved mother."

Her age left her. She was down on her knees before the boy in a moment, and held him tight, and put back his hair, and gazed into his eyes, and devoured him with kisses. "Lawyers, witnesses, judges, mortal men, this is beyond your power. Nature speaks. God gives me back my darling from the dead. Bless *you* for giving me back my own—my own, own, own. To my arms, my children." Then all three were locked in one embrace, and the tears fell like rain. Blessed, balmy dew of loving hearts too long estranged!

Chapter VI.

There are scenes that can not be prolonged on paper. It would chill them. I shall only say that long after the first wild emotion had subsided Anna Petrovna and her new-found daughter could not part even for a moment, but must sit with clasped hands looking at their child, to whom liberty was conceded in virtue of his sex, and he roamed the apartments inquisitive, followed by four eyes.

Another carriage was sent to the cottage for clothes. Daria and her boy were kept for—ever; and, to close the salient incidents of the day, Anna Petrovna hurried off a letter to Vladimir, peremptorily forbidding him to appeal against the decision, and promising him, on that condition, a liberal allowance during his lifetime out of the personal estate of the writer, for she had saved a large sum on the estate.

Two days later came Ivan Ulitch, who had been at the cottage and learned the reconciliation. The object of his visit was to secure his beloved Daria from molestation from Vladimir Alexéitch, who, he felt sure, would return very soon. He brought with him a hang-dog-looking fellow, who had been a servant in the great house, and expelled. Ivan sought an interview. Daria's influence secured it to him directly. He came into the room with this fellow crouching behind him.

Anna Petrovna, with her quick eye, recognized both Ivan and the man directly.

"I am pleased," said she, "to receive a faithful friend of my dear daughter, and sorry to see him in bad company."

"Madam," said Ivan, "do not regard him as anything but a minister of justice. A greater villain than he ever was intercepted two letters that even a fiend might have spared. This poor knave found them afterward in Vladimir's pocket, read them, and copied their contents, and placed his copies in the envelopes. Pray God for fortitude, dear lady, to read these letters, and know your enemies, since now you know your friends."

As he spoke he held out two letters. Anna Petrovna took them slowly. She opened one of them with a piteous cry. It was from Alexis, announcing his marriage, but protesting love and duty, and asking pardon in tender and most respectful terms. "Our lives," said he, "shall be given to reconcile you to my happiness."

Whilst she read, her face was so awful and so pitiful that by tacit consent they all retired from the room, and left her to see how she had been abused. When they came back they found her on her knees. She had been weeping bitterly to think that her son had died unforgiven because she had been deceived by a reptile.

As she suffered deeply, so she acted earnestly.

She called all her servants, and gave them a stern order.

She dismissed the steward on the spot for complicity with Vladimir, and she offered Ivan the place, with rooms in the house. He embraced the offer at once, to be near Daria.

Daria and she were rocking together, and Daria's sweet voice was comforting her with a long prospect of love and peace, when grinding wheels and barking curs announced the return of Vladimir.

Ivan left the room hastily, saying, "Leave him to me."

For the first time in the memory of man the great door of that house did not open to a visitor. Vladimir had to knock. The hall re-echoed with the heavy hammer.

Then the door opened slowly, and displayed a phalanx of servants planted there grimly, not to receive but to obstruct.

They forbade him, by order of Anna Petrovna, to enter, and were as insolent as they had been obsequious.

He threatened violence. They prepared to retort to it. When he saw that, the Asiatic re-appeared in him. "May I ask for a reason?" said he, very civilly.

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Ivan stepped forward. "Sir," said he, "a dishonest servant took two letters you intercepted. They were written at Petersburg after the marriage. He substituted copies, and the bereaved mother is weeping over the originals."

"Ah!" said Vladimir, and was silent. He literally fled. His face was never seen again in that part of Russia. Yet he had the hardihood to claim the promise of a pension, and that high-minded woman, who could not break a promise, flung it him yearly through her steward, Ivan Ulitch.

Balmy peace and love descended now on the house, and abode there. Alexis and Ivan grew older, but Anna Petrovna younger. Her daughter's voice and her daughter's love were ever-flowing fountains of gentle joy; still, like Naomi of old, her bliss was in her boy. His father and he seemed blended in her heart, and that heart grew green again.

Ivan is calmly happy in the present, and in the certainty that Daria will never marry any man but him, and in the hope that one day Anna Petrovna will let him marry her. At present he is afraid to ask her for the mother of Alexis. But Alexis is paving the way by calling him "my father." It rests with Anna Petrovna; for if she says the word, Daria will marry Ivan merely to please a good friend, and afterward be surprised to find how happy he can make her.

He has never revealed, and never will, that master-stroke of fraud with which he baffled fraud and perpetuated right by wrong.

He is right not to boast of it, and I hope I may not be doing ill to record it. The expression so many French writers delight in, "a pious fraud," is the most Satanic phrase I know.

I did not invent the manœuvre which is the point of this tale, and I pray Heaven no man may imitate it.

AN OLD, OLD QUESTION.

A spirit that from earth had just departed,
Lingered a moment on its upward way,
And, looking back, saw, as though broken-hearted,
Its friends and kindred weeping o'er its clay.
"It seems they loved me dearly. Had I known it
My life had been much happier," it said.
"Why, only at our parting have they shown it—
Their fondest kisses keeping for the dead?"

THE AMERICAN DAIRY AND ITS POSSIBILITIES.

THE marvellous development and progress of the Dairy interest of this country within the last few years well deserves the attention it has attracted both here and abroad. There is no other industry of the same magnitude that has more elements of importance in a national view, or that foreshadows more valuable results to farmers.

According to the latest returns of the Census Bureau, the total number of milch cows in the whole country at that time was nearly 12,500,000, which, at the usual rate of increase, will give for the present decade an average of 15,000,000. If we assume the annual yield of milk from these cows to average 5000 pounds each, which is a result entirely attainable, this would give a total of more than 37,000,000 tons of milk per year.

In a recent letter to Commissioner Loring on the subject of "Ensilage," which was published in the *American Dairyman*, I submitted some important facts relating to the corn crop, which have a direct bearing on the question of feeding and on the products of the dairy. It was therein shown that the total annual yield of corn stover in its various forms is not less than 120,000,000 tons. It may now be further added that if this entire product were converted into *milk*, under right conditions of feeding, it would amount to 60,000,000 tons a year, which would be equivalent to 2100 pounds for each man, woman, and child in the country.

Strangely as this stalk crop has been ignored by the Census Bureau, it has none the less influenced and for many years largely increased the sum total of milk, butter, and cheese supplied by our farmers to the markets of the world.

But without dwelling on this point, let me briefly glance at some of the other interesting figures that have made the American dairy what it is to-day—one of the greatest marvels of our food production.

The point of interest that is just now perhaps more than usually prominent in dairy husbandry is

THE QUESTION OF BREED,

and especially in regard to the highest results attainable in milk and butter. However the opinions of practical men may differ on this question, two points at least

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are conceded: the Holsteins clearly outrank all others in milk, and the Jerseys are no less supreme in regard to butter. A few figures will make this plain, and will tend to show what miracles of production are possible when the right conditions are made sure.

Milk Yield of Holsteins.

The following are a few of the best yearly rates of production for this breed, and fairly indicate their relative capacity, as compared with other breeds that follow:

18,004 pounds is the record for Smith and Powell's imported cow Aaggia, Syracuse, New York.
17,746 pounds reported by Yeomans and Sons, Walworth, New York, for a heifer with first calf.
16,629 pounds are given in the *Live Stock Journal* for C. R. Smith's Mink, Iowa City.
16,564 pounds for Aaggia second, with first calf.
15,960 pounds for the best cow of the Unadilla herd, Whitestown, New York.
15,641 pounds for Netherland Queen, of Smith and Powell.
15,000 pounds for Queen of Wayne, Yeoman and Sons, Walworth, New York.
14,609 pounds for Sadie Vale, Yeomans and Sons.
14,164 pounds for the average of herd of Smith and Powell.

This makes an aggregate of 144,317 pounds of milk for nine cows, or an average of 16,118 pounds a year for each.

Milk Yield of Other Breeds.

In comparing with the above the best yearly rates for other cows, we have:

For Short-horns, 12,870 pounds as the yield of Maid of Athol, in *American Agriculturist.*
For Devons, 11,960 pounds for cow of W. Wilton, New Hampshire, in *Country Gentleman.*
For Ayrshires, 11,654 pounds for Stone's Winnie McDonald.
For natives, 10,954 pounds for cow of A. M. Trask, Danvers, Massachusetts.
For Jerseys, 9528 pounds for Starr's Locust, Echo Farm, Connecticut.

This gives an aggregate of 56,966 pounds a year for five cows of different breeds, or an average of 11,400 pounds a year for each cow, as compared with the average of 16,118 pounds a year for Holsteins.

Let me now submit in this connection a similar test for the

Butter Yield of Jerseys.

In this comparison the Jerseys come to the front with the following remarkable figures:

778 pounds per year is the record for Darling's Eurotas.
746 pounds for Kennerson's Jersey Queen.
704 pounds for Jersey Belle, of Scituate, C. D. Elms.
600 pounds, reported in *Country Gentleman*, for Jersey cow Effie.
574 pounds for Sutliff's Pansy, Bristol, Connecticut.
546 pounds for cow of Professor Alvord.
511 pounds for Motley's Flora, Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts.
500 pounds for best cow of Goodman's herd.
506 pounds for grade Jersey of William Dupee, Ontario County, New York.
500 pounds reported from Delhi Fair, by Edward Edgerton.

Here we have an aggregate of 5965 pounds of butter for ten Jerseys, making an average of 596 pounds per cow.

In comparison with these figures, let us now take the following

Butter Yields for Other Breeds.

For Short-horns, 513 pounds, reported for Maid of Athol in *American Agriculturist.*
For Holsteins, 509 pounds, for Colonel Hoffman's Jufrou, Chemung County, New York.
For natives, 485 pounds, for the Oakes cow, of Massachusetts.
For Devons, 480 pounds, for cow of W. Wilton, New Hampshire.
For Ayrshires, 380 pounds, for Holton's Daisy, Western New York.

This shows an aggregate of 2367 pounds of butter for five cows of different breeds, making an average of 473 pounds per cow, being 120 pounds less than the average of ten Jerseys, and 300 pounds less than the product of the best Jersey.

PEDIGREE.

It is therefore evident, and should be well understood, that pedigree is a very essential element in the value of cows. But it is also true and no less important to know that grade animals in a well-managed dairy can be made, as a rule, quite as productive as thorough-breds, and often more so. Yet this does not at all imply that the latter can be dispensed with, for we can not have a good quality of grades without a good strain of blood to start from. While it is conceded that pedigree is one of the factors in the value of a good cow, it is not by any means the only factor. Maximum results in the dairy are not the sole outcome of any single condition. They depend not merely on the capacity and breed of the cow, but also and equally on the intelligence and good management of the owner; and what is equally true, but seldom considered, even the capacity of the cow is itself to a large extent the product of human skill.

But leaving this point to be further considered hereafter, let me now briefly refer

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to some other remarkable figures in dairy-farming.

MILK YIELD PER DAY.

Referring back to the yearly milk product of the cow Aaggia, at 18,004 pounds, we find that this result, after all, and startling as it appears, is less than fifty pounds per day for the entire year, and that many cows of various breeds have far exceeded this amount for limited periods, as the following examples show:

60 pounds for a grade Devon cow has been credibly reported in the *New England Farmer.*
60 pounds, also, for an entire month, was reported by T. Hansel in *Indiana Farmer.*
65 pounds was the average of two Ayrshires of Bela Stone.
70 pounds was the yield of the Hewer cow, Northampton, England.
90½ pounds for Miller's Ondine, Peterborough, New York.
91 pounds for Smith's Mink, Iowa City.
92½ pounds for Colonel Crosier's Beacon Belle, Northport, Long Island.
100 pounds, for ten days in succession, for Hungerford's Old Creamer.
104 pounds for the Douglass cow of Greenwich, Connecticut.
108 pounds for Miller's Empress.

This makes an average of eighty-four pounds per day each for ten cows of various breeds.

RECORD OF TWO-YEAR-OLD HEIFERS.

Whenever a young cow marks the beginning of her career with an unusual flow of milk or yield of butter after her first calf, it is not only a proof of the generous bounty of nature, but reveals also a new possibility of production that is always valuable to the owner. As an illustration of this, the following cases are worthy of attention:

6000 pounds of milk per year, with first calf, was reported for Pansy of Forbes and Hall.
4000 pounds of milk in 100 days was the average of fifteen heifers of Yeoman's herd.
7000 pounds of milk reported for Swiss heifer of I. L. Shepherd, Massachusetts.
9600 pounds of milk was the average of Smith and Powell's herd of two-year-olds.
10,000 pounds of milk for Smith's Mink, of Iowa.
12,200 pounds of milk for Smith and Powell's Lady of the Lake.
13,570 pounds of milk for their Netherland Queen.
16,564 pounds of milk for their Aaggia second.
300 pounds of butter per year was the product of Pansy, 6002.
320 pounds of butter for Hoffman's Gentle Annie.
321 pounds of butter for Hoffman's Beauty.
360 pounds of butter for cow of G. W. Whitney, Williston, Vermont.

The milk yield given above makes an average of 9860 pounds a year for eight cows with first calf. The average for butter was 325 pounds a year for each of four cows.

DURATION OF MILKING PERIOD.

Cows have been known to breed, says Professor Fleming, after their twentieth year; but such cases are rare.

According to German authorities, the average cow increases in milk from the first calf to the sixth. After that there is a gradual diminution till the tenth season, when the quantity is about the same as at first. From the tenth to the fourteenth season there is further diminution, and after the fifteenth calf the product is seldom more than one-fourth of an average.

The English Short-horn Cherry dropped her sixteenth calf in her nineteenth year. Red Rose had sixteen calves, the last birth, in her seventeenth year, being twins. (*National Live Stock Journal.*) Mr. Hayward, of Plainfield, Massachusetts, reports the oldest of his Short-horn herd at seventeen years, and *still one of the best milkers.* The Short-horn Ada died in her eighteenth year, after the birth of her fourteenth calf. The tenth Duchess of Airdrie had eleven calves up to her fifteenth year, with a record still going on.

13,060 pounds of milk was the product of Saltonstall's Sibyl, at fifteen and a half years of age.
8820 pounds of milk, at fifteen years, reported from the Lakin herd, England.
11,000 pounds of milk, at fifteen years (being fifteen quarts a day for one year), was reported in *Country Gentleman* from cow of W. Wilton, New Hampshire.
436 pounds of butter in her fifteenth year was the product of the eldest cow of G. W. Whitney.
500 pounds of butter was the product of the Cramp cow, of England, in her twelfth year, and over 600 pounds previously.

Here we have an average of 10,960 pounds of milk per year for three cows, at fifteen years of age, and 460 pounds of butter as the average of two cows, one of fifteen years and the other of twelve years.

RATIO OF MILK TO BUTTER.

The percentage of butter found in the milk of different cows varies materially, according to the breed, the quality of the food, etc. This variation ranges from four quarts of milk to a dozen or more for one pound of butter. The following are a few cases out of many that might be cited:

4 quarts of milk for one pound of butter was the record made by Jersey Belle, of Scituate.
The same record was made by the Jersey cow Rose, 394; and the same also by a Jersey of Professor Alvord.

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4⅛ quarts was the record given by Alvord for another Jersey.

4½ quarts was the record made by Eurotas; also for Campbell's Oonan.

These appear to be the only figures on record, so far as I have yet learned, showing a pound of butter from less than five quarts of milk. But after these we have the following ratios, ranging from five quarts to eight and a half for one pound of butter:

5 quarts from Motley's Flora, Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts; General Hardin's Leonice, Kentucky; Croton Maid, Nashville, Tennessee; the Oakes cow, of Massachusetts; Lyman's Jersey in New England Homestead; Jersey cow of Mrs. Batchelder; several other Jerseys reported by Alvord.

5¼ quarts from Hoe's Alphea; 5¼ reported to Whately Club, Massachusetts, by E. Hubbard.

5⅓ quarts from cow reported in *Country Gentleman.*

5½ quarts reported by Foster, of Minnesota; 5½ the average of Tilden's home herd of eight cows.

6 quarts from Dr. Newell's Lady Nellie, New Brunswick, New Jersey; Mullins's Merry Duchess; reported to Orange Club, Massachusetts, by Deacon Drury; reported by G. W. T. in *Country Gentleman;* reported by W. Dickinson, Essex County, Massachusetts.

6½ quarts reported from Delhi Fair to *Live Stock Journal;* 6½ reported from Hatfield Butter Factory.

7 quarts reported from Minnesota Butter Association; reported from various patrons of Hatfield Creamery; Holstein, reported by Alexander Wright, Lowell, Massachusetts; two cases reported in *Country Gentleman;* reported from Delhi Fair to *Live Stock Journal.*

7½ quarts, average from fourteen cows cited by Tilden.

8 quarts, record of Jersey Queen; reported for Hyde's Lucy, Alpine, New Jersey; reported from West Liberty, Iowa; Whiting's Princess, Holyoke, Massachusetts; reported by Eastburn Reeder, Pennsylvania.

8½ quarts reported as average for herd of Sharpless.

The average ratio for this table is about fourteen pounds of milk for one pound of butter, which shows, of course, a very superior and exceptional quality of milk. But it must be admitted that the cows here cited are nearly all Jerseys.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SUBJECT.

It has been said, even by some practical farmers, that exceptional yields are often overrated; that they are therefore misleading, and to that extent a source of danger. But this objection hardly seems to require a serious refutation. If the farmer or dairy-man is really misled in such cases, it is clearly from a lack of due caution, and is therefore his own fault.

The successful examples thus far presented in this paper are but a small proportion of the numerous facts and figures that still remain for further discussion. It is easy to see that the larger the number of factors included in a given trial in any line of husbandry, the more instructive and valuable such trial will be.

For example, the Hon. Zadoc Pratt, of Greene County, New York, with his trial of 59 cows, continued through nine years, showed that even with a yearly milk product of less than 5000 pounds per cow, the average yield of butter was 200 pounds, worth (including the skimmed milk) over $80; and, further, that the cost of the butter was less than eight cents a pound, while the net yearly profit for the herd was in reality over $3000. Again, it appears from a trial of 23 cows, carefully conducted by the Hon. G. W. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, that the cost of the butter was still less than in the trial of Mr. Pratt, while the yearly rate of profit for the herd showed a wider margin.

In examinations also made of other successful trials conducted by such well-known parties as Mr. Cheever of the *New England Farmer*, Colonel Hoffman of Chemung County, New York, Professor E. W. Stewart of Niagara, Professor Cook of the New Jersey Agricultural College, W. J. Sanborn of the New Hampshire Experimental Farm, and in other cases too numerous to repeat here, I have already pointed out some remarkable results clearly tending to show the unsuspected possibilities of the American dairy, which in the further consideration of this subject will be amply confirmed by the statements and figures of still other practical men, whose experience includes and represents the testimony of several thousand cows.

If it shall thus be made to appear that milk can be produced at the yearly rate of even five or six thousand pounds per cow, and at a cost of half a cent per pound, and butter at the rate of two to three hundred pounds per cow at a cost of six or seven cents per pound, and, further, that these results are fairly within reach of the average dairyman, it will then be seen that some real progress has been made by our farmers toward solving the food questions of the future.

In this connection, it may here be added that experience has already proved the possibility of keeping two cows on an acre under full feed throughout the year. This, according to the milk yield per cow as given above, would make the product per acre equal to ten or twelve thousand pounds a year.

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DICK'S CHRISTMAS.

I.—FLIGHT.

"I'LL be hanged if I touch the card again!" said the Englishman. And he flung half the pack into the open fire.

The Kentuckian laughed. "I am as honest as I know how," said he; "but I have known the knave of spades by his back, and the ace of clubs too, for the three last deals."

"Bring some clean cards, you little pirate!" cried Bastide to the pale little boy who was waiting, "and be quick about it. Here's quarter of a dollar to grease the elevator."

The boy laughed and fled. He did not trust the elevator, but almost flew down the stairs to the office of the manager. To his disgust, although the office was open, no one was there. Dick ran right and left; he found two or three waiters, but no one who could tell where Mickliss, the head clerk, had gone, or Steedman, his second. Dick hated to lose his quarter-dollar and his reputation for promptness. He had too often been sent on such errands to be ignorant where the cards were kept. He opened the cupboard, and took out four packs. On the slate which hung on the door of the cupboard he wrote in his best writing, "Dick, for 44, fore pax." He scudded back to the stairway, fortunately found the elevator ascending, entered it, and returned to 44.

"Oh, you have been down town for them, have you?" said the good-natured Kentuckian. He tore off the cover, and they began their game again.

They had played, perhaps, half an hour, almost in silence, and little Dick was really asleep in the embrasure of the window, when the door flew open, and Mickliss, the head clerk named above, stormed in in a passion of rage.

He caught poor Dick by the collar, and cuffed him on both ears, shook him right and left, and flung him upon the floor. He was about to kick him as he lay, when Bastide laid his strong hand on his arm, and said, "If you have any accounts to settle, settle them with me. I bade the boy bring the cards, and bring them at once. If any one stole them, I stole them."

Mickliss was far too drunk to care who or what was the man who checked him, and a storm of quarrel began, with which there is no need to sully these pages. Long before it was over little Dick, whose woes were the origin of the Iliad of those battles, had risen from the floor, and had fled from the room, unnoticed by all the combatants.

II.—SAFETY.

Dick wasted no time in descending the stairs or in leaving the building. He caught his cap from its peg in the office as he passed out, dodged into the first cross street he came to, and fled up town. Once in the street, he knew very well that his escape was well-nigh certain.

But he did not loiter on the snow-trodden sidewalk till he had put a couple of miles between him and his oppressor. Then in the darkness and silence he began to plan for his night's quarters. And he was only too well versed in the opportunities open in New York to young gentlemen of his freedom of life when a night's lodging is necessary. A high picket fence bounded one side of the lonely street where he was. Dick went over it like a cat, and found himself in a large long yard where stood many Pullman cars, empty. He climbed high enough on the outside of one to try its windows. All were fast, till he came to the end, where a careless porter had left a wash-room window a little open. Dick pushed it up far enough to enter, closed it again, felt his way back into the car, opened a seat in the dark, and in five minutes had forgotten the gambling saloon, and Mickliss, and Steedman, and was not even dreaming of Christmas joys. Better than any dreaming, he was enjoying the blessed unconsciousness of a tired child's sleep.

It was well-nigh eight o'clock before he waked. The motion of the car aroused him. Dick had no thought of receiving another thrashing. He watched his opportunity to drop himself unnoticed from a window upon the station platform, and found himself in the great Vanderbilt station on Forty-second Street—a place where it is quite as difficult to go out as it is to go in.

But Dick did not distress himself. And here he was right. Before long the platform was alive with travellers eager to secure good seats, and glad in the promise of their Christmas journeys home. One immense party of old and young—men, women, children, pet dogs, maids, and men-servants, passed Dick on their way

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to the parlor-cars. After they had swept by, the boy saw that a little girl in the company had dropped her enormous doll. Dick seized the doll and followed.

The crowd was so great, however, and the party so large, that before he had found the right child in the parlor-car, and had explained about the recovery of the doll, he felt, by the throb under his feet, that the train was in motion. For the first time in the whole adventure Dick was disconcerted. He had meant to leave the saloon, and Mickliss, and Steedman. Yes. And he had left them. But had he meant to leave New York? Not he! New York was the best home he had had, after all, since he came there as a little boy. Little Alice saw his dismay, and so did her nurse, both grateful because he had recovered Brynhilde, the doll. The nurse said, kindly, that perhaps he could leave the train at Harlem.

Perhaps he could.

Dick tried to.

He stood on the platform, to jump off if there were any chance. The train "slowed up" a little as they passed Harlem. Ah, me! The most attractive spectacle was going forward which a boy like Dick could contemplate. Actually he could see a steam fire-engine going to the fire, of which he could see the smoke. And he, free from Mickliss and from Steedman, still could not assist at the fire! Was ever any fate so cruel? Every stroke of the alarm-bell, as they whizzed by, bade him stop. But the train was relentless, and bore him on.

It is a strange thing to say, but the little fellow's heart rose in his mouth, and he choked with as much emotion as if he had left something more tangible and more affectionate behind. Somehow the dim thought of his mother came up to him, though his mother had never lived in New York. She was dead before his hard lot took him there. But she bade him go there; she knew he was there. If, now, he went rambling over the world, would she know where to find him, and how to take care of him? If Dick could have analyzed his vague sentiment, it would have come out in that question. But he was not the boy to stand blubbering, with a black porter looking on and wondering, and, finding that the train would not stop, he went back and made that report to Miss Alice and the friendly nurse. Then these two children, and a German boy there was, named Rodolph, fell playing together, Dick perhaps the leader of the revels. There was an affectionate gentleness in the boy, mixed with a certain independence, bred in his Ishmaelite life, which easily made him a teacher in such little sports as were possible with their space and material. He showed wonderful ability with a cup and ball, which Alice was taking to her grandfather's as one of the presents she was to give. And so steady are the runs on some of the levels of that road that they even succeeded in making card houses stand for thirty seconds, and when they fell, the joy of the fall was equal to the joy of the construction.

Nor was Dick ejected at the first watering station, as he expected, and as the intelligent reader will hope if he be a stockholder interested in railways. No; the train was full of Christmas passengers. The parties both of Alice's father and of Rodolph's father were large, and the conductor, as he hurried through, counting one set and counting another, allowing for babies and half-tickets and the rest, never made out that he had one extra boy of eleven years in the car. Dick was not, indeed, long enough in one spot to be easily counted by any one. It was not until the whole of the party to which he was attached arrived at Meriden, and dismounted, not till he helped Alice with Brynhilde to take her place in Uncle Nahum's elegant carriage, that an explanation took place. Alice's father, who had been quietly watching the boy's pretty ways, told him that he ought not to stand in the cold without his overcoat; and then the nurse explained, what Dick was too proud to tell, that he had no overcoat, and, indeed, had not meant to leave New York. Mr. Hulme took the boy back into the warmer station-house, and Dick told him frankly that he had run away from a gambling-house, had slept in the Pullman, and by mistake had come away from the city. Whatever the boy's faults were, he was always straightforward, and told the whole of his story.

Mr. Hulme called his brother-in-law. "Nahum, here is a stow-away, whom we have brought by mistake from New York." And in twenty more words he told the whole story.

"One boy more or less will not be felt at mother's," said Nahum, laughing. And he called to one of the drivers: "Take out another blanket, and let this boy wrap

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himself up in it." And Dick was tumbled into the fourth carry-all of the great cortége, and to his joy found that it was that into which Alice and the good-natured nurse had mounted already.

III.—DICK'S CHRISTMAS.

In the radiant Christmas hospitalities of Mrs. Throop there was indeed room enough for Dick, as there would have been for a dozen more of his kind had fate chosen to bring them. And in the easy interchanges between sitting-room and kitchen, and the simple relations which governed the intercourse of those in both these not unequal wings of that household, Dick did not find his unexpected visit a bore to anybody. Nobody was worried by his arrival, and nobody asked where he belonged or why he was there. He had a knack of making himself useful, as has been seen, and he had, as has been seen also, that other knack, less usual, of getting out of the way when he was not wanted.

All parties were the better for their night's sleep, and early on Christmas morning high festivities began. To his real surprise, Dick found hanging on the inside of the door of his little bedroom a large blue-yarn stocking, bigger tenfold than his own, and in it were all sorts of funny gingerbread men and horses, barley-candy statuettes, jumping-jacks, and other droll little inexpensive toys. Such minor gifts in the Throop-Hulme household were intrusted to Santa Claus at midnight. After two or three breakfasts had been served in various rooms for the enormous party of cousins, after family prayers had been gone through with after a fashion, one joyous procession was made into the "best parlor"—place reverent even with a certain superstition—and here were stacked great heaps of white paper parcels, from the tall dressing glass on three legs, which was draped in a white domino, down to the diamond ring for grandmamma, which also was enveloped in a parcel so large that grandmamma could never guess. "Three hundred and fifty-one presents, if you will believe me," said Aunt Sibyl. "There are thirty-two different people to receive, and some of them have more than twenty."

And among the presents Dick also was remembered. He had followed the gay procession a little doubtfully, but because every other member of the household did. And when "the piles were called," as the phrase went, quite early, indeed, Dick's name was called. What his last name was no one knew. Alice had promptly changed some of her plans, so that she had a backgammon board for him. It was, of course, made to resemble two impossible books, and they were lettered, to Dick's admiration, "History of the Shah of Persia."

Mr. Hulme knew the exigencies of Christmas well enough always to buy half a dozen extra pocket-knives for boys, and one of these found its way to Dick; and Jules Verne books, and home-knit mittens, and other timely gifts made up a good "pile" for the stow-away.

The boy had never before received a present in his life. He had been "tipped" often enough, as by Bastide, when he gave him the fatal quarter-dollar. But a tip was something he earned. He had had kicks and cuffs given him, which he had not earned. But till now nobody had ever given him anything he wanted, merely for love's sake. To see thirty people together, giving to each other such beautiful things, to find that he had been remembered also in the rush of all night's preparation, all this made the tears come to poor Dick's eyes, as Mickliss's brutality or the oaths of the cross gamblers would never have summoned them. The whole fête was delightful to him, none the less. And when, of a sudden, he became quite the hero of it for a minute, because he could set up a certain parlor croquet board, of which the mechanism puzzled Uncle Nahum, Dick received very prettily the friendly compliments of his hosts.

And now it was made clear why, after the riot-rout of the stockings before daybreak, breakfast had been so early, and no one had been allowed a second morning nap. The time was only too limited between breakfast and church-going, and at eleven o'clock the "whole boodle of them," as Uncle Nahum called the caravan, from grandmamma down to little Tom Roussillon, had to boot and spur for church. The carriages appeared for the oldsters, and the youngsters went on foot. Mrs. Hulme had found a fit overcoat for Dick, and he and Alice trudged along together.

Church-going was a matter with which Dick was not so familiar as card-playing or billiard-marking. There was a certain mission Sunday-school, to which a certain Swedish boy sometimes lured him when there was a good bounty for recruits. But

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attendance there did not involve attendance on the more stately services of the church itself. The boy was only the more ready to listen and to feel. As it happened, from bad luck or good luck, the minister took "Home" for his subject.

He might well have been fired in his treatment of it, as he saw the admirable family gathering in and around the Hulme and Throop and Roussillon pews. Near as he was in friendship to half that party, he may well have thought that when he spoke of a happy home as Christ's best Christmas gift to the world, they were all, in the fashion of children or of men, in sympathy with him. Alas! there was one among that happy party to whom every word was a dagger. What home was the little boy knew well enough. He had seen it last night and that morning. But it was just what he seemed to have no place nor part in. He remembered Christmas a year ago, though to him the year had been almost interminable. Then he was a runner in a hotel, and he well recollected how hard the pull on the boys was before people were willing to go to bed. But the boy was brave. And the words, half comprehended, of the preacher, gave him something to think of. At least he could look forward, and what he would look forward to was something like what was around him here. Some time or other he would know how to make little fellows happy, as this clever Uncle Nahum knew so well. Some time. Yes. Where? Why, New York, of course. He should be lost here in an hour. In New York he knew every turn and corner. He loved New York, and New York loved him.

And so, as they went home from church, and Alice made him listen to the new chimes which her father had given to the congregation for his Christmas present, although the bell-ringers played "Antioch" and "Christmas," it seemed to the home-sick Dick to be the same sound he heard at Harlem, which bade him not be frightened away from the city that was yet to be his home.

IV.—WHITHER NOW?

It was therefore the sermon which governed Dick's thought in an interview he had with Mr. Nahum Throop and Mr. Hulme the next morning. Hulme had given himself not only Christmas-day but St. Stephen's Day also for a holiday. In all the glee of old home life, however, he did not forget the little stow-away. He held an early council with Mr. Throop, and they sent for Dick even before breakfast. The boy came laughing, and bringing with him his precious backgammon board.

"What have you there?" said Uncle Nahum, seeing how carefully the boy carried it.

"It is full of mice, sir," said the boy. "They rattled about in my bedroom in the night, and I caught them." And he led the way, with the wondering Tom and Alice, to the ever-running stream in the back passage, opened the box over the great tank, and to Alice's amazement six mice, as soon as they recovered from a sort of stupor, jumped into the water.

"Why, it is like Cinderella," she cried. And to the wondering gentlemen Dick explained that he heard the mice rioting in the night, and thought fit to catch them. It was dark, he said, and he had nothing but his backgammon board. He remembered two figs which had been given him as forfeits in a game the night before, and which Alice had put in his side pockets. In the dark he had built up a little tower of checkermen and figs combined, which held the backgammon board a little open. "You see, one mouse can not pull the fig out if you weight the trap: then another comes to help him, and when there are five or six you catch them all," said the boy, eagerly.

Mr. Throop looked on, amazed and amused. "Were you born in Connecticut, Dick?" said he.

"Yes, sir," said Dick, proudly. "But my mother, when she died, sir"—and the boy sobbed—"told me to go to New York, and I went there."

The two gentlemen looked at each other, and for a minute there was silence. "I had been asking Mr. Hulme," said Uncle Nahum, "whether he would like to leave you here, and how you would like to go into the shops, and learn, before you are a man, how we silver steel, how we melt and mould silver, and how we make the knives and forks and spoons for hungry people."

"And I said to Uncle Nahum," said Mr. Throop, "that you should come to him if you chose. But I said you were a New York boy, and perhaps you would like better to go back with me to-morrow. I can not take you into the bank; we have nothing for boys to do there. But I can find some one who will teach you what

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your friend Milkrip never taught you, and you seem to have learned already not to lie and not to steal."

"I do not know much, sir," said Dick, proudly; "but so far I have learned."

Then followed a long talk with which the reader need not be troubled. But it was pretty clear all along where the boy's affections were. Such home as he had, poor child, was in the great city whose streets he knew only too well. The two gentlemen nodded to each other, and Mr. Hulme said:

"New York it shall be, my boy; to New York you shall go."

"You are not mad with me?" said Dick, turning eagerly to Uncle Nahum. "You have been so kind. I will do just as you say."

"No, Dick, I am not mad at all. I say just what he says. Go to New York, and grow to be a man there, and when you are a man, Dick, look out for the little fellows who want a home."

V.—THE SHAH.

And so Dick went to New York. Ah, me! if he would make time enough to-day only to tell the story of what fell to his lot, in not so many years afterward, Gil Blas himself could not tell a more varied tale.

The smallest errand-boy in the largest wholesale grocery store in the city. It was hard for Dick to get that sense of the "WE" without which such a concern never really prospers. It was not in one month, not in two, that Dick learned to say, "*We* telegraphed to-day for twenty cargoes of coffee," but the store was in good training, and in time Dick learned this trick as well as the bigger boys had learned it.

Everybody in theory meant to be kind to him. As often as once a month Mr. Roche, the junior partner, to whom Mr. Hulme had intrusted him, remembered to ask him how he was getting on, and if he had a good boarding-place. After a year John Roche, a son, came into the store. He took to Dick, took a fancy to him, saw to the boarding-place, had Dick in his own Sunday-school class, wrote to Mr. Brace about an evening school, and in general saw that the boy did not go to the dogs. John Roche, under Providence, was the making of Dick, and the boy grew up a ready, thrifty, kind-hearted, willing boy—a boy whom no one could spare, who helped along where he was, who did not make reply, and did not question why, but found out all the more often because he did not question.

A sad day was that for Dick when John Roche made his first voyage to the East.

"Dick," he said, "I am going to see our own coffee people. I am going to see where coffee grows and how."

"Oh, Mr. Roche, take me?"

"Dick, that was the first thing I proposed. And Mr. Balestier really thought of it. I hoped you could come. But they sent for old Portman here, and he said that they could not do without you. He said that since young Sweeney ran away he could not spare you. I said it was hard on you that you should lose the voyage; and that all ends by this: you are to have a hundred a year added to your pay from the first of last month, and at Christmas another lift. But, Dick, you know that I shall miss you sadly, and you must write to me. And what shall I bring you? I would say cheroots, if you smoked."

"Bring yourself, Mr. John, and a feather from a roc's tail."

"Dick, you shall have the largest roc's egg I find."

And so John Roche sailed, and Dick was left behind. All the better for him. Now he was nobody's pet. He was an important factor in the concern. Old Portman had been made to confess his importance; that was a great thing. Mr. Balestier had learned his name; that in itself was a great thing. From this moment Dick was on his feet in the store.

And from the beginning no one in the establishment had more letters from John Roche, or fuller, than Dick had.

And when John Roche returned, when Dick met him at Quarantine to come up the bay with him in the ship, was not each of them proud of the other?

"Dick," said Mr. John, after the first, "I believe I have made your fortune."

"I hope you have made your own," said the boy.

"Dick, I was back in North Borneo, the wildest region you ever saw. A rum old Rajah, with Heaven knows how many brack men in line of battle, made a swell dinner party for me and Forrester and all. It was the right thing for us all to carry presents of compliment. One man took a revolver, and one took a set of chessmen. Poor me, I did not know what to take; but Forrester said the Rajah would

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like your new pattern for a mouse-trap. Well, I knew it would please you to have the thing go so far, so, though it was your present to me, I took that."

"Please me!" cried Dick; "I think so! But since you went away I have had no heart for that. You told me to take out a patent, but I have done nothing."

"Time for that now," replied John Roche. "I tell you, Dick, your fortune is made. We showed the black king how to set it with little scraps of lump-sugar, as you taught me. Well, we all went to bed early that night in the old Sachem's hacienda. And, Dick, I swear to you, the next morning that thing was full of cockroaches. Whether they have any mice in his palace I do not know. This I know—that his cockroaches are as big as mice. While they were rampaging round in your trap, and nibbling at the old Shah's sugar, some dozen of them sprang the thing, and so caught themselves and a hundred or so of their mothers and grandmothers all together. Dick, the next week this Shah, or Rajah, or Sultan, or whatever he is, sent down to the ship, oh, I do not know how much cinnamon, to say he wanted a thousand of the 'American Snapdragons.' I sent word that we had none left, but that a thousand should go out to him as soon as I returned. And now it seems that you have not even a patent, Dick."

But, as some readers may recollect if they will try, a sufficient patent was soon obtained. What South American country-seat, what palace in Madagascar, what elegant hacienda in the Philippines, is now without "The Shah's Christmas-box"?

For this was the name at last given to Dick's clever contrivance. They studied over several. One was "The Rajah's Repose"; one was "The Sultan's Solace"; one was the name the Rajah called it, "The American Snapdragon."

But Dick went fondly back to that first Christmas, of which the reader has heard. And he said that the experiment was first tried by the "Shah of Persia," and that "The Shah's Christmas-box" it should be.

So "The Shah's Christmas-box" it is.

In the Mauritius and the Isle of France they spell it the "Chat." But I can not help that.

And so this little story approaches its end. For it was the "Shah of Persia," or Alice Hulme, who gave the Shah to Dick, who, as it proved, so changed Dick's life that he became the great inventor that he is, and never a successful coffee merchant, as he seemed likely to do.

At least people say it was the Shah.

Truth is, it was all in the boy's blood. The Shah was the first success—in itself a very trivial matter. But really every new jib-key and cut-off and smoke-consumer, every variable eccentric or double-reacting combination, which has sprung from that quick creature's ready brain, all the relief which his quick wits have given to tired hands or weary feet, every prompt answer which has come from him when a fast and eager world has asked him for his help, has been born from the same native passion to act and to oblige—promptly, swiftly, and well—which earned for him his thrashing from Mickliss, which carried to Alice her doll at whatever risk, and which at the right moment made a mouse-trap from a checker-board.

A great inventor the boy became.

When he invents a way to make time, and so sits down to write that story which, as above, is to eclipse *Gil Blas*, he will tell you more than I can. He will tell us how, even as a little boy, he was made welcome at Mr. Hulme's house; how pleased and satisfied he was when, at sixteen years of age, acting as third librarian's assistant at St. Martin's in the Bowery, he gave to Alice Hulme the books her mission class needed; how proud he was when he could walk home with her after the evening meeting of the Sunday-school teachers. And at last the fateful day came, the anxious morning, the heavenly afternoon. In the morning he closed the triumphant negotiation with the two syndicates which bought, one for the western hemisphere, one for the eastern, the exclusive rights for Dick's latest and greatest invention. All men know that this invention will revolutionize modern society. In the afternoon, after this success, he dared tell Alice that he loved her better than his life. He was now rich beyond his hopes. He could give her the home of a princess if only she loved him.

And Alice blushed, and smiled, and tried to speak, and failed. And Dick took courage, and kissed her. Then she took courage, and said she could be happy with him in a hovel. But this, all this, in fit detail, can not be told here. It must be left to "Dick's Memoirs."

It must be the true tale, and not the fancy of an inventor.

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THE LAST MEETING OF POCAHONTAS AND THE GREAT CAPTAIN.*

(A.D. 1616.)

In a stately hall at Brentford, when the English June was green,
Sat the Indian Princess, summoned that her graces might be seen,
For the rumor of her beauty filled the ear of court and Queen.

There for audience as she waited, with half-scornful, silent air,
All undazzled by the splendor gleaming round her everywhere,
Dight in broidered hose and doublet, came a courtier down the stair.

As with striding step he hasted, burdened with the Queen's command,
Loud he cried, in tones that tingled, "*Welcome, welcome to my land!*"
But a tremor seized the Princess, and she drooped upon her hand.

"What! no word, my Pocahontas? Must I come on bended knee?
I were slain within the forest, I were dead beyond the sea,
On the banks of wild Pamunkey I had perished, *but for thee.*

"Ah, I keep a heart right loyal, that can never more forget.
I can hear the rush, the breathing; I can see the eyelids wet;
I can feel the sudden tightening of thine arms about me yet.

"Nay, look up. Thy father's daughter never feared the face of man,
Shrank not from the forest darkness when her doe-like footsteps ran
To my cabin, bringing tidings of the craft of Powhatan."

With extended arms, entreating, stood the stalwart Captain there,
While the courtiers press around her, and the passing pages stare;
But no sign gave Pocahontas underneath her veil of hair.

All her lithe and willowy figure quivered like an aspen leaf,
And she crouched as if she shrivelled, frost-touched by some sudden grief,
Turning only on her husband, Rolfe, one glance, sharp, searching, brief.

At the Captain's haughty gesture back the curious courtiers fell,
And with soothest word and accent he besought that she would tell
Why she turned away, nor greeted him whom she had served so well.

But for two long hours the Princess dumbly sat and bowed her head,
Moveless as the statue near her. When at last she spake, she said:
"White man's tongue is false. It told me—told me—that *my brave was dead.*

"And I lay upon my deer-skins all one moon of falling leaves
(Who hath care for song or corn dance when the voice within her grieves?),
Looking westward where the souls go, up the path the sunset weaves.

"Call me 'child' now. It is over. On my husband's arm I lean.
Never shadow, *Nenemoosa*, our twain hearts shall come between.
Take my hand, and let us follow the great Captain to his Queen."

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* A reference to this interview between the "Lady Rebecca" and Captain John Smith may be found in Smith's *True Relation of Virginia.*

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THE NEW-YEAR'S LOG-ROLLING.

WHEN it became known in Verdant Valley that a Yankee had settled on the vacant quarter over by the Lagoon, Uncle Billy Barker expressed the sentiment of the community in his terse disclaimer that, so far as he was concerned, he "didn't have use for no Yankees. You putt a Yankee into any range, and thar'll be bad blood right away. They hain't content to leave things be as they found 'em, but want to cram their free-school, ab'lishen notions down everybody's gullet."

During the six years that Verdant Valley had been settled there had never been a dissenting vote cast at the polls. It was the boast of the district that this constituency was solid for Bigler, and that this was the banner township of California. But now the laurels were about to be wrested from them. However, there the intruder was, with his wife and daughter, and there he evidently intended to stay. A comfortable house and a substantial barn bore witness to that. After all, Yankees are not so black as they are painted, and this particular offender had a sturdy way of minding his own business which, with his uniform affability of greeting, soon began to tell in his favor, so that, notwithstanding his denunciation, Uncle Billy was the first to visit the stranger and proffer his good services. For whatever of prejudice and narrowness might mark their minds, the class to which he belonged had none of those qualities in their hearts.

Now this diplomatic call of the elder Barker had two important results. In the first place, Winthrop (the stranger) wanted to employ some one to help him clear away the timber, and a bargain was soon reached, by which the pioneer's son, Jim Barker, a fine stalwart fellow with a bit of schooling and a handsome face—just the stock, withal, by which the world is replenished—was engaged for this work. Jim was not the least averse to this arrangement, for—well, he had reasons of his own. The second result was that Uncle Billy, who had just enough learning to spell out words, one letter at a time, and who was desirous of subscribing to a paper which would keep him informed as to the stirring events then impending, asked the advice of the new-comer, and was recommended to take the *Tribune*. He read the first three numbers painfully and conscientiously, but after that Greeley's philippics were lost upon his remote subscriber, who regularly put the paper, unopened, into the fire, with the grim remark,

"Serves me right for bein' such a durn fool."

Those who saw the land adjacent to the Lagoon before civilization had spoiled it will remember that it was heavily wooded. Great oak-trees lifted their brawny arms and sought with a hundred leafy fingers to clutch the delicious, impalpable air. Firs were scattered here and there in stately pride. The madroño, aristocrat of the forest, showed its saffron bark and its olive leaves. The undergrowth was thick. The poison-ivy was gorgeous with a fatal beauty. The manzanita tossed its ripened berries to the gregarious quail. There was no small work ahead in subduing the forces of nature. The field must be cleared and ready for ploughing by the first rains. Luckily the rains held off. There were a few inconsequential showers in November, and then for weeks the heavens were almost skyless, one could see so far into them.

By Christmas the undergrowth was cleared away, and about half the trees felled. Jim, who seemed to have some plan of his own, suggested that these be left where they had fallen, to be trimmed and chopped afterward; so that as fast as one tree went down, another was attacked. But the progress was slow. Christmas-day Jim went home, and called his father into council. After hearing his report, the old man replied:

"We got to give him a log-rollin'. The Lord has held the rains off about all He's goin' to. He hain't goin' to spoil the crops for the sake of no Yankee. He's done enough already, and we got to do the rest. We'll have it on New-Year's. And, by-the-way, Jim"—after a pause—"you take care that logs is the only things that gits 'emselves cut up over to the Yankee's."

Jim's only answer was a blush. But, to be sure, that was enough.

New-Year's morn, about half past five, there was a prodigious dog-fight at the pre-emptor's front door. Now the New-Englander had but one dog, and it stands to reason that one dog isn't going to get up a fight all by himself; that is, unless he is

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uncommonly pugnacious, which this one was not. A glance through the window revealed not only three dogs, but two wagons, the horses already half unhitched from the traces. The occupants had alighted upon the ground. Up the road several teams of oxen were advancing. The house was evidently being put into a state of siege. And in a moment the voice of the senior Barker called out:

"You'ins had better git up. You're goin' to have some company."

By the time the family were dressed and a hasty breakfast snatched, the army of attack had taken possession of everything. Every moment brought new arrivals. There was a kaleidoscope of men, women, children, horses, dogs, and oxen. The great festivals of Western life are camp-meetings, barbecues, and log-rollings. Those who believe that the American blood is running out should strike an average on the children present at one of these occasions. Polly Winkle assumed command of the women and children, by no other right that I know of than that she most nearly realized Napoleon's definition of the greatest of her sex. It was soon evident that the house was too small to accommodate so many, and the Winkle contingent were led to the commodious loft in the barn. Here from each wagon was brought such an array of dainties and sweetmeats as would have doubled up a less hardy race for the rest of the year. A table was improvised, the stove was removed to the loft, and by noon a smoking dinner was on the board.

Meantime more than fifty men were at work in the field. The November rain had carpeted the ground with wild flowers, but these were unheeded. The lupine bloomed in vain. The gaudy eschscholtzia flaunted its colors unheeded. The timid nemophila crept closer to the sod, and hid its maidenly beauties from profanation. But all were alike unsought. There was men's work to be done. Great trees lay stripped and deformed, like torsos of mighty giants. One-half the force were chopping at the trees yet standing. Every few moments some monarch would tremble, try to steady himself for a second, and then fall with a resounding crash to the earth. A score of foes were upon him at once. His hundred arms were lopped from his body. His life-blood sank into the thirsty earth. The place that knew him in his pride knew him no more. As fast as the logs were ready, chains were passed around them, the oxen were harnessed to them, and they were drawn to designated spots, and arranged in orderly piles. When Alice Winthrop came down to the field with a dozen girls about her own age, and looked out of her great brown eyes upon the strange scene, what splendid feats of strength were done! With what magnificent grace these men moved now who were so awkward in the house! and how Jim Barker hated young Winkle for shouldering an immense log with such apparent ease!

Once in a while a couple of the youngsters got into a wrestling match. Then a rest was declared for five minutes to watch the throw. During the nooning there were several of these, and Jim Barker had a set-to with young Winkle which was more than half in earnest. It had leaked out somehow that the former was very much interested in the new family, or in part of it at least, and Winkle had jokingly offered to "cut him out." Now Jim was in that miserable state of uncertainty when the mere suggestion of such a possibility made him wofully unhappy. And it may be doubted whether Winkle ever got such a toss in his life as Jim gave him that day—all in sport, though, of course.

When night fell, the circuit preacher, Methodist South, declared that the field was ready for the Lord's vineyard. Nothing but a few stumps remained to impede the course of the ploughman. The underbrush was burning from a dozen fires. In a single day, in a hearty Western fashion, work had been done which one person must have labored at for months. In the house the gossips had had a session of rare comfort. When all came together at supper it was a season of great merriment. But after a while the young people began to get restless. There was a good deal of whispering, and some half-suppressed secret seemed on the wing. When the preacher rose to go there was a general expression of regret. The whole assemblage escorted him and his family to their wagon. But he had not driven three hundred yards before there was an unmistakable sound of dance-music in the air. The good man wavered a moment, and then drove straight home and never heard it.

The wind had changed to the south early in the day, and the rain now began to fall. But in the loft Sandy Ballou

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was mounted on a nail keg, and was fiddling as if his life depended on his zeal. What pigeon-wings were cut! What pressure of hands was exchanged when Sandy authorized "alamande left"! What maddening whirls when he called, "Swing partners"! The rain came down in torrents. It seemed as if the reservoirs of the heavens had given way. About twelve o'clock a wagon-load who had started for home came back and reported portions of the road caved in by the creek. The darkness was almost palpable. It was unsafe to venture out. There was nothing to be done but to make a night of it. Sandy Ballou started in afresh to fiddle till daylight. A new relay of candles was lighted. Some of the older folks went to the house, and took turns at getting a little sleep. But the younger heels knew no rest. Antique country-dances that had not been seen for generations were resuscitated. Sandy was king, and his brain seemed a store-house of forgotten figures.

During the afternoon Jim Barker had picked a bunch of delicate nemophilas and handed them to Alice Winthrop, saying, "My fate goes with these flowers."

The senior Barker had observed this action, and was not slow in drawing his conclusions when, later in the evening, the fair Puritan appeared with the dainty offering on her bosom, and Jim had an awkward expression of uncontainable happiness. A little after four o'clock horses were harnessed, and as Jim helped his father into the wagon the latter said, interrogatively, "Well?"

But Jim kept his eyes resolutely toward the east, and answered, "The dawn is just breaking."

Whereupon Uncle Billy whipped up his horses, and responded, quizzically, "Yes, Jim, I s'pose it is."

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

THE sweet Christ-month, the month that Love was born,
  That ever was an alien until now,
  What though the blossoms hang not on the bough,
What though the earth of beauty's place be shorn!

Lo! in the woods, beneath the frost-kissed hill,
  The holly lights the path—December's rose—
  And underneath the scarlet berry grows,
As if to tell us Love is living still:

Living, albeit under ruder skies;
  Though the glad glory of the year be past,
  With frost and death Love lingers to the last,
And in Love's breast her blossom never dies.

'Tis nursed with thoughts that come with Christmas chime—
  That "gracious time" when Love and Peace are crowned,
  When the world's woes in one great joy are drowned:
The summer of the soul is Christmas-time.

Is it but fancy? On the midnight air
  Forever sound those wild harmonious bells;
  Through vacant vales and long-deserted dells
Mysterious anthems echo everywhere.

In deepest solitude the Christian's soul
  Stirs to a thrill of some strange touch divine;
  Apart from shrines, he heeds the sacred sign
That holds the world in Love's sublime control.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"SIE TRAGEN ZU DIR, O GELIEBTE!"

IT is mid-day on the first of June; the skies are clear and this old-fashioned coach goes jolting, and rattling, and swinging away through the lonely country that lies between Drimoleague and Bantry Bay. The warm summer air is sweetened, now with the fragrance of the abundant honeysuckle, now with a whiff of peat smoke from one of those poor stone hovels near the way-side. There are plenty of beautiful things to charm the eye of the traveller. There are masses of blue forget-me-nots in the marshy pools. The waste bog-land has its own rich hues; and these rude stone walls that inclose the miserable bit of farm or garden are surmounted by golden gorse. Even the far-reaching sterile hills, where the scant pasturage scarcely tints the barren rock, have their qualities of color that a painter might observe. For the day is beautiful; the air is clear, and the sunshine falls so strongly that the shadows under the hedge-rows or under a steep bank seem quite black—and not yet the opaque black that a palette would give—but a sensitive, deep-reaching, luminous blackness that reveals things within itself, and that is cut across outside by the sharp-pointed spears of the iris, a brilliant deep strong green in the sunlight.

The solitary passenger by this mail-coach regards these things with a minute and close and mechanical attention; perhaps he forces himself so to regard them. He has come through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, as it were; there is a black cloud behind him, and he durst not look that way; he busies himself, and strives to busy himself, with the phenomena of the visible world around him. And while he fondly imagines that he is contemplating these phenomena with the calm and dispassionate eye of an artist—looking at the waste bog-land and the poor hovels and the sad far hills with a view to guessing at their value in color—in reality he is reading human sorrow, and the tragedy of human life, into every sight and sound that meets him.

But the first glimpse of the broad waters of Bantry Bay made his heart leap with pain. Visions and dreams that had occupied days not so far by-gone seemed to dazzle his eyes for a moment, but only for a moment. With a terrible effort he put them away. He would not confess to that quick sharp quiver at the heart. He was studying this beautiful picture as John Ross might have studied it. Look at the great width of the sea, with its armlets stretching in between the sunny browns and greens of the headlands. So still is the summer air, so calm and clear is the summer sky, that the blue of these far-reaching arms of water is a dull and almost opaque blue—a sort of sealing-wax blue—looking molten and heavy in the spaces between the wooded islands and the rocks. The hills on the other side, that stretch away out to the lonely Atlantic, seem desolate and uninhabited. It is a sad picture, despite the loveliness of the summer day. But if one wishes to lose one's self—to get away from the world, to seek out the secret haunts of nature, and find solace and forgetfulness there—surely these remote shores, these voiceless hills and glens, may afford a resting-place for the tortured soul.

He had to encounter strange faces at Glengariff. At the pretty hotel there, which from a distance seemed to be half smothered among trees and flowers and shrubs, he found a number of the visitors sitting outside, some having afternoon tea at small tables, others playing chess, or smoking, or chatting; and doubtless they would regard the new-comer with sufficient curiosity. No matter; he was soon inside, and there he asked if he might have a room for the night.

"Mr. Fitzgerald, I presume?" said the landlady.

"That is my name," said he, with some astonishment.

"A room has been kept for you," she said; and Fitzgerald could only ask himself why he had been astonished, for indeed the thoughtfulness and kindness of those Chetwynds went beyond all bounds.

"I suppose," said he, "I can get the Castletown mail-car in the morning?"

"But you won't need that, sir," said the good landlady, "for the carriage is coming from Boat of Garry for you at half past ten, if that is convenient. I was to give you the message from Mr. McGee. Mr. McGee has been down to Boat of Garry to see that everything is in readiness for you; and I was to say that he was

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very sorry he could not stay to meet you here, as he had important business at Kenmare to-day."

"Oh, indeed."

"Visitors' book, sir," said a waiter, opening a large volume that lay on the hall table.

"Oh yes," said Fitzgerald, and he mechanically took the pen and wrote his name.

Then he lingered, glancing over the other names on the page, as is the fashion of new arrivals. He had his finger and thumb on the leaf, as if he meant to pursue this aimless inquiry, when all at once he seemed to recall himself; he shut the book hastily, and turned, as if afraid that some one had been watching him. Then he went to his room, and remained there until dinner-time. He sat at the open window, looking at the beautiful foliage, and listening to the birds, and trying to think of nothing but these. He would not confess to himself what sudden and frightful suspicion it was that had made him so hurriedly shut the visitors' book; nor yet would he ask what new weight this was on his heart—this terrible consciousness that sooner or later, before he left the house, he would be irresistibly drawn to search those pages.

At dinner he sat next a vivacious little old gentleman with a thin dried pale face and a brown wig, an Englishman, whose pleasant chatting, if it was not very wise or profound, served to beguile the time. He gave Fitzgerald a vast amount of information about the neighborhood. He had his views also.

"What is the highest form of human happiness?" he asked, abruptly.

"Killing a brace of ducks right and left," said Fitzgerald, for the sake of saying something.

"Oh no. These are violent enjoyments, and violent enjoyments are invariably accompanied by violent disappointments. It is the attainment of peace and content, which is only possible after the wild passions and pursuits of youth are over. And what does it depend on? Sound sleep mostly. I mean to live to ninety."

"I am sure I hope you may," said his neighbor.

"I think I shall. I see no reason to the contrary," said the cheerful old gentleman. "I cultivate happiness and health at the same time; indeed, I find them to be the same thing. The only stimulant I allow myself in the day—the only thing that rises a little above the level—is the dinner hour. I permit myself that, and find no harm in it. Now when I was your age I did as most young fellows did at that time; that is to say, without being a drunkard, I drank too much. A brandy and soda in the morning, a pint of claret at lunch, perhaps a glass of Madeira in the afternoon, then the usual wine at dinner. What was the result? There was no novelty in it. There was no pleasant stimulus. The system was too familiar with these repeated excitements. And so nowadays I drink nothing but tea or soda-water up till dinner-time, and then I have my pint of champagne; and my whole system enjoys this unwonted stimulus, and perhaps I may even grow talkative, eh?"

"But about the sound sleep—you have not told me how you secure that," said Fitzgerald. So long as this old gentleman would talk, he was glad to listen.

"I will tell you; I should like to proclaim it from the house-tops," said the other, seriously. "It is by having an occupation for all idle hours; an occupation sufficient to fix your attention, so that you can pass a rainy morning without fretting; an occupation sufficient to distract your mind in the evening—I mean the last hour or so before going to bed—and yet leave no puzzling questions behind to disturb you. Now my occupation is to read carefully and strictly through from one end to the other the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Not one of the new editions, which might have modern speculation in it, but the edition of 1812, in forty half-volumes. I am quite sufficiently interested for the moment in Abergavenny, in Abruzzo, in Abyssinia, or Aquilaus, but yet not so eagerly as to interfere with my sleep; and when I have got away through to the end of the twenty-fourth volume, I can begin again with my memory free from a single fact. But this I allow myself, I must tell you: I allow myself the use of a number of small hieroglyphics that I put in as I go on; and when I come to one of them again, I say to myself, 'Why, the last time I read this I was in Mrs. Scott's inn at Boscastle, and what a storm was blowing!' or perhaps another tells me that when I read this paragraph I was at Ben Rhydding, just come back from a stroll across the moors; or perhaps at the Bell Inn at Henley,

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when all the confusion of the boat races was about—"

"You seem to spend a good part of your life in hotels," suggested Fitzgerald.

"All of it—the whole of it, my young friend," was the prompt reply. "Why should I have the trouble of keeping a house? I have that done for me by those who have had most experience of it of any people in the country. Where should I have peace and quiet if I were worrying about servants and smoky chimneys? Why should I bother about cooking? If I do not like the cooking, or the bedrooms, or the direction of the wind, I go away elsewhere. I could not do that if I were tied to one house, and hampered with my own servants. I agree with Shenstone. I know where to find a warm welcome. I can fit my habitation to the season of the year. At one time I am in the Isle of Wight; at another, in the West Highlands. I may say that England, Scotland, and Ireland form my house; and I have a noble staff of servants—in numbers, at all events—who please me tolerably well. And you—at your time of life one does not travel for pleasure. May I be so impertinent as to ask what your business or profession may be?"

"I don't know that I have any just at the present moment," said Fitzgerald, absently. "I have been thinking of going to America."

"Ah," said his neighbor, regarding him with curiosity. "You know the saying; 'America is here or nowhere.'"

"That is from *Wilhelm Meister*," said Fitzgerald (it was a wonder to himself how glad he was to talk to this old gentleman, in however mechanical a fashion: the journey had been a lonesome one). "And I never could understand *Wilhelm Meister*. But I suppose, as it is an epigram, it must be clever. What I know is that here the government won't give you one hundred and sixty acres of freehold land for five shillings an acre."

"You mean to farm, then? Pardon me, but—but I should not have thought that would be congenial occupation. You spoke of Wilhelm Meister," said the old gentleman, in his precise and courteous way. "What do you think of Werther, then? He was a great favorite among the young people when I was a youth."

"I like him still less," was Fitzgerald's frank reply (though his eyes sometimes wandered away, as though he were looking at other and distant things). "I don't like hot-house sentiment. I don't think a man could go on loving a woman whose eyes were quite cold and indifferent toward him—concerned about bread and butter, in fact. If she had once loved him, even before her marriage, that would have been different. I can understand a man going on through his life constant to his love for a woman who has once loved him, and whom he has lost. I mean," he added, hastily, "by death. I mean one who has been taken away from him by death, and whose memory is a life-long treasure. I don't pity him; I think he is lucky."

"What!" said the old gentleman; "lucky to have lost his sweetheart?"

"Yes, before he found her out," said Fitzgerald, quite simply, and even absently. "Then nothing can upset his idol. She is always beautiful to him, and true; he can have no suspicion of her; and when she has been always good and true and believable, he thinks other women may be. That is something. That is, when she dies in time—before she has degraded herself, before she has shown him what lies women's eyes can tell—"

"I say, my young friend, that is a very extraordinary theory for one of your age to hold," said his neighbor, staring at him.

The blood rushed to Fitzgerald's forehead; he had been talking almost to himself.

"Oh," said he, hastily, "there is something in what you say about America. Of course one would want a certain amount of capital. But the land along the Platte Valley is excellent; and I fancy that these pre-emption grants are free from taxation—"

"But have you any practical experience in farming, may I ask?" said his neighbor.

Now Fitzgerald was so glad to get away from that other topic on which he had haplessly stumbled that he began and gave this old gentleman a very fair notion of the state of his affairs—of his struggles to obtain a place in the London literary world, and so forth. He named no names except the names of newspapers.

"It is to me a very interesting story, for a reason I will tell you presently," said his companion. "May I ask if you chanced to meet Mr. Noel?"

Mr. Noel was the editor of a great daily newspaper in London, and his name was pretty well known.

"No, I never did," said Fitzgerald.

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"Perhaps you did not apply to him?"

"No; I had no means of introducing myself, even if I had thought—"

"Ah. Well, you see, it happens that I am one of the proprietors of the ——, and I should be delighted to give you a note of introduction to Mr. Noel."

Of course Fitzgerald expressed his gratitude for this friendly offer, but rather avoided accepting it. He had learned one or two of the lessons of life. His imagination was not so sanguine now. The time was over when a chance conversation in an Irish inn could suddenly reveal to him a roseate path to fame and fortune. And, besides, what would be the use of an introduction? Supposing he were to be allowed to write for that great newspaper, what then? For whom? Toward what end? Who was to care? He had what money he wanted; the struggle was over; he had no ambition to make his voice heard amid the discordant roar of London, even if it could reach all the way from the solitudes of Boat of Garry.

Nevertheless, he felt very grateful to this old gentleman for the distraction his conversation had afforded during dinner, for it was with a renewed and agitated fear that he passed quickly by the small table in the hall where the visitors' book lay. For one brief second he paused, half determined to brave the discovery, and free his mind from this lurking and intolerable dread; and then again he turned, mastering his vacillation, and resolved to give way to no such weakness. Of what concern was it to him? Let the dead past bury its dead. He had put that black cloud behind him. His business was the present. And here, on this lovely summer evening, amid the quiet beauties of Glengariff, was there not enough to occupy his attention? He would do as these others were doing; only he rather wanted to get away from them, and be alone.

He got a boat, told the boatman he might go where he pleased, and was glad to be away from the shore, and in silence. Was it because the silence was so intense that now and again some air of an old familiar song seemed to come floating across the abyss of time, speaking of other nights and other scenes that his heart remembered? This was not Inisheen; this was Glengariff. Look at the beautiful still bay, at the wooded islands, at the solemn hills. Far up in the northwestern heavens there is still a yellow glow of twilight; here along the shore everything is pale and cold and clear. In under the islands the water is of a glassy blackness; but the ripples catch the glow from the sky, and the black is barred with a faint gold. A heavy splash out there tells that a salmon has leaped; the young herons high up in the trees croak as they are being given their evening meal; in by the rocks, under the bushes, the gray wet back of an otter comes up again and again silently to the surface until he finally disappears. Then they turn seaward (a white ghost of a heron rises from a creek, and shows itself for a second or two crossing the shadows), and make away down by a Martello tower; the night deepening in silence; a faint gray mist gathering along the lower hills; the twilight still strong enough to show, far away, the large mainsail of a yacht lying at her moorings—a phantom thing on the dark expanse of sea. And then slowly home again, over the clear shallows; and as one nears the landing-place a slight stirring of wind brings a scent of roses—from the hedge there. It is a gracious evening. The stars come out one by one; the silver sickle of the moon has arisen in the south; there is just enough of ripple along the shores to make a soft and continuous murmur. And the roses make sweet the night air.

But what was this that went through his heart like fire? He was standing by the rose hedge, alone—for nearly all the people had gone in-doors—dreamily listening to the low murmur of the water. But this other sound? There were two people coming along the road, and but vaguely seen in the gathering darkness, and they were quietly singing together one of Mendelssohn's duets. Did he not know it?—the pain and the sweetness and the longing of it! And then, somehow, a bewilderment seized him: surely if he were to hasten away at this moment—if he were to hasten away to Cork, and ascend the hill, and enter the small house there, he would find that all this black nightmare of the past few weeks had been a ghastly dream. It could not be that Kitty was a traitor; that she had gone away from him—Kitty whose eyes had looked into his, who had pledged her life and her love to him in the glen at Inisheen, who had trembled in his arms, and sobbed, and kissed him as she bade him good-by at the shore. He would escape from this frightful thing; he would go to Kitty herself. And the

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next second a sudden strange transformation takes place: he is in a vision; Glengariff has disappeared; he is at Cork; this is Audley Place! Look! he opens the small iron gate, and goes up the pathway, and rings the bell. The sound of the piano within ceases; it is Kitty's footstep that is in the lobby. "Well, sir, have you come for your singing lesson?" "I have come for a great many lessons, Kitty." They go hand in hand into the warm little room. Miss Patience is absent; the piano is open. "Which one?" says Kitty. "'O wert thou in the cauld blast?' No; you can manage that pretty well. Some day, when literature gives out, we may have to sing that together in a concert-room; and then you'll see whether anybody else can give you a lead with the accompaniment as well as I can. No; we'll try 'O would that my love were whispered.' Now let my hair alone, and attend to your business; and please don't bawl as if you were at Limerick races, but sing as if you were singing to me—at night—and just us two in the whole world—"

[Surely, if these two people—no doubt young people fond enough of each other—who were at this moment coming along the road to the Glengariff Hotel, could have known what agony they were inflicting on one who wished not to listen but who could not refuse to listen, surely they would have ceased their careless humming of the old familiar air.]

He is standing by Kitty's side. She strikes the first notes of the music; and he loses his voice in hers, so anxious is he to hear her:

"O would that my love were whispered
To thee in a single sigh;
Or murmuring in sweetest music,
On swift zephyr's wing could fly—
On zephyr's wing—"

The music stops.

"Dear me," she says, "what are you doing? What business have you with that? Don't you see that's mine? I believe you are singing by ear, and not looking at the words at all—"

"They are not worth much when you do look at them, are they, Kitty?" he says.

"That is not my business, nor yours," she answers, with the asperity of a music-mistress. "We have got to sing the duet; you can criticise the poetry afterward. Now you come in at the proper place—and leave my hair alone, will you? Miss Patience asked me if I had combed it with a furze-bush the other night. Now—"

And so they finish that verse, and get through the next very fairly. But presently, when they come to

"And even in the depths of thy slumber,
When night spreads her shadowy beams,"

Kitty finds herself singing alone. She ceases, and turns round and lifts up her soft pretty black eyes in astonishment and affected anger.

"Well? What is it now? Why have you stopped?"

"It is so much nicer to hear you singing alone, Kitty; I don't want to spoil it."

"Am I to sing a duet by myself?"

"I don't care what it is, so long as you sing it."

"I thought you might have had enough of my singing by this time."

"Perhaps you will be thinking that I have had enough of you?"

"That's what you will be saying some day, at all events," she answers, saucily. "And soon enough. Oh, I know what men are. Sighing their lives out over a little bit of your hair; and then you marry them, and before you know where you are they wouldn't walk the length of a draper's shop to buy a pair of gloves for you."

"But you have not been married so very many times, Kitty?"

"Don't be absurd. I speak from observation. And I know you'll be just like the rest. But never mind; it's very nice in the mean time; and you're looking such a bonny boy to-night; and—and, in fact, I'm going to be very kind to you, as I always am, and make you miserable; and if his highness will condescend to fetch me that book over there, his humble attendant will sing anything he chooses—"

He places his hand on her shoulder.

"And do you really think, Kitty, that we may grow indifferent to each other?"

"Don't tease; but bring the book."

"I want you to look at me and say so. I know what you mean when I see your eyes."

She keeps down her head.

"For I have heard strange things since I went to London; but about women only. I have heard it said that a woman's eyes are always wandering; that if you look down a table d'hôte you will soon find that out; that it is not safe to leave a woman by herself who has a loving heart;

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that she is likely, in your absence, to become gently interested in somebody else—"

She removes his hand from her shoulder with a quick gesture.

"It isn't true, Kitty?" he says, with gentleness.

"I know the man you mean—and I hate him!" she answers, fiercely.

"It isn't true, then, that women are like that?"

And then—ah! the thought of it!—she leaps to her feet, and seizes his arms, and there is a proud indignation in the white, upturned, quivering face; and there is something like tears in the black soft eyes, and the pretty lips are tremulous.

"Read my eyes, read my heart and my soul, and say if you can think such a thing of me!"

And then— But this dream of what was by-gone was like madness to the brain; he could no longer think of it; and happily these two people had passed into the house, and he was once more alone with the silence of the night.

But even here he could find no rest; the darkness was too full of pictures. He passed into the warm light of the hotel, and in the hall met the old gentleman who had talked with him at dinner, and who was now chatting with the landlady.

"Ah, here you are, I see; I have been wondering where you had got to. Here is the letter to Mr. Noel."

"Oh, I am very much obliged to you."

"You will find him a most excellent fellow; and it is not often I try his good-nature in this way."

"I think you are doing too much for a stranger," said Fitzgerald, frankly. "I know something of newspaper offices. I know editors are not fond of letters of introduction. Supposing that I were to begin and pester the life out of this poor man?"

"Oh, I am not afraid," said the old gentleman, good-naturedly. "Something in your conversation at dinner showed me you had an old head on young shoulders. You will see," he added, speaking in a lower voice, and, in fact, in a somewhat mysterious manner, "that I have written to Mr. Noel merely as a friend. There are a number of proprietors, you understand, and as our interests might be diverse, we have agreed never to intermeddle with the conduct of the paper, except on such large points as the board may be summoned to consider."

"I hope," said Fitzgerald, pleasantly, "that the declaration of dividends is one of these large points."

"Marvellous!" said the other, putting a finger on his companion's arm to emphasize his tragic whisper. "Marvellous. Not a word to a human soul; but last half-year the manager announced to us a dividend of eighty-five per cent. on the original capital! Think of that! Now of course we don't want to intermeddle with a concern that is paying like that; and this note does not recommend you as a writer to Mr. Noel, but merely tells him that I had the pleasure of meeting you at the table d'hôte here, that you knew something of literary affairs, and asking to be allowed to introduce you. That is all. You understand?"

"Oh, perfectly. I am very much obliged to you."

"Although I am a pretty withered old stick myself," said the old gentleman, facetiously, "I believe in the infusion of new blood; so does our manager—a most shrewd and excellent man. 'New blood,' I say to him: 'When you can get it,' says he. Now I am off to my final hour at the *Encyclopædia*. Where was I? Oh yes, at 'London': the account of the great fire; very interesting, I assure you. But," he added, with impressiveness, "*not too interesting*. I shall not sleep any the less soundly to-night because I have been reading about the baker's shop in Pudding Lane."

"Good-night to you, then," said Fitzgerald.

"But not yet, if you are coming into the drawing-room. Of course you are; there are some charming young ladies there. I have my volume there, too; their chatting or singing does not interrupt me; on the contrary, is it not a pleasant variety to look up from Ancient Thebes or the wars of Alexander and see a nicely rounded cheek and pretty eyelids bent over a book? I always keep my volume there, though once or twice the wicked young creatures have hidden it out of mischief."

So he went off and into the warm, bright little drawing-room, and Fitzgerald was left in the hall. He had a reason for lingering, which he dared scarcely confess to himself.

"You have a good many people here," he said, cheerfully, to the landlady, or manageress, "for this time of the year."

"Oh, yes, sir. It is rather a favorite

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time. Many people like to go through and see Killarney while the hawthorn is still out."

He was turning over the visitors' book, his face and manner careless, his heart throbbing with a nameless dread.

"Is Boat of Garry a pretty place?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir; I believe so, sir; I have never been there myself."

He did not hear that answer. He had come to three names, two of them bracketed together, all written in the same hand:

Miss Romayne . . .	Cork.
Miss Patience . . .	
E. L. Cobbs	Liverpool.

He shut the book quickly, without looking round; he dared not show the landlady his ghastly face. He took refuge in the drawing-room, concealing himself in a corner, with his hands clinched on the newspaper he held up before him: the letters he saw before him seemed to be printed in blood. And then there was a kind of suffocation in the air of the place; was not the night hot? Some people were laughing; it was a strange sound. A chord was struck on the piano, and there was silence. Two voices were heard—two girls' voices—one soprano, the other contralto—and what must they sing but "O wert thou in the cauld blast"? His clinched hands were trembling; the agony was too great. But he managed to read on—such reading!—such blind, wild fixing the eyes on words that had no meaning—until the musical piece was finished; and then he slunk out, his face averted, from the room, and found safety and coolness and time to think in his small apartment upstairs.

But even here, as he sat down, strange fancies that he strove to banish came into his head. Why did he look so intently at the window-sill, at the dressing-table, at the mirror? The mirror can reflect many faces, but no trace remains. This bedroom must have been breathed in by many a visitor; but here was the sweet fresh air of the night blowing in at the open window. What idle fancies were these! The room was but as another room. He got a book, held it up against the light, and began to read.

He read nothing. The window was still open, the soft night air blowing in, and yet the room seemed to choke him. And then all at once he seemed to know that Kitty had occupied this room. She had kissed her lover out there in the passage; she had come in here to be alone with her perjured heart; she had looked in the mirror to see whether her eyes had been lying as bewitchingly as was their wont. These were the eyes with which she had sought him out when, breathless and smiling, she had come down to the Cork station to see him away—glad, no doubt, that he was going, and knowing that he would trouble her no more. She had taken back her love, her pledged love, from him; but she could give him a basket, and salad cut with her own hands. Was she not kind? Was she not generous? Had she not a woman's thoughtfulness and pretty consideration and affectionate ways? He could see her smiling, and kissing her hand to him, and waving her handkerchief, as the train slowly left the station; she was thankful, no doubt, she had escaped; she had got through the hypocrisy; her eyes had met his, but he had not read down deep enough, nor seen the treachery of her heart.

The air of this room seemed contaminated; he could not remain in it. Was it on that window-sill there that she had leaned her arms, on the still morning, and looked out? Oh, her eyes were pretty enough: any one passing along the road and noticing her would say that was a charming enough face. Any kisses to sell this morning, fair young lady?—it seems these things are bought nowadays. Is the price high? Must one hail from Manchester, or Liverpool, or some such commercial place, before one can become a purchaser? Hearts, too: do they find quick buyers, seeing they are so easily transferable? Bah!—she is no woman fit for a man's love—throw her out to the dogs, the smirking Jezebel!

He puts down his book; he has not been reading much.

Why this contempt, then? Why this scorn of poor Kitty, who (when she was at Inisheen at least) did her best to be loving? Poor little Kitty! the small, trembling, overfond heart mistook its strength. No doubt she wished to be steadfast and true. Perhaps she tried for a time. But she was a creature of the sunshine; the warm little heart went dancing and fluttering on; what was it to her that behind her lay a man's broken life?

No, he could not remain in this room: the objects in it were horrible; the air

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stifled him. He went down-stairs again, got hold of somebody, to whom he made the excuse of sleeplessness, and so had the door opened, and went out wandering into the darkness.

And now a breeze had sprung up in the south, and all the night was awake. The wind murmured and trembled through the dark branches of the trees: there was a sound along the shore; and the sad mother earth was listening to the wail of her daughter the sea. Only far away in the stars—those calm and shining and benignant orbs—did there seem to be peace, if only one could reach them through the gateway of the grave.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALONE.

NEXT morning the little old gentleman with the dried-up face and the brown wig was standing in the veranda outside the hotel when the Boat of Garry carriage—a large open landau, with a pair of smart-looking grays—drove up to the door, and Fitzgerald came out. Master Willie, who had been taught by John Ross to observe the expressions of the human face as closely as the colors of palings and Chelsea cabbage gardens, instantly perceived that his friend and patron of the preceding evening was surprised—more than that, that he seemed to have some misgiving.

"This isn't newspaper work I am engaged on at present," said the younger man, promptly, as his luggage was being handed up to the coachman on the box. "I am going as a sort of land-agent or surveyor, to see whether a house and a shooting down here are all right, before they are offered to a tenant."

"Oh, I see," the old gentleman remarked, as he scanned the turn-out. "He won't find fault with the carriage, at all events. A landau is the proper sort of carriage for this changeable sort of climate; but heavy, eh, on the hilly roads? They seem a strong pair of beasts, though."

"Good-by," said Fitzgerald, as he shook hands with him. "If ever I have the courage to try the newspapers again, I may make use of the note of introduction you were kind enough to give me."

"It will be an easier experiment than going out to Nebraska for your one hundred and sixty acres of land, eh? Don't you think so?"

Then Fitzgerald got into the landau; and when the near horse (whose name he afterward discovered to be Wellington) had reared and pranced on the ground for a bit, off went both of them like a bolt from a bow, apparently well accustomed to the weight of this spacious carriage. The morning was fine, though there was a strange luminous opacity in the air—a sort of thin sea-fog suffused with sunlight—that hung over the woods and hills like a tender bridal veil. The air was soft to the cheeks; the warm wind was from the south. If this were to be banishment, it was banishment to a very beautiful and gracious part of the world.

And indeed, as Fitzgerald lay back in the soft, blue-cushioned carriage, he had an uneasy sense that the whole performance was very much like setting a beggar on horseback. He regarded the two white buttons on the brown coat of the coachman, and wondered whether he could not induce the human being within that garment to be a little more companionable, and less elaborately respectful. So he hit on the device of adding a trifle to his Irish accent; and he perceived that, by slow degrees, the coachman, who was a good-looking man of about thirty, permitted a more friendly look to come into his eyes when answering questions. At last Fitzgerald said to him,

"What is your name, now?"

"Murtough Dunne, sorr."

"But what do they generally call you?"

"Murtough, sorr."

"Very well, then, Murtough, you stop the horses for a minute, and I'll get out and come up on the box, for I want you to tell me about the country."

"As ye plase, sorr."

So Fitzgerald got up on the box; but he knew better than to begin on the subject of topography. He praised the look of the grays. Wellington, he discovered, was the showier of the two, and always made a little fuss about starting; but Dan was the one for real hard work. Dan had taken the dog-cart sixty miles in one day, over bad country, and was as fresh as paint after it. Dan was his honor's favorite. But indeed—as appeared from hints continually cropping up in this desultory talk about horses, and carriages, and hay, and shooting parties, and what not—his honor, that is to say, the late owner of the place, seemed to have had a great many favorites, both among the hu-

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man beings and the animals around him, and to have left behind him a reputation for constant kindness and consideration. He was quick-tempered, it appeared, but his wrath was over with a word, and there was nothing the people round about would not do to serve him and to please him.

"That made it easy for the keeper, then?" said Fitzgerald. "No trampling of nests in the spring, no chasing of leverets by the dogs?"

"True for you, sorr," said the coachman. "There was John O'Leary, up at the Knockgarvan farm, and he had a dog—sure, sorr, there never was such a rascal for hunting and worrying and shtaling both bird and baste. What does he do but bring down the dog, wid a string round his neck, and ties him up in the yard, and laves word for his honor to shoot him or drown him as he plased. 'Bedad,' says Micky—"

"But who is Micky?"

"Sure the keeper, sorr. 'Bedad,' says he, 'his honor will do neither the one nor the other whin he comes home; and wid your lave I'll get rid of the baste mysilf.'"

"And I suppose the gentleman up at Knockgarvan expected a little compensation?" Fitzgerald said, suspiciously.

Murtough grinned, and said nothing.

"How much was it?"

"I tink it was tree pounds, sorr, his honor gave him, and the cur not worth the sound of a sixpence!"

In this way Fitzgerald managed to obtain a large amount of information about Boat of Garry and its neighborhood, and the long drive through occasional woods, or along high and stony hill roads (with always the far Atlantic in the south), was rendered cheerful enough. He made it a matter of business to obtain these particulars. He had undertaken a commission, as it were. And he tried hard to devote his whole time and thinking to this duty, so that amongst inquiries about the price of oats, and the probable introduction of hay-drying machines, and the different kinds of nails for horseshoes, and so forth, other and less immediate things might be definitely shut out and forgotten. Was not this a new and strange experience for him—to be installed as master of a house that he had never seen? How would he get on with the other people about? This man seemed civil and honest, and was now rather more friendly, while always preserving a careful respect. And he could report that he at least had not been neglectful of his duties: the horses seemed in excellent condition; the metal of the harness was brilliantly polished; the carriage throughout was as spick and span as it could be—much more so than is at all common with carriages in remote parts of the country where they get rough and constant usage.

By-and-by, however, the sunlight seemed to withdraw itself from the thin mist; it grew darker a little; then the moisture in the air was felt in points; at last a fine rain began to fall.

"Will your honor be for going inside now?" Murtough asked.

"Oh no," was the answer. "But I will hold the reins while you close the carriage. I know the south of Ireland. Besides, I have a water-proof."

And very soon he had to put on that water-proof; for the soft small rain now fell steadily, and the outlines of the hills and the reaches of the lake were blurred over or altogether invisible, and the skies were growing dark. Murtough had a water-proof also, but he did not seem to think this rain sufficient to injure his livery. So the pair of grays trotted on monotonously, or splashed through puddles; and the rain fell more slightly or more closely as the clouds came drifting over from the hills; and all the time Fitzgerald was interesting himself in particulars about the Boat of Garry household, or asking the name of this or that feature in the ever-changing and widening and dripping landscape.

At length there was a sharp dip down from the high-road, and they passed through an avenue of trees. Here the landau dragged heavily through the mud, and there was a pattering of big raindrops from the branches. Then they swung into the open again, passed through an open iron gate, drove briskly along a pathway of wet gravel, and drew up at the door of the house of which Fitzgerald was to be the temporary master.

It was a plain, square, two-storied building, with an unpretentious porch of wood and glass. The shrubbery around and the bit of lawn looked trim and well cared for; there was no sign of neglect about the place. And when, leaving his dripping water-proof in the porch, he walked into the hall, and then into the dining-room (where there was a fire, despite the fact that the weather had been unusually

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warm, even for the first week in June), everything around seemed neat and clean and well looked after. There was not the slightest air of neglect about the place; on the contrary, one would have expected a trim house-mistress to make her appearance to welcome the visitor. There were preparations for luncheon on the table. There was a pair of slippers on the fender. Beside the easy-chair at the corner of the fire-place stood a smaller table, on which some books and old magazines were methodically arranged.

"I beg your pardon, sir," some one said at the door.

The voice sent the blood to his heart—it was so like another voice that he now regarded as being beyond the grave. He turned quickly. But this person was merely a quiet-looking, rather pretty young woman of about six or eight and twenty, whose black hair and blue eyes made him conclude she was Irish. But then he recollected. Was not this the English maid whose fellow-servants, according to Mrs. Chetwynd, had considered to have made such a frightful *mésalliance* in marrying the good-natured Irish coachman?

"I beg your pardon, sir," said she, in very pretty English. "I was having your things taken upstairs. Would you please to have luncheon now?"

"Oh yes," he said, "any time. I am in no hurry."

"I hope you will find everything to your satisfaction, sir—"

"Oh, I am sure of that. I am not particular."

"If you would be so kind as to tell me anything you would like different, we could get it. We have had two letters from Mrs. Chetwynd, sir, and Mr. McGee has been here several times. I hope you will be comfortable, sir."

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt. You are Mrs.—Mrs. Dunne, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. My husband said this morning he thought it would rain; and so I had the fire lit, sir, in case you might have some things damp."

"Oh, thank you, but I don't think there will be any need to keep up the fire in this warm weather."

"Thank you, sir," said she, and withdrew.

He went to the window. It was a pretty place despite the wet. It was so quiet and still that you could not well tell whether the continuous *sh—sh—sh* outside was the falling of rain or the murmur of the brooklet that splashed along unseen behind the bushes at the foot of the lawn. The rain, too, had made everything look even more richly green than it normally is at this time of the year, from the luxuriant rhododendrons, whose glossy star-like leaves were all shining wet, to the belt of trees, maple and chestnut and ash, that made a circle round the place. But through these trees there were spacious openings, and through some you looked in one direction over broad meadows and one or two patches of wood, while in another direction a broad pale silver streak between the foliage showed where the shallow waters of a creek came up from Bantry Bay. And always in this loneliness was the murmur of the rain, rising a little as the wind stirred in the branches, and then again subsiding into a sort of semi-silence, in which one could hear the sharp twittering of birds or the lowing of kine at some distant farm.

Again there was a knock at the door, and he started. He wished this woman's voice had not that peculiar tone in it. He wished she had the croak of a raven. Was it not enough that this soft veil of rain was but as a screen that seemed to hide behind it the fancies and visions and pictures of other days? That is the saddest thing about rain; it makes the landscape look far away; it invites the imagination; the world looks vague—just as the ghost of a woman's face may look, if you think of it through tears.

"Come in," said he, sharply.

It was Mrs. Dunne; and there was an older woman visible, bringing some things to a table in the hall. He turned to the window again.

Presently that pretty, startling voice said,

"Luncheon is served, sir."

"Thank you," said he, thinking she would go.

She remained, however, standing behind the empty chair. He went and took his seat.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but will you have champagne or claret? I have not opened the bottle yet. Mr. Frank had sometimes the one and sometimes the other."

At this Fitzgerald flushed like a schoolboy. How could he explain to her that he was not Mr. Frank; that he was much

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more of a fellow-servant with herself? It was clear that these instructions from Mrs. Chetwynd and from Mr. McGee were putting him into an altogether false position.

"But I am not at all used to such luxury, Mrs. Dunne," said he, good-naturedly. "Is there any beer in the house?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I will fetch some. And they call me Kate, sir."

When she returned with the ale, and put it on the table, he said (without looking up),

"Thank you, Mrs.—Mrs. Dunne; that is, if you don't mind—if it is the same to you—to have that name, from a stranger, you know. And I would not trouble you to wait. I am sure there is everything here. If I want anything, I will ring."

"Thank you, sir," said she, with the same pretty politeness, and then she stirred the fire, and left the room.

As he sat, moodily and dreamily, at this far too copious banquet, it seemed to him—or perhaps it was only a bit of sarcastic phantasy that he played with—that women were by nature really kind and thoughtful and considerate so long as you had nothing to do with their affections, when they were as the tigers that slay. Think of Mrs. Chetwynd's solicitude about his welfare, her repeated injunctions, the proofs being visible on the table here at this ordinary mid-day meal. He, as well as any, and better than most, knew with what trouble and even difficulty many of these things must have been procured at a remote country house in the south of Ireland. Think of the anxious kindness of this poor creature, who would have him consider himself quite as much at home as Mr. Frank. Kitty, even when her heart had gone away from him, when her eyes were smiling only to deceive him and get rid of him, she must needs rob herself of half her night's rest for the purposes of cooking, and come rushing and panting to the station with the salad that her own hands had dressed. That was the mission of woman, then? There they found themselves at home, were natural and trustworthy? There they were truest to themselves? It was an odd theory; but he left the food before him almost untouched, and went to the easy-chair and lit a pipe, but soon dropped that on the floor and went fast asleep, for he had not closed his eyes the whole of the previous night.

He was awakened by Kitty's voice (as he thought in his dreams), and he sprang to his feet, with his face white.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said the English maid-servant, about to withdraw.

"No, no; what is it, Mrs. Dunne? Do you want to take away the things?"

"It is only Micky, the keeper, sir, who would like to see you, sir. But any time will be convenient—"

"Where is he?"

"In the kitchen, sir."

"Tell him to come along now, and we will go and have a look at the kennel."

"Very well, sir."

Micky, or Mick, as he was generally called, proved to be a smart-looking, clean-built young fellow of about two-and-twenty, with reddish-yellow hair, ruddy brown eyes, and a face that could express more than his tongue. For he had come from one of the westernmost districts in Kerry, and his English was somewhat scant. Fitzgerald, on the other hand, had almost forgotten what little Irish he ever knew; so that the conversation that now ensued in the hall, about cartridges, and the cleaning of guns, and what not, was conducted with a good deal of guessing on both sides. However, Mick showed himself shrewd enough; he quite understood Fitzgerald's monitions about the importance of keeping on good terms with the farmers and shepherds around; and when, in the little gun-room, they turned over the various drawers and cases and so forth—sad enough relics these were of the dead man—it was very clear that he had done his best to master his trade. The guns had been beautifully cleaned, and carefully oiled and put away. Such cartridges as were there were well made. Not only that, but some sea-birds stuck up along the wall were of Mick's own stuffing; and they were very fairly done, considering the difficulty of the performance. Master Willie had found a companion just to his mind.

"The loicense, sir?" said Mick, as if his clear brown eyes conveyed all the rest of the question.

"Yes, what?"

"'Twas Misther McGee was axing would it be a gun loicense or a kaper's loicense he was to be getting for me."

"What had you before?"

"Sure I had the kaper's loicense; but Misther McGee was saying mebbe you'd be shooting all the toime yourself, sir, and what would I be after wanting the game loicense for?"

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"What did you use it for before?"

But this took Mick some time to explain; the fact being that "his honor," as every one except the English maid-servant called young Chetwynd, had been away frequently during the shooting season, and on that account the keeper had had a license to kill game, so that an occasional hamper could be sent to London. Fitzgerald said he would have to settle that matter afterward; and together they set out for the kennel through the silent thin wet that seemed to hang in the atmosphere like a vapor.

He spent about an hour in the kennel and stable, and then returned to the solitary room, and got a book, and sat down to read in the melancholy silence of the rain. But he was restless. The type before him got into a fashion of fading away, and pictures formed themselves in its stead. This would not do.

He threw down the book, and went out and put on his shooting-boots and leggings and water-proof. Then he got out the fishing-rod he had brought with him, and jointed it together on the lawn. Then he got his fly-book, and chose indifferently the first cast that came to hand, which he twisted round his hat. Thus equipped, he set forth through the shrubbery, and made his way to the side of the small but rapid stream that came down from the hills through the valley to the salt-water of the bay.

He had not staid to ask what chances of sport there were. But the throwing of a fly would be sufficient occupation, he thought; one could not stay in-doors the whole afternoon; besides, there would be practice—in case he might happen on some better fishing elsewhere.

So he made his way through the rank tall grass and herbage (the best shooting-boots in the world could not keep out the wet) until he reached the side of the stream, and there he put on the cast, and with a short line threw the flies on the swirling water. It very soon appeared that if he only wanted to exercise his skill he would have ample opportunities, for the streamlet was narrow, long weeds grew down to the very edge, the water was rapid, and in the first three casts he got twice caught up. But when he had chosen his position better, and was a little more careful, he soon found himself catching fish; that is to say, small brown trout of about four to the pound. It amused him, and did no harm to them; nay, perhaps it was a benefit to them, for when they were flung in again they had learned a lesson in life, and would be more cautious in the future. And to him there was a certain variety in the occupation besides merely trying to dodge the tall weeds. To get at some of the pools and reaches of this sharply curving river he had to cross necks of land that were obviously covered at very high tides with the sea-water, and as these contained a considerable number of deep peaty-looking holes partially concealed by the long grass, there was a possibility of his finding himself any moment up to the neck in mud. So he kept on, on this sad, dull day, with the soft rain continuously falling, discovering new pools, hanging up on weeds, landing small fish, and leisurely throwing them back again, until—

Yes, until there was a sound that made his heart jump—the shrill whir-r-r-r of the reel! Up went the top of the rod, out went the butt, in a moment! Then he saw his opportunity. He floundered down through the bushes, and got into one of the shallow reaches of the river, where the water was not up to his knees; here he could deal with his enemy face to face. The fish had at first banged away down stream, but was now sulking under a bank; so he cautiously waded and waded, winding in his line the while, and keeping as heavy a strain on as he dared. If this was a grilse or sea-trout making its first experiment into fresh-water, he knew very well that it was as likely as not to resent this treatment, and make a bolt back for the sea. And now there came between him and his prey a bend of the river where the banks came close together, and he was afraid it was too deep for him to wade. The fearful uncertainty of that moment! Look at the danger of getting on either bank—scrambling up among the tall weeds—if the fish should just choose that precious point of time—

Suddenly there was a slackening of the line, and for a wild second he saw a blue and white thing flashing in the air, and splashing down again on the water. He dipped his rod. Quickly and sharply raising it, he felt no harm had been done. But now the line was appreciably slackening again, and as he rapidly wound it in, he found that the fish was heading up stream, and must be approaching him. This was a serious situation. At last the

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"THERE WAS A SLACKENING OF THE LINE, AND HE SAW A BLUE AND WHITE THING FLASHING IN THE AIR."

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rod was nearly vertical, though he was winding as hard as he could to get the strain on again, and he was anxiously looking at the point. Just at the instant of his greatest endeavor he joyfully felt the strain returning—nay, he had to release his grip of the handle of the reel; he merely kept his forefinger on the line, ready for any emergency—and then with another great whir-r-r-r away went the fish again, round a turn in the bank; and the next thing he knew was that his rod was quite limp and vertical in his hand, with the line, minus the cast, flying high and idly in the air.

So far from disheartening him, however, this put a new aspect on affairs altogether; and he thought that the best thing he could do before risking any further and similar losses was to go straight away home, and sit down, and thoroughly overhaul his fly-book, and see that his casting-lines were in good condition. This, when he had changed his wet clothes, he proceeded to do; and the table in the dining-room was pretty well covered with fishing material when the English maid-servant entered.

"When would you like to have dinner, sir?" said the young woman.

"I do not care. It appears to me I have dined already, Mrs. Dunne."

"Mr. Frank used to dine at seven, sir."

"Very well, seven, if you like. But please don't take so much trouble as about luncheon; I am used to very simple fare."

"I am sorry we can't get any game at this time of the year, sir."

"Well, I know that."

She lingered and hesitated for a second or two.

"I wish, sir—I beg your pardon, sir—but would you be so kind as to speak to Micky?"

"What is it now?" said he, looking up for the first time—for he had been busy with his flies.

"The Fenians, sir. Some of them have been down here, and they are frightening the poor boy. He does not want to join them; but they have been threatening him—yes, and threatening the house, sir—if he does not join them."

"Send him to me, Mrs. Dunne. I know the fellows."

Presently Mick appeared at the door of the dining-room, anxious-eyed.

"Are there any Fenians about here, Micky?" said he, pulling at a casting-line. Kate Dunne was listening the while, though she pretended she was getting out the dinner things from the sideboard.

"N—no, sir."

"I'm glad of that," said Fitzgerald. "I come from the Blackwater, and we know how to deal with them there. If any of the idle blackguards—I say if any of the idle bligards," he repeated, looking up, and speaking with more significance, "should come bothering about here, and trying to get decent young fellows into trouble—getting them to drink whiskey and march about at night—you come and tell me. While I am here I won't have any strangers come prowling about—do you understand, Micky? Wasn't it you made up the No. 4 cartridges?"

"Sure it was, your honor."

"Well, now, it's one or two of the No. 4 cartridges that I keep in my pocket at this time of the year, just for anything that may turn up; and I generally have a gun handy, especially at night. Now d'ye see now, if I catch any idle vagabond interfering about the place, and threatening anybody, or talking about his marching and his countermarching, I'm not going to wait to ask him his business; it's the Queen's guinea to a quid o' tobacco he'll get a charge of No. 4 shot catching him up behind; and ye weighed the shot yoursilf, Micky, and sure ye know it 'll make the bligards jump."

Micky went away deeply impressed. That Irish way of talking carried conviction with it. He sought out his friend Murtough, the coachman, and after a second or two of thoughtful silence, he said:

"Sure 'tis the new master can spake his moind. Blood and ounds! but I hope there'll be no murther about the house."

In the evening Fitzgerald dined in solitary state, the pretty house-maid, very quickly perceiving that he preferred to be alone, leaving things about handy, so that he could help himself. Thereafter he smoked and read. Toward nine or so she again appeared, bringing in the spirit tray.

"Thank you," said he, looking up in a bewildered kind of way (for he had been vaguely dreaming as well as reading), "I don't want anything more."

"If you would rather have brandy, sir," said she, "I think there is some."

"Thank you, but I never take spirits."

"Oh, indeed, sir. I hope you will find

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your room comfortable, sir. You will find a candle on the hall table."

"Thank you very much."

"Good-night, sir."

"Good-night to you."

So thus had passed the first day in this new neighborhood, and it had not been uninteresting. He was not thinking of any work now; he had no thought of turning these fresh experiences into literature. Nor had he any reflection that this place, so remote, and still, and silent, and beautiful, was just the place where Nature, if she were communed with in her mysterious haunts, might reveal her subtler secrets to the listening and sorrowing soul. No; he had got through a sort of day's duty, and that had kept him from thinking much, which was his chief good at present. He was glad to be able to do something in return for the Chetwynds' kindness. No doubt his being there and occupying the place would reconcile the old lady to the idea of letting it. He would be able, he hoped, to give a good report of both house and shooting. And no more than the man in the moon, it may be added, had he the slightest conception of the purpose Mrs. Chetwynd had in view in begging him to be so kind as to go and pay a visit of inspection to Boat of Garry.

CHAPTER XXV.

GLIMMERINGS.

He was soon to have an inkling of that, however. After having been some little time in this still, silent, and beautiful place, occupied mostly in taking long and solitary walks by sea and shore, he wrote as follows to Mary Chetwynd:

"Boat of Garry.

"Dear Miss Chetwynd,—In the last letter I had from Hyde Park Gardens your aunt seemed to think it quite enough if I remained here enjoying myself in idleness; and the temptation to do that is sufficiently strong; for it is one of the most beautiful neighborhoods I have ever seen, and the people are very friendly. I think I ought to remind you, however, that if you wish to let the house and shooting, it would be easier to do that now than later on; and really it seems a pity to think of such a place remaining vacant. I am afraid a good many of the young birds were killed by the heavy rains in the early spring, but in some cases there are second broods in the nests; and there will be plenty of hares. Every one says the winter shooting is most excellent, though Mr. Chetwynd does not appear even to have spent a winter here. Everything about the house, as I wrote to your aunt, seems well managed—the horses in excellent condition; the dogs not so good, as far as I can judge (the tenant should bring a brace of thoroughly trained setters with him); and the new boiler will be in the steam-yacht next week. As to the prettiness of the place, of course you know about that as well as I; but if I hear of any photographer coming through by way of Glengariff to Killarney, I will take the liberty of getting him to come down here and take one or two photographs. These would not cost much, and they would help you in letting the place.

"Yours faithfully,

"William Fitzgerald."

This was the answer:

"Hyde Park Gardens, *Sunday Evening.*

"Dear Mr. Fitzgerald,—I am in deep disgrace. Your letter seemed to me so reasonable that I thought I would venture, in the most roundabout way, to make the suggestion. Well, auntie, as you know, is not the kind of person to get into a tempest of indignation; but I could see she was really pained at the notion of taking money for poor Frank's place, and that she regarded me as a most unfeeling and wicked creature. Of course I did not press the matter. I suppose I was premature. But what I really do believe auntie means to do with Boat of Garry is to ask you to take it—probably with the name of Chetwynd as well. Perhaps I should not mention this project to you, for I have no authority; but auntie has been talking about it to Dr. Bude (who is a great friend of yours, by-the-way); and if he advises yes, the least you can do will be to send him some game. Auntie appears to wish that in the mean time you should wait over for the shooting, unless you find the place intolerably dull; and we both hope you find the house and the neighborhood to your liking, and that if you are writing any more papers like the 'Woodland Walk,' you won't forget to put something about Boat of Garry into them.

"Yours sincerely,

"Mary Chetwynd.

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"P.S.—After all, on reflection, it seems to me that auntie may be right. I am afraid I should not like to think of poor Frank's place going away into the hands of perfect strangers. But as this is a mere piece of sentiment, I am not going to interfere in any way, or give any advice.

"M. C."

When he read this letter he was seated on a rocky knoll high up on the hill-side, whither it had been brought him by a boy. Far below he could see the small house ensconced among the abundant foliage; the trim lawn, the belt of trees, the spacious meadow outside, and the curved arm of the sea—a silver white—that swept round as if to inclose the whole. Was it not a beautiful picture, then, under these skies of June—a desirable enough possession? Here, indeed, was a vale of Avoca, where one might pass the peaceful years away, quietly and equally, with the friends one loved best. But, strangely enough, he looked on the place with no longing eye. He did not crave for the shelter, the snugness, the in-door affections, of a house. Here, alone with the sad hills, and the clouds floating in from the Atlantic, he was more at rest. He watched the great and mysterious shadows moving along, and those hills growing darker and grander, or disappearing altogether behind the folds of vapor, and slowly revealing themselves again in altered lines; and in the face of this mighty phantasmagoria, human life, with all its fears and ills, seemed a petty and trivial thing. He watched the great gray sea darkening or lightening with the lowering or the lifting of the heavy skies. And sometimes, as it seemed to him, there was a sudden vision overhead, a break in the pall of white, and a glimpse into a far and unknown realm of intensest blue; and then a warmth and a golden glory spread around him on the herbage and the rocks; and the clear singing of a lark sprang into the silence, far away down there over the water-fall and the glen; and the sea air coming over from the south grew so balmy and soft that it was delicious to breathe: one turned one's throat to it, and the touch of it on the cheek was like the touch of a velvet glove.

Look, now, at this new companion of his. In the perfect stillness of sea and sky and land, and while his eyes are far away, some quick movement near at hand tells him that he is not alone. A small rabbit, the very tiniest of baby rabbits, a ball of brown fur, has come quietly along, all unconscious of his presence until it is within three yards of him. It trots here and there, with a leisurely, ungainly tripping, nibbling the grass now and again, never looking up. And then suddenly it stands still; and the fat little ball of fur has great staring eyes—staring with observation, not fright, for very likely it has never beheld a human being before. The big, flat, gray eyes regard him unwinking; there is no movement. Then, with a little forward jerk of the head, up go the long ears; and again the motionless staring. Then up goes the baby rabbit itself on its hind-legs, the fore-paws comically drooping; and again the steadfast stare at this immovable strange creature seated on the rock. Then by some accident he inadvertently stirs a hand or a foot—the eighth of an inch will do it—and at the very same instant the earth is left empty; there is only a glimmer of white disappearing into the brackens a dozen yards away.

By-and-by he makes out another living object, apparently not much bigger than the baby rabbit, coming up the hill by the side of the narrow glen, and as he makes no doubt that this is the same boy sent up with another message, he rises, puts the letter in his pocket, and proceeds to descend. Sure enough, the shock-headed gossoon has a message; there is a gentleman waiting for his honor. What gentleman? He does not know. Did he come in a dog-cart with a white horse? That he did. And then Fitzgerald knows that Mr. McGee, the Bantry solicitor, has paid him another visit, and hastens down through bracken and over stone walls until he reaches the road sweeping round to the house.

This Mr. McGee was a big, burly, good-natured kind of man, with a sort of sporting air about him, who had really gone a good deal out of his way to make Fitzgerald's stay at Boat of Garry pleasant for him. And his present mission was to say (with profuse apologies for delay) that at last the steam-yacht, the *Black Swan*, as they called her, had got her new boiler in, which was to increase her speed by two miles an hour, and all she wanted now was to get in a few tons of coal and a store of oil; and would he, that is, Fitzgerald, care to take coach and rail to Cork, and

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make the trip in her from Cork Harbor to Bantry Bay?

"Oh no; no, thank you," said Fitzgerald, hastily.

"Sure 'twould be as safe as sitting in chapel," said Mr. McGee, with a good-natured laugh. "We'll wait for smooth wather; and if there's too heavy a swell when we come to Cape Clear or the Mizen Head, can't we run back and put into Glandore?"

"It isn't that," said Fitzgerald. "I don't feel inclined to go to Cork just at present."

"I was thinking 'twould be a bit of variety for ye; for divil the much there is to do about here at this time of the year."

"The fishing is capital."

"The fishing!—the fishing, did ye say?"

"If you like to wait for lunch, you'll have a bit of a three-pound sea-trout I caught in the stream there only yesterday afternoon."

"D'ye say that, now? It's myself has tried it half a dozen times, and I might as well have been throwing a fly into me grandmother's tay-pot. But faith I'll stay to lunch wid ye, and give the ould mare a bit of a rest."

Master Willie did not say anything about the number of trout to be found in the adjacent stream; but, at all events this particular one proved to be most excellent, and Mr. McGee proceeded to make himself very much at home.

"Katie darling," said he to Mrs. Dunne when she brought in the beer, "isn't there a glass of whiskey about the house now?"

"I beg your pardon for forgetting," said Fitzgerald; "but really I am not sure who ought to play the part of host."

"Well, many's the evening I've spent in this very room with the poor boy that's gone; and a pleasanter companion or a finer gintleman there was not in the country," said he. "Thank ye, my good gyurl; and isn't there a drop o' hot wather about now? Well, sir, ye've a good ould Irish name, and I hope ye'll have a happy stay among us; an' niver fear, ye'll be mighty plazed with the *Black Swan* when we get her round, and sure ye'll be able to run up to Glengariff whenever ye want, and the divil sweep her if she doesn't do her ten moils an hour."

The quite novel excitement of meeting a stranger had almost driven the contents of Miss Chetwynd's letter out of Fitzgerald's head; but when, after luncheon, they went out to the seat fronting the lawn, and had coffee there on the little marble-topped table, and lit their pipes, the quiet charm of the place again stole over him, and he could not help for a moment wondering what his sensations would be if he were really the owner of such a delightful spot. Of course it was out of the question. A more preposterous white elephant could not be imagined. Where could he find money to keep up such a house—to pay wages and find provender for the horses? It was like offering a crossing-sweeper the use for the season of a three-hundred-ton yacht. Indeed, he so clearly saw that this could only be regarded as a sort of pretty sentimental fancy on the part of Mrs. Chetwynd—as something so obviously outside the limits of practical possibilities—that he was very nearly mentioning it to this good-natured lawyer; but as Mr. McGee had for the moment dropped into a snooze, he forbore, and finally concluded he would say nothing about the matter.

The quiet was enough to send any man to sleep. The day had brightened up; there were wider deeps of blue between the ribbed white clouds, and the mellow sunlight fell warm on the meadows and on the lawn, on the glancing, trembling green of the broad-leaved limes, and on the still yellower green of the drooping foliage of a swaying acacia. The air was soft and warm, and yet moist, and it was pervaded by a scent of all growing things—a general, vague, delicious perfume that perhaps came chiefly from the lush grass there not yet cut for hay. A curlew or two were stalking along the shore, where the bold white cimeter of the sea came in between the meadows. A blackbird shot through the rhododendrons, and the silence seemed to miss its suddenly closed song. But there was always the plash and gurgle of the stream at the foot of the lawn, and sometimes the distant bark of a dog or the rumbling of a cart spoke of a life far remote from this enchanted inclosure that seemed to be given over to sunlight and peace and the growing of green leaves.

The lawyer awoke with a start.

"Begorra!" said he.

"You were saying," observed Fitzgerald, just as if he had not been asleep at all, "that she was registered up to eighty pounds on the square inch; but of course the boiler has been tested beyond that—"

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"Faix, I believe I've been asleep," said Mr. McGee, rubbing his eyes. "'Tis no wonder, when ye get out of the worrld. What will ye be afther doing now all the afternoon?"

"I? I am going down to the stream to see if I can't catch another sea-trout for my dinner."

"Good luck to ye, thin; and I'll go and get the mare out, for 'tis a mighty long drive to Bantry."

So that unusual feature of life at Boat of Garry, a visitor, disappeared, and Fitzgerald was left to the solitude and silence and dreamy loveliness of the place. In the afternoon, however, he caught a good sea-trout, and also a brown one of about three-quarters of a pound—a fair size for this small stream. And again he had dinner by himself; and thereafter he smoked and read as usual. By-and-by, when the moon was clear on the gravel-walk, he stole outside; he had got into a way of doing that. The servants thought the new master merely wished to have a breath of fresh air, after the smoke of the dining-room, before going to bed.

And perhaps it was only that. He walked along the gravel in the clear light (though the moon was now waning), and he listened to the croak of the heron and the cry of the curlew down by the sea. He went along to the road, climbed over a wire fence, and made his way up a steep bank where there was a clearance among the trees. When he got to the top, he was on the side of a deep and almost black chasm—the wooded glen through which came down the little brooklet that passed by the end of the lawn. And there he sat down on the stump of a felled tree, and looked around, and was alone with the night and the stars and the moon-lit world.

This glen was smaller and narrower than the one near Inisheen, but it was a far more lovely place; for above and beyond it towered dark hills, rising far and solemnly into the clear night sky. There was a more spacious view, also, of this broad silver creek running out to meet the wide waters of Bantry Bay, and of wooded islands and long promontories, and of the dusky shore beyond, that seemed to lie behind the moonlight, and was half lost in shadow. Night after night he climbed up to this spot; and of course it was merely to look at the beautiful picture, and to listen to the strange, sad, distant sounds in the stillness. Sometimes a faint perfume of the sea came, borne along by the slight stirring of a breeze; sometimes, in a dead calm, before any wind was moving, he thought he could hear a trembling of the great deep in the darkness, and a whisper along the shore. Sometimes, moreover, as he sat there, with the silent hills above, and the great sea beyond, a wild fancy got into his brain that he could hear a voice in the sound of the stream below—the stream down there in the dark; it became quite plain: a human voice—so strange, so strange and clear: *Over running water: my life I give to you.* The voice sounded quite close. All trembling, he would bend his head forward: might there not be two people there? or only one voice?—the voice of a girl who was dead, and gone away from the world—a young girl who used to be associated with all young and beautiful things, like hawthorn and blue speedwells and sun-lit mornings, when there was a freshness in the air? And then again there would be nothing but the aimless and meaningless murmur of the stream down there in the ravine; and the awful hills and the sombre sea would have no speech or message for him; and what was the use or value of this throbbing, fretting, tortured insect life between the dark dead world and the cold and distant and pitiless skies?

Editor's Easy Chair.

AT the dinner which was given to Mr. Froude, the historian, when he came to this country ten years ago, and which was attended by a remarkable company, including Emerson, and Bryant, and other most distinguished men, one of the guests remarked to another that he thought it very undignified in Americans to show honors to Englishmen, which were not reciprocated in kind. "There, for instance," he said, "are Mr. Emerson and Mr. Bryant, who with Mr. Longfellow are the living chiefs and Nestors of American literature. But if they went to London, do you suppose that there would be a banquet of honor like this which is offered to an author who is by no means of corresponding rank in English literature? Why should we jump and gape so eagerly at every English celebrity?"

It was not at all clear that the assertion was correct. Certainly Longfellow's last visit to

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England was not unattended with tributes of honor and affection, and Lowell's honors are not due to his official rank so much as to his literary position. The other day, in unveiling the statue of Carlyle, Professor Tyndall said that he hoped to see a companion statue of Carlyle's great American friend, Emerson, while the Prince of Wales is chairman of a most distinguished committee to place a memorial of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey. Should Holmes cross the sea again to England, he would find as hearty a welcome as any English author would find here, although whether it would take the form of a dinner would be a matter of taste. Undoubtedly English literary reputations are more widely diffused in this country than in England. But that is due to the fact that this is more distinctively a reading nation than the English, and to the other fact that, with some exceptions, the greatest masters of the literature of our common language at any period have been Englishmen. There is a more general familiarity with the works, and therefore a more general personal interest and curiosity about the authors.

The American, moreover, is franker and more accessible than the Englishman, and his admiration easily takes an enthusiastic form. The overwhelming ardor with which we welcomed the young Dickens forty years ago, and which he somewhat misappreciated, was characteristic of the good-natured generosity of the national temperament. We had resented sharply enough the comments of Captain Hall and Fiedler and Mrs. Trollope, but we hurried to greet Dickens, who had delighted us all, with our hearts in our hands. We have not lost the habit, even if the form of welcome be somewhat chastened. And even were it true that there is no reciprocity of treatment, what then? The American welcome of distinguished Englishmen is not a *quid pro quo*, a Roland for an Oliver. We did not dine Mr. Froude because London had or had not dined Mr. Motley or Mr. Bancroft, nor was our welcome of Dickens and Thackeray a return for English civilities to Washington Irving. If it were a question of manners merely—which it is not—why should we be troubled that somebody else has different manners, or even bad manners? A gentleman is not supposed to treat a clown impolitely, although the clown can not behave like a gentleman. "I never give the wall to a blackguard," was not the remark of a gentleman. But the answer, "I always do," was worthy of Mercutio.

The guest of the Froude dinner, who was impatient of the honors to the historian because London would not honor a similar guest from our side, said, bitterly, that he did not understand why we should always care so much for what England thinks: why should we not be independent, and stand upon our own feet? But it was the guest himself who made his own bugbear. Nobody at the table but he cared whether England would or would not offer honors to an American author. Certainly no one but he would have suggested that the practice, or courtesy, or manners of England under such circumstances, should regulate ours. "Ha! ha! to you! Bah! bah! to you, is all that we should say." His own question turned back upon himself. Why should he care whether London would or would not do as New York does? If England should not choose to place a memorial of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey, should we therefore pull down the statue of Burns in the Central Park? If England had ever refused to hear Bryant lecture upon the English poets, should America therefore stop its ears to Thackeray lecturing upon English humorists? It certainly seems that the guest who was afraid to do something because it might not be done in England was perilously near to caring for what England thinks, and in mortal danger of losing the independence that he commended.

It is, of course, comical to read of the enterprising reporter who boards the English steamer at Sandy Hook, and asks the small English celebrity what he thinks of America. It is highly probable that even large American celebrities are not accosted in that manner as they sail up the Mersey, and that their opinions of men and things are not served up in the newspaper with the muffins—or is it crumpets?—at the London breakfast table. It is an undeniably vulgar intrusion upon any person, public or private, and nobody cares a fig for the remarks recorded. But it is only a foolish misdirection of the restless energy of competition and enterprise which have done a great deal for our rapid civilization. It takes other, but not dissimilar, forms. To ask a small celebrity upon his landing how he likes the country is a feat of interview intended to satisfy the same kind of love of mere gossip which is gratified by seeing in the same paper that Mr. and Mrs. Cheesequakes, of whom the public has never heard, and of whom there is no reason whatever to hear, have arrived at Newport or have left Saratoga. It is significant as a symptom of increasing snobbery, and as an illustration of impertinent interference with private affairs.

Such excesses may be condemned, but not because they manage the matter differently in England. The "interview," as such, would be no more or less tolerable because it was or was not an English practice. When it is proper and serviceable, it is none the less so because it is an American and not an English custom. And in the same way, O dinner guest, a spontaneous expression of real regard and admiration for any English author or artist, large or small, is honorable and graceful whether England would do likewise or not.

THE latest English guest whom we have entertained in the Anglo-Saxon way—that is, at dinner—is Herbert Spencer. It was a very not-

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able company that greeted him, and the speaking was capital. Mr. Spencer's own address was an interesting paper, in which he preached "the gospel of relaxation." In an interview published some time before, he had made some incisive criticisms upon American life and character, and in his dinner address he said that he was going to find fault. That was frank, and there has been no traveller among us whose observations were likely to be more valuable.

"They all talk to us like uncles or pedagogues," exclaimed Americus, impatiently. "What business have they to lecture us in this style? We are quite old enough to take care of ourselves, and quite able to run this continent without any instruction from Englishmen. Suppose that some American guest in England should say to his hosts that he wanted to give them some good advice, and point out to them a few of their defects, and then proceed to pat them on the head with patronizing praise, don't you think there would be a storm? If strangers like us, very well; if they don't like us, very well. It is a matter of supreme indifference to us."

Why, then, do we ask them how they like us? And why should the people of one country scornfully decline to hear the comments of sensible people of other countries? Every man is, or ought to be, glad to receive intelligent counsel, and to see his life from other points of view than his own. Why should not the citizen be equally sensible? We did not ask De Tocqueville to come and see us and analyze our political institutions and their operations. We did not ask Von Holst to write our constitutional history. But De Tocqueville and Von Holst have laid us and all other lovers of popular constitutional liberty under great obligations. Both of them have written better books of their kind about us than any American has written. It is absurd to snarl that we don't care what they say, and that they had better stay at home and not lecture us. When Dickens stung us with the satire of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, he was not only accused of ingratitude—as if a man were bound to find no fault with any abuse, and not to criticise any tendency, in a country where he had been kindly welcomed—but he was told to look at home, and assured that if he wanted to depict outrageous evils and ridiculous people, he had only to portray his beloved England. That was said with a fine air of indignation. But what else was Dickens doing all his life? What are his books, in this point of view, but a prolonged arraignment of the abuses and of the absurd social types of his native England? But when Henry James, Jun., draws a good-natured and shrewd sketch of the American girl abroad in Daisy Miller, although it is plainly intended to show to conventional Europe that the American girl is misjudged, we petulantly wonder why he could not choose another type to illustrate.

The observations of intelligent foreign critics are no more hostile than the American criticisms which they confirm. When, for instance, after a most intelligent recognition of the material advantages of this country, Mr. Spencer says that if there had been another and higher progress commensurate with the material advance, there would be nothing to wish, he says nothing which very many Americans have not felt and said, and he adds an improvement from history which had occurred to many Americans, and had been strongly stated by them, that while the republics of the Middle Ages surrounded themselves with material splendor, their liberty decayed. And what is this but a contemporary statement of the old truth which Goldsmith put into memorable verse a hundred years ago,

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Mr. Spencer's further remarks that under the forms of freedom we may lose its substance, and that in some ways, which he points out, we are losing it, is the burden of the warning of many an intelligent American, which does not need the old illustration of Cæsar's introduction of the empire under republican forms, nor the warning of Burke, that "ambition, though it has ever the same general views, has not at all times the same means nor the same particular objects." So when Mr. Spencer says that paper constitutions will not work as they are intended to work, and that the real basis and bulwark of national greatness and of progressive liberty is character and not education, he says what every thoughtful American perceives and believes. He does not say, indeed, what many Americans know, and what explains the emphasis with which we insist upon education, that the perception of the desirability of general education is in itself an evidence of character. Education alone may not save a people from political trouble, but constitutional liberty will not be maintained by an ignorant people.

That our good-nature is a kind of moral indifference which is really a defect of character is another of Mr. Spencer's observations which is a corroboration of much American comment upon American life. It has an explanation in the conditions of that life for which Mr. Spencer does not make allowance. But his remark is only that of the railroad traveller last summer which this Easy Chair recorded. In a new country—if an American without incurring the penalty of high treason may call this a new country—everybody must good-humoredly help everybody else, and make the best of everything. Perhaps Mr. Spencer has not heard the story of the American gentleman travelling in a certain part of the country, who was quartered in the hotel in a room of which the window opened upon the piazza where his fellow-citizens sat tilted back in chairs, talking, reading the newspapers, and expectorating. There was no shade or shut-

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ter to the window. The traveller, desiring to change his dress, for want of any other curtain, hung a shirt over the window to secure his seclusion. But a watchful fellow-citizen chanced to see the unwonted attempt to escape the public eye, and the traveller was surprised in the most extreme stage of his change of raiment to see the improvised curtain suddenly torn away, and a face thrust inquiringly into the window with the remark, "I jess wanted to see what you're so —— private about." The case was an extreme one, and a laugh was certainly a better recourse than a revolver.

But in everything that involves a principle, as Mr. Spencer truly says, there is profound wisdom in Hamlet's phrase, "Greatly to find quarrel in a straw." This again is but a new face of the old wisdom *obsta principiis*. For a straw shows which way the wind blows. How can a sensible American quarrel with the shrewd and kindly insight of a quiet Englishman who, when he is asked his opinion, shows that he agrees with the asker? At the dinner Mr. Spencer did not speak as an Englishman, or a critic, or a cynic, but as a philosopher. The end of all our study and endeavor, he said, should be complete living. We do not learn for learning's sake, we are not self-denying for the sake of self-denial, but all is for fuller and richer living. Intemperate devotion to work of any kind, like all intemperance, weakens the power of right living. In America, as in England, there is this absorbing passion for work. Therefore, in the interest of a better and more truly efficient life, let us heed the gospel of relaxation and recreation.

It was, as he said, an unconventional after-dinner speech, and Mr. Schurz very happily cited the speaker himself as a striking illustration—as striking as any Yankee—of the consequences of disregarding his own doctrine of the desirability of recreation for a completer life. But it was not an English uncle "tipping" his bumptious American nephew with good advice, nor a pedagogue lecturing us upon our follies and defects, nor a supercilious foreigner condescending. It was a thoughtful guest of our own kindred, of the same high and generous purpose that we attribute to the best of our countrymen, comparing notes in the most friendly way, and speaking to us not distinctively as Americans so much as men living in America. If any American of corresponding standing with Mr. Spencer should go to England and speak to Englishmen after dinner in the same simple and friendly way, they would be very foolish fellows if they listened with any less courtesy and heed than we have listened to Mr. Spencer.

MRS. GRUNDY, who was so appalled, as the Easy Chair recently mentioned, by the declination of a friend to be introduced to a very rich man, and by his inquiry whether, if he were introduced, the rich man would give him any of his riches, must have been still further shocked upon reading in her London *Spectator* that the writer could not recall in England "a man who makes himself very visible by the use of money alone, and still less one who makes himself obnoxious." The writer can not imagine "what Americans want with colossal fortunes," because they seem to get so little pleasure from them, and because the use to which they are generally devoted makes the owner universally detested. He points out that very rich men in this country are individually obnoxious because they usually try to make themselves kings or absolute controllers of great public interests, and the bitterness of feeling toward them, he thinks, is due to the conviction that they would not hesitate to injure the public in order to promote their own selfish interests. It is this feeling which gave universal currency to a remark attributed to a man of this kind, "D— the public!" It is very possible that no such remark was made, or that, if made, that it was meant to assert that "business is business," and that *caveat emptor*, let the buyer beware, is always the rule of trade. But, none the less, the wide comment upon the remark as reported shows the general conviction that it was the kind of remark that such a man would probably make, and the circumstance therefore throws a vivid light upon the general feeling toward the great millionaires.

This feeling is not jealousy of immense riches nor hatred of their owners merely as rich men, but it is the instinctive hostility to enormous public power not directed to public ends. Tweed understood this feeling, and nothing that he did showed his sagacity so plainly as his great gifts of fuel to the poor, and his improvement and embellishment of the public parks. The poor people who did not directly pay taxes heard that Tweed was a public thief, but when they received from him their winter's coal, and saw the renewed walks and the beds of flowers in the Park and the Battery, he was a kind of Robin Hood in their eyes, and they vaguely felt that he redressed wrongs and equalized fortunes, even if in a rough and irregular manner. It is not riches, it is the selfish use of them which is resented. It is the consciousness that not only can a Midas or a group of Midases buy legislatures and bribe courts, and so both make and interpret the laws, but that they are not too good to do it, which produces the hostility that the writer in the *Spectator* remarks.

The same tendency toward a gross plutocracy is visible in our political life. When a political "machine" is in perfect order—that is to say, when a few managers control "regular" action so that they can nominate any candidate whom they may select—they look more and more for a rich candidate. In a Congressional district, for instance, they select some person who has no qualification whatever for a seat in Congress, but who is rich, and will pay great sums

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into the party treasury. Some man is selected who has made a lucky speculation, who has grown rich by a popular tooth-wash, or axle grease, or a patent for bellows-mending, and who is both flattered by the offer of the nomination, and eager to draw checks for thousands of dollars—in one instance as much as sixty thousand dollars. This is the man who is sent to help make the laws.

It is undeniable that the inventors and proprietors of tooth-washes and axle grease and improvements in bellows-mending may be among the best of men and the most patriotic of citizens. But however saintly and patriotic a blacksmith may be, those qualities do not fit him to adjust the springs of watches, or to polish the lenses of telescopes. Besides, the selection of rich men is made, not because they are honest and patriotic, but because they are rich. "The machine" would not think of them as candidates except for their money, and because of their willingness to give their money liberally. The transaction is a trade. The seat in Congress is sold to the high bidder. If the Roman emperor made his horse a consul, the "machine" makes any ignorant quack who has amassed riches in any business, and is willing to pay, a member of Congress.

The writer in the *Spectator* says that the remedy for this situation is not easily found. Yet he admits that while there is a higher regard for property in England than in America, if the Duke of Westminster, who is a great owner of real estate in London, should order his tenants to paint all their houses black, something would be done. He does not doubt that something will be done by us, but he does not see what it will be. When the evil cuts a little more closely, however, it will be dealt with summarily by process of law. The "bar'l" in politics could be kept out in great part by the assumption of election expenses by the State. Our great principle of the least interference possible with private and individual action necessitates all measures which are necessary to protect that action. The principle can not be pleaded to compass its own overthrow. When President Hayes prohibited certain kinds of political activity to certain public employés, there was a loud cry that he was striking at the dearest rights of American citizens. But a very little reflection showed that it was to protect such rights that he issued the prohibition.

Mrs. Grundy naturally loses her breath when Midas bids her to dinner. What am I, she asks, that such glory should be mine? But her feeling is not that of others. There is a growing jealousy of the possible power of great riches which is a sign of the sound health of the community. Great pecuniary power which is not tempered with great public spirit is a great public peril. To see the peril is in due time and in lawful ways to avoid it.

In beginning his tender and charming paper upon Washington Irving and Macaulay, Thackeray recalls the beautiful story, of which he was so fond, of Sir Walter Scott's last words to his son-in-law Lockhart: "Be a good man, my dear—be a good man." It was a soft autumnal day. The windows were wide open. The low sound of the rippling Tweed stole into the chamber. The most renowned and the most widely beloved of living men lay dying, after a career of admiration and adulation, and of gratified ambition almost unexampled, and in the clear and serene light of the moment that shows things as they are, the one lesson and moral garnered by that marvellous life is spoken in the simple words, "Be a good man, my dear." It is the vindication of Shirley's verses:

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

Those who have known a good man intimately comprehend the truth of the older poet's lines and of the younger poet's admonition. For goodness in this sense is not a negative amiability, but a powerful, independent, purifying force. It is always courageous and, if need be, aggressive. It is the highest and most virile of human qualities, and the culmination of the noblest manhood. There are not many men who really obey Scott's admonition. There are very few, indeed, whom with unreserved satisfaction we can describe as good. There are men whose simplicity and dignity and strength and purity of character, whose sound judgment and supreme common-sense, dispose of sophistry and artifice in all relations and pursuits as surely and completely as the sun dries the dew. They are gentlemen because they know other men only as men, touching electrically whatever of manhood there may be in them, and whose contact is a silent and consuming rebuke of pretense and falsehood. Whatever his own advantage, or attraction, or position, or grace, the man of this quality takes hold of the reality in other men, man meeting man, as when the grave William of Orange in his plain serge coat met the brilliant Philip Sidney in his gold-flowered doublet, and neither was troubled by the clothes of the other.

A man lately died, so missed and mourned by those who knew him that to have been so loved and honored and deplored seems to attest the highest excellence of human character. The mingled strength and simplicity and sweetness of his nature, the lofty sense of justice, the tranquil and complete devotion to duty, the large and humane sympathy—not lost in vague philanthropic feeling, but mindful of every detail of relief—the sound and steady judgment, the noble independence of thought and perfect courage of conviction, the blended manliness and modesty of a life which was unstained, and of a character which seemed without a flaw, all belonged to what we call the ideal man.

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Passing from college to the counting-room of a great commercial business, his sagacity, energy, and executive power were all brought into successful action. He went to Europe and to the West Indies, but much of the spirit of trade and many of its practices were uncongenial to him, and he quietly withdrew, despite wonder and affectionate remonstrance, to lead his own life in his own way. By taste and temperament an out-door man, he made his home in the rural neighborhood of Boston, busy with country cares and various studies, but interested chiefly in helping other men. He was allied by sympathy more than by much previous actual association with the founders of Brook Farm. But when they chose the site for their enterprise not far from his house, he was soon in the pleasantest relations with the leaders, for their spirit and purpose were in harmony with his own. He was a parishioner and warm personal friend of Theodore Parker, who lived near him, and his keen common-sense and mastery of practical affairs were most useful to Parker as to Ripley. Indeed, the hospitality of such a man for every generous endeavor and for all new and humane ideas was a happy augury for the philanthropic pioneers, because it seemed to promise the final approval and adhesion to their cause of the most conservative and substantial sentiment of the community.

Such a man was, of course, an abolitionist in the days when the name was as repugnant to what is called "society" as the name Christian was to the Jewish Sanhedrim or Methodist to the English Establishment a century and a half ago. He generously aided the cause, which seemed to him that of practical Christianity and of American patriotism, and he held most friendly relations with its chief representatives, who were ostracized and denounced. But his sympathy was not an abstract regard for man rather than for men, and his interest in the effort to help a race and to forecast a happier social organization did not dull his heart or close his hand to the necessities of his neighbor. His life, indeed, was a prolonged charity, but a charity directed by a singularly calm and shrewd judgment. His exhaustless generosity was not the sport of wayward impulse. It was not a well-meaning weakness, but a wise force which helped others to help themselves, but knew also when such self-help was impossible.

Yet the strength and reserve and independence of his character were such that the man was never lost in the reformer. His fine nature instinctively asserted his own individuality. He quietly shunned the wearisome artificiality of society, but he did not merge his own home in the general home of his friends and neighbors at Brook Farm, and his house was always a glimpse of the social refinement and grace, the mental and moral charm, to which the dreams of social regeneration and the elaborate fancies of Fourier pointed—fancies which greatly interested him as hints of a happier social order.

Long absence with his family in Europe, and a long and final residence upon Staten Island, only matured and developed the man, in whom not only was there no guile, but in whom even the most intimate eye could not note a fault. Clarendon might have studied from him his portrait of Falkland: "his inimitable sweetness of, and delight in, conversation; his flowing and obliging humanity; his goodness to mankind; and his primitive simplicity and integrity of life." Disinclined to public life of every kind, he was yet full of the highest public spirit, and it was but natural that his only son should have been selected by Governor Andrew to command the first colored regiment that marched from Massachusetts in the war. In his young person all that was best in the New England youth of his time, all the strength of the elder colonial and Revolutionary day, blended with all the grace and tenderness and gentleness of its modern life, the stern old Puritan softened into a humaner Bayard, was typified. It was the flower of Essex that two hundred years ago was withered in the fatal Indian ambush in the Deerfield Meadows. It was the flower of New England that fell upon a hundred redder fields within a score of years.

But no sorrow could fatally chill a faith which was reflected in the perpetual summer of the father's presence and temperament. The frank urbanity of his greeting, the hearty grasp of his hand, the lofty simplicity of his courtesy, were but the signs of that unwasting freshness of sympathy which held him true to the ideals and aims of earlier life. His helping hand reached invisibly into a hundred homes, and upheld a hundred faltering lives. But besides this, as president of the Freedman's Aid Association his administrative skill and his wise benevolence enabled him to bear a most effective part in the great settlement of the war. His invincible modesty and scorn of ostentation veiled his beneficent activities, public and private. But nothing could veil the pure and steadfast and unwearying devotion to the well-being of other men. Kindly but firmly he protected his own seclusion, and he permitted no man, in Emerson's phrase, to devastate his day. The freshness of feeling which keeps the heart young was unwasted to the end. His full life brimming purely to the sea reflected heaven as clearly when it mingled with the main as when it ran a limpid rivulet from its spring. Young and old, man and boy, he was still the simplest, noblest, most devoted, best. How truly he was the man that every thoughtful man secretly wishes he might be, those only know who knew Francis George Shaw.

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Editor's Literary Record.

THE charitable are becoming painfully conscious of the discouraging fact not only that their benevolences often thwart or defeat their humane intentions, but that too commonly they are perverted into positive agencies for evil. They are beginning to learn that true charity does not consist merely in *giving* to seeming objects of compassion, and that promiscuous alms, administered without previous scrutiny, and without conference with other givers, do not always reach the really destitute and deserving, and do not sensibly diminish the sum total of poverty, but are often wasted upon the dissolute, the lazy, and the unworthy, and by stimulating idleness and improvidence, and extinguishing any remaining sparks of self-dependence and self-respect, contribute to foster and increase the number of those who are chronic or professional paupers. The first effect of this revelation, even upon those who are anxiously desirous to relieve destitution and minister to real suffering, has been to discourage from almsgiving, when it should have been simply a warning against indiscriminate and unsystematic giving; while those who have no genuine sympathy for the poor and wretched have used it as a ready excuse for tightening their purse strings against all appeals for charity. It is probable that as long as human nature exists as it is, the evil will not be entirely exterminated. But that it can be shorn of its forbidding dimensions by the exercise of reasonable precautions and through the instrumentality of organized associated effort, is shown to be possible, and the methods which have already been successfully employed to reduce it to a minimum are very clearly set forth in an exceedingly valuable and practical *Hand-Book of Charity Organization*,[1] by Rev. S. H. Gurteen. The volume is not a mere book of advice and suggestion for the guidance and direction of individual givers; nor is it confined to a consideration of the case of the deserving poor or of genuine suffering; nor does it propose to dispense with that well-directed private beneficence which is the vital air of Christian charity. Mr. Gurteen has devoted himself for many years to a study of the problem how to prevent the pauperization of the poor, and of the collateral subject of the inefficiency of the methods hitherto or still generally employed for their relief and moral and industrial elevation, and he has also carefully considered the various remedies that have been proposed for the prevention of the impositions that are practiced upon the public in the name and under the guise of poverty and suffering. The comprehensive system which he proposes is the result of his solicitous study and comparison of the various phases charity has assumed, and of the various provident schemes that have been devised and put in operation, since the dawn of Christianity, by the Church, by the state, by municipalities, and by voluntary associations and philanthropic individuals; and in order that the reader may intelligently grasp the whole subject, and judge the system he advocates, the author preludes his statement of it by an interesting historical review and retrospect, reproducing the results of his investigations in a series of historical sketches of the more prominent plans that have been tried in the past by either of these agencies for dealing with the poor, with accounts of their objects, their practical operation, their partial successes, and their too general inadequacy and failure. The system proposed by Mr. Gurteen is based substantially, but not exclusively, upon the plan of the Charity Organization of London. This institution was established in 1869, with the object, through local committees having officers and paid agents, of bringing about a co-operation that would band together all the charities, official, unofficial, and private, in the effort not merely to alleviate but to cure all remediable distress, by sifting out the helpless poor from the worthless pauper by means of thorough and searching investigation, by exposing and prosecuting impostors and fraudulent charitable societies, by putting a stop to street beggary and vagrancy, and by bettering the condition of the honest poor through the agency of improved dwellings, and the establishment of such provident schemes as the Penny Bank and the Provident Dispensary. The remarkable success in diminishing pauperism and repressing imposture that attended the efforts of this organization in London led to the formation of societies on its model in nearly all the principal towns in England, each of which has achieved a similar gratifying success, so that to-day the movement is a national one. After a thoughtful study of the history, operation, and results of this organization, Mr. Gurteen undertook the task of introducing its system, with some necessary modifications, into this country. He first began the work by the delivery of a series of lectures, printed in the volume before us, embodying a historical retrospect of the phases of charity above referred to, and a lucid sketch of the plan and operations of the London Society. These lectures led to the formation of an organization on the basis of that society in Buffalo in 1877, where it has since been in operation with eminent success, and from whence it has been transplanted into many other cities with like satisfactory results. In his volume Mr. Gurteen enters into the details of charity organization on the Buffalo plan more minutely than we can here describe; but its general scope may be gathered from a

[1] *A Hand-Book of Charity Organization.* By Rev. S. Humphreys Gurteen. 8vo, pp. 254. Buffalo: the Author.

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brief statement of the principles he lays down as necessary to be observed in order to effect and make permanent the full banding together and complete co-operation of all classes, creeds, and parties, of the various churches and charity associations, of the individual and the municipality, for mutual protection against imposition and overlapping, for effective working in the matter of poor relief, for the economical disbursement of official or private alms, for the prevention of professional pauperization and street begging, for the improvement of the condition of the poor, for encouraging their efforts for self-support, and for the reform of the abuses generally that infest the administration of public and private charity. These principles succinctly stated are as follows: (1.) There must be no exclusion from the organization of any person or body of persons on account of religious creed, politics, or nationality. (2.) There must be no attempt at proselytism by the agents or others employed by the organization. (3.) There must be no interference with any existing benevolent societies, but each must retain its autonomy intact, together with its rules, funds, modes of operation, and everything which gives it individuality. (4.) The organization being a centre of communication between the various societies and charitable agencies of any given city, and a neutral intermediary acting on behalf of all, no relief must be given by the organization itself, except in very urgent cases. (5.) There must be no sentiment in the matter. The organization must be treated as a business scheme, conducted by business men on business methods through paid agents. These being the principles of the organization, the question will be asked, "What is its practical working?" To this Mr. Gurteen replies that it renders efficient aid to the clergy, to benevolent institutions, to charitable and humane individuals, and to the almoners of the city relief funds, by instituting a thorough district registration, and a personal investigation such as no single person or society can possibly carry out, and by supplementing the poor-master's investigations with information he could not otherwise obtain; and accumulated evidence is adduced to show that in cities where it has been in operation, its substantial practical results have been to abolish or largely reduce out-door city relief, to remove beggars and cripples from the street, and compel them to work if able, or if not to provide for them in some less degrading way, to prevent overlapping and imposture, to lead the poor gradually but surely from a state bordering on pauperization to habits of thrift and self-dependence, and to reclaim actual paupers. Lengthy as has been this notice, it is yet incommensurate with the profoundly interesting problem grappled by Mr. Gurteen in his earnest and instructive book, and is a bare outline only of the system he describes and advocates. Still, perhaps enough has been said to incite philanthropists and students of social science to consult his suggestive volume for a more particular knowledge of the nature, principles, methods of operation, and practicability of an organization which combines the best features of the older systems while avoiding their mistakes, and which deals far more thoroughly and effectively than they with the portentous evil of concentrated and systematized pauperization.

The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford as Recorded in Letters from her Literary Correspondents[2] is a valuable addition to the memorials, of which recent years have been so happily fertile, of those refined and cultivated English gentlewomen who were not made hard or masculine by their industrious devotion to literary pursuits, and by the distinction which ensued from them, but throughout retained their native freshness and gentleness, and remained as conspicuous for their feminine graces, virtues, and accomplishments as for their literary attainments. Miss Mitford was one of the best exemplars of this agreeable union of literary gifts and womanly graces; and the letters contained in the volume before us exhibit her to us as she appeared in the eyes of her intimate social and literary friends—a genuine woman, loving, tender, and self-sacrificing, patient under bitter reverses, and not unduly exhilarated by brilliant success, conscious of her intellectual powers but never parading them, relishing applause but not carried away by it, and under the strain of severe and protracted effort maintaining a sweet serenity of temper, a taste for simple surroundings, a love for familiar objects and old friends, and a deep interest in the welfare and happiness of those who were connected with her by ties of kinship, friendship, or association. Among the letters in this interesting collection are a number from her contemporaries who then were or afterward became distinguished as authors, artists, and statesmen, or who filled a conspicuous place in society—letters from William Cobbett, Lord Holland, Joanna Baillie, the Hoflands, Sir John and Lady Franklin, Macready, Miss Strickland, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Trollope, the Halls, the Howitts, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Jameson, Talfourd, Ruskin, Milman, Bayard Taylor, Eliot Warburton, the Duke of Devonshire, Lady Dacre, and many others—which show the deep impression she made upon them by her personal qualities no less than by her literary productions, and which also abound in references to the social life and manners of the times, and in interesting anecdotes of or allusions to contemporaneous social and literary celebrities on both sides of the Atlantic.

[2] *The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford as Recorded in Letters from her Literary Correspondents.* Edited by Rev. A. C. L'Estrange. 12mo, pp. 460. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 118. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Not the least precious and charming of the letters in the collection are a number of Miss Mitford's own, covering nearly a hundred pages, written during the last years of her life, as her sun was slowly but surely westering to its setting in undisturbed and unobscured calm.

A Guide to Modern English History[3] is the title of a historical compendium of considerable merit, intended for the enlightenment of intelligent foreigners as to the course of English history from 1815 to 1835, which, however, is not a history in the full sense, inasmuch as it is not a comprehensive record of all that enters into the life of a nation in each of its departments, and does not pretend to give a full and continuous account of all the influences that contributed to the national progress. Thus, although it is far from being silent as to the colonial policy and wars of England, or as to its trade, commerce, and manufactures, its social, religious, scientific, artistic, and intellectual development, these are treated cursorily and incidentally only, as they may be connected with or may help to illustrate the particular political movements and events which the author has selected to indicate the general course of British legislation and government. Instead, then, of being a history, it is more properly a series of critical and historical disquisitions on special political themes, including intelligent accounts of some of the more important legislative acts and measures of reform which exerted a potential influence upon the British nation and people during the eventful years from the downfall of Napoleon to the accession of Sir Robert Peel to the British premiership, and also embodying an exposition of the causes that led to them, and an account of the conflicts of classes and individuals, of policies, interests, and ambitions which they evoked. The work is not amusing or entertaining reading; but its dryness is more than compensated for by its opulence of those minute details which are usually and necessarily abbreviated by historians, but which are invaluable for the strong side light they throw upon critical political events having a national magnitude.

It would be extravagant to say that the French Revolution would not have occurred but for the American Revolution, since the cloud of grievances must have burst sooner or later which had been accumulating for centuries in France, and for half a century previous had assumed portentous proportions. But that the crisis was influenced and perhaps hastened in France by the example of America admits of little doubt, and there is as little doubt that if the example of America had been more closely followed, France would have been saved from much of the anarchy and crime that swept over the land, and the fair name of freedom would not have been sullied by charges of unbridled license and appalling inhumanity. This interesting subject is discussed with spirit and ability in a dissertation by Mr. Louis Rosenthal, on *The Influence of the United States on France in the Eighteenth Century*,[4] in which the author traces the relations of America and France before, during, and at the climax of the French Revolution, and by the aid of authentic and mostly contemporaneous letters and documents ascertains and describes the influence each country exerted on the other in these three periods, very clearly establishing these positions: that before the great outbreak, between the years 1776 and 1789, America influenced France so powerfully by its example, its political doctrines, and its public men, by the contact of Frenchmen with Americans in the allied armies, and by the enthusiasm, the comments, and the discussion which the war of independence and the formation of the American State and national constitutions evoked in France, that the American Revolution may safely be pronounced a proximate cause of the French Revolution; that during the progress of the French Revolution—in 1789, 1790, 1791—American influence, though not so great as in the ante-revolutionary period, is still distinctly traceable in the speeches of orators, the publications of pamphleteers and political writers, the manifestations of popular feeling, and the acts of legislators; and that during the sessions of the Legislative Assembly and the Convention, at the climax of the revolutionary movement, the practical nature of American methods became distasteful, American influence was well-nigh imperceptible, and the American example was lost sight of amid the wild theories with which France was inundated, and under the pressure of the imminent foreign and domestic questions that then engaged the attention of the French government and people. Mr. Rosenthal's dissertation is thoughtful, free from extravagance, and conceived in the true historical spirit. His researches have been wide and indefatigable, and his arrangement of the evidence that he has gleaned from a large body of authentic material, much of which is not usually accessible, is pertinent, logical, and generally convincing.

Mr. George W. Sheldon's *Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of the City of New York*[5] is a valuable and interesting memorial of an institution that was long regarded with peculiar pride by New-Yorkers as one of the most dis-

[3] *A Guide to Modern English History.* By William Cory. Part I., 1815–1830. Part II., 1830–1835. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 276 and 365. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[4] *America and France.* The Influence of the United States on France in the Eighteenth Century. By Louis Rosenthal. 12mo, pp. 302. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[5] *The Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of the City of New York.* By George W. Sheldon. With One Hundred and Forty-five Illustrations. Royal 8vo, pp. 575. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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tinctive and imposing features of their city. Mr. Sheldon gives a very complete historical sketch of the department from its organization in 1820 until its disbandment in 1865, his recital comprising accounts of the various companies that formed it, their membership, rivalries, and services at the most important fires, sketches of well-known firemen, with instances of the disinterested gallantry and heroism exhibited by them on numerous occasions, and animated descriptions of the old-time methods of reaching and extinguishing fires, and of scenes by the way, at the fire, and on the return to the engine-house. In addition to these interesting anecdotal and biographical annals, the volume contains a large body of valuable historical material relating to the organization and administration of the department, and it is lavishly embellished with engravings recalling historical incidents in connection with memorable conflagrations and parades, and reproducing the features of firemen who in their day were conspicuous for their courage and skill, or were raised by their brother firemen to positions of trust and authority in the department and elsewhere.

THE enduring popularity of the *Imitatio Christi* has often been the subject of wondering and admiring comment. That a purely devotional book, having the sanction of no ecclesiastical authority, without a story, without historical, local, or personal incidents, allusions, or colorings, and without scientific interest, "a book which," as has been well said by an eminent thinker and critic, "gains no hold by its eloquence, and derives no interest from illustration, which has no deep mysteries to reveal, no splendid theories to propound, no elaborate conclusions to demonstrate," should have been printed for more than four hundred and fifty years in separate editions that are counted by the thousand, should during all that time remain a favorite with readers of every rank, faith, and nationality in Christendom, and should still stand alone and unparalleled for diffusion and popularity among books confessedly human, is indeed, as De Quincey has declared in his fervid way, "the most marvellous bibliographical fact on record." And yet, notwithstanding the permanent popularity of this sweetest and humblest of books, and the wonderful vitality of its "brief, quivering sentences," the name of its author is one of those literary secrets which have baffled search and eluded discovery. The hundreds of angry disputants who have wrangled over its authorship for two hundred and fifty years, attributing it at different times to some one or other of half a score of favorite saints or doctors, only made the darkness more impenetrable, till the application of the tests of modern research and comparative criticism reduced the number of those whose pretensions have any foundation in probability to two—to Thomas à Kempis, sub-prior of the monastery of St. Agnes, in the diocese of Cologne, and Jean Gerson, the famous chancellor of the University of Paris. The results of the latest investigation of the question, having reference more particularly to the claims of à Kempis and Gerson, to whom the inquiry has finally narrowed down, and in which the authorship is awarded to the former, are contained in two exceedingly diffuse and laborious, but well-intentioned and curiously interesting, volumes by Rev. S. Kettlewell, a clergyman of the Church of England, entitled *Thomas à Kempis and the Brothers of Common Life*.[6] Mr. Kettlewell's memoir comprises a sketch of the life of à Kempis, gleaned from the old biographers, from allusions and references in à Kempis's own memoirs and biographies, and from the records and traditions that have been preserved in, or the probabilities that have been suggested by, the places of his birth, education, and residence; a historical sketch of the period in which à Kempis lived, bearing generally upon the state of education, religion, and thought in Germany just before the dawn of the Reformation, and more particularly upon the nature and results of the religious movement inspired by the Society of the Brothers of Common Life, of which fountain-head of German mysticism and organized association of its propagators à Kempis was the most conspicuous ornament and chief exponent, interspersed with accounts of the lives and characters of those of its early members with whom he was brought in contact, or who were instrumental in moulding his devout life; and a study and comparison of the language and thought of à Kempis and other Brothers of Common Life, as expressed in extant manuscript and printed devotional treatises, memoirs, chronicles, diaries, and other writings, with a view to the discovery in them of the requirements needed for the production of the *Imitatio Christi*, and an exhibition of those particulars of concord between them and that work which manifest identity of thought and a common origin. Despite Mr. Kettlewell's industrious researches, that portion of his work which traces the life of à Kempis is very disappointing. It is true he has discovered many new and interesting facts and circumstances, and collated many old and half-forgotten ones, that throw much real light on the character, the life, and the intellectual and religious endowments of the man, as well as on his daily avocations and life work, but with these are incorporated so much that is conjectural and inferential, when it is not purely apocryphal, that for the most part it is of little absolute value as an authentic memoir. With more qualification the same may be said of his effort to substantiate the claims of à Kempis to the authorship of the *Imitatio*, though it must be admitted that while he has failed of absolute certainty, he has

[6] *Thomas à Kempis and the Brothers of Common Life*. By the Rev. S. KETTLEWELL. 2 Vol., 8vo, pp. 449 and 484. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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greatly augmented the probabilities that à Kempis was its author, and has reduced to a minimum the evidences that it was written by Gerson, or, indeed, by any other than à Kempis. The most valuable, and also the most curious, portion of the work, notwithstanding its excessive discursiveness and redundancy, is that which illustrates the religious thought and movement of the day as exemplified by the lives, writings, and influence of the German mystics, who prepared the way for the Reformation by their silent protest against sacerdotalism, and their distinct realization and inculcation of the idea of the immediate access of the soul to God, without the intermediary interference of priests, or rituals, or systems.

In the autumn and winter of 1881–1882, Dr. Edward A. Freeman, the distinguished English historian, visited this country and delivered two series of historical lectures, one of them being a popular course suited to general audiences, on "The English People in Its Three Homes," and the other having more of an academic character, from the fact that it was originally intended for the members of Cornell University, on "The Practical Bearings of General European History." Although each of these courses was complete in itself, yet, owing to the natural difficulty hearers experience in grasping the full scope and more intimate relations of a course of lectures when its parts have been interrupted by intervals of time, and when no opportunity is afforded to recur to, or to weigh and compare, what has gone before, it is probable that the historical unity which pervades each of them and laces its parts together has escaped many who listened to them as they were originally read. Those who thus heard these lectures without fully comprehending their general or particular drift, and the intelligent general public as well, will be glad to learn that Dr. Freeman has published both courses in a permanent form, in a volume entitled *Lectures to American Audiences.*[7] In his lectures on "The English People in Its Three Homes," Dr. Freeman has made a free use of the materials with which readers had already become fairly familiar through the previous more elaborate historical works of himself and others, but he presents them in a more popular form, more largely varied with illustrative and explanatory comment and argument, and with special reference to the ties of kinship that bind together the original English folk, whose home on the mainland of Europe he designates as "Old England," the colony from this older England which conquered and occupied Britain, and made it the great insular nation to which Dr. Freeman assigns the title of "Middle England," and that later England in America, which in its turn was colonized by the English of Middle England, and is styled "New England." Dr. Freeman traces with great ingenuity, and an effusiveness and enthusiasm that are contagious, the analogies and resemblances of these three branches of one stock, constituting the same people in different stages of social and political development and on different arenas, as manifested by their language, literature, institutions, traits of personal character, and national characteristics, and as exhibited by the enterprises they projected, by their bearing under the vicissitudes they encountered and surmounted, and by the social and political changes they experienced in the process of their development. The lectures of the second course are a succession of studies exhibiting the distinctive principles that lay at the base of the political and social structure, first, of the cities of ancient Greece, as representative of pure democracy; second, of ancient Rome, as the type of an aristocratic republic; and lastly, of Rome under the Emperors—no longer merely a city or a commonwealth—as an empire, conquering, moulding, and ruling the world by its mighty organization, and stamping the impression of its laws, policies, customs, and institutions upon the nations. In these studies Mr. Freeman dwells with instructive emphasis upon the legacies that each of these representative systems left to the world in one form or other, pointing out by the way the permanent influence they have exerted upon the language, thought, laws, and institutions of those who came after them, as well by what has been rejected as by what has been retained, and directing special attention to the powerful impression that questions and policies which they originated have made upon modern politics, and the immediate practical bearing they still have upon living issues of European policy.

Considered as a biography, the Rev. T. B. Van Horne's *Life of Major-General Thomas*[8] has its full share of the defects and short-comings that are common to most compositions of its kind. More conspicuous even than is the case with the average of conventional biographies is the incompleteness of its record of the early years of its distinguished subject, and the poverty of its details of those personal traits and idiosyncrasies that display individuality of character, and of those personal incidents that impart interest and give color and animation to the story of a career. Of the forty-five years of the life of General Thomas prior to the breaking out of the war of the rebellion, Mr. Van Horne gives only the baldest outline, in a few pages that are nearly as formal and uninteresting as an official army or regimental

[7] *Lectures to American Audiences.* By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D., etc. I. The English People in Its Three Homes. II. The Practical Bearings of General European History. 8vo, pp. 455. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

[8] *The Life of Major-General George H. Thomas.* By Thomas B. Van Horne, U.S.A. With Portrait and Maps. 8vo, pp. 502. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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record. In this outline, it is true, there are intimations of the character and virtues of the man—of his loyalty, purity, honor, and conscientiousness, of the soundness of his judgment, his prudence, his strength of will, and his military abilities in a limited arena and subordinate capacity. But there are no indications of future greatness. And after reading it the thought recurs, as it has doubtless also recurred to the readers of the biographies of General Grant, that if the man had then died, or if there had been no civil war and its opportunities, his name would have had no higher place in our history than the names of the hundreds of other high-minded soldiers who had served the country faithfully and with honor during the peaceful years from 1815 to 1860. But the civil war was the opportunity for which such self-contained men as Grant and Thomas waited, and which developed into grand proportions their hitherto modest and unostentatious but solid qualities as soldiers and men. Mr. Van Horne's work is substantially a history of the military life of General Thomas during the civil war, and not a life or a biography in the full sense. Of his private and personal life during the war even, Mr. Van Horne gives us only rare and unsatisfactory glimpses; but of his public life and acts, as a military commander invested with grave powers and responsibilities and intrusted with critical operations on which the successful issues of the war depended, the work is a full, minute, and trustworthy record, exhibiting prepossessions, it may be, but entirely free from the intemperateness of passion or prejudice, and if not absolutely dispassionate in matters of opinion, yet strictly fair and veracious in all statements of fact. After controversy and criticism shall have spent itself, Mr. Van Horne's carefully prepared account of General Thomas's battles and campaigns in Tennessee, and of the historical events and incidents that preceded and attended them, will probably be accepted as an authoritative version of those important transactions. His work is certainly an able and convincing vindication of General Thomas from the intimations of slowness in preparation, tardiness in taking the initiative, lack of dash and boldness in action, and want of vigor and persistence in pursuit, that were indulged in, on the one hand, by those who were infected with an unjust but not altogether unnatural suspicion of General Thomas's loyalty, and, on the other, by those who were either not fully cognizant of or failed to recognize the almost insuperable difficulties by which he was environed, in their solicitude for other objects in which they had a deeper, more immediate, and more personal interest.

SHAKSPEARE without note, or comment, or illustration, or even so much as a word of critical, bibliographical, or historical introduction, will be regarded with genuine satisfaction by many ardent admirers of the great master; and when to these negative merits are added clear type, strong and serviceable paper, a reliable text, and a form that is pre-eminently *pocketable*, nothing remains to be said to insure it a hearty welcome from those who are impatient of modern editorial methods of presenting Shakspeare's works. All these merits are combined in a beautiful miniature parchment-bound edition of *Shakspeare's Works*,[9] now in course of publication by the Messrs. Appleton, the first volume of which lies before us, containing *The Tempest*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Measure for Measure*.

TWO additional volumes of Mr. Rolfe's edition of *Shakspeare's Plays—Troilus and Cressida*[10] and the *Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*[11]—have just issued from the press of the Messrs. Harper. Prepared on the same plan as their predecessors, and accompanied by a complete equipment of explanatory and expository notes, critical comments, and historical and bibliographical summaries, they are invaluable for use in schools and for reading aloud in the home circle.

Knocking Round the Rockies[12] is the appropriate title of a volume embodying Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's recollections of his experiences of travel and exploration in the Rocky Mountains while he was attached to the United States Geological and Geographical Survey in 1874 and 1877, and his impressions, while serving in that capacity, and also in the course of an independent foot and saddle campaign of his own, of the resources, scenery, and zoology of the country—its parks and peaks, its rivers and prairies, its mines and minerals, its natural curiosities, its trappers, hunters, miners, and other civilized, half-civilized, or savage denizens. Mr. Ingersoll is an observant traveller, genially alive to the humorous, and with a keen eye both to the picturesque and the practical. Besides affording entertainment to the reader by his vivacious descriptive sketches of the Rocky Mountain country, its people and natural history, his book is a valuable guide to travellers who may visit it for business or pleasure, being rich in practical suggestions and directions for their comfort and convenience derived from his own experiences.

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[9] *Shakspeare's Works.* I. *The Tempest, Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Measure for Measure.* 18mo, pp. 330. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[10] *Shakspeare's History of Troilus and Cressida.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. With Engravings. 16mo, pp. 222. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Shakspeare's History of King Henry the Sixth, Part III.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. With Engravings. 16mo, pp. 172. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *Knocking Round the Rockies.* By ERNEST INGERSOLL. Illustrated. Sq. 8vo, pp. 220. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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PROFESSOR SEELEY'S *Natural Religion*[13] is the logical development of his celebrated *Ecce Homo*, but unlike that brilliant theological enigma, leaves the reader subject to no misunderstanding as to its drift. The readers of the last-named work were divided in opinion as to its theological bearings, and in their doubt and hesitancy debated whether its eloquent exaltation of the humanity of Christ corroborated or was at the expense of His divinity. There can be no such division of opinion as to the purport of this volume. Setting out with the assumption that "the present strife between Christianity and science is one in which insignificant differences are magnified by the imagination of the combatants," and applying himself to indicate the points of agreement between them, and to measure how much ground is common to both, Professor Seeley pronounces many things insignificant which Christians maintain to be vital; and his treatise is in fact an invitation to Christians to surrender some of the most distinctive and fundamental features of Christianity in order to patch up a truce between it and science, so that they may cease from their conflicts and become reconciled. To this end Christians are invited to reduce inspiration to the level of ordinary gifts of genius and intellect; to regard prophecy as fallible, of purely human origin, possibly mistaken, and corrigible by modern seers who have the power to trace the course of humanity, and to help us to understand what new scene is about to open in the drama of time; to abandon the idea that religion is the consequence of revelation, or that it has a divine or supernatural origin; to reject miracles in general, and to concede that the particular miracle of the resurrection is a doubtful and disputable occurrence; to exalt the unmiraculous part of what is denominated "Christian tradition" at the expense of supernaturalism; to consider a future life as a sentiment or a dream; to admit that God is only a synonym for natural law, that in the Old Testament nature should be written for God, and in the New Testament humanity should be written for Christ; to look upon the Bible and the creeds as archaic, the Bible itself being merely a unique epic of human action, a fragment which, standing alone, creates an illusion that has incalculable bad results; and to regard the religion taught in the Old and New Testaments, and especially the Christian religion, as merely a human and historical development, which has reached an advanced stage of decline, and needs to be further developed and corrected by modern seers like the author, where it appears not merely unripe, but mistaken and wrong. If all the compromises and concessions were made by Christianity to science that Professor Seeley advocates in this volume with brilliant but sophistical reasoning, it would no longer be Christianity, but only a modernized form of paganism.

IT will be generally conceded that Miss Woolson's *Anne* and Mr. Howells's *A Modern Instance*[14] have been the most important literary events of the twelvemonth in the department of American prose fiction. And it was natural, and perhaps inevitable, that the nearly simultaneous appearance of two novels of such sterling quality, by native authors, should provoke a comparison of their characteristic merits, the results of which may be summed up as follows. Both novels are realistic transcripts of actual but dissimilar phases of American society, with the difference that in *Anne* these phases are less exclusively local and provincial than in *A Modern Instance*. Again, both are realistic in their conception and delineation of the men and women who figure in their story, with the difference again that in *Anne* these men and women are a visible growth, and their character is an unfolding and a development, while in *A Modern Instance* the actors are ripe from their first entrance upon the stage, and their characters undergo no change in any intrinsic feature. Once more, in both works the characters are invested with an individuality so unmistakably their own that it would be impossible to confound the sayings and doings of any one of them for the sayings and doings of either of the others. In *Anne*, however, the characters are never designated by any arbitrary tokens of individuality, and need no distinguishing ear-marks to enable us to recognize them; while in *A Modern Instance* nearly all the actors are distinguishable by some empirical trick of manner or speech, some fixed and ruling mental or moral peculiarity or obliquity, some marked characteristic or crotchet which savors of eccentricity or singularity. Finally, both have a full proportion of unlovely or disagreeable characters among their actors; but in *Anne* these are either subordinate and essential to the due play of light and shade, or their venial defects heighten the glow of our sympathy for the heroine, and they are delineated so subtly and unobtrusively as insensibly to convert our distrust into tolerance. On the other hand, in *A Modern Instance* the most disagreeable characters are the principal and central figures, and their defects are so palpable and obtrusive—in the case of the hero, so capital and unqualified, and in that of the heroine, so paltry and provoking—as simply to create a feeling of aversion for the man, and to put us out of all patience with the woman—with the result, that while Mr. Howells manages by his rare artistic skill to excite a certain interest for his hero and heroine, his story

[13] *Natural Religion.* By the Author of Ecce Homo. 16mo, pp. 251. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[14] *A Modern Instance.* A Novel. By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. 12mo, pp. 514. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

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fails to awaken genuine sympathy for any one of its actors. On the whole, we should pronounce *A Modern Instance* inferior to *Anne* as a work of imaginative art. Of course any comparison of the two works must be confined within these limits. Miss Woolson does not undertake to deal with social problems in *Anne*, while Mr. Howells makes his novel the vehicle of a pointed satire against the methods of perverted American journalism, and of a powerful arraignment of the evils of our divorce laws. In this last aspect *A Modern Instance* stands by itself in contemporaneous literature as the preacher of a new crusade of transcendent importance to society and morals, and its manly and courageous denunciation of a shameful blot upon our social system, impressively illustrated by a graphic imaginary example drawn from real life, must exert a wholesome influence upon thousands who could be reached in no other way than through the medium of a romance.

In one of the most beautiful passages of his *Arcadia* Sir Philip Sidney describes a charming pastoral scene, in the midst of which was "a shepherd's boy, piping as though hee should never bee old." And although he was by no means a bucolic Colin or Strephon, Robert Herrick sung as this Arcadian shepherd lad piped, as though he too "should never bee old." His songs and lyrics, and his pastoral and descriptive pieces—whether his earliest or latest, whether they be of brooks and blossoms, of birds and bowers, of the out-door delights of spring and summer, or of winter's pleasures by the fireside, of country life and rural joys, of fairy charms and holiday ceremonies, of love, courtship, sweethearts, and wives, or whether they tell "how violets came blue and roses red," or bid the "virgins to make much of Time," or coax Corinna "to go a-Maying"—are suffused with the buoyancy and mirthfulness of perpetual youth, and are ever as gay and blithesome as boyhood itself. And they are as musical as they are full of youth and lustihood. The rippling melody and "nimble airs" of his verse quicken the pulse like dance music; for "he cometh to you" (as the Knight of Penshurst declares the true poet must ever come) "with words set in delightful proportion, prepared for the enchanting skill of music, and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner." At frequent intervals during the past two years our readers have been introduced in these pages to this most delightful of the post-Elizabethan poets, and have been given an inkling of his genius, through the instrumentality of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, whose fine taste and rare mastery of art have been enthusiastically enlisted in the pictorial interpretation of some of the poet's daintiest conceptions and most picturesque descriptions. And he now affords an opportunity for a more intimate acquaintance with this daintiest and sweetest singer among the minor poets of the seventeenth century, by a luxurious volume of *Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick*,[15] upon which the artist and the publishers have lavished the resources of their several arts. Mr. Abbey's selections comprise a liberal collection of those exquisite and most characteristic shorter poems of Herrick, which display the sweet coquetries and bewildering graces of lovely women, the simple habits and peaceful scenes of rural life, the loves and courtships, the "quips and cranks and wanton wiles," the "nods and becks and wreathèd smiles," of country youths and maidens, the dress and manners, the social pleasures, the holiday rites and sports, and the fairy and folk lore of the time, and a multitude of delicious vagrant fancies, romantic or amatory—the whole illustrated by Mr. Abbey with full-page and other drawings, which are not only masterpieces of art, but are fine original readings and felicitous interpretations of the poet's fancies by an artist of kindred poetical taste and genius. The volume is a splendid folio, superbly printed on vellum-like paper, and elegantly bound. In many respects it is the most consummate union of the perfections of the three great arts, poetry, pictorial design, and typography, that has ever been produced in a work so largely American.

It was a happy instinct that led Mr. Aldrich and his publishers to prepare an illustrated edition of his *Complete Poetical Works*[16] as a gift-book for the holidays. One of the most polished as well as one of the most tender and imaginative of our home-bred poets, and perhaps the most graceful and airy, his poems are peculiarly in unison with the spirit of the gladsome Christmas-tide, laden as they are with song and legend, and richly dowered with the beauty and sweetness of common and familiar objects, no less than with the poetry of things remote and ideal. The volume is superbly printed, and richly illustrated by members of the Boston Paint and Clay Club.—Another beautiful holiday volume is an illustrated quarto edition of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*,[17] the text of which is sumptuously printed, and illustrated by more than a hundred and twenty fine engravings by distinguished artists, from landscape sketches made on the spot by Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, and from careful studies of costumes, weapons, and contemporary paintings and descriptions.—Less sumptuous than the volumes just noticed, but still very beautiful holiday souvenirs, are two finely illus-

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[15] *Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick.* With Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey. Folio, pp. 188. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.* Illustrated by the Paint and Clay Club. 8vo, pp. 254. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[17] *The Lady of the Lake.* By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Illustrated. 4to, pp. 240. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

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trated short popular poems, Mrs. Rosa Hartwick Thorpe's pathetic ballad *Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night*,[18] and the late Dr. Sears's touching Christmas carol, *That Glorious Song of Old*.[19]

A GLANCE only over the bound volume of *Harper's Young People for* 1882[20] will suffice to reveal its great value as a treasury of reading for the young. It is an inexhaustible store of entertainment, and a well-stocked library of genial instruction, adapted to the tastes and wants of children of every age, and combining prose and poetry, story and legend, travel and adventure, fact and fiction, history and biography, natural history and descriptive geography, work and play, pastime and solid information, in acceptable variety. The quality, too, of its materials is of the best, whether their attractiveness to the young, their literary workmanship, or their purifying and elevating influence be considered. Its serial tales are spirited and full of incident, many of its poems sparkle with the "gem serene" of true poesy, its biographical and historical sketches, and in particular its sketches of natural history, are admirably prepared, its illustrations are good and abundant, and its copious hints and directions for home amusements and occupations have a substantial practical value that will prove their best commendation to parents, elder sisters, and all who are charged with the training of children.

LIBERAL and satisfactory provision for nearly every youthful taste and age has been made by the caterers of holiday entertainment for the young. Mr. Thomas W. Knox contributes another interesting installment of travel and adventure, in a relation of the experiences of our old acquaintances Fred Bronson and Frank Bassett, the boy travellers, in a *Journey to Egypt and the Holy Land*.[21] The imaginary adventures of the young travellers are based upon the experiences of the author in two visits to Egypt and a tour through Palestine in the winter of 1873–74 and the spring of 1878, and the descriptive and historical matter is gleaned from recent works of standard authority. The work thus combines the interest of a spirited narrative of personal adventure, and of a relation of incidents encountered or scenes witnessed on the spot, with the instructiveness of a careful historical outline and summary, enabling the reader to picture the lands visited, their people, institutions, antiquities, etc., as they appear to-day, and to gather a faithful account of them as they have appeared through many centuries down to our own times.

MR. GEORGE M. TOWLE opens an attractive page of biography to youthful readers in an account of the life and character, the voyages, exploits, and adventures of Sir Francis Drake,[22] the renowned sea-king of South Devon, in which he does full justice to the homely virtues and rugged grandeur of the man. The greatest sailor and most daring sea-rover of his day, the boldest of those ocean free-lances who preyed upon the commerce and colonies of England's enemies, and by so doing laid the foundation of her mighty naval power, the first English admiral to sail a ship completely round the world, and the hero of the magnificent victory which England won over the Invincible Armada, the career of Drake was lustrous with splendid deeds and heroic achievements that redounded to the glory of his country. The story as told by Mr. Towle is as fascinating as a romance, and infinitely more inspiring.

SHORTLY before his death the late Sidney Lanier had completed a selection from Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, including the most famous and musical of those ballads of which the old song of "Percy and Douglas," or "Chevy Chace," is the type, and they are now published posthumously in a companion volume to his *Boys' Froissart*, with the title *The Boys' Percy*.[23] The selections made by Mr. Lanier are every way admirable, and he has prefaced them with a scholarly introduction on ballad poetry, in which he dwells with special emphasis upon the powerful influence that the original work of Bishop Percy has exerted upon the sentiment and manners of after-times. The volume is beautifully printed and appropriately illustrated.

THE thousands of girls who have come to regard "Aunt Jo's" inexhaustible "Scrap-Bag" as another Fortunatus's purse—a treasury that is never empty, but only awaits the willing hand in order to yield up its riches to its fortunate possessor—will be rejoiced to learn that Miss Alcott has drawn from its capacious recesses a new budget of stories,[24] brimming with innocent gayety and sparkling incident, and rich in bright pictures of wholesome boy and girl life in thrifty New England homes.—Be-

[18] *Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night.* By ROSA HARTWICK THORPE. Illustrated. Small 4to, pp. 36. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[19] *That Glorious Song of Old.* By EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS. Illustrated. Small 4to, pp. 38. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[20] *Harper's Young People*, 1882. Volume Third. Illustrated. 4to, pp. 848. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[21] *The Boy Travellers in the Far East.* Part Fourth. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Egypt and the Holy Land. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 438. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[22] *Drake, the Sea-King of Devon.* "Young Folks' Heroes of History." By GEORGE M. TOWLE. 16mo, pp. 274. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[23] *The Boys' Percy.* Being old Ballads of War, Adventure, and Love. From Bishop Thomas Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. Together with an Appendix containing two Ballads from the original Percy Folio MS. Edited for Boys, with an Introduction, by SIDNEY LANIER. With fifty-five Illustrations from original Designs. Crown 8vo, pp. 441. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[24] *Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag.* An Old-fashioned Thanksgiving, etc. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 16mo, pp. 234. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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sides these new stories from *Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag*, Miss Alcott has coined in her own mint and stamped with her own superscription a volume of engaging *Proverb Stories*,[25] each of which illustrates the moral of some well-known proverb by the disposition and doings of its central characters.

OUR Scandinavian and Teutonic brethren are unrivalled tellers of folk-lore stories, as witness the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen and the Brothers Grimm. The peculiar attraction of their versions of such tales resides in the mixture of the weird and the familiar, the playful, the mischievous, and the domestic, that enters into the composition of their dwarfs, kobolds, bogeys, and caper-cailzies. Of this deliciously bizarre character are the wonder stories, bogey tales, and fairy legends of the Norwegian poet-philosopher Peter Christen Asbjörnsen, which have been translated by H. L. Brækstad, and are now collected in an ornately illustrated volume, with the title of *Folk and Fairy Tales*,[26] that will prove one of the most fascinating books of the season for young people.—There remain several other seasonable publications for the young by writers who thoroughly understand the art of weaving an unobtrusive moral into the framework of a captivating story, which must be announced by their titles only. These comprise *An Adventure in Thule*,[27] by William Black; *The Jolly Rover*,[28] by J. T. Trowbridge; *Mr. Stubbs's Brother*,[29] by James Otis; *Mildred's Bargain and other Stories*,[30] by Mrs. Lillie; and *All Adrift; or, The Goldwing Club*,[31] by Oliver Optic.

[25] *Proverb Stories.* By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 16mo, pp. 285. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[26] *Folk and Fairy Tales.* By P. CHR. ASBJÖRNSEN. With an Introduction by EDMUND W. GOSSE. 4to, pp. 316. New York: A. C. Armstrong and Son.

[27] *An Adventure in Thule.* A Story for Young People. By WILLIAM BLACK. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 14. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[28] *The Jolly Rover.* By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 292. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[29] *Mr. Stubbs's Brother.* A Sequel to Toby Tyler. By JAMES OTIS. 16mo, pp. 283. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[30] *Mildred's Bargain and other Stories.* By LUCY C. LILLIE. 16mo, pp. 231. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[31] *All Adrift; or, The Goldwing Club.* By OLIVER OPTIC. "The Boat-Builder Series." Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 340. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

ALTHOUGH the novels of the month are appreciably above the recent average in quality, it is only possible to announce them as nearly as may be in the order of their literary merit, or of the intrinsic interest of their story, excluding those that impress us as being below mediocrity. Observing this method, the list will be as follows: *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*,[32] by Walter Besant; *Weighed and Wanting*,[33] by George Macdonald; *Daisies and Buttercups*,[34] by Mrs. J. H. Riddell; *Of High Degree*,[35] by Charles Gibbon; *Kept in the Dark*,[36] by Anthony Trollope; *Doctor Zay*,[37] by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; *Allerton Towers*,[38] by Annie Thomas; *Robin*,[39] by Mrs. Parr; *Doctor Ben*[40] and *Her Crime*,[41] by anonymous authors; *Those Children*,[42] by Byron A. Brooks; *Rachel's Inheritance*,[43] by Margaret Veley; *Flip*, and *Found at Blazing Star*,[44] by Bret Harte; *Under Green Apple Boughs*,[45] by Helen Campbell; and *Norse Stories*,[46] by Hamilton W. Mabie.

[32] *All Sorts and Conditions of Men.* An Impossible Story. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. Illustrated. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 82. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[33] *Weighed and Wanting.* A Novel. By GEORGE MACDONALD. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 76. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[34] *Daisies and Buttercups.* A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 95. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[35] *Of High Degree.* A Story. By CHARLES GIBBON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 68. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[36] *Kept in the Dark.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 30. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[37] *Doctor Zay.* By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. 16mo, pp. 258. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[38] *Allerton Towers.* A Novel. By ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP). "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 59. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[39] *Robin.* By Mrs. PARR. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 304. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[40] *Doctor Ben.* An Episode in the Life of an Unfortunate. "Round Robin Series." 16mo, pp. 382. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[41] *Her Crime.* "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 284. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[42] *Those Children and Their Teachers.* A Story of To-Day. By BYRON A. BROOKS. 16mo, pp. 272. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[43] *Rachel's Inheritance; or, Damocles.* A Novel. By MARGARET VELEY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 61. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[44] *Flip*, a California Romance, and *Found at Blazing Star.* By BRET HARTE. 18mo, pp. 192. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[45] *Under Green Apple Boughs.* By HELEN CAMPBELL. 16mo, pp. 272. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

[46] *Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas.* By HAMILTON W. MABIE. 16mo, pp. 169. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of November.—Elections were held, November 7, in thirty-three States. In fifteen of them Governors were chosen. Members of the Forty-eighth Congress (293 in all) were elected in all the States, and delegates in the Territories. Vacancies in the present Congress were also filled. Legislatures were chosen in twenty-two States, and constitutional amendments voted upon in seven. Thirteen of the fifteen States elected Democratic Governors, as follows: California, George Stoneman, 30,000 majority; Colorado, James B. Grant, 2500; Connecticut, Thomas M. Waller, 4000; Delaware, C. C. Stockley, 1900; Kansas, George W. Glick, 10,000; Massachusetts, Benjamin F. Butler, 13,000; Michigan, Josiah W. Begole, 4330; Nevada, J. W. Adams, 1000; New York, Grover Cleveland, 194,000; Pennsylvania, R. E. Pattison, 38,000; South Caro-

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lina, H. S. Thomson, 40,000; Tennessee, W. B. Bate, 5000; Texas, John Ireland, 80,000. The Republicans elected James W. Dawes Governor of Nebraska, and S. W. Hale Governor of New Hampshire, by small majorities.

The political complexion of Congress was completely changed. The next House of Representatives will have a Democratic majority of 77. Five of the States elected solid Democratic delegations, viz.: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Florida, and Georgia. The free canal amendment was adopted in New York State by 150,000 majority.

John N. Dolph was elected United States Senator from Oregon, October 21, and Governor Colquitt and Pope Barrow United States Senators from Georgia, November 15.

The British House of Commons, November 10, by a vote of 304 to 260, refused to reject the closure rule.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, November 11, during a discussion of the estimates for public worship, the government announced its decision to oppose any proposition tending to the abrogation of the concordat. The Radicals urged a reduction of the estimates. Bishop Freppel argued that the state was bound to maintain public worship as an indemnification to the clergy for the confiscation of their property at the time of the revolution. The Chamber then proceeded to discuss the separate items.

A letter from Dr. Schweinfurth, dated Cairo, October 23, referring to the progress of the False Prophet's movements in the Soudan, states that all the provinces of Egypt lying south and west of Khartoom are in the hands of fanatical insurgents, and that Khartoom is only hanging on by a thread; 6000 men were massacred in June by Mahsie's army, which is reported to number 150,000 men, and is desperately brave. The Governor of the Soudan estimates that during the war 30,000 of the False Prophet's followers have perished.

The result of the Prussian elections for members of the Diet, held October 26, was the choice of 140 Liberals, 128 Conservatives, 56 Free Conservatives, and 100 Clericals and Guelphs.

The Prussian Landtag was opened, November 14, by the Emperor in person. In his speech he laid special stress on the necessity for abolishing the four lowest grades of class tax, which, he said, press harshly upon the poorer classes, and for putting a speedy stop to the oppressive distraints connected with the levying of this impost. A sacrifice of 7,000,000 marks of revenue would thus be involved, which would have to be supplied from other sources.

The first election held in Italy since the adoption of universal suffrage was held October 29, resulting in the return of 99 members of the Right, 65 of the Centre, 258 of the Left, 27 Radicals, and 2 Socialists.

King Milan of Servia, while in the cathedral at Belgrade, October 23, was fired at by a woman, but neither of the shots took effect. The assailant is the widow of a man who was executed in 1878 for rioting, and is a victim of melancholia.

DISASTERS.

October 20.—The greater part of the city of Manila, capital of the Philippine Islands, destroyed by a typhoon. Sixty thousand families were rendered homeless. One hundred sailors were drowned. A second typhoon, November 8, did great damage.

October 22.—News received from the west coast of Vancouver's Island of the loss of a British steamer, supposed to be the *Wambe*, from Hong-Kong, with several hundred passengers.

October 24.—Explosion of fire-works in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, during the Penn celebration. Seven persons killed and eight injured.

October 30.—Park Theatre, New York, burned early in the evening on which Mrs. Langtry was to make her first appearance in America. Two lives were lost.

November 6.—Thirty persons burned to death in the Poor Asylum, at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

November 7.—Explosion in the Claycross Colliery, Derby, England. Forty-three miners buried alive.

November 9.—Ten persons killed by a railroad accident in Algeria.

November 13.—Unknown steamer sunk by the Hamburg steamer *Westphalia* off Beachy Head, Southern England. All on board supposed to have been lost.—Boiler explosion, Forest City Iron-Works, at Newburg, Ohio. Several lives lost.

November 16.—Several vessels wrecked and lives lost by a storm off the English coast.

OBITUARY.

October 19.—At Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, John D. Defrees, aged seventy-two years.

October 20.—In Aberdeen, Mississippi, Rev. Dr. Robert Paine, senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, aged eighty-three years.

October 25.—In Brooklyn, New York, Major A. G. Constable, in his sixty-first year.

October 27.—Sidi Mohammed-el-Sadok, Bey of Tunis, aged sixty-nine years.

November 3.—Near Napa, California, James W. Simonton, of the New York Associated Press, aged fifty-eight years.

November 7.—At West New Brighton, Staten Island, Francis George Shaw, aged seventy-three years.

November 11.—In Madrid, Señor Figueras-y-Moracas, aged sixty-three years.

November 13.—In London, England, George Rose ("Arthur Sketchley").

November 15.—At Zürich, Dr. Johann Gottfried Kinkel, aged sixty-seven years.

November 20.—In New York, Professor Henry Draper, in his forty-sixth year.

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Editor's Drawer.

THERE are some choice tidbits of wit and anecdote in Fanny Kemble's new autobiographical volume, *Records of Later Life*, in which the literary and social celebrities of the London of forty years ago figure very pleasantly. Among these are a number of good sayings of Sydney Smith which have not hitherto appeared in print, or which she repeats with such variations as to make them as good as new. When she made her first visit to England, after her marriage to Mr. Butler in this country, she was greatly petted by the best society, and was a special favorite of Sydney Smith and the poet Rogers. One of the freaks of the witty canon, she tells us, was to amuse himself and her friends by teasing her on the subject of what he called her *hallucination* with regard to her having married in America, and he never allowed any allusion to it to pass without the most comical expressions of regret for this, as he called it, "curious form of monomania."

"On one occasion," says Mrs. Kemble, "the canon and Mrs. Smith had met some friends at dinner at our house, and I was taking leave of them previous to my departure for Liverpool, when he exclaimed, 'Now do, my dear child, be persuaded to give up this extraordinary delusion; let it, I beg, be recorded of us both that this pleasing and intelligent young lady labored under the singular and distressingly insane idea that she had contracted a marriage with an American, from which painful hallucination she was eventually delivered by the friendly exhortations of a learned and pious divine, the Rev. Sydney Smith.' Everybody round us was in fits of laughter as he affectionately held my hand and thus paternally admonished me. I held up my left hand, with its wedding ring, and began, 'Oh, but the baby!' when the ludicrous look with which my reverend tormentor received this testimony of mine threw the whole company into convulsions."

"On that same evening at my father's house the comparative cheapness of living abroad and in England having been discussed, Sydney Smith declared that, for his part, he had never found foreign quarters so much more reasonable than home ones, or foreign hotels less exorbitant in their charges. 'I know *I* never could live under fifty pounds a week,' said he.

"'Oh, but how did you live?' was the next question.

"'Why, as a canon should live,' proudly retorted he, 'and they charged me as enemy's ordnance.'"

"A question having arisen one evening at Miss Berry's as to the welcome Lady Sale would receive in London society after her husband's heroic conduct, and her participation in it, in the Afghan war, Miss Berry, who for some reason or other did not admire Lady Sale as much as everybody else did, said she should not ask her to come to her house. 'Oh yes! pooh! pooh! you will,' exclaimed Sydney Smith; 'you'll have her, he'll have her, they'll have her, we'il have her. She'll be Sale by auction.' Later on that same evening, it being asked what Lord Dalhousie would get for his successful exploit in carrying the gates of some Indian town, 'Why,' cried Lady Morley, 'he will be created Duke Samson Afghanistes.'"

"A party having been made to go and see the boa-constrictor soon after its first arrival at the Zoological Gardens, Sydney Smith, who was to have been there, failed to come, and on being questioned at dinner why he had not done so, said, 'Because I was detained by that bore contradictor Hallam' (the historian, whose propensity to controvert people's propositions was a subject of irritation to some of his friends less retentive of memory and accurate in statement than himself)."

"Sydney Smith not unnaturally preferred conversation to music; and at a musical party one evening, as he was stealing on tiptoe from the concert-room to one more remote from the performance, I held up my finger to him, when he whispered, 'My dear, it's all right. You keep with the *dilettanti;* I go with the *talkettanti.*' Afterward, upon my expostulating with him, and telling him that by such habits he was running a risk of being called to order on some future eternal day with, 'Angel Sydney Smith, hush!' if he did not learn to endure music better, he replied: 'Oh, no, no! I'm cultivating a judicious *second* expressly for those occasions.'"

"Of Sydney Smith's lamentations for the 'flashes of silence,' which, he said, at one time made Macaulay's intercourse possible, one has heard; but once when he was so ill that all his friends were full of anxiety about him, —— having called to see him, and affectionately asking him what sort of a night he had passed, he replied: 'Oh, horrid, horrid, my dear fellow! I dreamed I was chained to a rock, and being talked to death by Harriet Martineau and Macaulay."

"A comical instance of the rivalry of wits (surely as keen as that of beauties) occurred one day when Rogers had been calling on me, and speaking of that universal social favorite, Lady Morley, had said: 'There is but one voice against her in all England, and that is her own.' (A musical voice was the only charm wanting to Lady Morley's delightful conversation.) I was enchanted with this pretty and appropriate epigram, so unlike in its tone Mr. Rogers's usual *friendly* comments; and very soon after he left me, Sydney Smith coming in,

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I told how clever and how pleasant a remark the 'departed' poet (Sydney Smith often spoke of Rogers as dead, on account of his cadaverous complexion) had made on Lady Morley's voice.

"'He never said it,' said my second illustrious visitor.

"'But he did, Mr. Smith, to me, in this room, not half an hour ago.'

"'He never *made* it; it isn't his; it isn't a bit like him.'

"To all which I could only repeat that nevertheless he *had* said it, and that whether he had made it or not, it was extremely well made. Presently Sydney Smith went away. I was living in Upper Grosvenor Street, close to Park Lane, and he in Green Street, in the near neighborhood. I believe he must have run from my house to his own, so short was the interval of time before I received the following note: 'Dans toute l'Angleterre il n'y a qu'une voix contre moi, et c'est la mienne.' Then followed the signature of a French lady of the eighteenth century, and these words: 'What a dear, innocent, confiding, credulous creature you are, and how you *do* love Rogers! Sydney Smith.'"

"Mrs. Grote, wife of George Grote, the banker, member of Parliament, and historian of Greece, was one of the cleverest and most eccentric women in the London society of my time. Her appearance was extremely singular; *striking* is, I think, the most appropriate word for it. She was very tall, square-built, and high-shouldered; her hands and arms, feet and legs (the latter she was by no means averse to displaying), were uncommonly handsome and well made. Her face was rather that of a clever man than a woman. Her taste in dress was, as might have been expected, slightly eccentric, but for a person with so great a perception of harmony in music, her passion for discordant colors was singular. The first time I ever saw her she was dressed in a bright brimstone-colored silk gown made so short as to show her feet and ankles, having on her head a white satin hat with a forest of white feathers; and I remember her standing, with her feet wide apart and her arms akimbo, in this costume before me, and challenging me upon some political question, by which and her appearance I was much astonished and a little frightened. One evening she came to my sister's house dressed entirely in black, but with scarlet shoes on, with which, I suppose, she was particularly pleased, for she lay on a sofa, with her feet higher than her head, American fashion, the better to display or contemplate them. I remember, at a party, being seated by Sydney Smith, when Mrs. Grote entered with a rose-colored turban on her head, at which he suddenly exclaimed, 'Now I know the meaning of the word *grotesque*.' The mischievous wit professed his cordial liking for both her and her husband, saying: 'I like them, I like them; I like him, he is so lady-like, and I like her, she's such a perfect gentleman.' In which, however, he had been forestalled by Mrs. Chorley, the meekest and gentlest of human beings, who, one evening, at a party at her son's house, said to him, pointing out Mrs. Grote, who was dressed in white, 'Henry, my dear, who is the gentleman in the white muslin gown?'"

"When I was leaving England, I received two most kind and affectionate letters from Sydney Smith, bidding me farewell, and exhorting me, in a most comical and yet pathetic manner, to be courageous and of good cheer in returning to America. One of these epistles ended thus: 'Don't forget me, whatever you do; talk of me sometimes; call me Butler's Hudibras, and believe me always affectionately yours.'"

These anecdotes of Sydney Smith may be fitly closed by one or two of his son, who seems to have inherited his father's droll incongruousness. "This gentleman," says Mrs. Kemble, "being rather addicted to horse-racing and the undesirable society of riders, trainers, and jockeys, and semi-turf blacklegs, meeting a friend of his father's on his arrival at Combe Flory, the visitor said, 'So you have got Rogers here, I find.' 'Oh yes,' replied Sydney Smith's dissimilar son, with a rueful countenance, 'but it isn't *the* Rogers, you know.' *The* Rogers, according to him, being a famous horse-trainer and rider of that name. I have called him his father's dissimilar son, but feel inclined to withdraw that epithet when I recollect his endeavor to find an appropriate subject of conversation for the Archbishop of York, by whom on one occasion he found himself seated at dinner. 'Pray, my lord,' he inquired, 'how long do you think it took Nebuchadnezzar to get into condition again after his turn out to grass?'"

YARMOUTH, Nova Scotia, has a witty and wide-awake Presbyterian elder of pronounced Scotch antecedents, who, although a persistent advocate of the "Westminster Confession," will occasionally for convenience' sake, and from an innate love of social religious intercourse, attend the meetings of his Methodist brethren.

At a recent prayer-meeting of the latter body of Christians that was held as preparatory to a centennial service in commemoration of the progress of Methodism in Nova Scotia, the presiding minister dwelt eloquently upon the wonderful growth and prosperity of the Methodist Church, and of its great founder, John Wesley. He also expressed thankfulness that to-day there were one hundred and nine Methodist ministers in Nova Scotia.

The meeting thus very naturally assumed a denominational character, and the minister asked our good Presbyterian brother to lead in prayer at the close. The elder complied,

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and after thanking the Lord for the many good things he had just heard "about this branch of Zion," he added, with much depth of feeling, "O Lord, we thank Thee for John Wesley, but we *especially* thank Thee for *John Knox;* we thank Thee for the hundred and nine Methodist ministers in our country, but we *especially* thank Thee for the *hundred and thirteen Presbyterian* ministers who are preaching the Word of Life throughout our land. *Amen.*"

Presbyterianism will not lose any lustre by that earnest elder, even in a Methodist prayer-meeting.

MODERN FABLES.

THE LION IN THE ASS'S SKIN.

A LION, desiring to ravage the Flocks of the Shepherds, the better to accomplish his Purpose disguised himself in the skin of an Ass, and entering the Fold, began, with terrific Roarings, to glut his thirst for Blood. The Shepherds beholding this, hurried up with their Cudgels and beat him to death before they had discovered their Error.

MORAL.—Indiscretion is the Greater Part of Valor.

THE 'COON AND THE COLONEL.

A 'Coon, beholding a famous Hunter approach, was about to remark, "Is that you, Colonel Scott? Don't shoot—I'll come down," but on maturer Reflection adopted a wiser Course of Action, and lying still in the fork of the Tree where he had ensconced himself, soon had the pleasure of seeing the Hunter pass on to another part of the Forest.

MORAL.—Don't Holler. The Other Man may go out of the Wood.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

A Wolf having called upon a Crane to desire the Bird of Science to remove a supposititious Bone from his Throat, intending to bite off her head, the Crane, closing one eye with professional Solemnity, remarked: "My friend, as you have frequently written to the Papers that a Female Doctor sacrifices her Delicacy by attending to Surgical Practice, I have resolved to confine myself to the Diseases of Women and Children, and so will confide your case to my Colleague, Dr. Mastiff." This latter, rushing in, promptly proceeded to Dognose the Wolf and perform upon him the operation of Tracheotomy with satisfactorily fatal Results.

MORAL.—The foregoing teaches us the Impropriety of asking the Doctor to put in a Bill when there is no Intention of paying it.

THE STORKS AND THE FROGS.

The Inhabitants of the Marshes having clamored to Jupiter for the boon of Representative Government, the God appointed the morrow for the selection of their Rulers. The Frogs, having assembled, spent the night in croaking themselves hoarse in favor of Civil Service Reform, and in the morning the Storks, alone being present, received from Jupiter their Certificates of Election. Nor did they long delay the introduction of onerous Bills affecting the Frogs, so that these latter were forced again to appeal to Jupiter, raising an Issue of Voracity with their Rulers. "Away, ye knaves," cried the God; "ye should have thought of that before the Primaries were held!"

MORAL.—Eternal Liberty is the Prize of Vigilance.

THE OX AND THE FROG.

An Ox, having long contemplated an Æsthetic Frog, who had seated himself upon a Water-Lily in the midst of an Arrangement in Moonshine and Muck to expound his Theories on Art, and being consumed with Envy too utter to utter, resolved to emulate the Batrachian, and (having paid the usual Admission Fee at the Door) leaping into the Pool, became mired, and perished miserably.

MORAL.—It would have been Better for him to remain a Stolid Ox, and have a Dinner of Herbs.

THE WHALE AND THE TORPEDO.

In the North Sea lived a Whale who had during his long Public Career been identified with a School distinguished alike for Blowing and Striking. He having one day discovered an Object new to his experience which was deaf to his Overtures, declared it a Bankrupt Corporation and himself Receiver, and proceeded to open its Chest with a formidable blow from his forked unvarnished Tail. But the Object being indeed, O! a Woolwich Torpedo, an Explosion ensued, and the Whale yielded rich developments to an Investigating Committee of Whalers.

MORAL.—First be sure the Other Man is Dead to Rights, then go ahead.

THE FOWLER AND THE BIRD.

A Fowler, having taken in his Nets a small Bird, the hapless Captive besought his Clemency, promising, were it allowed to escape, to return some other day when it would be larger and plumper, so that the Fowler could enjoy the Unearned Increment as Rent. The credulous Fowler, fascinated by this presentation of the principles of Political Economy, set the Bird at liberty, adjuring it to return when it would be of greater Utility to him, when the Bird (which was one of Father Carey's Chickens) migrated to the Antipodes, leaving the Fowler to find out that "Utility is the Measure of Man's Power over Nature," and that he was out on a Fowl.

MORAL.—This Fable shows the Importance of Knowing something about Political Economy before Discussing the subject in Public.

THE RECORDING ANGEL.

A Recording Angel, being about to shed a Tear on a Debit Entry and blot it out forever, sagely reflected in time that when his Books were examined he might be accused of falsify-

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ing them, and prudently allowed the Entry to stand, keeping his Tears to thin his Mucilage.

MORAL.—The Pen is—or ought to be—Mightier than the Eraser.

THE MINSTREL BOY AND HIS HARP.

A Minstrel Boy who to the War had gone, being compelled to execute a Change of Base while closely pursued by the Foeman, and finding the Foeman gaining on him, slung his wild Harp behind him with such vigor and accuracy as to knock out the Pursuer's Brains. Returning to Camp with his Adversary's Arms and Armor, he was promptly made General for Life, and elected to the Consulship for a thirteenth Term.

MORAL.—This Fable Teaches us one Method of Cheeking the Bubble Reputation, even at the Cannon's Mouth.

THE VIGILANT PEASANT LAD AND THE WOLF.

A Peasant Lad who had been exhorted to employ the utmost Vigilance in warning the Villagers of the approach of the Wolf which had frequently ravaged their Flocks, discharged his Task with so much Conscientiousness as to necessitate an almost hourly Levy of the *Posse Comitatus* to repel the Attacks of Stumps, Sheep-Dogs, Black Cattle, and other objects which he had regarded in the light of Lupine Foes. The Villagers, wearied of a Policy of "All Cry and No Wolf," gradually became remiss in responding to his Alarms, and when the Wolf finally made a Professional Call, treated the Lad with such Contumely that the undisturbed Destroyer was speedily enabled to reduce the local Sheep-building Industry to a condition demanding an extensive System of Subsidies and Bounties.

MORAL.—Thus we see that it is not Wise to throw all the Bureau of Agriculture's Reports into the Waste Basket.

THE REFLECTIVE CAMEL AND THE MOOLLAH.

A Reflective Camel, who had laid deeply to Stomach the teachings of the Koran, but was troubled because of his Inability to comprehend the Text about a Camel passing with ease through the eye of a Needle, went to a Moollah and besought the pious man to resolve the Doubts with which he was harassed. The Moollah, having been Moollahfied by a handsome gift to his Shrine, revealed to the Inquirer that in the most ancient Manuscripts the reference was to a Needle passing through the eye of a Camel, and the Animal departed joyfully, clutching at this last Straw, and a confirmed supporter of Revision.

MORAL.—It is a Poor Text that Can't be made to Read Both Ways.

SINDBAD AND THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

Sindbad the Sailor, having found an Attached Companion in the Old Man of the Sea, at first contemplated making him drunk and beating out his Brains, but reflecting that this would be a waste of good Liquor, resolved instead to affect fondness for his new Family Ties, and accordingly laughed and gambolled with such glee that his Incubus could not refrain from asking the cause of his Mirth. "My mother-in-law," replied Sindbad, "is coming here to-morrow to spend a few Days, and after having had her round my neck for seven years, small wonder that I find your society very agreeable." The Old Man of the Sea (who had been a Husband himself) affected to ridicule this as only worthy of recital to the Marines, but resolved that very evening to sell his new mount, with ample warranty as being sound, kind, and a good weight-carrier. Seizing his opportunity as he was being put through his Paces, Sindbad thereupon ran away, and making his escape to Bassora, married the Female wing of an Orphan Asylum, and before the conclusion of his Honey-Moon set out on his Seventh Voyage.

MORAL.—There is no Place like away from Home.

G. T. L.

DON'D FEEL TOO BIG!

A FROG vas a-singing, von day, in der brook
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!),
Und he shvelled mit pride, und he say, "Shust look,
Don'd I sing dose peautiful songs like a book?"
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!)

A fish came a-shvimming along dot vay
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!);
"I'll dake you oudt off der vet," he say;
Und der leedle froggie vas shtowed avay.
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!)

A hawk flew down, und der fish dook in
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!);
Und der hawk he dink dot der shmardest vin
Ven he shtuck his claws in dot fish's shkin.
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!)

A hunter vas oudt mit his gun aroundt
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!);
Und he say, ven der hawk vas brought to der groundt,
Und der fish und der leedle frog vas foundt,
"Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!"

C. F. A.

ON February 22 last the American flag upon one of the United States naval vessels at Newport, Rhode Island, was by mistake hoisted "union down." The officers of the station, noticing the error, at once telegraphed to head-quarters at Washington:

"The ship —— is lying at anchor here, union down."

Head-quarters, of course, saw the joke, and telegraphed to the officer in command of the vessel:

"Officer ——, ship —— is reported at anchor at Newport, union down. Who's dead?"

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Quick as thought, on reading the message, the officer returned the reply:

"George Washington."

This completed the correspondence satisfactorily.

TO THE MINOR POETS.

O CHILDREN of the unmaternal Nine
Whom their neglect hath made
Perforce to sell the poet's gift divine
For uses base of trade;

Who needs must choose for theme of all your lays
(For so stern Fate doth will)
Some Universal Panacea's praise,
The virtues of some Pill;

Shall we who deeds of love and war rehearse
Pass by with smile of scorn
When ye with humble ornaments of verse
Your lowly theme adorn;

Or ask what inspiration ye may find
In "Fragrant Floraline,"
If "Cocaine" can charm a poet's mind,
Or "Buchu," or "Dentine"?

Nay, shall not ye much rather smile at us
Who, fameless, but secure,
Know not the evils multitudinous
That we poor bards endure?

Your fine-spun fancies no harsh critic waits
All eager to dissect;
Your verse (secure at advertising rates)
No editors reject;

Nor any cause have ye to dread, yet hope,
The postman's knock; nor, sick
With doubt, to view the fateful envelope
(How ominously thick!);

Nor ever, when with cautious hand and soft
'Tis opened, do ye find
Your poems—like my own (alas, too oft!)—
"Respectfully declined."

R. T.

JACK is a boy of six years, and very ready. Happening recently to be at a neighbor's where a pet colt was being shown off, he was possessed with a frenzy for the animal. "Say! say! I want that colt; will give you all my money—have lots in the savings-bank—and a 'stifficut.' Can't I have it, Mrs. Hart?"

"Guess not, Jack," said the lady. "Couldn't make an exchange for anything you have except the baby. Give me the baby, and I'll give you the colt."

"I'll do it," said Jack.

"Very well," said the lady, with great sincerity; "go right home and draw me up the baby, and you may lead home the colt."

"No," said Jack, with some hesitancy, "I won't give you Tot, but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you my father!"

A LEGAL gentleman in Tennessee sends this to the Drawer:

After the Hon. Cave Johnson had served his long and brilliant career in Congress, after he had distinguished himself as President Polk's Postmaster-General, after he had resigned with honor the presidency of the Bank of Tennessee, and had retired to the quiet of private life, he once stepped into the office of his nephew, Robert Johnson, then a young lawyer of much promise, and finding the young man engaged in writing with a gold pen, had occasion to remark upon the extravagance of the rising generation.

"Why is it," said he, "that every young man now has his gold pen, while those of my day were content to use their goose-quills?"

"I suppose," replied Robert, in the most innocent manner possible, "it is because there were more *geese* when you were a young man."

MOON-STRUCK.

THE young Moon lies in the old Moon's arms—
You can see it as plain as may be;
Venus has gone, with all her charms,
But Jupiter stares at the baby.

The old Moon rocks in the clear blue skies—
She is rocking an hour-old baby;
The stars are a-winking with all their eyes,
And wonder what ever it may be.

In a month that baby a babe will hold,
And croon to the young its A B;
For a moon's whole life is but four weeks old,
And then 'tis again a baby.

F. J. O.

THEN AND NOW.

I.

GIRT in by nature's solitude,
The brown low-studded farm-house stood,
Its moss-grown shingles slanting down,
Lacked but a span to reach the ground,
Where plumèd elms long shadows made,
And children chattered 'neath the shade,
All clad in homespun's honest hue,
With cheeks of brown and eyes of blue.
The garden, cooled by fostering showers,
Was bright with dear old-fashioned flowers;
The ragged-sailor's tattered plume,
The garden-pink with quaint perfume,
The sunflower gorgeous to behold,
And hollyhock, and marigold;
And here, a field of fragrant snow,
Their blooms the Bouncing-Betsys show;
The lad's-love dear to many a maid,
And mignonette where big bees played;
Sweet-william, phlox, alyssum sweet,
And all ruled off from little feet
By winding lengths of gravelled walks,
Bordered with bars of bitter box.
And here the slanting shadow fell
From stone-poised sweep above the well,
Whose cooling breath was nectar sweet
To boys all red with summer's heat,
While in the depths they saw the sky,
And clouds like frightened gulls flit by.
The stanch old quince-bush stood aloof,
And bending o'er the wood-house roof
The snow-ball bush its petals cast
At every breath of wind that passed.
The buttery, open to the breeze,
Threw out rich whiffs of new-made cheese;
The window wreathed in snaky twine
By tendrils of the trumpet-vine.
The rusty horseshoe o'er the door,
That crooked bane to evil lore,
Called up the tales of days gone by
Of withered witch and evil-eye.
Beyond the grass-plot's level green
The weather-stained old barn was seen,
Where cows with soft reproachful eye,
Their fettered heads shook restlessly,

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And tethered horse, sedate and grave,
A muffled stamp in answer gave.
Through the wide door the sunbeams lay
On garnered heaps of fragrant hay,
While from the field came music blithe,
The measured clink of sharpening scythe.
Upon the hills still stands the wood,
Where firs and pines in silence brood
Over the meadows at their feet,
Where sweeps at eve the swallow fleet,
And rippling brooks pour merrily
Their tinkling music to the sea.
A humble Eden here below
Was home a hundred years ago;
The farmer, weary with his toil
And daily battle with the soil,
Entered at eve the lowly room,
Where in the twilight's deepening gloom
The brazen fire-dogs winked with fun
At fading beams from setting sun;
And as he dropped with restful air
Into the old rush-bottomed chair,
The last long sunbeam sank from sight,
And scented breezes breathed "Good-night."

II.

Pent in a crowded city square,
Where sparrows beat the dusty air,
Stands, with its windows all a-gaze,
The brown-stone home of nowadays.
The peeping sun from every room
Is barred by woof of Eastern loom;
The gloom dispelled at fall of night
By waxen tapers' yellow light,
And lamps that counterfeit the glow
Of ruby embers sunken low.
A massive screen, severely gay,
With mighty zigzags bars the way;
Dyspeptic storks with solemn mien
Wade through a pool of peacock green,
Where cat-tail spears and gonfalon
Of rushes breathe forth "Kensington."
Beneath, the fruit of Smyrna's toil
Lies by the hunter's furry spoil,
And brilliant wools in Turkey dyed
Shrink from the ice king's snowy hide.
Above, the fresco meets a frieze
Blooming with blossoms Japanese,
And peacock plumes from cornice high,
Display their iridescent eye.
Quaint cabinets adorn the wall,
Where owls in style conventional
Muse on the state of mundane things,
And sadly wave their plumeless wings
At blackened skeletons of chairs,
Consumptive tables, precious wares
The courtly age of good Queen Anne
Left as a legacy to man.
An ancient clock with softened chime,
The sentry grenadier of time,
Still ticks away, sedate and slow,
And calls the hours as they go.
A motley hoard of bric-à-brac
Is stored on shelves; a mighty plaque
Of old majolica, all blue,
With streaks of yellow leaking through;
A bit of Sèvres with rosy crowds
Of chubby cherubs wreathed in clouds;
Odd cups of Delft in mottled rows,
And Wedgwood's chilly cameos;
A Dresden shepherdess arrayed
In spotless gown of pink brocade;
Satsuma jugs, a Kaga jar,
Brilliant with gold and cinnabar;
Life in Japan on ancient ware,
With people walking through the air.
A battered sconce of ancient brass,
And rainbows of Venetian glass;
An ugly god from Hindostan,
Bright scarfs from Egypt, and a fan
Whose gaudy groups grotesquely gay
Tell of the workshops of Cathay.
The slanting sunbeams gild the sheen
Of shield and sabre Damascene,
And shyly touch, as half afraid,
The Malay robber's sinuous blade;
Then fade while lengthening shadows fall,
And darkness closes over all.

CURTIS GUILD, JUN.

ADVICE TO A COQUETTE.

From the French of Alfred de Musset.

BY AN EX-EDITOR.

WERE I a woman lovable and fair—
Yes, Julie, yes—I'd do what you are doing;
Without remorse or mystery, thought or care,
I'd ogle all the world and set it wooing.

I would not have a trouble on my mind,
Save what would suit my face and figure best;
No doll, from Rome to Paris, should they find
From top to toe so well got up and drest.

Of all I've learned I only would retain
Your charming listlessness in all its moods;
Like you, uniting to a madcap vein
The seeming reverie that o'er nothing broods.

Life in a round of fêtes for me should run;
Pride should be forced to follow in my train;
Of ice and flame—two beings merged in one—
Love in the eyes, and in the heart disdain.

But above all things I should loathe to wear
That vulgar tint of meretricious rose.
My face should beam from out my dark brown hair
As through a hood of clouds the moonlight shows.

For 'tis so charming, and of such avail,
That languid air, that mask in vogue to-day.
Ah, how delightful is it to be pale!
What's in the heart the look should ne'er betray.

Still, your capricious ways—that novice sigh,
That knowing glance—have such a charm for me;
In short, my heart so clings to you, that I—
Just for a year or two—yourself would be.

There are some points, however, where, I own,
Your worldly wisdom can not be avowed.
You dare not boldly show your heart of stone;
Your pride restrains you—yet one must be proud.

Neither, in medley of the country-dance,
Should my bare arm be waved without my leave;
Nor, in quadrille, should my white hand by chance
Trailing repose on this or that man's sleeve.

Should too robust an arm unseemly press
My closely fitting corset, in your place
A mortal fear would seize me, I confess,
Lest in the grasp I lost one shred of lace.

Waltzers in turn have o'er your shoulder bent,
Feigning with rapture to be overcome.
At least my woman's senses would resent
Such love as this, if self-respect were dumb.

I would not, were I Julie, have my friends
Call me but pretty. With your charms endowed
I would be Duchess to my finger-ends;
As I were wealthy, so would I be proud.

Note well one fact, my dear: in this our age
Few men regard inconstancy as crime;
Of all your doting lovers I'll engage
That half make love to while away the time.

Flirts must of passion prudently beware:
The bird of passage where he lists will fly,
Nor hovers indolently poised in air;
Brushed by his wing, a flower may droop and die

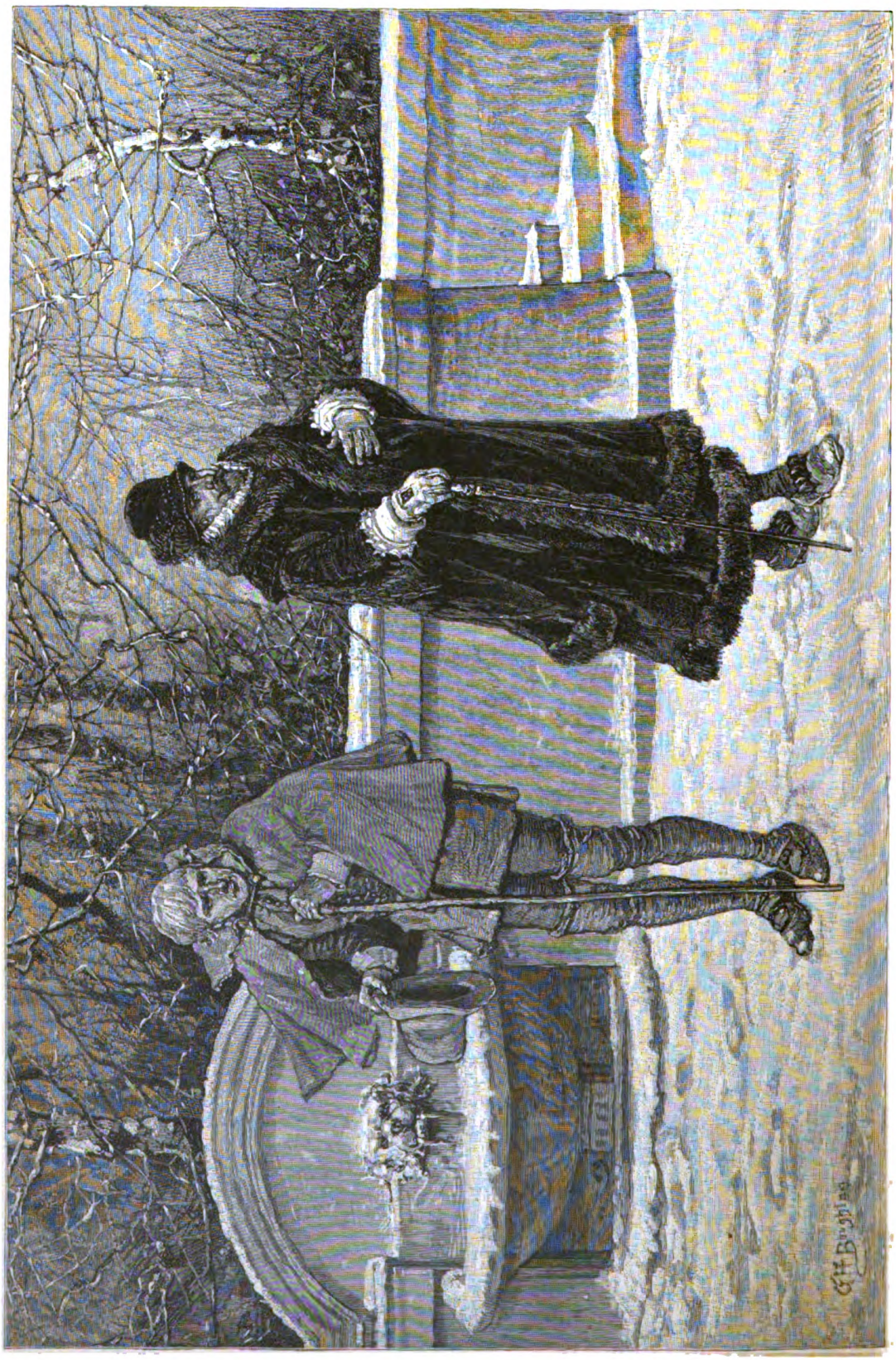
W. Y.

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THE FROZEN FOUNTAIN.

From a Picture by George H. Boughton, R.A.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXCIII.—FEBRUARY, 1883.—Vol. LXVI.

THE WILD WELSH COAST.

NEARLY three-fourths of the entire circuit of Wales is sea-coast. A great part of this coast is rugged and dangerous, but there are frequently recurring harbors of refuge easily and safely entered. Steep and forbidding cliffs, with fronts of iron, black, jagged, frowning, receive the Atlantic's rudest buffetings grimly. The southern shore of Wales, from a point just below Cardiff to the extreme westernmost reach of land at St. David's Head, is washed by an ocean whose free sweep is unbroken straight across to the coast of Newfoundland. At various points the cruel cliffs are made still more cruel by huge disjected rocks scattered about at a distance from the mainland, as if the shore were showing its teeth in warning to the mariner. Where this frowning front is broken occur bights and bays of exquisite beauty, with long reaches of tawny sands which the waves lap lazily of a summer afternoon, or across which wild winds howl in storm. It is a striking line of coast, full of fascination in itself to the lover of the picturesque; but more: on every crowning summit stands a castle olden, looking seaward with its hoary façades and battlemented towers—perhaps inhabited, perhaps crumbling still slowly away, as it has been crumbling for centuries. At every lovely harbor is an old-world village, or a great town with clanking hammers, the one rich, the other poor, but both dowered with those aspects of antiquity which are so dear to the eyes of the cultured American. There are villages along this wild Welsh coast of an ancientness to be equalled hardly anywhere else in Britain—villages which in some cases have undergone little change of aspect during the past five hundred years. Remote from railroads, primitive in all their ways, they are of the old world, olden. Time has hardly disturbed them since the days when London was a village too, with thatched roofs and winding lanes. In the caves and chasms hewed in the cliffs by the long rollers of the Atlantic thundering in a thousand storms have been found traces of primeval man—his bones, his implements, the bones of the



A WELSH STILE.

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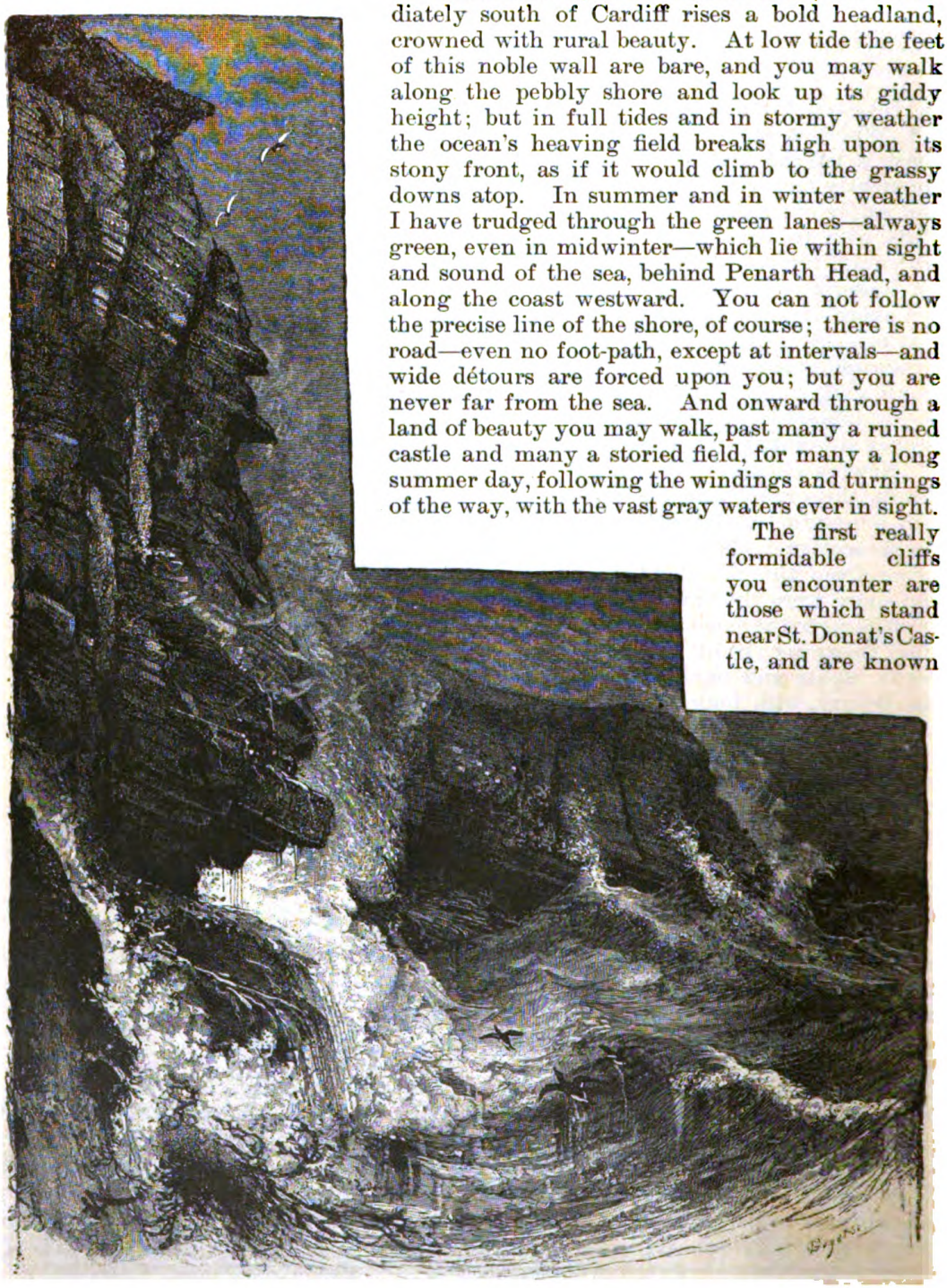
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beasts he ate—in great abundance. The very land is older than the land of the English, Scotch, and Irish. Ages before the solid parts of earth on which the rest of Britain was built had risen above the wide waste of waters covering the world, this land, now called Wales, stood alone in its glory, an island by itself, where strange monsters dwelt, and misshapen birds and reptiles wandering left the tracks of their feet, which are found to-day in the solid rock where they were imprinted countless ages ago.

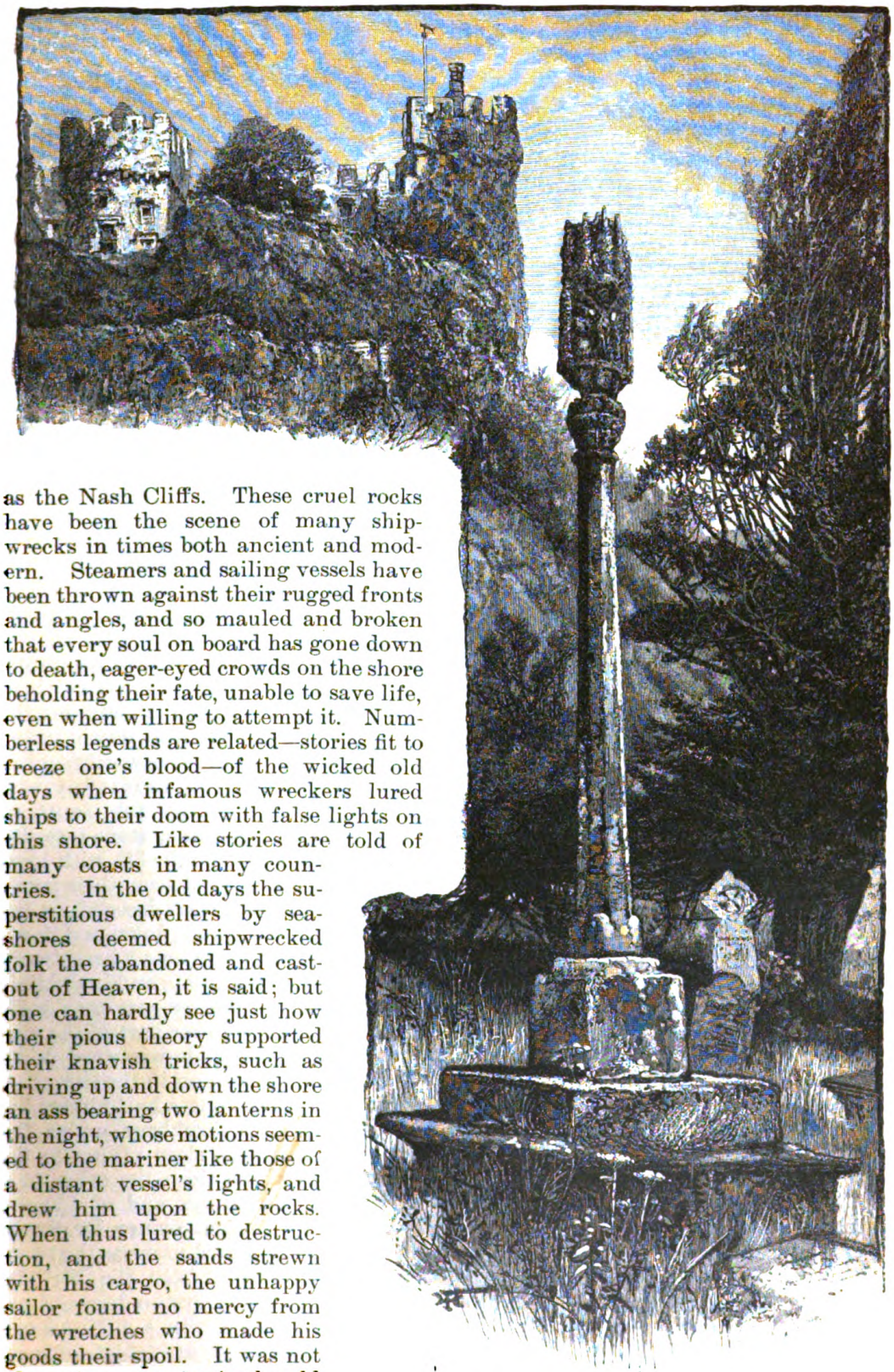
The coast at Cardiff (where the sea arm which reaches up to the Severn is but a dozen miles wide) is flat and rockless; but immediately south of Cardiff rises a bold headland, crowned with rural beauty. At low tide the feet of this noble wall are bare, and you may walk along the pebbly shore and look up its giddy height; but in full tides and in stormy weather the ocean's heaving field breaks high upon its stony front, as if it would climb to the grassy downs atop. In summer and in winter weather I have trudged through the green lanes—always green, even in midwinter—which lie within sight and sound of the sea, behind Penarth Head, and along the coast westward. You can not follow the precise line of the shore, of course; there is no road—even no foot-path, except at intervals—and wide détours are forced upon you; but you are never far from the sea. And onward through a land of beauty you may walk, past many a ruined castle and many a storied field, for many a long summer day, following the windings and turnings of the way, with the vast gray waters ever in sight.

The first really formidable cliffs you encounter are those which stand near St. Donat's Castle, and are known



CLIFFS NEAR ST. DONAT'S CASTLE.

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ST. DONAT'S CASTLE AND CHURCH-YARD.

as the Nash Cliffs. These cruel rocks have been the scene of many shipwrecks in times both ancient and modern. Steamers and sailing vessels have been thrown against their rugged fronts and angles, and so mauled and broken that every soul on board has gone down to death, eager-eyed crowds on the shore beholding their fate, unable to save life, even when willing to attempt it. Numberless legends are related—stories fit to freeze one's blood—of the wicked old days when infamous wreckers lured ships to their doom with false lights on this shore. Like stories are told of many coasts in many countries. In the old days the superstitious dwellers by seashores deemed shipwrecked folk the abandoned and cast-out of Heaven, it is said; but one can hardly see just how their pious theory supported their knavish tricks, such as driving up and down the shore an ass bearing two lanterns in the night, whose motions seemed to the mariner like those of a distant vessel's lights, and drew him upon the rocks. When thus lured to destruction, and the sands strewn with his cargo, the unhappy sailor found no mercy from the wretches who made his goods their spoil. It was not alone the peasantry in the old days; the ancient lords of yon-

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SOUTHERDOWN SANDS.

der castle of St. Donat's, which stands superbly on the adjoining height, made claim as a right to the spoils of wrecked ships which came ashore within the limits of their manor. Long after the laws of civilization had compelled the surrender of this claim, however, the lower classes continued to practice wreckage. All this is now happily a thing of the past. A light-house throws its broad glare far out to sea, and if people now cluster on the shore to watch the laboring of a vessel in the remorseless grasp of storm and wave, it is in sympathy and not in greed.

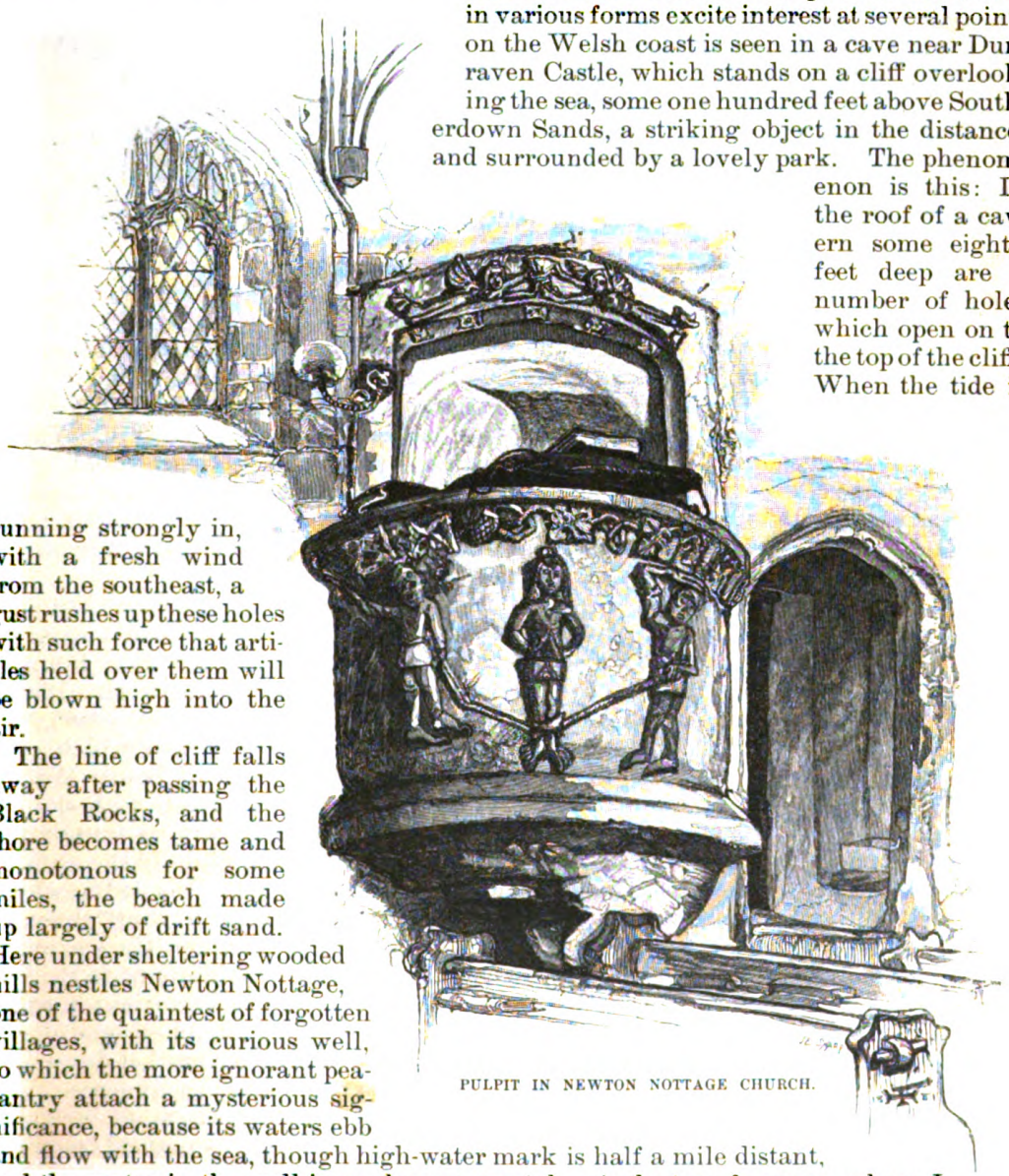
Now if I am expected to refer, even in the briefest terms, to all the castles and other antique remains which bristle upon the cliffs or crown the near-by hills upon our line of march, I must give great disappointment. To meet such an expectation is out of the question. I draw the line at such of these as I most closely inspected, and found most interesting or unique. St. Donat's Castle shares with a short dozen others the honor of mention here. With its haughty walls looking out over the expanse of waters stretching to the hills of Somerset on the one hand, and on the other straight away across the limitless ocean, embowered on its other sides in gorgeous depths of green, with its ancient church in the dell beneath it, directly under its overlooking battlements, and its crumbling watch-tower on the cliff, there are few more striking castle pictures in Europe. It is not a lonely ruin; it is inhabited by the surviving representative of the Norman paladin who built it, a gentleman of scholarly tastes and acquirements, proud of his castle, into possession of which he only came when in middle life, and which he has restored with long, loving, and learned care. "This key lets me through forty-eight doors," he said to me, jocularly, as he turned a huge key in its lock. The remark spoke eloquently of the extent of this mediæval military mansion, with its four and a half acres of roof. He pointed out to me the place on his lawn where Mr. Wesley stood and preached to five thousand people who were gathered on the broad terraces which drop down gracefully to the shore on the seaward front of the castle. Standing in a great bay-window, and looking out on this southern terrace, the ocean seems a stone-toss distant: it is really half a mile off, with lovely gardens stretching between, their ponds alive with gold-fish, their descending terraces bright with flowers, down and down to the walled paddock where a breastwork protects all from the ocean, and in old time protected it from the sea-rovers as well. As you walk in the lower part of the gardens, the ships that slide westward down the sea seem to be sailing in the sky.

I am conducted along a half-hidden by-path through the shrubbery under the castle wall, down the steep ravine, to the little church where sleep the ashes of a long line of Stradlings and of Carnes. The son of the present owner, Dr. Stradling-Carne, is presented to me as the twenty-eighth in descent from Sir William Stradling, and twenty-first in descent from Sir Devereux Carne. In a little chapel attached to the church are tablets of wood and of stone which tell the tales of the past in resonant inscriptions, and bear

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paintings of knights in armor and ladyes fayre. Legends of romantic interest are among these records of the dead who slumber here; one of Sir Harry Stradling, Knight, who did go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and who was captured on the sea in sight of his own castle of St. Donat's, by one Colyn Dolphyn, a pirate, who bled the knight of some two thousand marks redemption money. "The wood has outlasted the stone," remarks my host; "I had to have that stone repaired," pointing to one much worn away. But I observed that some of the wooden tablets were cracked down the middle.

The coast from St. Donat's to a point just before reaching Newton Nottage is very grand and picturesque, with towering cliffs, deep caves, and a magnificent swell of sea. One of those wind and tide phenomena which in various forms excite interest at several points on the Welsh coast is seen in a cave near Dunraven Castle, which stands on a cliff overlooking the sea, some one hundred feet above Southerdown Sands, a striking object in the distance, and surrounded by a lovely park. The phenomenon is this: In the roof of a cavern some eighty feet deep are a number of holes which open on to the top of the cliff. When the tide is running strongly in, with a fresh wind from the southeast, a gust rushes up these holes with such force that articles held over them will be blown high into the air.



PULPIT IN NEWTON NOTTAGE CHURCH.

The line of cliff falls away after passing the Black Rocks, and the shore becomes tame and monotonous for some miles, the beach made up largely of drift sand. Here under sheltering wooded hills nestles Newton Nottage, one of the quaintest of forgotten villages, with its curious well, to which the more ignorant peasantry attach a mysterious significance, because its waters ebb and flow with the sea, though high-water mark is half a mile distant, and the water in the well is as clear as crystal. A cluster of women whom I found filling their water vessels at the well spoke of the matter laughingly; but nothing could surpass the seriousness with which the subject was treated by an old man I talked with in an inn at Porthcawl, the next village along the coast. He could remember the time when the Beltane fires (he did not call them that) were lit near this well on Midsummer-eve, and the people jumped over the embers, for the good of the crops. The well was dedicated to St. John the Baptist, as also was the church near by it, and

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NEWTON NOTTAGE CHURCH.

on St. John's eve (Midsummer-eve, June 23) the "fires of St. John" were from time immemorial lighted to drive away the dragons, at this time of year peculiarly offensive and terrible in the neighborhood of wells. In the church, which is ancient, is a remarkable stone pulpit, bearing a rude sculpture of the flagellation of Christ. It is a strange little box; a man of any inches can only get into it by stooping, groping about through the little stairway in the thickness of the wall. The small flight of steps to the right lead up to the rood-loft, where, however, nobody ever goes. I am writing, it must be remembered, of scenes unknown to the genus tourist.

In 1878 a discovery of much interest to American geologists was made at Newton Nottage. A wandering artist noticed upon a large slab of the Triassic conglomerate of the neighborhood, which covered a pool upon the village green, a series of six impressions made by the feet of some three-toed biped, which in all structural respects resemble the celebrated Brontozoum footprints described by Hitchcock and Deane as occurring at Abbottsville, Massachusetts, and Smith's Ferry, on the Connecticut, in a corresponding formation. The species has been described for the London Geological Society, and named *Brontozoum thomasi* (Sallas) after its finder, Mr. T. H. Thomas, the artist above mentioned. It seems to be almost identical with the American species, *B. validum* (Hitchcock). As being the only stone on which the impressions of the bird-footed reptiles of the Trias has as yet been discovered on the eastern side of the Atlantic, the Newton slab is deemed of great value, extending the known area of proto-ornithoid forms of life from longitude 72° to 4°. The slab was presented by its owner, Colonel Picton Turbervill, to the museum of the town of Cardiff.

Soon after leaving Newton Nottage, the lonely shore-running road taking us through Porthcawl and past Sker Point (a scene familiar to readers of Mr. Blackmore's novel, *The Maid of Sker*), we strike into the great highway which connects the chief towns of South Wales. It is a broad smooth road, with double hedges on either side, and its foundation is said to be in places actually the ancient Roman pavement of the Via Julia, which led from Caerleon (Isca Silurum)* through Neath (Nidum), Lloughor (Leucarium), and Carmarthen (Maridunum) to St. Davids (Menevia). Of these ancient burghs, Neath is presently at hand—a quaint old town, full of bustle on market-days, and the seat of a considerable commerce. The Vale of Neath, which stretches back inland, is renowned for its natural beauties, its water-falls, ravines, glens, brooks, cliffs, caverns, and bosky depths. But to reach this land of beauty the rambler must turn his back on the sea, and climb yonder hills,

* For an account of Caerleon, see article, "On the Usk," in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1877.

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whose bosoms are full of the mineral wealth on which Neath town doth thrive. On a flat stretch of land in our direct way stand the ruins of an ancient abbey, once "the fairest in all Wales," the old chroniclers tell, but now blackened and begrimed, amid surroundings of the most utilitarian character — canals, tall chimneys, coal-pits, and miscellaneous mineral litter. I lingered an afternoon in the romantic recesses of this lovely ruin—for it is lovely within, however much its outward walls may have lost of their first beauty—a bower of charm to the æsthetic sense in the midst of a dirty money-grubbing eye-soreness, which is quite shut out when once you are within its ivy-hung inclosure. No soul greeted my sight while there; the porter's wife stood in her door as I passed through the guest-house entrance, and suggested that she would be pleased to take "wotever you like to give," and then I was quite alone for the rest of the day. It is not a frequented spot, I should say, this abbey of Neath. I wandered where I would, unquestioned by the suggestive solitude. Now and then I found a locked door, but I climbed through ivied windows, or pushed my way between rusty iron bars, and stood in the silence of huge fire-places with mantels far above my head, and looked up at the blue summer sky through vast broken chimneys. Dim religious lights soften the gloom of these interiors. Strange shadows play upon their smooth bare walls, reflected from the breast of the stream which glides noiselessly under the paneless windows.

Of course there is also a castle at Neath, once a grand place, with a grand history; but its ruins are less interesting than the old church tower. What a tower is this! Of course it was built with less regard to beauty than to its probable use as a military defense, a place of refuge for the people in case of an assault from some marauding band of sea-rovers. It is presumed that the present door and windows have been cut in the old walls lately; usually these military church towers can only be entered through the church. Along the entire coast of Wales certain striking characteristics are observed in the churches. Here is a group of Welsh churches; look at their towers, each more ponderous than the next. It needs no argument to convince us they were meant for strongholds as well as campaniles. They could almost defy the waves of ocean, like the cliffs; have done so, indeed, in certain instances when the seas have risen in storm and fury, and plunged roaring inland to the church doors. The aspect of these places of worship is well in keeping with the shore scenery to which they give character. The rough weather they are often doomed to encounter in their generally exposed situations, is provided against by an entire absence of external ornamentation, and a rugged solid simplicity of construction. Many of them have been restored in the present century—some rather too much restored; but others err in this regard by omission rather than commission. The feelings of the antiquary are offended by the introduction of incongruous pointed or staring square-headed windows and such like base insertions; but even this is more endurable than the neglect which has been allowed to fall on many of these old sea-coast temples.

The town of Swansea disputes alone with Cardiff the title of Metropolis of Wales. Its right to be called the "metallurgical capital" none will question. Its situation is very fine, between lofty hills, on a bay so lovely that it has often been compared to that of Naples. The streets are full of life and bustle, and greatly suggest certain busy quarters of London in their aspect. Cabs dart and drays trundle heavily to and fro; the quays resound with the voice of labor; a forest of masts bristles against the sky. Nowhere in England may be found more superb private residences as evidences of wealth in the town; example Singleton Abbey, a seat of the Vivian family, influential in numberless ways in Swansea, and well known in America, where they have important connections. In the midst of the town, quite in its busiest part, stand the ruins of Swansea Castle, so pushed and elbowed by modern thrift that they seem quite out of place and down-hearted. They are so hidden, too, that no one sees them unless taking special pains to do so. The grim old keep stands there, still adorned with its elegant open parapet of arches, but black, mossy, and weed-grown atop, looking down mournfully on the crowding shops and busy offices, the brisk new buildings on the one hand, the old tumble-down houses on the other (things of to-day to it), with their jutting lamps and stony gutters beneath, in Castle Lane.

The copper-smoke cloud which hangs

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over a part of Swansea, and which blasts the vegetation over which it hangs, while not an addition to the attractions which draw the eye, is the banner of its commercial prosperity. The town is indeed the copper metropolis of the queendom. Copper smelting was introduced here as early as 1090, when the ores were brought over in boats from Cornwall and Devon, but now ores come from every part of the world, including the United States. The most extensive tin-plate factories on earth are also at Swansea; not to speak of factories for the handling of gold, silver, zinc, lead, nickel, cobalt, alkali, arsenic, and other minerals. Iron, too, is an active agent in Swansea's bustle.

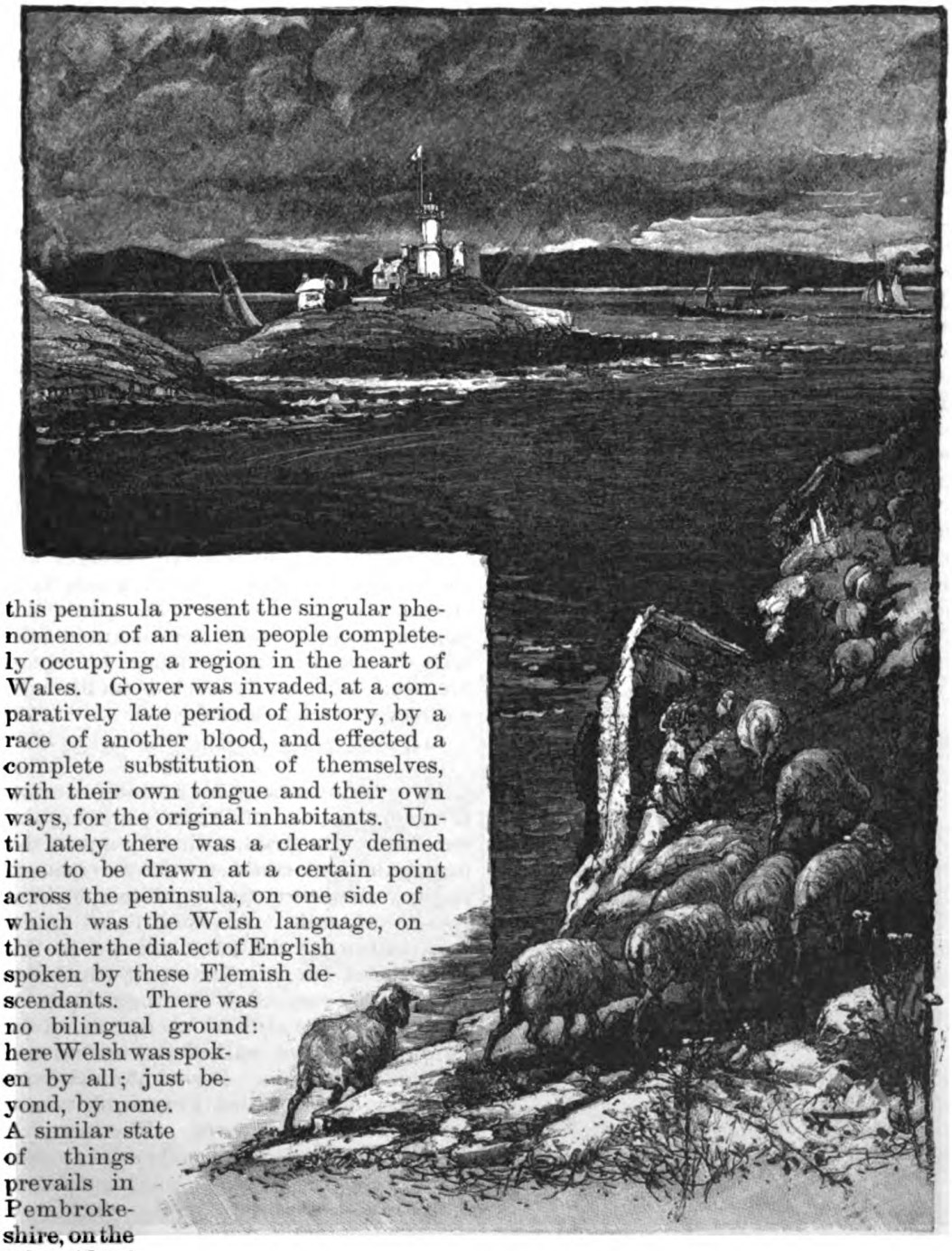
Climbing to the top of one of the high hills which overhang the town, close on its busy streets—indeed, the streets climb a good way up the hill itself—you get a good bird's-eye view of Swansea. Off to your left is the great smoke cloud, into which hurrying trains are constantly disappearing. Below the hill on which you stand, spread upon a broad plateau, or what seems such from this height, though many of those streets are steep to climb, the town lies, a wide sea of roofs, bordered with a fringe of masts, and disappearing yonder to the right around the hills Mumbles-ward. Beyond lies the ocean, smooth in the summer sun, dotted with sails, a field of gleaming sunshine and rippling shadow.

Do you know what the Mumbles are? Out of the sea rise two rocks side by side, very nearly alike in shape, to which the term Mammal was applied by the Romans in the first century. From this came in the course of time Mammals and Mumbles. Thus, at least, say the scholars, and point to other like terms in lands where the Roman sway has left its traces. At low tide the nearer-shore rock is quite laid bare, and one may even walk out to the second rock, on which stands Mumbles Head Light-house. But the waves dash high upon these rocks when the tide is in. They shelter the little harbor, and make it a refuge for vessels of light tonnage in stress of weather. The light-house throws a light twenty miles out to sea. Under the rock on which it stands is a cave, one of a series which have made this peninsula famous. There is no point on the coast where there are so many caves so near together, and some of them still yield bones and other traces of prehistoric man. Locally, they are called holes—as Bacon Hole, Minchin Hole, etc.

One does not walk from Swansea to the Mumbles. There is a *quantum suff.* of that best of medicines, walking, before the most indefatigable pedestrian after reaching the Mumbles, and it is to be taken *nolens volens*, moreover. Conveyances of any sort are rarely to be found in the rural parts of the Land of Gower, and it is into these parts of that famous land we strike on leaving the Mumbles to follow the coast. We do not walk to the Mumbles, but take the tramway, which runs along the level beach. Concerning this tramway there are curious facts. It lay buried for a generation under the sea-sands which had drifted over it, the rails having been put down before George Francis Train was born—too early, indeed, for the British mind, which did not favor the notion at all. The time came, however, when the buried rails were inherited by a man who proceeded to sweep the sand off them, and put on a car or two of a home-made sort, original in architecture. This time the enterprise flourished, and in August, 1877, upon the first tramway rails ever laid down in Wales, horses were superseded by the first tramway engine introduced into the principality.

The Land of Gower occupies a broad headland running out into the sea between the Bay of Swansea and Carmarthen Bay. It is founded on a mass of old red sandstone conglomerate, flanked north and south by strata of carboniferous limestone. Its coast is broken up into a remarkable series of picturesque coves, caves, chasms, bluffs, gulfs, strange rock formations; the ruins of several mediæval castles look out to sea from its cliffs and hills; remains of Roman encampments are on its mountains; while as for traces of prehistoric man, it is famous for what it has yielded, and still yields. Travellers seldom penetrate into this old-world Land of Gower. There are no railroads, and few carriage-roads; none but the foot-passengers can move quite freely about. There are, perhaps, a few inns which can entertain a man with beer and bread and cheese, but it is unsafe to count on much more; so that no stranger who objects to "roughing it" in a mild sort of way will venture far into Gower, unless he goes on a visit to one of the wealthy lords of the soil, who have here, as everywhere in Britain, their lovely country-seats. The people who inhabit

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THE MUMBLES.

this peninsula present the singular phenomenon of an alien people completely occupying a region in the heart of Wales. Gower was invaded, at a comparatively late period of history, by a race of another blood, and effected a complete substitution of themselves, with their own tongue and their own ways, for the original inhabitants. Until lately there was a clearly defined line to be drawn at a certain point across the peninsula, on one side of which was the Welsh language, on the other the dialect of English spoken by these Flemish descendants. There was no bilingual ground: here Welsh was spoken by all; just beyond, by none. A similar state of things prevails in Pembrokeshire, on the other side of Carmarthen Bay. What became of the Welsh inhabitants when these Flemish came has been a curious question. The line of demarkation (more vague now, but still existent) is the mountain ridge called Cefn Bryn. The races dwelling in the separated districts have been close neighbors for some eight centuries, but are still less amalgamated than the polyglot population of the United States; in dress, habits, character, and personal appearance they are still completely unlike each other. But, as a whole, they are a peculiarly thrifty and self-respecting people, these so-divided Gowerlanders. The percentage of out-door paupers in Gower is the lowest in Wales. As for

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in-door paupers, they are so insignificant a percentage of the population that no account is taken of them in the returns.

As you are preparing to climb the acclivity leading over the hills to Langland Bay, your attention is arrested by the fact that a considerable commerce in donkey hire prevails at the Mumbles, for as far as the Mumbles, it is needless to say, not only the genus tourist but the genus excursionist does penetrate, since it is merely a tram-ride from Swansea. Concluding to try this mode of progression, you select the least diminutive of the donkeys and the most wide awake of the boys in charge thereof, and, bestriding the former, begin the ascent under the auspices of the latter. The boy scampers by your side, and while encouraging the donkey with thwacks, entertains the rider with converse, thus enabling you to study the dialect of the region. It closely resembles that which is spoken in Somersetshire, and also that which you later hear in Pembrokeshire.

"Beant 'un a purty donkey, zur? [Whack.] 'Er name be Jennie."

"Not so pretty as her name," you reply. "And what is your own name?"

"John Spry, zur."

"Are you Welsh?"

"Noa, zur."

"Do you speak any Welsh?"

"Noa, zur; a wouldn't larn it."

"Ah, there you are wrong, John Spry. It is better to have two languages than one."

"Has you got two lang'ages, zur?"

"I? A dozen."

"Loor, zur!"

Between two particularly energetic whacks John Spry remarks that he himself owns Jennie.

"Indeed! Valuable property, isn't she?"

"A cost two pun ten, zur," is the proud reply.

"You make a deal of money, I dare say."

"A good bit, zur. It do cost a lot to keep 'un, though."

"How much does it cost?"

"Oh, a lot."

"But what amount per week?"

"Oh, a good bit. Oh, much."

No clearer figures than these can you get from John Spry.

Jennie has a propensity for stopping for repose, and you find that if you do not resist this purpose in its earlier stages, it is followed by the retirement of the brute upon its haunches—an attitude quite incompatible with a good seat on the rider's part. Therefore you adopt the expedient of assisting Jennie along with your umbrella, after the fashion of a walking-stick, and as your toes are almost on the ground (the beast is so small) you present the appearance, to a casual observer, of a person walking up-hill with a donkey between his legs. But you presently find yourself at the top of the hill overlooking Langland Bay, and permit the donkey to sit down permanently as you walk away to the edge of the bluff.

Langland is one of those pretty little bays of which I have spoken, so frequently occurring along the whole line of coast—a lovely sheltered spot, with farm-houses, elegant country-seats, and "bathing-boxes" (as the sea-side cottages are called) perched about on the green hill-sides or the level coast. The place is a popular bathing resort for Swansea folk who do not care to go further; but there are painful stories of life lost here, through bathers' carelessness and

"the remorseless outdraught of the sea."

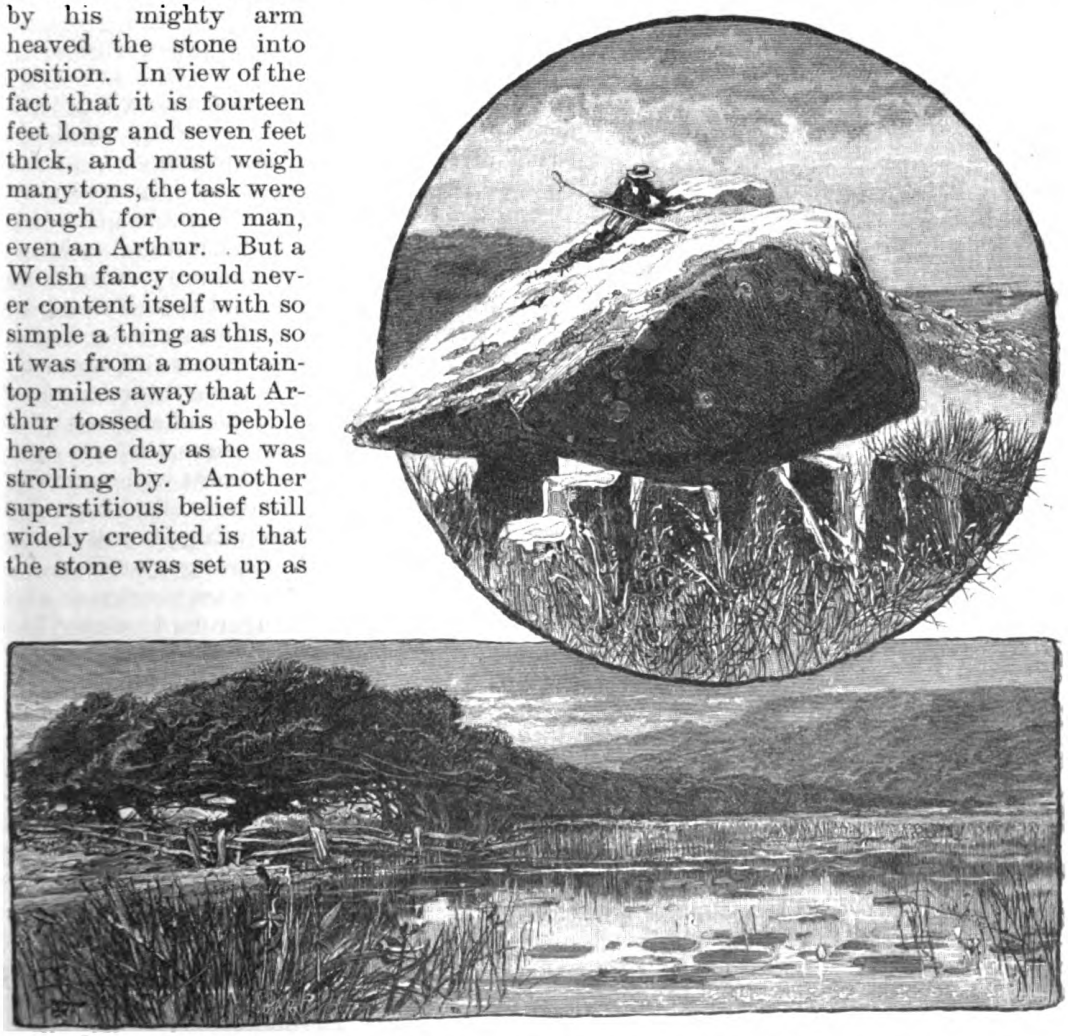
Here commences our long tramp through the Land of Gower, pursuing the sea-coast. By striking directly across the peninsula one could reach the nearest railway station on the opposite side in a two hours' walk. We shall be as many days following the coast around to the same point, but it is the coast which attracts in Gowerland. The rugged pile of stones upon the cliff which arrests attention ere we have walked far has an enchanted reputation. It is what remains of a famous castle called Pennardd, whose history is lost in oblivion. The fancy of the ignorant peasant has freer play concerning a castle of which nothing definite is known. Tradition relates that Pennardd was built in a single night by the hand of an enchanter. It is believed to be still haunted by troops of fairies, who hold mad revels in its grass-grown precincts on summer nights. It was destroyed, the legends say, as it was built, in a single night, by a tornado of Irish sand blown across the sea by malignant Hibernian genii, and all that remains to tell the tale of its former grandeur are two round towers and some fragments of embattled wall. I was fortunate enough to

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secure a very close photograph of this fairy castle; the distinctness with which the coarse strong stones of the structure are outlined by the camera is peculiarly interesting in view of their magical origin.

Looking out to sea from its perch on the side of the mountain ridge called Cefn Bryn stands Arthur's Stone, renowned from time immemorial as one of the Seven Wonders of Wales. The erection of this stone where it now stands is mentioned in the *Triads* as one of the Three Arduous Undertakings that were accomplished in the isle of Britain, the building of Stonehenge was another, and the third was the formation of an unknown pile in some unknown place. Romantic traditions in great number surround this stone; one of these ascribes its erection to the prodigious strength of King Arthur. A common fancy would let this suffice: Arthur by his mighty arm heaved the stone into position. In view of the fact that it is fourteen feet long and seven feet thick, and must weigh many tons, the task were enough for one man, even an Arthur. But a Welsh fancy could never content itself with so simple a thing as this, so it was from a mountain-top miles away that Arthur tossed this pebble here one day as he was strolling by. Another superstitious belief still widely credited is that the stone was set up as an altar for human sacrifice by the Druids, who had beneath it a sacred well, and around it a forest of mystic oaks. There is no well under the stone, nor can one see how there could ever have been one. There is no trace of a forest having been here at any time. That the interesting object was ever placed here by human agency is of course a baseless fancy. The stone is a mass of millstone grit, stranded upon the old red of the mountain ridge thousands upon thousands of years ago, a mute witness of the geological epoch when these mountains were sunk beneath the level of the sea. In the walk from Arthur's Stone to Oxwich Church, near by, we pass the Oxwich salt-marshes.

The most interesting point on the Gower coast is a rocky promontory called Worm's Head. They tell us that sailors who see it from the westward perceive in



ARTHUR'S STONE, AND THE SALT-MARSHES OF OXWICH.

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FISHING FROM CORACLES.

it a resemblance to a great worm crawling with head uplifted—a thing they naturally would do if they already knew its name, which is probably a corruption. From other points of view the head is thought to resemble other objects, as a great mile-stone, a lion couchant, a camel, etc. The promontory runs more than a mile out to sea, and at half-flood becomes an island, the isthmus connecting it with the mainland being then submerged by the tide. Its sea-front is some three hundred feet perpendicular. A series of strange phenomena characterize it. There are times, in quite calm and bright weather, the sea lying almost without a ripple, when the waves of the ocean come climbing mysteriously up the sides of this precipice in a dense volume, surmounting it, and breaking over its summit in a vast cascade. The fishermen say this strange performance is the result of a meeting of opposing under-currents, and is the sure precursor of a storm. The Head is hollow; inside is a great cavern, very dangerous to enter, but which has been entered, nevertheless, by one rowing a boat within on a quiet summer day, and rowing out again with some haste. The winds and waves habitually hold such dissolute revels inside the cavern of this haughty Head that a boat which should be caught in there by so much as a wandering zephyr from the sea would have a very hard time of it. The winds become transformed to furies in this roaring abode of chaos. Long before a storm has really arisen, the most terrific turmoil is raging inside the Head, and through an opening in the rock above—a little crevice no wider than a man's two fingers, and no longer than his arm—there rushes a torrent of tempestuous wind, with a noise like the blowing of a furnace. This noisy monitor utters the warning of an approaching storm. Science has dubbed it the Rhossilly Barometer (Rhossilly is the weather-beaten little village hard by); the people call it simply the Blow-Hole; and if ever snake's head should attain such dimensions as this Head of Worm, its hiss would perhaps be as loud as the noise of this Head's blow-hole. The cause of the noise is of course simple, and needs no explanation; it has abundant parallels at many points on the Welsh coast. The Head is haunted by many a

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wild legend—of a great door in the depths of the cave, studded with mighty nails, and which is heard to bang and slam noisily in storms; of terrible shipwrecks, centuries ago, of proud Spanish galleons, which went down laden heavily with treasure, sowing the sands with golden coins, which men still dig up from time to time; of the ghost of the lord of the manor, who was stabbed on the shore, with his hands full of Spanish gold, and who haunts the Head o' nights in a phantom chariot drawn by four black horses.

The shores of Carmarthen Bay are low, marshy, and sandy, except on the western side, where they rise again in commanding cliffs. At Llanelly we enter Carmarthenshire, the largest county in Wales, and the least explored in modern times. The English tourist knows comparatively little about this county; the American tourist, nothing. It is the centre of many interesting and unique peculiarities of Welsh life, and has something like a dozen ruined castles, closely associated with the most fascinating stories of Welsh history. Its legends and traditions go ages further back than its authentic history does. The cave in which Merlin was buried alive by the siren with whom he was in love, and the rocky chair upon the hill-side from which he delivered his prophecies, are still pointed out to strangers. The cave is certainly the same cave which has been hallowed (or diabolized) by the memory of Merlin for many centuries. Beyond this fact it is not needful to go. The people of Carmarthenshire retain the primitive aspect and manners of old Wales in an unusual degree. The Welsh language is universally spoken. To many of the smaller towns the English language has hardly penetrated. The women wear the old Welsh peasant costume to an extent common nowhere else in Wales that I have seen. Old-fashioned social customs still prevail. The fishermen still use the coracle—a kind of boat obsolete in less primitive regions. The old Welsh songs are sung by the bards, the old Welsh tunes played by the harpers, the old Welsh superstitions linger in the vales and mountains, the old Welsh love of Wales and all things Welsh burns with an ardor which seems undying and indestructible. By its history, by its manners and customs, by the spirit of the people, Carmarthenshire is Welsh of the Welsh. One unacquainted with the people who inhabit different parts of Wales might suppose, on looking at the map of Great Britain, that there is at least one county which would exhibit even stronger Welsh peculiarities than Carmarthen. It is clear enough that Carmarthenshire is the part of Wales most remote from England, and therefore least likely to feel the English influences—with one exception, to wit, Pembrokeshire. But the fact is that Pembrokeshire is the least Welsh of any county in Wales; its people are like the people of Gowerland. So far as regards its strongly national characteristics, Pembrokeshire might almost as well be cut off from the mainland, and towed across the Channel, and tacked on to Devonshire, thus leaving Carmarthenshire's western border an unbroken sea-coast.

Carmarthen town was in old time a grand place—the capital of all Wales—the seat of the Welsh Parliament, Chancery, Exchequer, and Mint. Here Welsh sovereigns long held their court; the royal residence was in a castle whose only remains now are seen in an irregular broken wall or two, without apparent form or purpose. But Carmarthen's ancient glories have departed. On the eastern edge of the county has sprung up a young upstart of a rival, Llanelly—not above a paltry three or four hundred years old—which has taken a great deal of the wind out of the sails of its older neighbor. Llanelly is not a very great town as yet: but then consider its youth! It is so far superior to Carmarthen, however, that the United States recognizes it as a consular point, while it utterly ignores the ancient capital. Swansea, Llanelly, and Milford Haven are the only points on the Welsh coast where the United States has deemed it essential to establish agencies, dependencies of the Cardiff consulate. There is little beyond this fact to call us to Llanelly: it has no history; it is too new. The history of Wales was already finished when that of the United States began. After dark the town of Llanelly is picturesque by reason of its great copper and iron works, which resound with the thunder of steam-hammers and glow red with fire. I strolled about for an hour in the evening, fascinated by the sight of these buildings aflame in the night, their iron skeletons outlined in the gloom by the roaring fires within, their chimneys belching like volcanoes. The laborers' wives stood bare-headed in the dusky streets,

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chatting in groups. Before a cheery coal fire, in an inn across the way from the foundries, I found a cluster of forgemen sitting and smoking, each with his blue earthen mug of beer before him, the room lighted only by the bright blaze of the fire on the hearth, the thud of the engines over the way shaking the solid earth on which the stone inn stood. Yet in Llanelly there are handsome residences, the abodes of a cultivated and refined people, among whom literature and the arts flourish. There is an Atheneum, and there is a musical society which cultivates Handel and Beethoven; and in testimony of the fascinations of its fair sex there is the



OXWICH CHURCH.

verse of Savage, who celebrated the charms of a buxom widow Jones of Llanelly a hundred years ago. Ten miles from Llanelly stands a town to walk whose streets is to be set dreaming of thousand-year-old things. A quaint collection of weather-beaten stone houses are those which line the narrow and irregular streets of Kidwelly. It is divided in two by the river Gwendraeth (white strath), and one part is called the new town, the other the old town. The new town, quotha!—it was old and moss-grown when Columbus discovered America. In it stand a church hoary with age, some ruins of a priory, and several houses of great antiquity, all of which become insignificant in the presence of the lion of the old town. We reach the old town by crossing an ancient and narrow bridge, and there, upon a rocky eminence on the river-bank, stands the lion referred to—Kidwelly Castle.

Among the ruins of Wales, Kidwelly stands pre-eminent as a specimen of harmonious castle architecture. There is a symmetry in its outlines which lifts it

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above the level of Welsh castles generally, from an artistic point of view. The old castle-builders of Wales were seldom guided by the purpose of producing works which should win from nineteenth-century critics the honor of being dubbed an "architectural composition." They aimed at strength, and they achieved majesty—a fortress which should excite the admiration, wonder, and awe of the vulgar, and defy the assaults of armed hordes, was their ideal castle, and they troubled themselves little about symmetry of whole. In the case of Kidwelly, however, they seem to have builded better than they knew—or intended. Instead of being an unintelligible mass, the arrangement of its towers and walls is orderly. On every side the face of strength looks down upon you: there is a frowning tower in every point of view; yet the whole effect is grace.

There are few ruined castles in Wales which have sustained so little injury as Kidwelly. None of its walls or towers seem to have been blown up, although its lead, iron, and timber have been carried off, and their place supplied with a luxuriant growth of ivy. One mural tower has tumbled into the fosse, but it was overturned by the hand of time alone: there was something wrong with its foundations. Yet few castles have had a stormier history.

Across the bay stands another castle, which affords a striking contrast to Kidwelly in several respects. The bay is narrow here, and the waters of the river Towy mingle with those of the sea under the gloomy walls of Llanstephan castle. We do not need to cross the bay in order to have the best of this mysterious ruin; the picture it presents on its precipitous height, at whose feet the sea breaks, is its best point. It has stood in sombre loneliness, just as it stands now, mysterious and voiceless, ever since the days when Robin Hood was making merry in Sherwood Forest. A lovely country stretches hence to the old town of Carmarthen. However primitive may be the ways of the people in the heart of Wales, the land everywhere gives evidence of tasteful culture. The landscapes in all directions appeal eloquently to whatever we may possess of the æsthetic spirit. Nowhere in Wales can you find a spot where exist those horrible outrages on the natural beauties of scenery which are so common in America. It is a matter for constant thankfulness, as we wander about these hills and vales, that never once is the sight offended by seeing a patent-medicine legend on a rock, a blacking advertisement on a fence, even a handbill on a tree. There are proper places appointed for bill-posting, and bills are posted nowhere else. As for the stentorian letters which glare and bellow and scream at us in America from every cliff face as we whirl through the land by rail, there is nothing of the sort in the country which belongs to the "nation of shop-keepers." (This libel is not often heard nowadays.) I shudder to think, as I roam among these grand old castles, along these rock-bound shores, that if they were in America they would be plastered all over with quack advertisements by my enterprising countrymen. The scene we traverse in drawing near Carmarthen has no fences to tempt patent-medicine paint-pots; green hedges run everywhere, from mountain-top to sea-coast. The smooth river Towy winds placidly through a land of peace and grace. There is near the town a bend of the stream so round and symmetrical that Giotto might have drawn it, or Hogarth created it with a sweep of the pencil which struck the famous line of beauty.

No town in Wales made at first sight so strange and strong an impression on my mind as Carmarthen. Caerleon came near to it in this regard. Caerleon, however, is a village on a plain, while Carmarthen is a large town, with steep narrow streets climbing about in never-ending vicissitude, and it seems like some quainter and older corner of old London—London as it was in Hogarth's day, I mean. Carmarthen has stood still for centuries. The busy hand of improvement is ever at work on London, whose most ancient relic of ancient time, the Tower, looks as if it were sponged all over with water and wiped off with a towel every day of its life. I first came upon the Tower direct from my studies among Welsh castles; I had never seen it before, and by contrast with the picturesque ruins with which I had been hobnobbing in Wales, the Tower of London seemed as void of antique poetic aspect as an American penitentiary. Not a tuft of ivy upon it; not a broken wall about it; everything patched and mended to perfection; nowhere a glimpse of delightful old dirt, picturesque rubbish, mossy windows; everywhere order, neatness, and wholeness. What the careful

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hand of man, the march of progress, has wrought on this old historic building, it has wrought with even greater obduracy elsewhere throughout London. But in the ancient Welsh capital,

"Old Carmarthen, Merlin's famous town,
Nor scorned by London, though of such renown,"

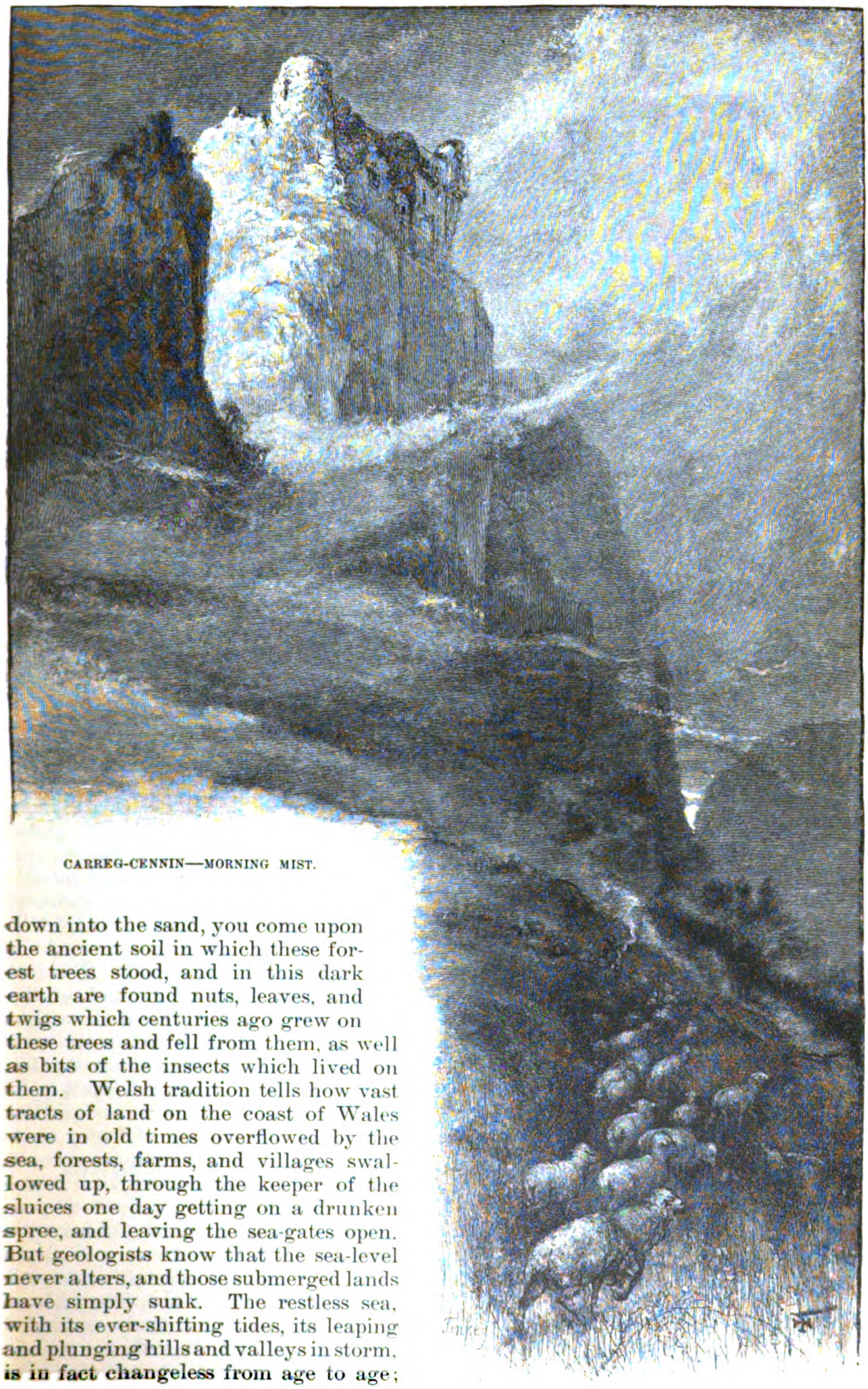
as sung the "Polyolbion," two hundred years ago—modern enterprise has little disturbed the atmosphere of ancientness. So at least I found it. If in a dream I had been taken back into the past, and set down in a city of Queen Anne's reign, it could hardly have been more strange and fascinating to me than certain quarters of Carmarthen proved. And this was not because of any special picturesqueness in its historical relics. Indeed, there is hardly a town in Wales where these relics are so few. The castle, rich with historic interest, is almost obliterated; over the walls of the county jail you may catch sight of some poor piles of moss-grown stone, and that is all. There are also in the town some traces of an old priory, and in the church some ancient tombs. Beyond these, nothing. Yet the very air is heavy with antiquity, and at every street corner I paused to look about me with an interest too profound for words. The town seems peopled with the ghosts of greatness, the shades of mighty men who have walked its streets, from Roderic the Great, first King of all Wales, to Llewellyn the Great, last of her native princes; from Merlin the Enchanter to St. David, holiest of Welshmen; not to name such modern-like men as Owen Glendower, who captured the town in 1403, and the immortal Beau Nash, pink of Welshmen, who was a school-boy here in the seventeenth century. In St. Peter's Church sleep the remains of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, who, Welsh historians claim (and with a good showing, too), slew Richard III. on Bosworth Field, and of Sir Richard Steele, who died in Carmarthen in 1729. This church is as rugged and unlovely as the weather-beaten face of one of Cromwell's sternest Puritans. It is surrounded by a grave-yard, through which runs a pathway that seems to be a short-cut from one busy quarter of the town to another, and generally has a lawyer's clerk or two rushing through it, with pen behind ear, as careless of his surroundings as if he were in Nassau Street, New York. There were some quaint old ladies from the rural districts loitering among the graves; it happened to be a cattle-show day, and the "hill-folk" were about everywhere, clad in their queer petticoats and cloaks, and wearing the tall beaver hats which are the special badge of the Welsh peasant women. There were more women in the streets with these hats than without them; and I am inclined to think the antique costumes of the women, and the knee-breeched men I everywhere met, had something to do with producing on my mind that strong impression of by-gone times of which I have spoken. A greater variety of knee-breeches and gaiters, Pickwickian and others, I do not remember to have seen anywhere.

Near Carmarthen is the extraordinary ruin of Carreg-Cennin. This castle stands on the summit of an insulated rock, whose entire area—about an acre—it completely covers with its walls. The perpendicular cliff upon whose top the ruins tower is on three sides a sheer precipice of three hundred feet, utterly inaccessible; and the castle walls being themselves uncommonly tall, the outlook from their battlements into the yawning gulfs all about is enough to make the most veteran climber turn giddy.

In following the sea-shore, we reach at Laugharne Castle the boundary line dividing Wales from the part of Pembrokeshire which for centuries has been dubbed "Little England beyond Wales." The state of things described as existing in Gowerland is repeated here, but on a larger scale. For seven centuries this castle has marked the point beyond which the Welshman and the Fleming have refused to go, either in his way—never intermarrying, understanding not each other's language, and as completely divided in thought and feeling as if a high wall ran between them. The castle stands directly on the shore, where the river Taff falls into the sea. On the landward side it is very lovely, its hoary walls being richly hung with ivy, and its towers strongly outlined against the background of water and sky.

At Amroth is an example of the submerged forests which are found at various points along the coast. At low spring-tides may be seen the roots and stumps of ancient forest trees sticking up out of the sand. On being handled, the wood generally crumbles to pieces, but in some instances it is firm and sound. Scraping

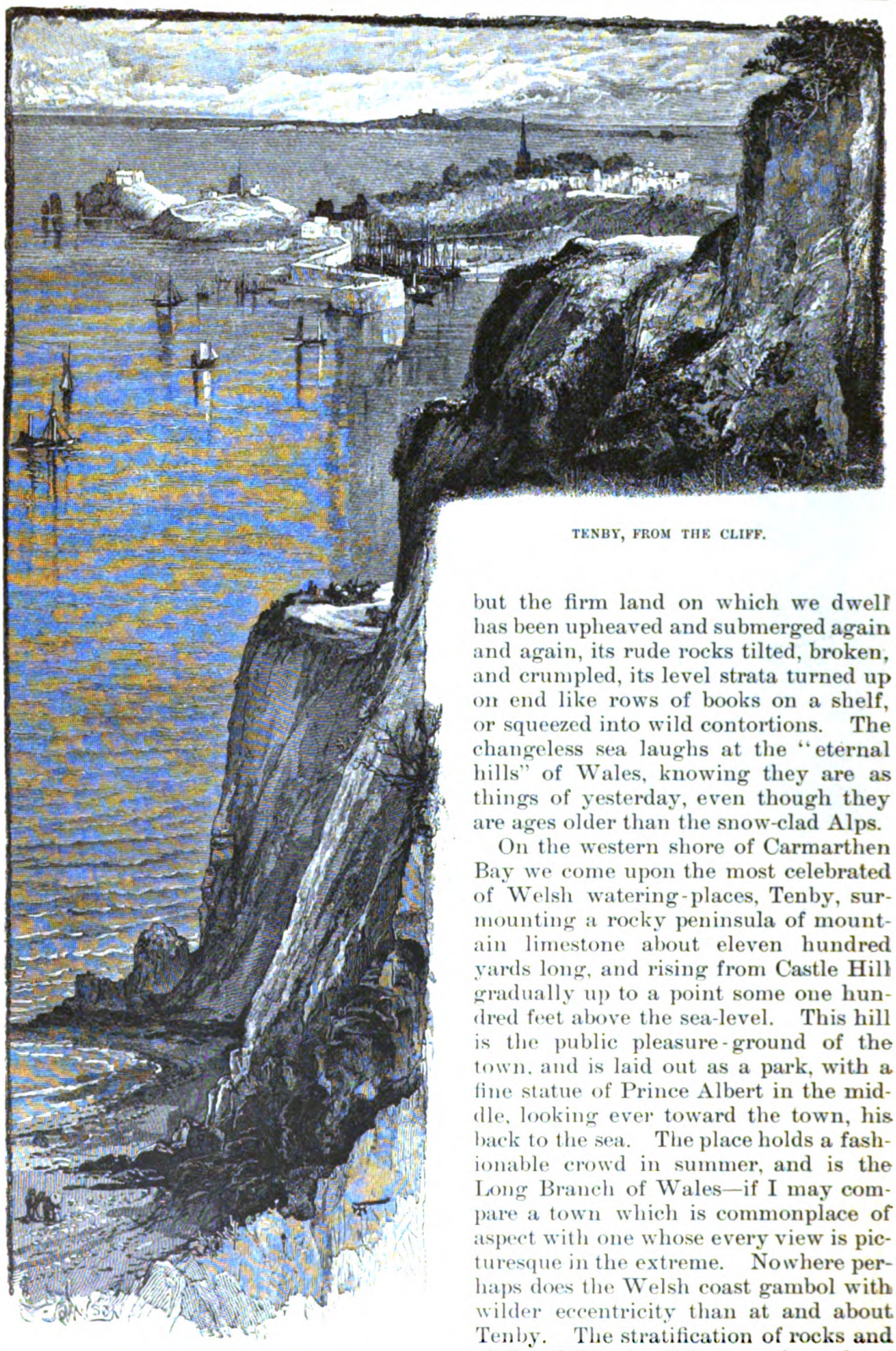
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CARREG-CENNIN—MORNING MIST.

down into the sand, you come upon the ancient soil in which these forest trees stood, and in this dark earth are found nuts, leaves, and twigs which centuries ago grew on these trees and fell from them, as well as bits of the insects which lived on them. Welsh tradition tells how vast tracts of land on the coast of Wales were in old times overflowed by the sea, forests, farms, and villages swallowed up, through the keeper of the sluices one day getting on a drunken spree, and leaving the sea-gates open. But geologists know that the sea-level never alters, and those submerged lands have simply sunk. The restless sea, with its ever-shifting tides, its leaping and plunging hills and valleys in storm, is in fact changeless from age to age;

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TENBY, FROM THE CLIFF.

but the firm land on which we dwell has been upheaved and submerged again and again, its rude rocks tilted, broken, and crumpled, its level strata turned up on end like rows of books on a shelf, or squeezed into wild contortions. The changeless sea laughs at the "eternal hills" of Wales, knowing they are as things of yesterday, even though they are ages older than the snow-clad Alps.

On the western shore of Carmarthen Bay we come upon the most celebrated of Welsh watering-places, Tenby, surmounting a rocky peninsula of mountain limestone about eleven hundred yards long, and rising from Castle Hill gradually up to a point some one hundred feet above the sea-level. This hill is the public pleasure-ground of the town, and is laid out as a park, with a fine statue of Prince Albert in the middle, looking ever toward the town, his back to the sea. The place holds a fashionable crowd in summer, and is the Long Branch of Wales—if I may compare a town which is commonplace of aspect with one whose every view is picturesque in the extreme. Nowhere perhaps does the Welsh coast gambol with wilder eccentricity than at and about Tenby. The stratification of rocks and cliffs exhibits forcibly the upheavals of the earth above referred to, being now oblique, now perpendicular, again crumpled into wave lines. Where the perpendicular stratification occurs, the cliffs are broken at their base into a wondrous variety of strange fantastic forms. The action of the

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sea on these upright strata is constantly producing changes in the configuration of the coast. Not only are the cliffs worn into caves and funnels, but huge piles are segregated from the mainland, and bored into arches, needles, and other picturesque forms. Wild tragedies endow all these natural wonders with intensest human interest; strange legends of sea-genii also haunt them. When the tide is high, and you visit them by boat,

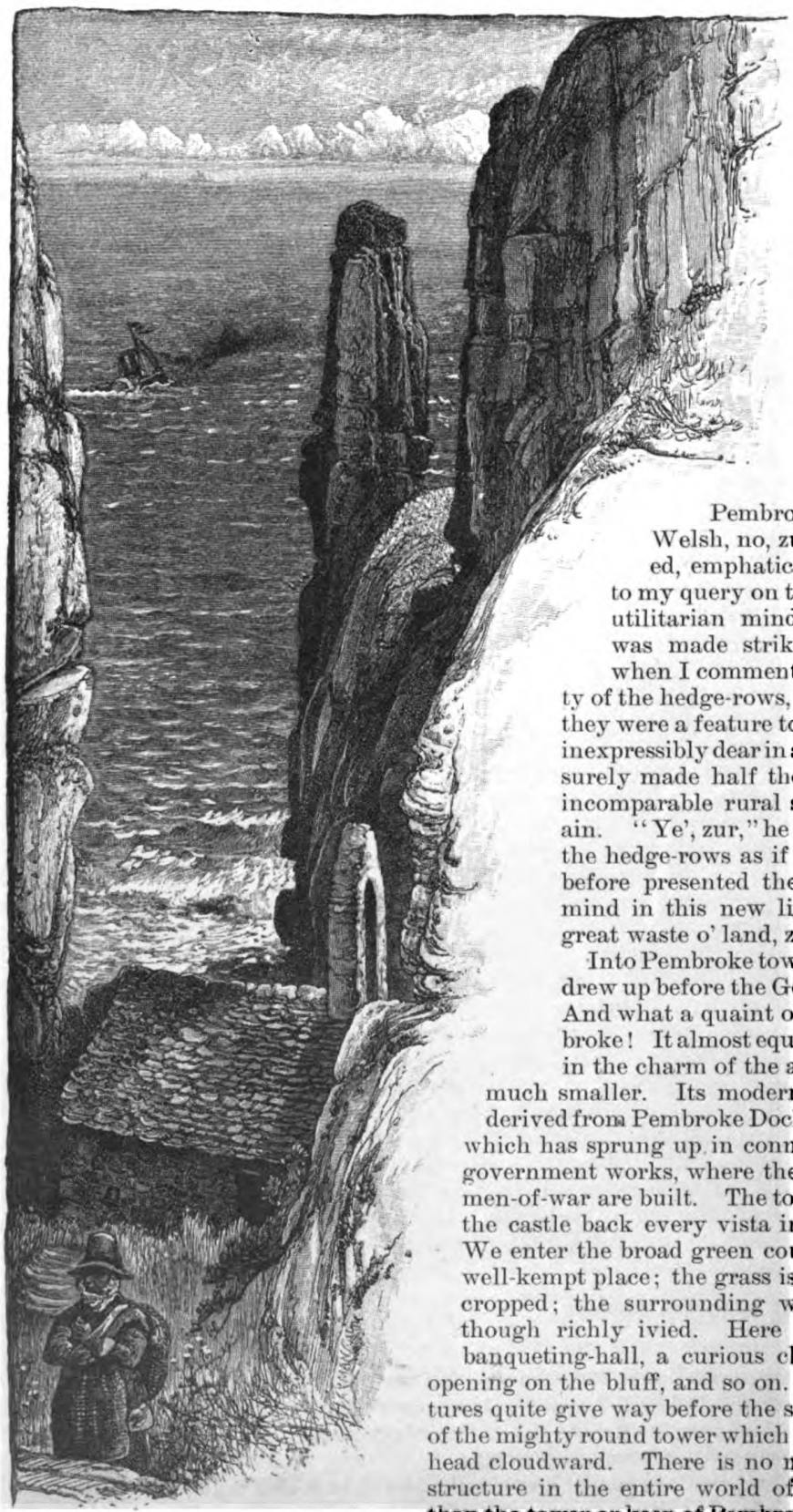


THE KEEP AND SALLY-PORT, PEMBROKE.

if the water is very quiet—as it sometimes is for many summer days together in sheltered bays—its transparency permits you to look down into the depths to the feet of precipices where the purple-ringed medusæ are playing.

Of ruined castles there are many hereabouts, but that which before all others on this coast commands attention is the magnificent pile at Pembroke. The walk thence from Tenby is a delightful one, the country luxuriant in the extreme, though so near

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ST. GOWAN'S CHAPEL.

the sea. Sometimes you may saunter on for miles between the tall hedge-rows towering on each side far overhead, throwing the road into deep and grateful shade. A part of this road I traversed seated by the side of an intelligent man of the peasant class from Pembrokeshire. "*Not* Welsh, no, zur," he remarked, emphatically, in answer to my query on that point. The utilitarian mind of my driver was made strikingly apparent when I commented on the beauty of the hedge-rows, intimating that they were a feature to American eyes inexpressibly dear in a landscape, and surely made half the charm of the incomparable rural scenery of Britain. "Ye', zur," he said, looking at the hedge-rows as if they had never before presented themselves to his mind in this new light; "they's a great waste o' land, zur, be hedges."

Into Pembroke town trundling, we drew up before the Golden Lion Inn. And what a quaint old town is Pembroke! It almost equals Carmarthen in the charm of the antique, but it is much smaller. Its modern importance is derived from Pembroke Dock, a newer town which has sprung up in connection with the government works, where the largest British men-of-war are built. The towering walls of the castle back every vista in the old town. We enter the broad green court-yard; it is a well-kempt place; the grass is tidy and close-cropped; the surrounding walls are clean, though richly ivied. Here are a fine old banqueting-hall, a curious chapel, a cavern opening on the bluff, and so on. All other features quite give way before the supreme interest of the mighty round tower which lifts its majestic head cloudward. There is no more impressive structure in the entire world of my experience than the tower or keep of Pembroke Castle. For one whole day I hovered about it; walked round

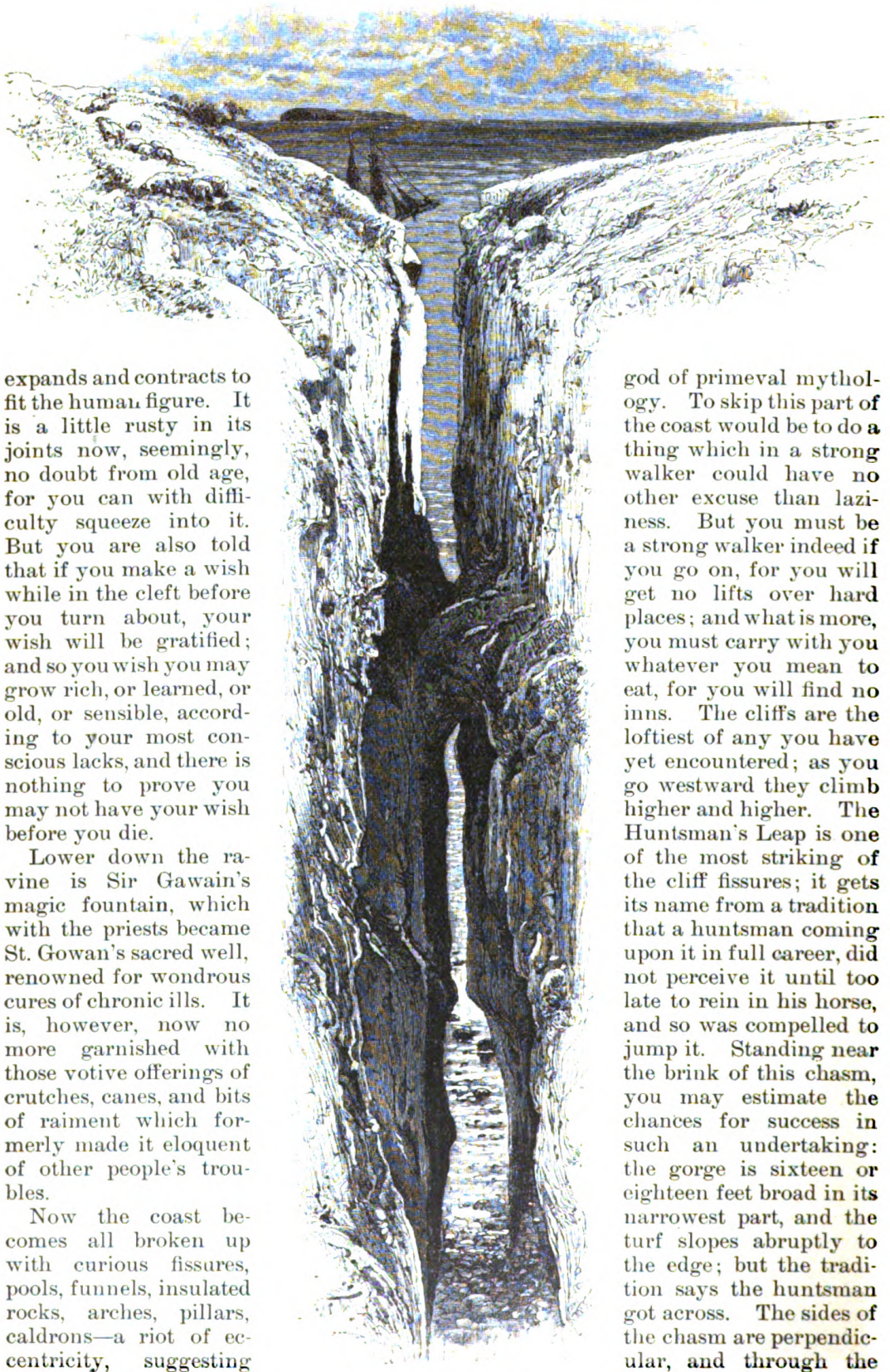
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it, studying its ivied walls; stood inside it, gazing up the giddy height from its grassy floor to its domical vault atop; climbed and clambered over and about its rugged stones, sometimes with bated breath, ever under the spell of a fascination as positive as it was novel. I found the tower was not often climbed. "Can I climb these stairs?" I asked of an attendant, pointing to the entrance of the mural stairway which wound upward in the thickness of the wall. "It is possible, sir," she replied, "but many of the steps be gone." I found it was like climbing a particularly steep hill, except that no hill would compel one to so twist and turn and grope. Part of the time I was on all fours. The central column around which these well-stairways usually wind had here quite fallen away, leaving a sinister-looking abyss, down which I looked as I clambered upward; and the stairs were but a series of projections from the stones of the tower, of which they seemed a solid part. It undoubtedly was dangerous to climb them; I should have backed out of the enterprise had not the young woman assured me it was possible to go up.

By-and-by I find a fragmentary rope dangling down the well of the absent column; it is fast at the other end to an iron ring of the battlement; with its aid I reach the top at last. It is rather exciting to stand on this height, at top of a crumbling tower (it crumbles as the ages lapse; it does not crumble visibly, any more than an oak visibly grows), with no parapet or railing of any sort, and the wind blowing such great guns from the sea that I fear they will blow me off—a thought which prompts me to sit down. I gaze awhile at the sky, the hills, the waters, the ships, and then look down into the vast green court below, where sheep and fowls are feeding, and people walking about. What an unpleasant distance to fall! I rise and walk about. The sense of peril clings to me in spite of philosophy; the tower seems to rock in the strong wind from the sea. Of course the idea is absurd, but it is impossible to dispel the fancy. Coming upon an opening in the dome—a window once, clearly—I inquisitively put my head through, first laying aside my hat, and securing it with a stone lest it should blow away. Lying at full length on my breast in the window, my head within the dome, I look down the dizzy gulf. The effect is simply terrific. Numerous floors once hung in this huge well; all are gone, and the gaze is unbroken clear to the ground. Such an effect is peculiar to dismantled structures; there is nothing of it in natural cliffs or chasms; a *human* influence is here, subtle, unexplainable, awe-compelling. To calm myself with practical details, I fall to measuring the thickness of the wall. Seven solid feet, by all that is absurd! The tower will not fall to-day. I am quite sure I feel it rock in the wind all the same. Mounting higher, I stand on top of the dome, which is a grass-plot, a mound of green. I observe no new sense of danger from this added altitude —unless it be when presently I almost walk through the window, in mistake for the stairway opening; and as I have pointed out that there are no floors inside the tower—!

Directly south of Pembroke, on the coast, is St. Gowan's Head, a promontory conspicuous in a scene of rugged grandeur. Nature here vies with story to interest mankind. History has set its stamp upon the scene since history's earliest days. Superstition has covered it with such a variety of mystic legends that they are quite unrecountable. The name St. Gowan is associated in the popular mind with Sir Gawain, the nephew of King Arthur, and in the deep hollow below the Head, where the tall cliffs tower over St. Gowan's Chapel, is a vertical cleft in the rock where Sir Gawain was hidden from his enemies by enchantment. The rock opened to let him in, closed upon him, and, when his foes were gone, opened again, remaining open forever thereafter, just as you now see it, with the impression of the saint's body still visible; for in time Gawain became a saint, and the story a miracle, through the well-known assimilative process adopted by the early Christian priests respecting pagan legends. You come down to the chapel by a flight of rude limestone steps, which, as you are incredibly informed, can not be correctly counted by mere mortal. You are shown the magic stones which ring like a bell when struck, and the reason why they ring is explained in three several legends, all equally marvellous, and quite unlike each other, about the ancient bell of the chapel. Concerning the cleft in which the saint was hidden, you are given to understand that it grows larger for a tall man and smaller for a short one; in fact,

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THE HUNTSMAN'S LEAP.

expands and contracts to fit the human figure. It is a little rusty in its joints now, seemingly, no doubt from old age, for you can with difficulty squeeze into it. But you are also told that if you make a wish while in the cleft before you turn about, your wish will be gratified; and so you wish you may grow rich, or learned, or old, or sensible, according to your most conscious lacks, and there is nothing to prove you may not have your wish before you die.

Lower down the ravine is Sir Gawain's magic fountain, which with the priests became St. Gowan's sacred well, renowned for wondrous cures of chronic ills. It is, however, now no more garnished with those votive offerings of crutches, canes, and bits of raiment which formerly made it eloquent of other people's troubles.

Now the coast becomes all broken up with curious fissures, pools, funnels, insulated rocks, arches, pillars, caldrons—a riot of eccentricity, suggesting the gambols of some old god of primeval mythology. To skip this part of the coast would be to do a thing which in a strong walker could have no other excuse than laziness. But you must be a strong walker indeed if you go on, for you will get no lifts over hard places; and what is more, you must carry with you whatever you mean to eat, for you will find no inns. The cliffs are the loftiest of any you have yet encountered; as you go westward they climb higher and higher. The Huntsman's Leap is one of the most striking of the cliff fissures; it gets its name from a tradition that a huntsman coming upon it in full career, did not perceive it until too late to rein in his horse, and so was compelled to jump it. Standing near the brink of this chasm, you may estimate the chances for success in such an undertaking: the gorge is sixteen or eighteen feet broad in its narrowest part, and the turf slopes abruptly to the edge; but the tradition says the huntsman got across. The sides of the chasm are perpendicular, and through the far-distant cleft at the

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bottom the sea is seen, with a strange light on its breast.

Beyond this chasm is a round hole in the greensward atop of the cliff, called Bosheston Meer, which leads by a slender rock-hewn tunnel or pipe down through the cliff to the sea below, about a furlong from the opening on the cliff-top. A hollow sepulchral booming eternally resounds from this weird hole, and when there is a storm the noise becomes prodigious. A column of sea-water then rushes up the pipe, and leaps through the hole high into the air with a reverberation like the firing of cannon. As the spray falls back into the hole, a vacuum is created in the air of the immediate vicinity, through which sheep are sometimes sucked into the gulf. This particular hole has considerable celebrity in Wales, but it is one of a large number of like circular cavities which are found along our route.

Milford-Haven is the remotest United States consular port in Wales, an agency subject to the Cardiff consulate. The business done here is insignificant, but the prospects of Milford-Haven are, and have long been, magnificent. Here is a harbor of really grand proportions—a land-locked harbor where all the navies of the world might ride at anchor—but time has passed it by. In earlier centuries Milford-Haven was a famous sea-port. Henry VII. landed here with his French allies when he marched through Wales to the English throne. Cromwell made this his chief war station for communication with Ireland and France. Shakspeare put Milford-Haven in his immortal story more than once. Perhaps there is no place in Great Britain which has known such remarkable vicissitudes of prosperity and adversity during the past century. Its career is typified by the *Great Eastern* steam-ship, that leviathan of the deep which was going to revolutionize travel between Europe and the United States. Here it lies now, in the shelter of Milford's graving-dock, mighty but forgotten. Yet busy and hopeful brains are still at work for Milford, planning great results in the near future. Milford is, as a matter of fact, twenty-four hours by steam-ship nearer New York than Liverpool is, and the natural advantages of her harbor are simply peerless. Can one wonder that there are sanguine souls who believe an era of prosperity is to be inaugurated here far surpassing anything in the past?

We strike across country from Milford, to resume the shore line higher up on St. Bride's Bay, and pass through Haverford-West (a town of considerable importance in this part of Wales), and under the broken walls of Roche Castle. This striking ruin marks the northwestern limit of "Little England beyond Wales." It stands on the Welsh-English border line. The Normans had no possessions, and consequently no need of castles, beyond this point. You climb to the broken ruin up a steep path; it occupies the summit of a towering mass of trap-rock which rises abruptly from the level plain. There is no like rock anywhere in sight as your eye traverses the country for miles about. A tradition of a kind met with in the folk-lore of many lands attaches to Roche Castle: that its feudal lord built it in this peculiar place because he was warned in a vision that he should die by the sting of an adder, by which fate he did die, the adder coming to him in his stronghold to seek his life.

Nothing could be more desolate than the picture presented on the breeze-blown sands of St. Bride's Bay when a storm is rising. The wild winds whistle along its cloud-hung coast, and lash the waters into a seeming fury; white-caps cover the waves which plunge landward, and drag the rattling pebbles on the shore with a noise like the snarl of eating lions; yet ships ride safely at anchor, knowing that this semblance of fury is not of a sort to frighten mariners. In most weathers the waters of St. Bride's lie in an intense calm from morning till night, and under the watching stars.

We skirt the irregular shores of the bay until we reach the limit of its northern boundary, and stand on the westernmost point of Wales—the nearest reach of original British soil toward the land of the American. This point is called Ramsey Isle, and is divided from the mainland by a strait about a quarter of a mile wide, through which the tide runs with great force, at times forming a cascade over a reef of rocks on the western side, and filling the narrower portion of the strait with whirlpools. From the strait Ramsey Isle rises. At one portion of its western face it forms a sheer cliff some four hundred feet high. Here several detached rocks or islets stand out to sea, sheltering the base of the cliff. Under their lee the sea does not break much, but lifts and

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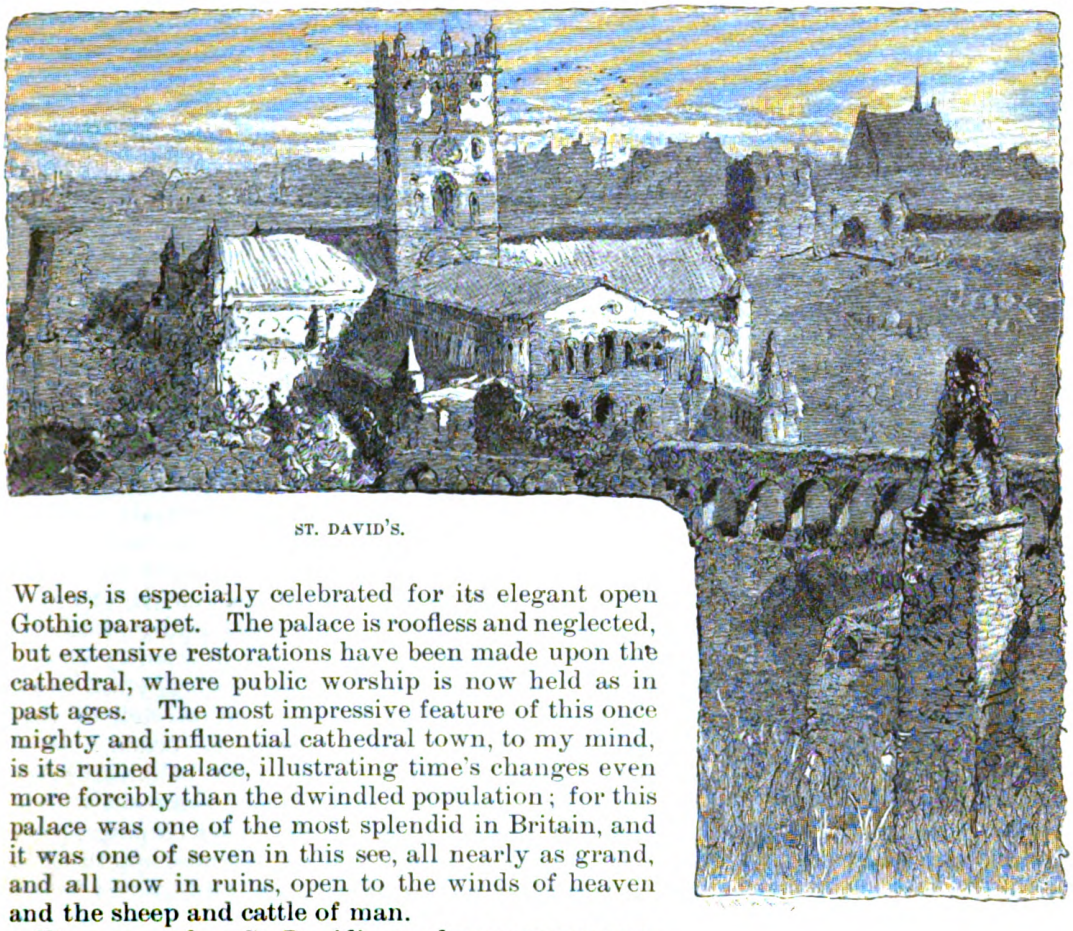


STACK ROCKS, NEAR PEMBROKE.

falls heavily, alternately roaring and snoring in the caves and crevices. With a heavy sea outside, the noise is deafening. The surface of the water is covered with a delicate lace-like reticulation of sticky foam. Thousands of gulls, razor-bills, and puffins—the birds called locally "eligoogs"—wheel round the rocks, or range themselves in interminable ranks on the ledges.

And now we are in the heart of Dewisland, most Celtic of Celtic regions, scene of the life-labors of St. David, who is to the Welsh what St. George is to the English, St. Andrew to the Scotch, and St. Patrick to the Irish. The lover of coast scenery is in his element at St. David's. The walks along the cliffs are enchanting. One can spend weeks in exploring the wild beauties of the shore, its coves and caves, its thymy promontories, the infinitely various hues and configurations of the cliffs, the smooth sands lying yellow in the sun, the seaward-gazing gorges, the pure clear water at the feet of the crags. The abundance of primeval or prehistoric antiquities scattered over this parish is so prodigious that it is simply impossible to speak of them. The mediæval remains are even more extensive. The ruined palace of the ancient bishops, which is one of the most beautiful ruins in

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ST. DAVID'S.

Wales, is especially celebrated for its elegant open Gothic parapet. The palace is roofless and neglected, but extensive restorations have been made upon the cathedral, where public worship is now held as in past ages. The most impressive feature of this once mighty and influential cathedral town, to my mind, is its ruined palace, illustrating time's changes even more forcibly than the dwindled population; for this palace was one of the most splendid in Britain, and it was one of seven in this see, all nearly as grand, and all now in ruins, open to the winds of heaven and the sheep and cattle of man.

Time was when St. David's stood supreme among the cathedrals of this land. It was the shrine to which kings and conquerors made pilgrimages throughout the earlier centuries of the Christian era. After St. David's canonization, two visits to his tomb were considered equal to one to Rome, and three equalled a visit to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The names of its great men figure splendidly in the pages of history, sacred and profane, as well as in superstitious legend and tradition. The cathedral, like that at Llandaff,* lies in a deep hollow below the town, in contrast to whose insignificance and poverty the splendor of these mediæval remains bursts upon the eyes of the delighted traveller like a dream of enchantment; and the feeling is only enhanced by the desolation of the surrounding country, and the wild gloom of the rugged coast, upon whose black walls the Atlantic breaks in sullen majesty.

The land between St. David's and Fishguard is a wind-swept, treeless moor, much of it sedulously cultivated, however, the fields being sheltered by earthen banks six to ten feet high. The coast is edged with cliffs averaging perhaps one hundred feet, with here and there various rock-bound pools, in which the turmoil is wonderfully grand when a very heavy sea is running. From one of these pools, called Pwll Strodyr, a headland of great renown may be seen in the distance. Upon it the French made a landing in February, 1797, few in number, weakened by a voyage conducted under the most unfavorable circumstances (some say also by hard drinking), and surrendered to a few red-coats, believing them supported by a larger force, an astute Cymro having promenaded in the distance a number of Welsh women in their tall hats and red cloaks. The Welsh forces were under the command of Lord Cawdor, whose descendant, the present Earl of Cawdor, is Lord-Lieutenant of Carmarthenshire, the existing representative of the historic thanes of Cawdor.

* See article "On the Taff," in *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1877.

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This headland adjoins the town of Fishguard, or Fiscard—a dirty little fishing port with a fine natural harbor, deep, unobstructed, and well sheltered, in which large ships can take refuge in stress of weather. These numerous excellent harbors occurring at such frequent intervals along the Welsh coast are the providential antidote to the bane of its cruel cliffs. The town is made picturesque by being built partly on ground level with the port, and partly on high hills which look far out to sea. Hence sweep the wide waters of Cardigan Bay, lined for a great part of its southern boundary with cliffs of varying grandeur, which gradually diminish in height as we go northward toward Aberystwith, the limit of our present journeying.

Aberystwith may be called the Newport of Wales, as Tenby has been called its Long Branch. It is a town of some importance, quite aside from its watering-place character—thickly populated, bustling, and ancient of aspect as to its back streets, however modern and merry in its sea-facing features. Its life goes busily on in winter as in summer—the life of a sea-port town, with sailing ships and steamers trading with Liverpool and other ports—and its grand hotels on the shore awaken to life with the fashionable crowd of the bathing season. It is true that, as at most of the British sea-side watering-places, the "season" at Aberystwith lasts forever, so mild is the climate. I was frozen out there one July, all the same, and packed for home and a warm fire-side with great alacrity; but the Aberystwithians point with pride to Sir Charles Clarke, Bart., who immortalized himself by saying that "in certain cases a fortnight spent at Aberystwith will do more good than a month at any other watering-place." The significance of this Bunsby-ish remark no doubt lies in the application of it. Aberystwith is a most salubrious spot, where one is tempted to tarry long. There is a ruined castle, of course; it stands on the hill to the east of the town. In the vicinity is the renowned Devil's Bridge, and there are some splendid mountains to climb, such as Plynlimmon. When you walk out on the pier on the evening of a hot summer day, you find that the experience is a pleasant one. The pier is a frail-looking, graceful iron structure, painted red, set solidly into the rock bottom (which here conveniently exists, at the eastward end of a stretch of sandy beach), its iron feet shining with sea-weeds and incrusted with salt. There is a flight of iron stairs at the end, which leads down to and into the sea. On the pier are a number of small buildings of wood on light ornamental iron frames, prettily painted in blues, browns, and light yellows, with mahogany window-frames; and two band-houses, open on all sides to the summer night, but provided with canvas-covered walls (in pleasant weather buttoned up into the ceiling), by which they can be snugly inclosed in time of storm. The scene under the stars is lovely: the lights in the line of windows facing the sea along the crescent-shaped beach; the dark background of night-hung mountains behind the town; the rising moon throwing a gleam of silver over the rugged castle outlined strong against the eastern sky; the soft waves down below lapping musically the pier's supports, creeping softly among the huge black piles of shaggy sea-weed, gently washing the long stretch of bare rocks, sand, and shingly beach. Who could imagine this quiet babbling spirit of somnolence to be the same sea which, lashed by the storm, comes leaping up the cliffs like a pack of hounds, upjetting in spirts of wild sea-smoke and hissing fleeces of froth?

RAFE'S CHASM.

Cape Anne. September Surf, 1882.

White fire upon the gray-green waste of waves,
The low light of the breaker flares. Ah, see!
Outbursting on a sky of steel and ice,
The baffled sun stabs wildly at the gale.
The water rises like a god aglow
Who all too long hath slept, and dreamed too sure,
And finds his goddess fled his empty arms.
Silent, the mighty cliff receives at last,
That rage of elemental tenderness,
The old omnipotent caress she knows.
Yet once the solid earth did melt for her,
And, pitying, made retreat before her flight.
Would she have hidden her forever there?
Or did she, waveling, linger long enough
To let the accustomed torrent chase her down?

Over the neck of the gorge
I cling. Lean desperately!
He who feared a chasm's edge,
Were never the one to see
The torment and the triumph hid
Where the deep surges be.
I pierce the gulf; I sweep the coast
Where wide the tide swings free;
I search as never soul sought before.
There is not patience enough in all the shore,
There is not passion enough in all the sea,
To tell my love for thee.

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LOOKING UP THE MERRIMAC.

THE LOCAL ASSOCIATIONS OF WHITTIER'S POEMS.

AMESBURY FERRY commences at the Powow River bridge—a rude stone structure with two arches, under which the water runs with great velocity at the turn of the tide. Over the bridge the road sweeps to the right and left, on one hand to the little village of Amesbury Mills, and on the other to the banks of the Merrimac, which it follows along its length to Haverhill. The first portion of this left-hand road was in Revolutionary days the terminus of a chain ferry from the opposite bank, and the old house is still standing which at that time was used as a tavern and hostelry for those who travelled on what was then the main road through the Eastern States. It was here that Washington halted for a short time on his journey through New England, and from the foot of the old garden, terminated by a grass-grown wharf, you can see the break in the opposite bank of the river where the road once descended to the water's edge. The only landmark of the ferry on the farther bank is a mound of grass-grown stones nearly destroyed by the ice of the spring freshets. It is very likely, as you stand gazing at this ruin of a former time, that the tall thin figure of an elderly man will come down upon the wharf, and noticing through his huge round blue spectacles the direction of your gaze, will say: "Well, looking at the old ferry, are you? That's where George Washington crossed when he made the tour of the New England States in 1789." And if you enter into conversation with genial Uncle Nathan Nutter, who, by-the-way, has a treasure-trove of ancient lore, he will give you all the particulars of that great event. One of these stories, still handed down at the ferry, relates that when Washington crossed the river a French vessel lay at one of the wharves, a short distance below the landing, with the American colors flying under the French flag. Washington noticed it, and with a wave of his hand called attention to the fact, when a crowd immediately started on the run for the vessel, and made the captain haul down his colors, and hoist them again below the Stars and Stripes. "Oh!" said Uncle Nathan, "they'd have torn his vessel all to pieces if he hadn't." In connection with this treasured legend of the people, I am reminded of a good-humored thrust from the British Minister in regard to it, when I was encamped on the bank of the river just below his summer residence. He had come down to the water with his daughter, and was busily engaged in bailing out a dilapidated and leaky boat, when I offered him my dory, which was in a better condition. After accepting the offer he entered into conversation, and spoke of this portion of the country as reminding him very strongly of Devonshire, where he was born, and of the names all through Essex County recalling to him memories of England. "Yes," said I, "but we have not the old historical recollections which England possesses; our country is too

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THE LAURELS.

young." "And yet," replied he, with a quizzical smile, "the carpenter at the 'castle' tells me that the *great George Washington crossed here!*" and stepping into the dory, Sir Edward pulled off with a fair, even stroke, as though he had not passed all his life in diplomacy.

Among the people of Amesbury that portion of the road at the ferry is known as Mudnock, and this euphonious name descends from the first settlement of the town in 1639. There are still remaining traces of ancient roads and cellars in the surrounding fields; and one day I came across, in the middle of a wood, a long deep trench overgrown with brush, and with a large pine standing in the centre, which had evidently grown there since the trench was excavated. There are no traditions connected with these old remains; and I have heard since of an ancient burial-ground in the middle of thick woods, where the head and foot stones to the graves are rough blocks of granite without inscriptions of any kind, and all records and traditions are utterly wanting to indicate who sleeps in this mysterious Golgotha. One mild warm day in the Indian summer I visited, with an eccentric bachelor friend, an old weather-beaten house almost fallen in decay; back of it were growing a few willow-trees, and in front the ground sloped away across the road to the river, over which we could see the wooded hills of "The Laurels," which Whittier has so often sung about. At the end of this ancient house there are traces of a still older foundation, with part of a cellar, together with warped fragments of hard-burned bricks nearly overgrown with turf. "Here," said Huntington, stopping and indicating the ground at his feet, "is the place where stood the house of Mabel Martin, 'the witch's daughter.' The early records make no mention of the fact, and, indeed, locate the original homestead at some distance back from the stream, and out of sight of the water, but Whittier in his poem has described this identical spot. Notice in his verses how closely the description agrees with the landscape. There were willows once on the banks of the river, though they have since been cut away; and here by this old mound can you not see traces of the 'door-yard tree,' though a lilac-bush now grows from its ancient root-hold?

"'Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
Sat by the window's narrow pane,
White in the moonlight's silver rain.

"'The river, on its pebbled rim,
Made music such as childhood knew;
The door-yard tree was whispered through

"'By voices such as childhood's ear
Had heard in moonlights long ago;
And through the willow boughs below

"'She saw the rippled waters shine;
Beyond, in waves of shade and light,
The hills rolled off into the night.'"

The hills are "The Laurels," sweeping back from the river in waves of evergreen verdure, not so dense and thickly wooded as in the days of Mabel Martin, for much of the forest has been cleared away, leaving exposed the gray lichen-covered rocks.

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The river-shore on this side is covered with small rounded pebbles.

The ruinous cottage, at the time we visited it, was occupied by an old woman whom all the neighborhood knew as Marm Mitchell. Her appearance would have condemned her, had she lived at an earlier period, to follow in the long line of victims to Gallows Hill, and even the present generation looked upon her with no favoring glance.

In her pumpkin hood, wearing a short brown cape, and carrying a long staff in her hand, she led her solitary cow beside the roads, and at night slept among her hens and chickens, which occupied her rooms with the same freedom as herself. Her lips were never opened with reference to her past history, and it was only vague rumors that associated this poor wreck of a once handsome woman with a station far above her present circumstances.

After her death letters were found hinting darkly at some terrible crime committed in her youth, but so guarded were the allusions that nothing definite was ascertained. For aught to the contrary, she may have been the translation of Goody Martin's soul haunting the scenes of her former incantations.

From a hill back of this old house can be had a distant view of Amesbury, once the home of Whittier. He visits it but seldom now, coming sometimes in the early spring-time, and again in late autumn to vote in town-meeting with his old friends and neighbors.

"Home of my heart! to me more fair
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,
The painted, shingly town-house where
The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!
The simple roof where prayer is made,
Than Gothic groin and colonnade;
The living temple of the heart of man,
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired Milan!"

It was on one of these town-meeting days that Huntington called for me, and together we entered "the painted, shingly town-house," which stands not far from the poet's residence. The assembled voters were discussing the question of a police force in the village, and farmers in from the country, tradesmen from their stores, manufacturers and mechanics, were collected in little groups over the floor of the hall, or wandering from place to place greeting acquaintances or friends. Among these townsmen there was pointed out to me the tall, thin figure of an old man wrapped in a long brown coat, with a high fur collar and woollen mantle around his neck, almost coming up to the brim of his tall black hat. He was talking with the various groups around him, and soon afterward coming our way, Huntington introduced him as Mr. Whittier. The poet is much above the average height of men, and few of his pictures that I have seen resemble him. His hair and beard are quite white, he wears no mustache, and his lips are set with an expression of much decision and energy, which is emphasized by a short, quick utterance.

Soon after the introduction he invited us to his house, Mr. Currier, of Amesbury, an intimate friend of the poet, going with us. On reaching the cottage and entering the study, we found a cheerful wood fire burning in an open fire-place stove, Mr. Whittier remarking, as we spoke of the cheerful glow, that this was one luxury he always indulged himself in, and then piling on some solid sticks of hickory, he divested himself of his overcoat, bringing into view a black undercoat somewhat "seedy," and worn white on the back seams. Putting on his glasses, he turned up the leaf of a small table standing between the two windows of his study, drew up a chair, and prepared to look over a volume of sketches that I had brought with me. His questions were short and sharp.

"What's that?" "Moss Glen Falls." "Where?" "Stowe, Vermont." Then he turned rapidly to another, pointing with his long forefinger to the sketch, and sometimes dashing his finger over it as he noticed some particular thing in the drawing; every few moments he would stoop over the sketch, and scrutinize it more closely. After looking the book through once, he went over it again with a magnifying-glass, and read the names written on the margins of the sketches. On seeing a sketch of some palmettoes among the Florida studies, he said, "They are not very picturesque, not as good as some of our rock-maples"; and then he made a number of inquiries about that portion of the country, and laughed very heartily at an account I gave him in regard to my sleeping on a snake at one time in camp. Whittier seemed to think that there were not many snakes, except the black-snake, in Florida. After closing the book, he brought out a sketch of the Rocks Bridge and the Newbury shore, by

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Harry Fenn, drawn on gray paper, and then searching in his writing-table, he found a large envelope, and produced some curious drawings from tablets found in the mounds of the West, putting on his glasses again, and looking with evident interest over my shoulder at them. At this time Mr. Currier left, and the conversation turned upon my yacht, and I mentioned the time when lying at Bordentown, New Jersey, one of the canal officers came on board evenings, and repeated, when the moon rose over the heights of Point Breeze, the poem commencing

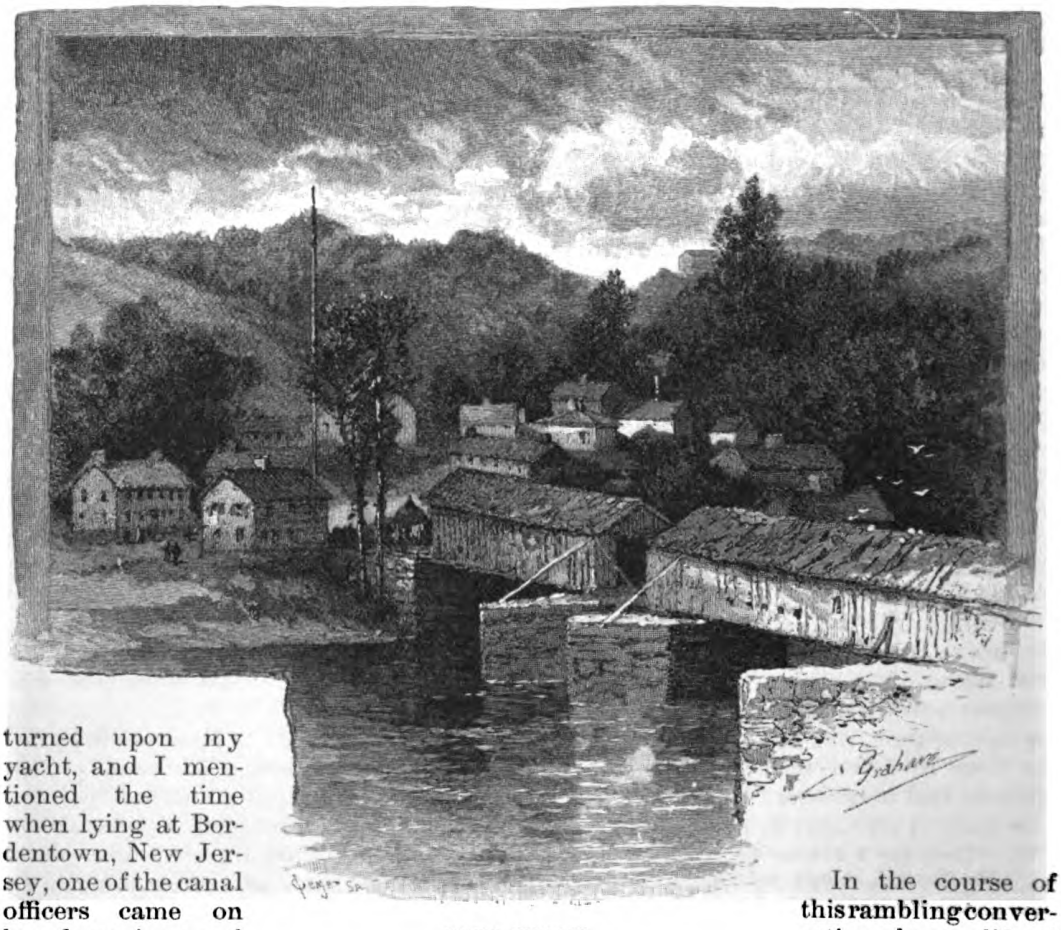
"Yon mountain's side is black with night."

As I quoted the first line, Whittier took it up, and with a smile repeated the first verse:

"Yon mountain's side is black with night,
While broad-orbed o'er its gleaming crown
The moon, slow rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks down."

As he finished the verse, he said that it was Lake Winnipiseogee. Then he continued speaking about camp life, and mentioned the stories related by his father of his camp life in Canada, when they slept under the lee of a large log, or made a shelter of pine boughs:

"Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone."



ROCKS VILLAGE.

In the course of this rambling conversation about a life of adventure we spoke of the Northmen, and Mr. Whittier gave a minute description of the old stone tower at Newport, which he had seen. He said that it was constructed of small stones such as could be gathered on the beach, cemented together with lime made from shells, which was as hard as the stone itself. It is raised on eight columns about eight or nine feet high, also composed of small stones and cement. It is a very beautiful and picturesque piece of work. "But," said I, "it is stated that this tower is nothing but an old mill." "Yes," said Whittier, "it is mentioned in an old deed as the old stone mill, but a professor who came over here from Norway to make

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researches and see if he could find traces of the Northmen here on these shores said, on seeing the mill, that he could show just such ruins on the coast of Iceland, and he believed it to be built by the Northmen." Mr. Whittier also mentioned a peculiar sculptured rock to be found somewhere in West Newbury, but he did not know the location, and had never seen it, though he had alluded to it in his poem of "The Double-headed Snake of Newbury" as the "Northman's Written Rock"; "but," he continued, "there is a historical society started at Newburyport, and perhaps they will hunt it up." While we were talking about camp life and the Northmen, Huntington came in with news of the State election, and for a time the conversation took a political turn, until Huntington gave a certain prominence to his own peculiar views, which started a discussion on the prohibition question. In the course of this new topic the old-fashioned New England beverage cider was mentioned, and Mr. Whittier stated that he had once derived much benefit when unwell, "when nothing tasted good," from the use of cider. Huntington suggested that without cider we should not have vinegar. "Well," said Whittier, "vinegar is not of much use, after all." "Except," replied Huntington, "to eat on cabbage and cucumbers." "Neither of which are fit to be eaten," remarked the poet; "I think it would be a good idea to start a prohibition party on those two articles. As for cabbage, it is not fit to be eaten; if you cook it in the house, you have got to burn your house down afterward to get rid of the smell; it is certainly the most diabolical smell that was ever invented;" and Whittier, who was sitting near the open stove grate, upon the top of which he had deposited his tall hat, folded his hands and laughed a hearty silent laugh. "What do you think of onions, Mr. Whittier?" asked I. "Well," he replied, "onions are not quite so bad, for you *can* get rid of the smell of those in three or four days." "Then," said Huntington, "you would not approve of the old-fashioned 'boiled dinner'?" "*No.* I think that is a detestable dish. I remember that my father used to have it, in which cabbage, onions, beets, potatoes, turnips, and carrots were all boiled up together, and turned out into a great dish all in a heap, with a great greasy piece of meat in the middle. I think that is the reason why the present generation is not so strong as the former. It is owing to the way the parents lived, eating so much pork and potatoes. Our last war showed that. The farmers were not nearly as strong as the men recruited in the cities — Portland, Portsmouth, and Boston." "But the people in the cities do not have the free air we get in the country," said Huntington. "I know that," replied Whittier; "but they live better, and that makes a great difference."

Finally, we returned from boiled dinner to poetry again, and I asked Whittier about the story of Evangeline. He said that it had once occurred to him to write it, but he did not suggest it to Hawthorne, though he possibly talked with Longfellow about it; but he did not remember. Hawthorne suggested it to Longfellow.

We then spoke of the poem "In School Days," and Whittier expressed great regret at the destruction of the old schoolhouse.

I then questioned him about Ramoth hill, in the poem of "My Playmate," and he said that it had no existence—it was merely fancy.

Huntington then asked the poet's opinion of a singular occurrence which took place many years ago on the Rocks Bridge, in East Haverhill, where the draw-tender, Mr. Davis, saw repeated visions of his death, which was to take place on the bridge, and which did actually occur as he had predicted, and under the same conditions.

Whittier remembered the circumstance, and had seen the place, when a boy, where he died. He did not doubt the story, and spoke of Mr. Davis as being a man of strong religious feeling. It was mysterious, but everything in life is mysterious, and that it was impossible to explain how tables were lifted bodily up into the air, as they were in these days. He considered the Salem witchcraft as a manifestation of what we call spiritualism nowadays. He remembered when a boy of going with his parents to quarterly meeting in Salem, and of seeing a tree standing on Gallows Hill, dead and leafless, but with the heart still apparently alive, or left sound, and they told him that was the tree the witches were hung upon.

"You wrote a poem," said I, "about the witch times—'The Witch of Wenham.'" "Yes," said Whittier; "that was suggested by an old house near where I stopped

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BIRTH-PLACE OF "THE COUNTESS."

in Danvers, at Oak Knoll, where it was said that a young girl was brought, and confined in the garret; but in the night she escaped, assisted by some friend on the outside. The house is still standing there, quite near, on the farm of Mr. Spring." Whittier then related an amusing anecdote about an old woman who lived, I think, at the Rocks Village. She was called Aunt Mose.

"One night," said Whittier, "there was a husking at the village, and about the middle of the evening a big black bug came flying in, buzzing about the room, and flying into the faces of the company. At last it was knocked down with a stick, and at the same time Aunt Mose, who was at home, fell down-stairs, and the next day was all covered with bruises, and the huskers always insisted afterward that the black bug was Aunt Mose, and the bruises were where the stick struck her. Old Captain Peaslee, who lived near her, and had a house and a number of barns, covered them all over with horseshoes to keep Aunt Mose out, for he was dreadfully afraid of her. At last this state of affairs became so unbearable that poor Aunt Mose went to a justice of the peace for him to swear her that she was not a witch, for she was tired of hearing it, but the justice could not think of any form of oath to suit her case. At last, however, he fixed up something, and Aunt Mose swore to it, and so relieved her mind."

This was in Whittier's boyhood, and even at a later day this belief in witches still prevailed among the older people; for Huntington well remembered that when his grandfather was kicked by his old gray horse he insisted that the accident was caused by an old woman who lived near him, and whom he devoutly believed to be a witch.

Rocks Village, where lived Aunt Mose,

> "The muttering witch-wife of the gossip's tale,"

is a charming little nook on the Merrimac River, away from the busy lines of traffic—

> "A place for idle eyes and ears,
> A cobwebbed nook of dreams;
> Left by the stream whose waves are years
> The stranded village seems."

And it is here that Whittier also found, amid

> "Old customs, habits, superstitions, fears,
> All that lies buried under fifty years,"

the incidents for his sweet poem of "The Countess." "The countess" was a young girl of scarcely twenty years when the Count Francis Vipart came to Rocks Village with a friend, both exiles from the island of Guadeloupe. He saw Mary Ingalls, a beautiful, golden-haired, blue-eyed girl, the belle of the little village; and her beauty, together with a gentle and sweet disposition, attracted him at once. He walked with her along "the straggling road" which comes down "over the wooded northern ridge," to her church, standing near the burial-ground on the land "that slopes against the west." The church is now removed; but later in the afternoon of the day on which we visited the place we met an old gentleman of eighty who remembered the church, and the time when only two slept in the grave-yard, which is now full. He also informed us that the worshippers were called together by the sound of a horn.

"The countess" was the daughter of a laboring man, and an L of the house where

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she was born is still standing, said to contain the room where the event took place, and which has since been shown to me by the present occupants of the place.

It is a quaint low-studded room, lighted with large many-paned windows. The L once formed a main portion of the original house, but has since been removed to the rear, and a more modern structure built in front. In the best front room stands the first stove used in Haverhill—an heirloom from the old doctor, Elias Weld,

"Whose ancient sulky down the village lanes
Dragged, like a war-car, captive ills and pains."

It is an open fire-place stove, with a huge hollow iron vase on top serving the purpose of a heater. The kitchen of the homestead still remains in its original condition, an antique wainscoted room, very suggestive of comfort for long winter evenings. And it was here in these ancient rooms that the little love romance of Rocks Village was lived out.

"Her simple daily life he saw
By homeliest duties tried,
In all things by an untaught law
Of fitness justified.

"For her his rank aside he laid;
He took the hue and tone
Of lowly life and toil, and made
Her simple ways his own."

There is still living in a neighboring town a white-haired old lady of eighty who treasures up with pious care a set of knives and forks which were a bridal gift from the count to his young wife; and she will relate to the curious listener how the Count Francis Vipart established evening dances in the village for the young people, and how devoted he was to his beautiful wife. "My mother," said she, "knew her well, and often used to say that she was the most beautiful girl she had ever seen, so gentle and kind."

Late in the afternoon of that autumn day we stood by the grave of the countess, marked by slate head and foot stones. On the head-stone is the inscription:

MARY,
Wife of FRANCIS VIPART,
of Guadeloupe,
died Jan. 5, 1807,
æt. 21,

the last *u* in Guadeloupe being omitted, and placed over the other letters afterward. The head-stone is quite elaborately ornamented with a funeral urn and weeping-willows at the top, like an ancient sampler, and elaborate though rudely carved columns at the sides. On the foot-stone are simply the words,

MARY VIPART, 1807.

Before leaving I made a sketch of the spot, with its sere dead ferns, its tangle of wild-brier vines, crimson-leaved by frost, and the short brown spires of withered grass growing in tufts over the moundless grave.

"Ah! life is brief, though love be long;"

and short indeed it was to the lovely Mary Ingalls, who lived out her love romance in one brief year, and came to her long rest in the grave-yard near the village church. Naturally delicate and frail, she sacrificed herself by unremitting exertions at the bedside of her sick mother, and a quick consumption ended all too soon her beautiful and loving life.

The count was inconsolable after her death; he parted with everything that could remind him of his gentle wife, and finding the scenes of his married life too painful after his short year of happiness, he left the village never to return.

I almost wish to pass over the sequel of Count Francis Vipart in silence. As related to us by Miss R. I. Davis, who wrote to Guadeloupe and obtained his subsequent history, the count returned there after the death of his beautiful Mary, was married again, and left many descendants on the island, where he is buried.

And this was in 1807, an era of great events in France. Eylau and Friedland were fought; Napoleon was at the zenith of his power. Glory called the French-



GRAVE OF "THE COUNTESS."

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man to the victorious eagles of his great Emperor. Vipart should have been inconsolable, and drowned his sorrow in the excitement of the battle-field. He should have gloriously closed his romance by falling in the disastrous retreat from Moscow, the last of his regiment, or in doing some heroic deed for the memory of his lost darling. But what a prosaic end!—he marries, and is the father of a family.

It was twelve months after my first visit before I again found myself standing in the pleasant study of the Quaker poet, and by a singular coincidence we resumed our conversation where we had left it a year ago. In some way a reference was made to the poem of "The Witch of Wenham," and the poet said the old house, which stands near Oak Knoll, had been painted white, and green blinds placed upon it, which he thought was a great pity. I then mentioned Hawthorne's story of the *House of the Seven Gables*, and asked him if the writer had ever mentioned the story to him, or indicated in any way what house he referred to in the romance. "No," said the poet, "he never mentioned it but once, and then he said the story was about half finished, and, to use his own words," continued Whittier, with a peculiar smile, "'it darkens damnably.'"

Continuing to speak of other witch houses in Danvers, Whittier mentioned the old Rebecca Nourse house, and stated that the old sounding-board that used to hang over Rev. Mr. Jarvis's pulpit, and on which the devil, in the form of a yellow bird, used to perch, was now owned by a lady living near the church. Talking so much about witches led us into other inquiries on the subject, and we discussed the phenomenon of clairvoyance, as to whether it was mind-reading, Whittier taking the ground that it was not, and relating a curious incident that occurred to him when a young man living in Haverhill.

He was out walking one day, late in the afternoon, and on his return home was accosted by a neighbor with the remark, "Why did you not speak to me this afternoon when you passed me on the hill?". "Why," said Whittier, "I have not been on the hill this afternoon." "But certainly you passed me there, with a light-colored bundle under your arm, and you went by without speaking."

"At that time," said Whittier, "I was distant from the hill about a mile, in a direct line from it, and under my arm I had some books wrapped up in a newspaper. Now how did that man see me on the hill? It is something we can not account for."

I then gave a curious circumstance which once happened to myself, where a mental picture formed itself of a transaction which did not occur until some hours after I first saw it in my mind. Whittier remarked that he never *saw* anything, though he was sometimes enabled to read the *thoughts* of persons in the room with him.

We then spoke of the legends and traditions of Amesbury as suited for illustration, the poet mentioning the birth-place of Josiah Bartlett, on the road to the ferry, which had been torn down a few days before—the very day after I had made a sketch of it. On showing the drawing to Whittier, he recognized another sketch on the same page, and indicated it as the scene of his poem "The Witch's Daughter," pointing out a pile of stones behind the willow-trees in the drawing as marking the site of the old house he wrote about, saying, "The house thee has in thy sketch was probably contemporary with the one I referred to; but can thee not show more of the river?"

Indeed, "the river," the beautiful Merrimac, is always first in the mind of the poet:

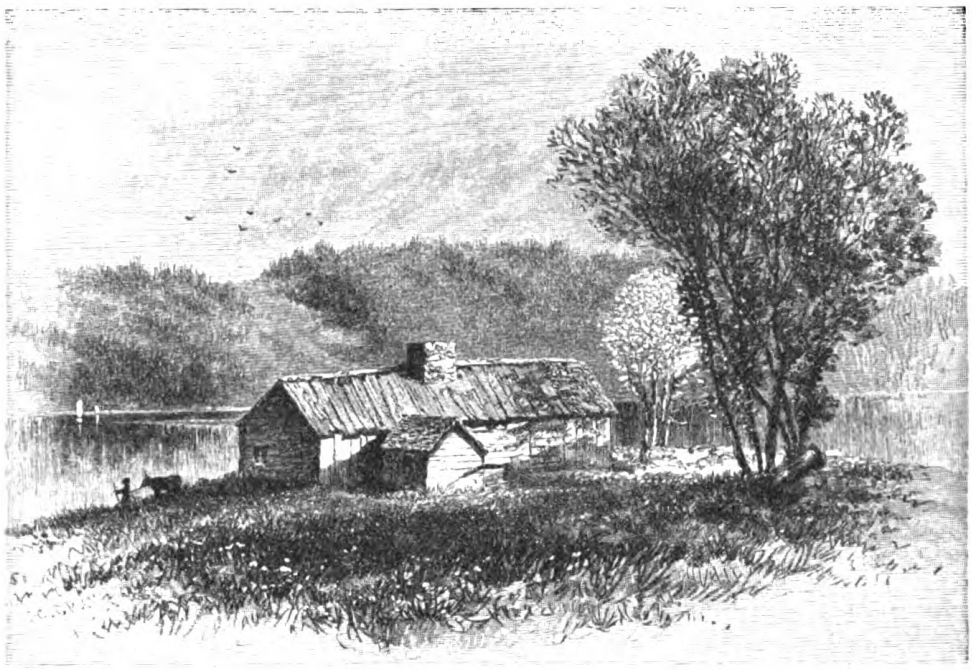
"Sing soft, sing low, our lowland river,
Under thy banks of laurel bloom;
Softly and sweet, as the hour beseemeth,
Sing us the songs of peace and home.

"Bring us the airs of hills and forests,
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,
Give us a waft of the north wind laden
With sweet-brier odors and breath of kine.

"Sing on! bring down, O lowland river,
The joy of the hills to the waiting sea;
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of mountains,
The breath of the woodlands, bear with thee."

On one of my last visits to the poet he said, "There was a man drowned in our river lately," and spoke as though it was an unusual and strange freak for the river to use any one in such a shabby way, and then went on to speak of its scenery, and lament the destruction of the woods along its banks, regretting as a true lover of nature any inroads made upon its picturesque character. While looking at the drawing of the old house by the river, Whittier mentioned that during the witchcraft delusion an old woman was carried across the ferry to be tried in Salem, and it was

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SCENE OF POEM "THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER."

at this same place that Governor Andros, of charter fame, came down to the water to cross over on his way to Pemaquid; a plot was laid to shoot him as he landed on the Amesbury side, but a young girl at the ferry loved an officer on Andros's staff; she betrayed the secret, and Andros crossed at another place. As the poet closed the book, I asked him if he could tell me where the old block-house used to stand in Amesbury, but owing to his deafness he misunderstood me, and replied that there was no block-house now standing in Amesbury, but he remembered the one which used to stand in Haverhill, near his father's.

"There were two block-houses, but this one I remember perfectly. It was a massive structure, built of solid oak logs, with the walls double, and filled in with bricks between. There was a double thick plank door made bullet-proof, and studded with iron nails. Over the door, and projecting from the second story, was a species of balcony, also of thick planks, with a bullet-proof breastwork around it, through which were cut loop-holes, so that the defenders could creep from the interior of the house and fire down upon those who might be about the door. The windows were narrow, and with small diamond-shaped panes set in lead;" and here Whittier made motions with his fingers to indicate more clearly the shape and mode of setting. "A paved road led into the block-house, and formed a passageway across the room below, the floor of which was paved with large flat slabs of a slate-like stone such as they could get anywhere in the pastures about the place. A huge fire-place occupied one end of the large apartment, and from the beams above were hung hams, onions, squashes, and all the various family stores."

When Whittier was a boy the old block-house was in excellent repair, but was removed to make way for modern improvements. "It was a great pity," said Whittier, "to have destroyed it; it ought never to have been done, for it would have lasted another hundred years. It showed not the slightest sign of decay." "If some one had only been there to make a sketch of it!" said I. "Yes," replied the poet, "but no one ever thought of such things in those days. It was an unheard-of thing that any one should go out to look at nature just for love of nature; he would have been thought crazy or foolish. Why, to show how little people understood those things at that time, when Wilson, the ornithologist, was here in America, he visited Haverhill, and the people noticed this man

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looking about in the woods with a gun, and gazing into all the bushes and up into the trees in a manner which to them gave serious doubts of his sanity. They watched him for some time, and at last the report spread that he was a British spy sent by the English, as it was about the time of the war of 1812. So, considering this suspicion a sufficient ground for action, he was arrested, and brought before the judge as a very suspicious character seen hanging about the town, with no visible means of support, and apparently spying out all that he could. The judge examined him, and found that his sole business was shooting birds. 'Well,' said the judge, 'what do you do with them—eat them?' 'No,' said Wilson. 'Sell them?' 'No; I study them.' Here was a strange statement; neither judge nor people could make it out. That a man should devote all his time to studying birds was a thing before unheard of, and entirely unworthy of credit; and as during the investigation it had come out that Wilson was an Englishman, the case looked very suspicious indeed. Every one imagined that he was a spy sent by the English to find out the best way of taking Haverhill;" and here Whittier stopped and laughed heartily at the ludicrous conceit. "Wilson finally showed a letter from a Boston gentleman who happened to be quite well known, and after consideration the judge concluded that as some one in Boston indorsed him, he could venture to let him go without much danger."

In reverting to places of interest around Amesbury, Whittier mentioned a legend connected with an old mill on the Salisbury road, near the Salisbury Point depot, though he could not remember where the story originated, or how he came by it. The miller would stop his mill at sundown and leave all secure, but it would start up again at twelve o'clock midnight, and grind away until sunrise, stopping all at once on the approach of the miller in the morning. There are no traces left of the mill except a portion of the dam.

There is also another legend, dating back over a hundred years, connected with this same solitary road, where the headless spectre of a man is sometimes seen in the twilight walking beneath the shade of the willows, and carrying his head in a tin pail hung upon his arm. The poet had never heard of this second ghostly story, and laughed as it was related to him.

The valley of the Merrimac abounds with these curious stories, handed down from past generations, and still to be gathered from old wives' tales; not so pleasing, perhaps, as Hugh Tallant's simple stories

> "Of the brown dwarfs and the fairies
> Dancing in their moorland rings,"

but sufficient to have given the poet suggestions for many of his songs.

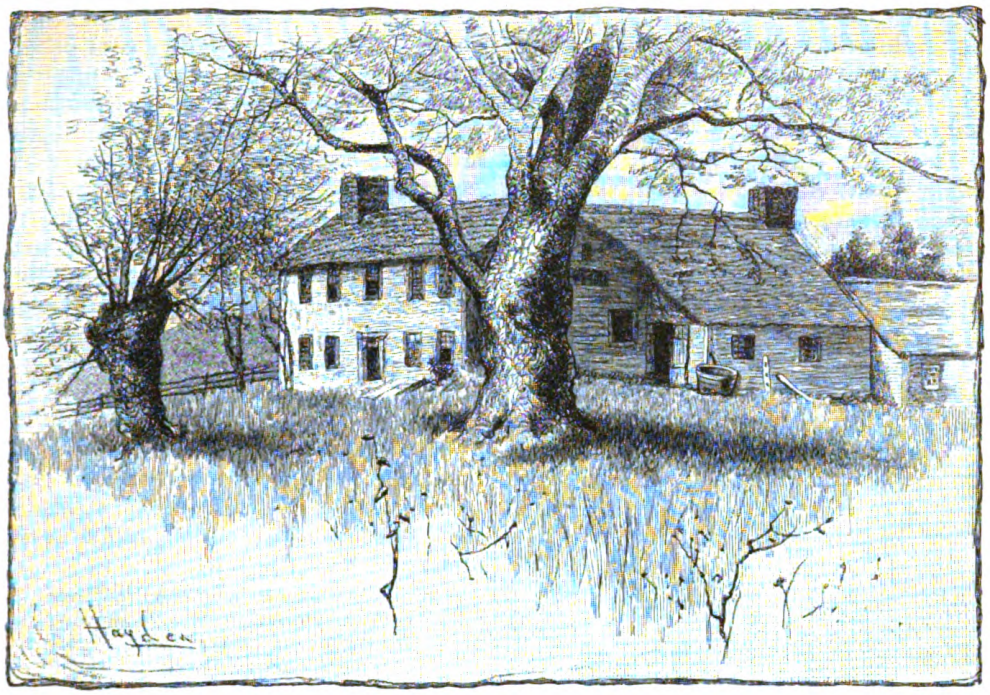
It was while walking under Hugh Tallant's sycamores, which formed a leafy archway over the river road not far from the Haverhill Academy, that the story of Floyd Ireson was thought over by the poet, then a young student. It had been related to him by a Marblehead girl, whose relatives perhaps had taken part in that scene of retribution, when old "Flud Oirson" was,

> "fur his horrd horrt,
> Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
> By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Several months after Whittier mentioned this origin of the poem, I met in Salem an old man who related some anecdotes of Ireson, having received them fresh from the lips of one of the actors in the drama, one of the avengers who "torr'd an' futherr'd" him.

It appears, from his account, that the Freemasons held secret meetings on the subject, and when all was arranged they carried their tar and bags of feathers down among the rocks by night. At twelve o'clock Floyd Ireson was summoned, and went through the ordeal. He was then kept in a warehouse under guard until daylight, when he was put in a dory and dragged about the town, and then carried in a cart to Salem, though the Salem authorities stopped him at what is now the Mill Street railroad crossing; and here it was that my grandfather remembers seeing him standing in the cart, with huge lumps of tar on each temple, wherein were stuck two long goose feathers like horns. The old man who gave my informer the details said that he helped daub the "torr" on, and he rubbed it in pretty effectually. After his punishment Ireson still remained in Marblehead, though he appeared to become reckless of his life. On one occasion he landed on the property of the old man referred to before as one of his persecutors, and deliberately proceeded to carry off a large log lying on the shore; the proprietor started to prevent him, but Ireson worked slowly, and made a noose fast

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THE OLD BLOCK-HOUSE.

round the end of the log, which he towed away into deep water. The owner called for him to stop, but Ireson replied with opprobrious epithets. Again the hail came, "Stop, Ireson, or I shall fire at you!" "Fire away, old man; you can't hit me!" and Ireson sailed away with the log in tow.

Incidents like these went to show the towns-people that Floyd Ireson wished to provoke them to take his life, and according to this narrator, who perhaps was prejudiced by his own share in the transaction, the skipper never denied the charge made when he was tarred and feathered.

Again, on Cape Ann, I came across an "ancient mariner" who had a friend in Gloucester named John Tucker, the said Tucker having once picked up Floyd Ireson far out at sea, where he had been driven in his dory from Marblehead, and brought him into Gloucester, not knowing who he was. When the old man landed there he had not a cent to take him back to Marblehead or to buy him a supper. He was taken in charge by Alfonso Mason, who fed him and kept him overnight, and the next day, with the aid of contributions from his friends, sent him on his way to Marblehead; then, after he was safely away, Mason informed the contributors who the man was that they had helped, whereat they were exceeding wroth, and swore that if they had known it before, he would never have received a penny from them. Whittier himself, as he once related to a friend, came very near the same experience of tar and feathers, in the old abolition days, in New Hampshire, saving himself with his companions by a hasty retreat.

After Whittier related his story of the haunted mill, the conversation turned on the simplicity and credulity of some of the country people. "And that reminds me," said the poet, "of an incident that once occurred at South Hampton in slavery days. It seems there was a runaway negro hid in the great swamp there, and the people of the place, who were all Democrats, were dreadfully frightened, for they thought he had come there to cut all their throats; so they collected together, and after much trouble ran down the negro, and led him a captive to the country store. In some way I received information of what was going on, and with a friend went up there to look after matters. When we arrived they had the negro penned up in one corner of the room; his mouth was wide open and his eyes rolling vacantly; in fact, he was so thoroughly frightened that he could not speak. In the mean time the store was crowded with citizens very much excited, some

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of whom were for hanging the negro at once, while others were for having a trial first. Presently, and soon after our arrival, the meeting was addressed by the principal man of the village, who was very drunk, and who, I believe, had been in some of the West India islands. He was strongly in favor of letting the negro go; 'for,' said he" (and here Whittier imitated his gestures), "'I've lived, gentlemen, where they kept nigger servants, and I tell you that nigger's all right; he knows what he's about; he's a sensible nigger. I know, because I've seen 'em.' Then there was an excited discussion, and we managed to intercede for the runaway, so that finally they agreed to let him go."

What became of him afterward the poet did not say, but it is probable that this poor passenger on the "under-ground railroad" was well provided for by the quiet Quaker and his friends.

In a drawer of his writing-table the poet still keeps the large iron key of the slave pen at Richmond, which was sent to him when the city was captured by the Union troops. The key is made of wrought iron, is about five inches long, and has



KEY OF THE RICHMOND SLAVE PEN.

been broken and welded together again. It was as appropriate a gift to the poet as the key of the Bastile to Washington, both marking a new era in the liberties of man.

The earliest of Whittier's associations are found in the poems of "Snow-Bound" and "In School Days." The little schoolhouse no longer "sits beside the road," having been sold and removed a number of years ago. It had hardly started on its journey, when one of the wheels on which it was placed broke down, and the building was left in the middle of the road until burned by the boys.

There are still left faint traces of the foundations, a stone wall having been built directly across the site of the fireplace. On digging into the ground at the end of and near the western embankment, I found the remains of the chimney where it had fallen to the ground; the sod had grown over the bricks, and mingled with them were fragments of plaster from the walls, and pieces of broken window-glass turned iridescent with age, as though these fragments of "the western window-panes" still reflected back a few last rays of the "winter sun" which long years ago "shone over it at setting."

The blackberry vines clambered around my feet, the sumacs still grew thickly about the place, and even a faint depression in the greensward showed where

> "The feet that creeping slow to school
> Went storming out to playing."

It required not much effort for the imagination to see once more the sweet brown-eyed heroine of the country school and her bashful boy hero of half a century ago:

> "Still memory to a gray-haired man
> That sweet child-face is showing.
> Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
> Have forty years been growing!"

But only the poet knows by what name his little heroine was called.

Mr. Ayer, living in the next house to the Whittier homestead, was a playmate of the poet, and went with him to the same road-side school. At the sale of the schoolhouse he came into possession of the "master's desk, deep scarred by raps official," afterward disposing of it, and it was carried away to parts unknown. A few of the benches were also saved, to be afterward destroyed, and some boards left after the burning of the building were worked up into various little objects.

"Can you tell us, Mr. Ayer," said we, "who was the little girl in 'In School Days'?" "Well," he replied, "there were several girls who attended the school in Whittier's time, all nearly of the same age; but I am inclined to think it was my little sister Lydia. She died when she was fourteen, and lies buried in the family lot just over the hill."

With this early playmate of the poet we walked down the road to visit the Whittier burial-place on the old farm. Turning to the right, we entered a rough pasture-land, and after climbing a hill, came to a level space on top, inclosed on three sides by a rude stone wall. Here are the sunken graves marking the place of their former tenants, removed by the poet to a more suitable resting-place. There are five of them, I think. Mr. Ayer pointed out the grave of the "uncle, innocent of books,"

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who is mentioned in "Snow-Bound," and who was killed by the falling of a tree. He had gone out in the morning with his axe, and turned into a path which is still visible on the right of the Haverhill road. At noontime the family missed him at dinner, and soon afterward his dog came up to the house barking wildly, and starting off again toward the woods. At this some of the family followed the dog, accompanied by Mr. Ayer's father, and on reaching the woods they found the unfortunate uncle crushed under a fallen tree. Mr. Ayer cut away the limb which held him down, and the dying man was carried in a sleigh to the old homestead, living but a short time after reaching it.

After leaving the place, we walked along the road to the farm-house. Here, beside the gate, built into the wall, is the horse-block, with rude steps to climb upon it. Noticing some deep semicircular depressions in its surface, we called the attention of Mr. Ayer to them, when he laughed, and said: "Oh, that is where the children used to crack the hickory and butter nuts; they would sit upon the big old stone and hammer away for hours."



WHITTIER'S SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Passing up the pathway, which in Whittier's boyhood was swept twice a day, we entered the end door, walking through the pantry into the east front room. This was Whittier's study. Here he would have his little table in the centre of the room, a cheerful fire burning in the great old fire-place, and sit for hours and hours reading.

"He was a great reader," said Mr. Ayer. "I have often been in here and seen him sitting in that spot, absorbed in his book. He used to load me down with papers for my father to read; he was as good as a library."

The room remains in the same condition as in Whittier's boyhood — the old fire-place, the warped floor and antique window-panes, rough uneven ceiling, and protruding beams. On the other side of the front door, across the entry, is the room where the poet was born, Mr. Ayer's mother being with Mrs. Whittier when the event took place. This room remains in its original state, with the exception of the papering.

The great kitchen, famous as the scene of the winter's evening in "Snow-Bound," has been altered slightly by a partition placed across one end, near the door of the east front room, and a portion of the great open fire-place has been bricked up. When we entered the kitchen there was a stout, buxom woman frying doughnuts, and heaping a huge platter up with them. She made no objections when Mr. Ayer removed her dish-towel from its nail over the fire-place, and exhibited to us the large broad-headed wrought-iron nail as the identical one on which hung "the bull's-eye watch"—

> "The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
> Ticking its weary circuit through,
> Pointed with mutely warning sign
> Its black hand to the hour of nine."

And here in the corner of the fire-place to the left sat the "uncle, innocent of books,"

> "A simple, guileless, child-like man....
> Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
> And voice in dreams I see and hear,"

was Mercy Hussey, well remembered by the people of the place. The "elder sister" was Mary, afterward Mrs. Caldwell. It is Elizabeth who was the poet's favorite,

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and whose epitaph he has written in the beautiful lines commencing:

"As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat."

In the portrait that I saw of Elizabeth Whittier at the poet's residence there was the same pure face and "large sweet asking eyes" that mirrored the gentle soul of his loved sister. The school-master was Joshua Coffin.

"Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,"

who taught school in that place in Whittier's boyhood. After the publication of "Snow-Bound" an old gray-haired man visited the scenes of the poem, and inquired for Whittier.

"A careless boy that night he seemed;"

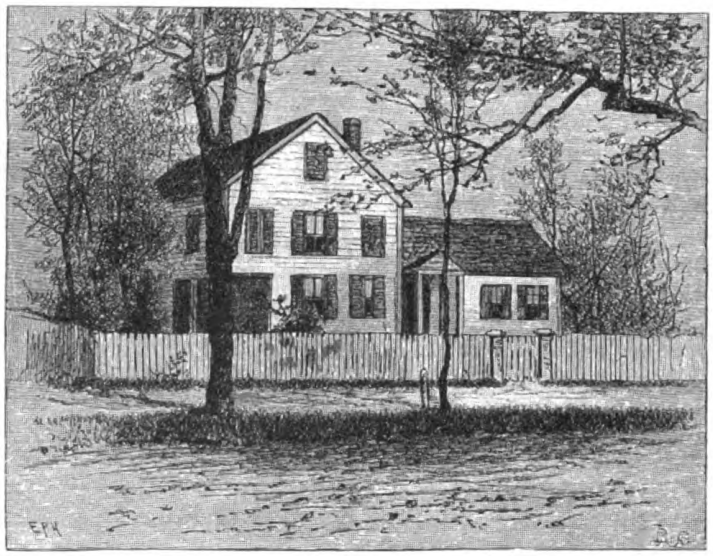
but long years had rolled over him since that night of the past when he

"Held at the fire his favored place."

That rival of "Petruchio's Kate" was Harriet Livermore, another young teacher in the neighborhood, who often called upon the Whittiers.

"She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfeared, half-welcome guest."

She was by "nature passionate and bold," and possessed of great talents, which were dimmed by her hasty and ungovernable temper. She at last loved a young surgeon, Moses Eliot, who afterward was in the war of 1812. He returned her passion, but his reason told him that he could never be happy with a woman of so violent a temper, and who loved as fiercely as she hated; so he went South to escape from the unhappy attachment, and died a victim of yellow fever in Florida.



HOME OF WHITTIER AT AMESBURY.

After the death of her lover, Miss Livermore turned devotee, and travelled through the Holy Land and Egypt, dying at last in her old age at Germantown, Pennsylvania.

"The wise old doctor" was Elias Weld, to whom in after-years Whittier dedicated his poem of "The Countess," under the initials E. W.

And so as we stood there, the whole home circle clasped us round, and we recalled and repeopled that "Snow-Bound" evening of so long ago, when the kitchen held so many dear to the poet, and now guests of the larger circle of the world.

After leaving the house we crossed over to the barn, which has been raised several feet from the ground, repaired and repainted, but kept with the same internal arrangements as in Whittier's boyhood. The farm-house has also been repainted in Quaker drab or gray, the same tint used in the lifetime of the elder Whittier. As I caught a glimpse of the homestead doorway it reminded me of the

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"Sweet doorway pictures of the curls,
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defense
Against the snow-ball's compliments,"

and led me to speak of breaking out the road after a snow-storm. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Ayer, "it was different then from what it is now. In those days every farmer owned two pair or more of oxen. The Whittiers owned two pair, my father owned a pair, and the next neighbor owned a pair or two, and so on. On the morning after a storm they would come along to our house, collect our oxen, and keep on to the next house, and so on until they had six or seven yoke. Then all the men and boys would pile on to the great ox-sled, and away we would go over and through the drifts. Oh, it was great fun!"

And so we followed Mr. Ayer over the farm, visiting the brook and the stepping-stones, and climbing the hill to see the "gap in the old wall," which still remains as when Whittier wrote his poem of "Telling the Bees," every step calling up associations of the early life of the poet,

"Kindred in soul of him who found
In simple flower and leaf and stone
The impulse of the sweetest lays
Our Saxon tongue has known."

As we stepped into the road once more, Mr. Ayer pointed out the walnut-trees mentioned in the poem of "My Playmate," and indicated the hill beyond as the one pictured in "Maud Muller." There was a white-covered butcher's cart coming down the hill at the time, and as we went away over

"the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road,"

we looked back, and saw Whittier's early playmate bargaining for a fore-quarter of lamb, and he was still standing there as we turned a sudden curve, shutting out all view of the old homestead, and leaving us alone with those pictures

"Which Fancy's self, in reverent awe, is seen
To paint, forgetful of the tricks of art,
With pencil dipped alone in colors of the heart."

THE FALLOW FIELD.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down;
The night mist shroudeth the sleeping town;
But if it be dark or if it be day,
If the tempests beat or the breezes play,
Still here on this upland slope I lie
Looking up to the changeful sky.

Naught am I but a fallow field;
Never a crop my acres yield.
Over the wall at my right hand
Stately and green the corn blades stand,
And I hear at my left the flying feet
Of the winds that rustle the bending wheat.

Often while yet the morn is red
I list for our master's eager tread.
He smiles at the young corn's towering height,
He knows the wheat is a goodly sight,
But he glances not at the fallow field
Whose idle acres no wealth may yield.

Sometimes the shout of the harvesters
The sleeping pulse of my being stirs,
And as one in a dream I seem to feel
The sweep and the rush of the swinging steel,
Or I catch the sound of the gay refrain
As they heap their wains with the golden grain.

Yet, O my neighbors, be not too proud,
Though on every tongue your praise is loud.
Our mother Nature is kind to me,
And I am beloved by bird and bee,
And never a child that passes by
But turns upon me a grateful eye.

Over my head the skies are blue;
I have my share of the rain and dew;
I bask like you in the summer sun
When the long bright days pass, one by one,
And calm as yours is my sweet repose
Wrapped in the warmth of the winter snows.

For little our loving mother cares
Which the corn or the daisy bears,
Which is rich with the ripening wheat,
Which with the violet's breath is sweet,
Which is red with the clover bloom,
Or which for the wild sweet-fern makes room.

Useless under the summer sky
Year after year men say I lie.
Little they know what strength of mine
I give to the trailing blackberry vine;
Little they know how the wild grape grows,
Or how my life-blood flushes the rose.

Little they think of the cups I fill
For the mosses creeping under the hill;
Little they think of the feast I spread
For the wild wee creatures that must be fed:
Squirrel and butterfly, bird and bee,
And the creeping things that no eye may see.

Lord of the harvest, Thou dost know
How the summers and winters go.
Never a ship sails east or west
Laden with treasures at my behest,
Yet my being thrills to the voice of God
When I give my gold to the golden-rod.

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GERMAN POLITICAL LEADERS.

IT is the habit of many Germans, when reproached with the tardy adoption of representative institutions by their country, to make the plea in palliation that such institutions were with them an early and original product; that though their growth was checked for centuries, the germ was never wholly destroyed; and that their present experiment is not the cultivation of an exotic, but only the revival of a plant native and indigenous to the soil. Did not Montesquieu say that the English found their system of government in the forests of Germany? Were not the principles of trial by jury, of municipal freedom, of local self-government, of the supremacy of the civil authority, once common to all Germanic peoples? and can we therefore be accused, they inquire, of borrowing from England, when we merely restore an institution or institutions which we have suffered, unwisely enough, to languish in neglect, but have never wholly renounced?

This view of the case, though not without some truth, is either superficial or disingenuous. It is true that in Germany, until, say, the time of the Reformation, men were tried by their peers; that the cities and communes made their own laws and executed their own police; and that rude legislative assemblies held the key to the public purse. This is true, and even trite. But it is at least uncandid on the part of Germans to pretend that their institutions have only lain dormant during the intervening period, and that the present German Constitution and the present German Parliament are mere measures of revival and restoration. Between the original Diets, which were pretty generally extinguished in Germany during the seventeenth century, and the Diets of to-day, there is a resemblance only of name. The first, if they had been suffered to pursue a course of natural growth, might have developed into something not unlike the English Parliament. Those which now exist are mere artificial creations, like the series of assemblies that have been set up in France by one régime after another since the Revolution. They want, therefore, a historical germ and a principle of organic life.

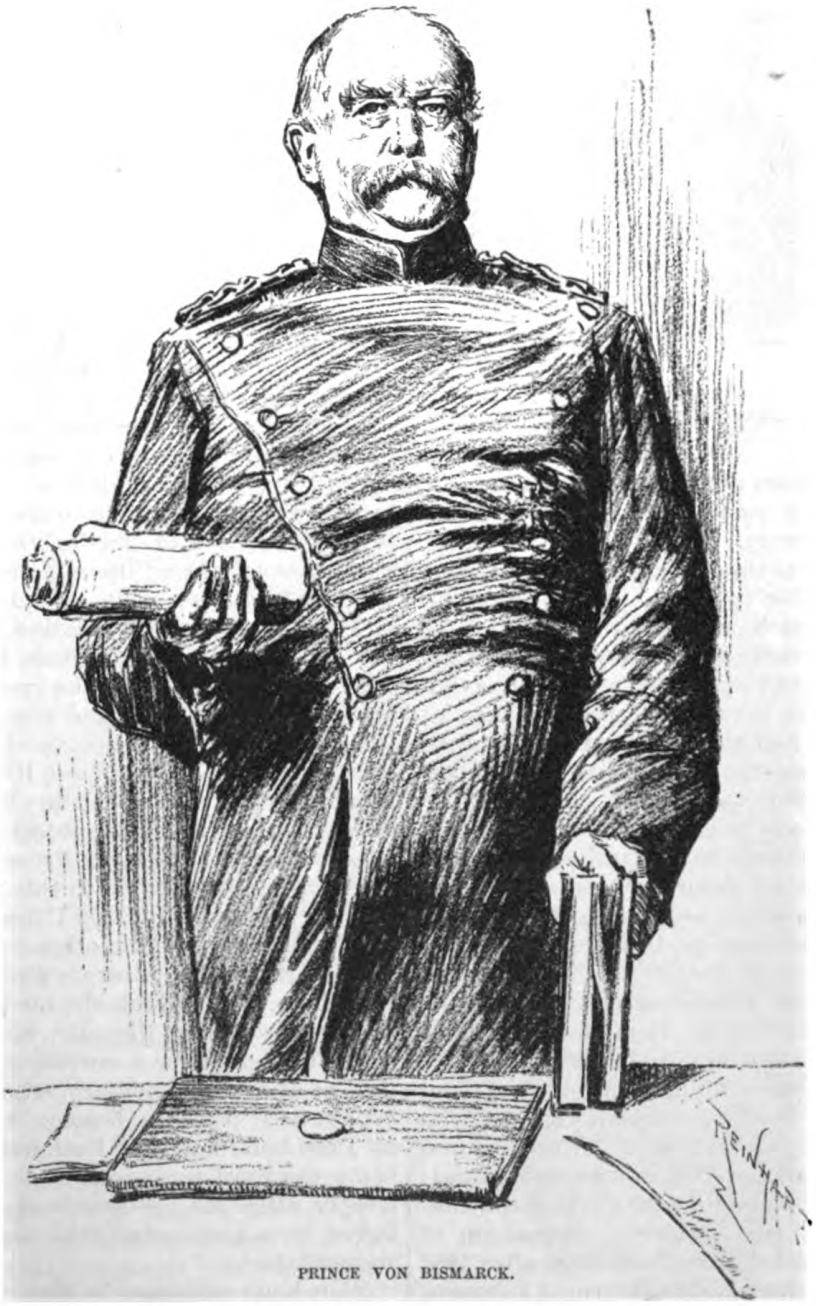
This being understood, it must be conceded, by way of compensation, that in the parliamentary part of the new political machine Prince Bismarck resisted every temptation to try novel and difficult experiments, and organized it on a basis of which simplicity was the first merit. The Lower House of the Prussian Diet issues from indirect election, and from an electoral body distributed into classes, like the Roman Assembly of the Centuries. No citizen is absolutely disfranchised by reason of his poverty, but the influence of wealth is still paramount. This system was adopted while Bismarck was an obscure young country squire. Subsequent observation may have taught him its vices; or he may have argued that however excellent in Prussia, it would be unsuitable in a federal system like that of the Empire, which needed some strong, simple, democratic bond of union. In any event, whether from absolute choice or from practical necessity, he adopted a wholly different plan with the German Reichstag. It was founded upon the three principles of universal suffrage, direct election, and secret ballot. It was first opened in March, 1871, and has therefore been on trial more than a full decade.

It is not the purpose of the writer of this article—if, indeed, it is not too early in any case—to answer the question how the Reichstag has stood this trial. That Prince Bismarck himself has proved an unnatural parent to the offspring of his own brain is, however, a truth which each succeeding session has only made the clearer. Just now the Diet is passing through a crisis in its existence. Nobody can as yet say how it will issue from the crisis; but since all the indications are that it will lose some power and much prestige, there is the more reason for hastening to fix its leading features and characteristics before they are too greatly changed by the hand of enemies.

One great merit which honorably distinguishes the Imperial Diet from the Prussian Lower House is that it is a fairly representative body. And this is true in the broadest sense of the word. It represents all sections, all interests, all classes, all shades of political opinion; North German and South German, the Danes of Schleswig and the Poles of Posen, are united in a single assembly. It contains Calvinists, Lutherans, Catholics, Jews, skeptics, and atheists. Printers and blacksmiths sit side by side with media-

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tized princes of the Empire, priests by the side of judges, lawyers and professors with farmers and merchants. The division of parties is carried out with almost the minuteness of the scholastic logicians, so that the differences between some of them are hardly perceptible to the naked eye. Thus there may be found the German Imperial party, or Free Conservatives, and then the Conservatives proper, who are, however, no less free than their neighbors. The Catholics form a party called the Centre. But the Poles are also Catholics, yet they make a fraction by themselves; and so, too, are, for the most part, the Deputies of Alsace-Lorraine, who have their own place in the parliamentary annual. The National Liberals are hardly distinguishable in political doctrine from the Progressists, and yet a recent subdivision of their body has added one more "party" to the list. Then farther around



PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

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MAX VON FORCKENBECK.

on the Left are the Social Democrats, who have aspirations enough, if they only knew what they were. As to talent, finally, the Diet contains the best there is in Germany. The ineligible by law are few in number, and it must be said for the credit of the German constituencies that they have seldom been influenced by local claims, but have almost invariably preferred men of reputation and ability, wherever found, to obscure nobodies of their own neighborhood and district.

During the period which has elapsed since the restoration of unity, five Presidents, three of them corresponding each to a certain phase or stage in the development of political parties, have occupied the *fauteuil* of the Diet. The first was the cautious, conservative, judicial Dr. Simson. He is the type of that class of revolutionists who hesitate only when the battle is won; who fight for victory, and yet shrink from the fruits of victory; who are bold by conviction, but timid by nature; whose sincerity is inconsequential; and who hate the ardor even of patriotism. Now this temper or disposition of mind prevailed after 1870—nay, after 1866—with the great body of German Liberals. So long as Bismarck was systematically trampling the Constitution of Prussia into the dust, and the Liberals were forced to a daily struggle for even the forms of parliamentary institutions, they repelled all offers of compromise, and persisted in the most obstinate hostility. But when, after Sadowa, the Premier relented, and not only restored the integrity of the Prussian Constitution, but also introduced a constitution and a representative Diet in the North German Confederation, the majority of the Liberals forgot their long battle, met compromise by compromise, and developed into mild and prudent Conservatives. With the formation, four years later, of the Empire, this party enlarged its number without changing its character. It was natural and fitting that such a majority, in close sympathy at the time with Bismarck and the government, should elect as first Speaker of the Imperial Diet Dr. Edward Simson, a jurist, a judge, and an honest man. He kept the place but three years. In 1874 he declined a re-election, nominally because his duties as a judge were too engrossing and his health was too uncertain, and his colleagues accepted his excuses with polite credulity. But in reality he was swept away by the new current in Imperial politics. The truce of parties, the patriotic co-operation imposed upon factions during the first few years by the novelty and the exigencies of the new situation, began, as the country felt itself secure and confident, to disappear in the presence of strong domestic issues, and was naturally followed by a sharper accentuation of opinions and more emphatic lines of parliamentary division. Notably the ecclesiastical rupture and the subject of administrative reform, both in Prussia and in the Empire, contributed to this result, the one calling into being the Ultramontanes as a political party, the other arraying in bitter hostility the Liberals and the Conservatives. A respectable, moderate, unimpassioned man like Dr. Simson was therefore no longer a correct representative of the parliamentary situation. A pronounced partisan became a necessity as President; and the National Liberals being the most numerous class, and most closely allied to the government, it followed that their candidate must be the successful one.

They had such a man in Max von Forckenbeck. He belonged to the younger race of politicians, hardly dating beyond the so-called Prussian "Conflikts-Zeit," between 1862 and 1866. But he had risen rapidly in the estimation of his fellow-Liberals, so that in 1874 he was President of the Prussian Lower House, from whence it was an easy and natural promotion to the

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Speakership of the Imperial Diet. A jurist by education, he early entered the municipal service, of which a word must be said. Local or municipal administration is in Germany a profession, like any other. It exacts of its members a special training; they begin in the ranks, and work their way slowly upward according to their merits as determined by experience and examinations; popular favor has little and politics less to do with their success. Such was the career of Forckenbeck, who was born in 1821, entered the civil service of the state in 1847, and in 1874 was Burgomaster of Breslau, the second city of Prussia. And during the interval—that is to say, from 1847 to 1874—while he was steadily rising in the civil service, he was, as a politician, in almost uninterrupted opposition to the government.



COUNT VON MOLKTE.

Forckenbeck would not be considered in this country a good presiding officer, if manner alone be the test. He is nervous, undignified, is easily excited, and has a wretched voice. The reason for his choice as President originally in the Prussian House was undoubtedly his personal popularity. In 1874, when the Reichstag needed a Speaker, the element of popularity had become re-enforced by that of experience. He had mastered parliamentary law as understood in German legislatures. Besides, although a strong partisan, he was fair in his rulings, and as agreeable as any Liberal could be to the Conservatives and Ultramontanes. He held the place, therefore, without contest

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CONSERVATIVE AND SOCIALIST.

until the winter of 1878–9. His Presidency covers the era of National Liberal ascendency, and of harmony between the Liberals and the government, to the exclusion partially of the Conservatives, absolutely of the Ultramontanes.

In 1878 this union was dissolved, under the influence, first, of the Socialist troubles, and, second, of the tariff revolution. These events will be explained in another place. In regard to Forckenbeck, it is enough to say that while he sat through the Socialist debates and the resulting legislation, the tariff controversy produced a complete rupture, and reduced him from the chair of the President to his old place on the floor. He is a pronounced and radical free-trader. As soon as the determination of the Chancellor to introduce protection became clearly known, and many Liberals were hesitating between servile personal devotion to Bismarck and loyalty to their early economic convictions, Forckenbeck, though still President of the Diet, and Burgomaster, not of Breslau, but of the capital, Berlin itself, came out openly and boldly in opposition, and made speeches which created an impassable gulf between him and the government. His fate was from that moment decided. Forckenbeck, and with him the Liberals, must be punished at any cost. The cost

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was that of sacrifices to the Ultramontanes, without whose aid the Conservatives could not carry their candidates, and in the winter of 1878–9 this coalition elevated Herr Von Seydewitz to the Speakership.

With him a third, and as yet unfinished, era begins. Seydewitz belongs to the provincial nobility, and lives on his estates in Lausitz, where he has filled numerous local offices. It is safe to say, however, that as Assistant Marshal of the Provincial Diet of Silesia he would have remained unknown to fame if accident had not made him President of the Imperial Diet. I say accident, because neither his reputation, nor his popularity, nor his fitness alone, nor, in fact, all three combined, account for his selection to succeed so experienced and able a man as Forckenbeck. He had at best the negative merits of dullness, inoffensiveness, and obscurity. A Protestant and a pronounced Conservative, he had still never taken a leading part in the legislation against the Catholics, and was not specially objectionable to moderate men either of the Right or the Left. He had the good sense, too, on accepting the place, to confess his own deficiencies, and to compliment the superior fitness of his predecessor. He probably did not desire the honor. He is not ambitious or enterprising, and naturally feels most at ease when at home superintending his estate, and organizing road improvements as a county magnate. But the exigencies of his party drew him out of his retirement, and he patriotically yielded. In the President's chair he was nearly the reverse of Forckenbeck. While Forckenbeck was prompt, emphatic, positive, even aggressive, Seydewitz was slow, hesitating, timid, and conciliatory. The former gave an air of authority even to errors; the latter aroused suspicion and protests although his rulings might be perfectly correct. The one overawed doubts by the vehemence of his manner; the other invited distrust by lack of confidence in himself. Appeals from the decision of the Speaker are, however, rare. I remember but one instance, during a considerable experience, in which the chair—Forckenbeck—was overruled. The sensitive and impetuous President at once resigned, but on being promptly and unanimously re-elected, he became appeased, and resumed the gavel, or rather the bell, of the Speaker.

Since the time of Seydewitz, who soon wearied of the honor, two different men have been chosen as President, but in each case the choice was a victory for the reactionary coalition.

Law and usage have united to give the President of the Diet a position widely different from that of the "Speaker" in England or America. His powers are in some respects more, in others less, extensive. He appoints no committees, and is therefore without that opportunity to reward friends and influence legislation. He can with difficulty create precedents by his rulings, and contributes little to the body of parliamentary law. Even his powers of discipline and police are to a considerable extent shared by the vice-presidents and the secretaries, who are consulted in every serious crisis. But on the other hand he has no little influence in shaping the course of debate, through the practice, which may be, but seldom is, contested, of fixing the "order of the day," or programme of business of each session. The ratio of ambitious orators is much smaller in a German than in an American parliament. Precedence is less anxiously considered; time counts for less; and there is less wrangling over points of order and procedure. A debate is a very formal affair, the names of those who desire to speak being commonly submitted to the chair in advance, and by him arranged into a convenient succession of *pros* and *contras*, who follow one another with depressing regularity, much like boys in a village lyceum. In general it may be said that while in Germany, as in America, the Speakership is a mark of party confidence, it is not, owing to the different conditions of political life, treated as a step toward higher honors, elective or executive.

This statement holds true, moreover, not only of parliamentary prominence as recognized in the person of the President, but also of parliamentary prominence on the floor and in debate. It is seldom rewarded in the formation of cabinets, and can claim for itself nothing from the state. There are men in the German Reichstag whose forensic talents would adorn any legislative body in the world, and who presumably, if in office, would develop administrative talents not inferior to those of the forum who in England or France could command, and, if party conditions were favorable, would receive, portfolios in the ministry, but who under the German system may spend their lives in

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RUDOLF GNEIST.

unprofitable debate, without ever being invited to share the work of construction and execution. Such a man is, for instance, Professor Gneist. Known abroad, and well known, as an accomplished jurist and constitutional scholar, he has in Germany the additional reputation of an experienced legislator, who has left his imprint on nearly every great organic measure of the past decade, as an effective debater who is always heard with the profoundest respect; and as a politician who only wants the opportunity to show the qualities of the statesman. Public opinion may deceive itself in this judgment. Dr. Gneist is something of a doctrinaire. His speeches and views on political measures are rather didactic in tone, smack of the university professor, and are full of sharp and subtle distinctions which perplex without always convincing the average hearer. It is known, too, that he has long ardently desired office, and in recent years has been quite too subservient to the power which makes and unmakes ministers. This alone is an obstacle to his success. But when it is remembered that Gneist was twenty years ago a most bitter critic of the government, and that although Bismarck has forgiven him, the King has a longer memory, the prospect of his portfolio seems indefinitely remote. But, in spite of his defects, the professor has the parliamentary position and the political talent which in a constitutional state ought to be utilized in the service of the government. That they have not been utilized is a misfortune which is believed to cause the eminent publicist many sleepless nights and days of cruel anguish.

Dr. Gneist, though he aspires to general statesmanship, is still essentially a specialist. But there are other Deputies whose views of public questions are less exclusively technical, who are even more effective in counsel and debate, and who in respect to executive office suffer under the same rigid ostracism.

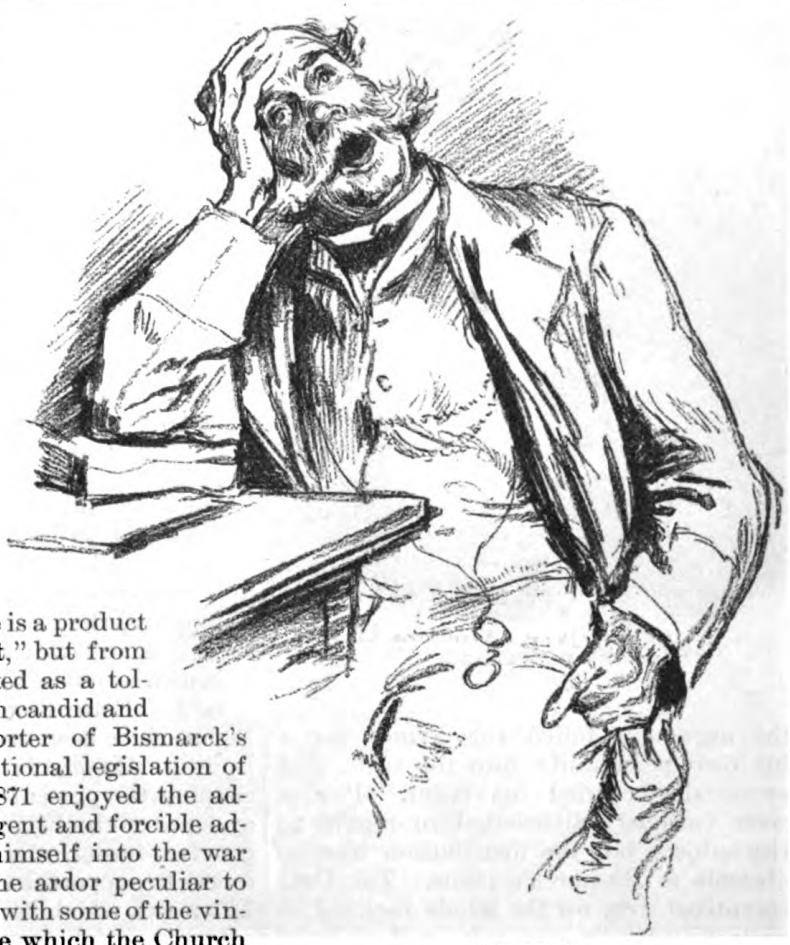
The visitor in the gallery of the Diet, running his eye about the house, will soon notice among the bald heads and broad Teutonic faces a young, lithe, restless, little Hebrew, sitting in a conspicuous place among the National Liberals, and apparently recognized by common consent as their spokesman and leader. This is Edward Lasker. The telegraph often mentions his name, and usually describes him as in factious opposition. The Chancellor once paid him the compliment of saying that his inveterate habit of captious criticism made more trouble than the open resistance of declared enemies; and as the description of an effect produced upon the Prince's own mind, the picture is undoubtedly correct. The charge caused, nevertheless, a profound sensation. As was natural, the victim objected to such an unflattering characterization, and retorted in a shrill voice, with abundant gesticulation, that the Chancellor was trying



EDWARD LASKER.

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to curtail his freedom of speech and action. Other hard words passed, and next day the galleries were amazed to see the two pugilists engaged in friendly and confidential conversation. The Prince could afford to forgive, and Lasker seemed to enjoy being stroked by the hand which had just applied the lash.



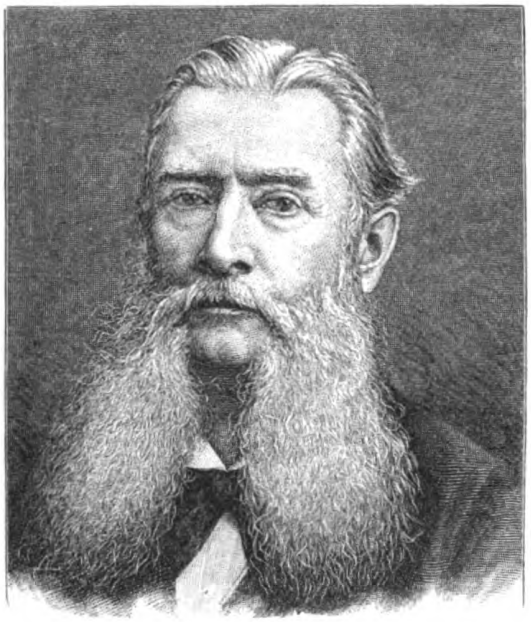
LANGWEILIG.

Lasker is younger in years than Forckenbeck, but belongs politically to the same generation. He is a product of the "Conflikts-Zeit," but from 1866 to 1878 he ranked as a tolerably regular, though candid and discriminating, supporter of Bismarck's policy. The constitutional legislation of 1867 and again of 1871 enjoyed the advantage of his intelligent and forcible advocacy. He threw himself into the war against Rome with the ardor peculiar to his temperament, and with some of the vindictiveness of the race which the Church persecuted for so many centuries. The great process of judicial reform and consolidation received from him a support which Bismarck hardly distinguished from open hostility, but which was indispensable to its triumph. Even the repressive measures against Socialism, though deplored, were practically accepted by Lasker.

But the Chancellor is satisfied in the end with nothing short of absolute and unhesitating obedience. The breach between him and Lasker, threatened for several years, finally came in 1878, and, as in the case of Forckenbeck, it was caused by the fiscal innovations. A brief explanation of this fatal controversy is essential to a correct understanding of the actual relations of parties in the Diet.

The traditional policy of the Empire, or rather of the Zollverein, which antedates the Empire, was that of free trade. It had, indeed, always had its enemies. Some were such from conviction, others from interest; but they were few in number, and without influence. The government, with Bismarck at its head, paid no attention to the dreary harangues which men like Kardorff and Varnbüler annually delivered on their favorite grievance, and up to 1878 showed no disposition to suffer, much less to propose, any change. But in 1878 the Chancellor began to waver, and after various preparatory hints and signs, actually issued a protectionist manifesto, which at once revolutionized the whole aspect of affairs. Commercial reasons, fiscal reasons, political reasons, were all used to justify the abandonment of free trade. German industry was languishing, and needed the stimulus of favorable legislation; the Imperial Treasury was not sufficiently independent, and ought to have revenues of its own adequate to its wants; the old system was the chief prop of state rights, and its modification would be a great step toward unity and strength. These arguments were all specious, and some of them, from one point of view, not unsound; and where

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HERR VON PUTTKAMER.

the argument failed, the Prince threw his own personality into the scale, and eventually carried his point. Parties were variously distributed in regard to the subject, but the distribution was no obstacle to Bismarck's plans. The Conservatives were on the whole inclined to protection for its own sake, and ready to accept it blindly for the sake of its new champion. The Radicals were opposed both to the person and the project of the Chancellor. The Ultramontanes, as above said, were open to what the French call a "transaction." And as for the National Liberals, they were keenly anxious to avoid a rupture with the great minister, whom they had supported for over a decade, but they were also committed, as a party and as individuals, to the cause of free trade. The result was easy to predict. A schism in the party was produced, some of them throwing aside their convictions out of subservience to Bismarck, and the others obeying their consciences, and going into reluctant opposition. The Conservatives, the Ultramontanes, and a few of the National Liberals formed a majority, and the work was done. Protection was introduced, Forckenbeck was expelled from the Speakership, and the National Liberal party went to pieces.

This explains why Lasker is now found in the opposition, and with him some of the best talent of the party. Among these malcontents there is no other more gifted than Louis Bamberger. Like Lasker, he is a Jew, though the fact is less conspicuous in his looks and manner. He has lived a good deal among Gentiles, and has no special reluctance to pass for one of them. Doubts have been thrown upon the merit of his achievements during the insurrection of 1848–9 by the story that on the approach of the troops he scaled a garden fence with most unwarlike rapidity, and fled over the Rhine into France. Be that as it may, he certainly went into exile, first in England, afterward in Holland, and finally in France. From 1853 to 1866 he was at the head of a reputable banking house in Paris, and is consequently no less familiar with practical than with theoretical finance. This is, in fact, his specialty, though he is unwise enough not to confine himself to it. Returning to Germany in 1866, he has since been uninterruptedly in public life. He was largely instrumental in shaping the present coinage and banking systems of the Empire. He is a consistent free-trader, and resisted all inducements to support the protectionist scheme. The hopes which he once entertained of a cabinet portfolio are therefore for the present frustrated; and the flattering sketch of the Chancellor which after the war he addressed to the French now counts for

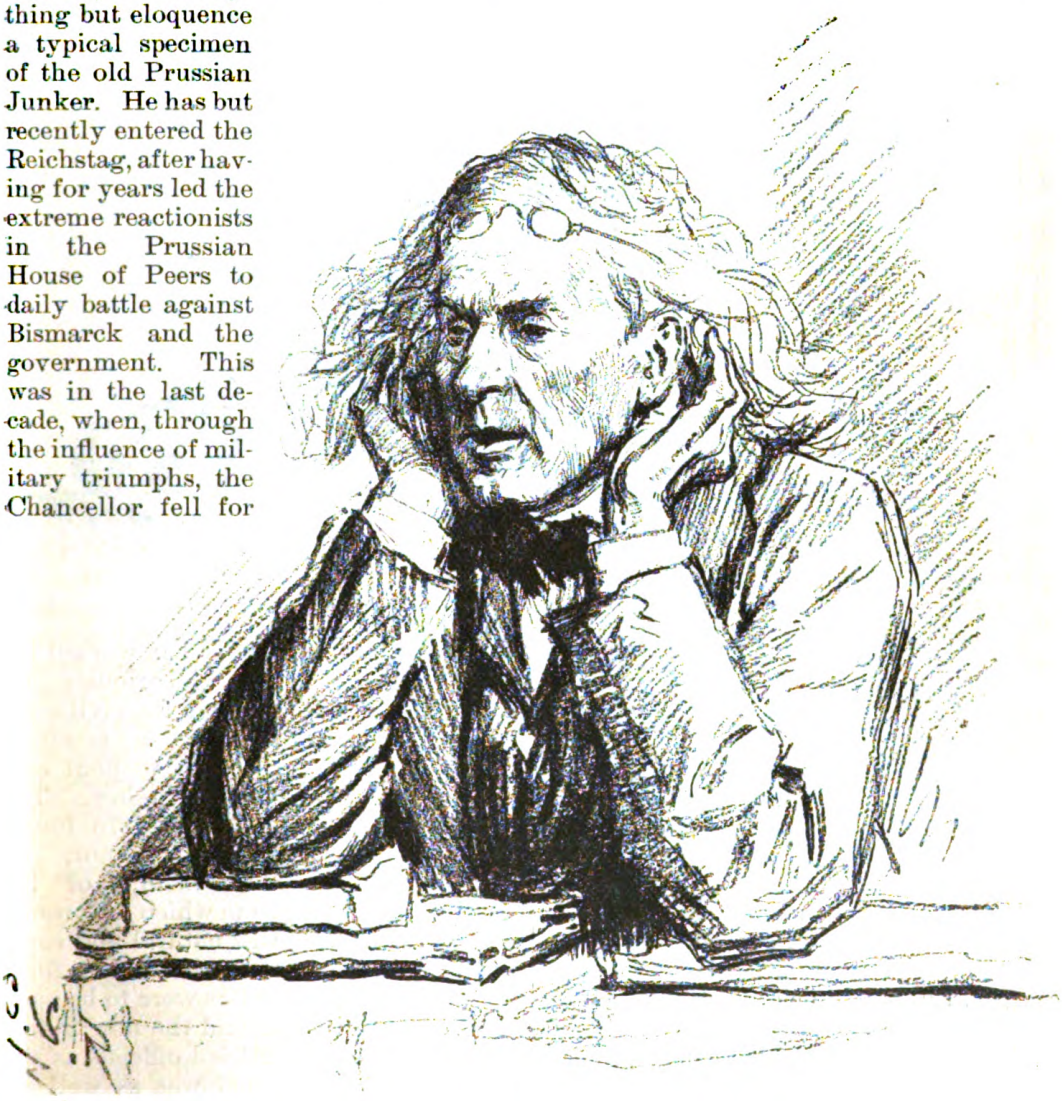


LOUIS BAMBERGER.

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nothing in the Wilhelmstrasse. He would now doubtless say that he interpreted to the French a man whom he himself did not understand.

The most accomplished orator on the Conservative side is Herr Von Kleist-Retzow, in everything but eloquence a typical specimen of the old Prussian Junker. He has but recently entered the Reichstag, after having for years led the extreme reactionists in the Prussian House of Peers to daily battle against Bismarck and the government. This was in the last decade, when, through the influence of military triumphs, the Chancellor fell for a time under the spell of liberal ideas. Administrative reform was the order of the day in Prussia; ecclesiastical reform was the order of the day in both Prussia and the Empire. Kleist-Retzow abhorred these dangerous innovations. As a bigoted country squire he resented as an attack upon his order a proposition to enlarge the sphere of local self-government, and to give plebeians equal rights with the nobility. He is a High-Church Protestant; and he regarded the measures against Ultramontanism as so many distinct assaults upon the universal principle of Christianity. These projects, therefore, and the general policy of Bismarck he resisted in the House of Peers with the obstinacy of a fanatic, and yet with the audacity and the adroitness of a real tactician. His style has a vigor and an impetuosity uncommon in Germany. He is not without grace, especially in his exordiums; but his leading characteristic as a speaker is a copious and violent invective, which only loses its effect when his voice becomes hoarse, and when, as often happens, he forgets the place, and falls into a strain of tiresome religious declamation. Savona-



"LAUTER!"

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A DILIGENT DEPUTY.

rola never denounced the sins of Florence in louder tones than Kleist those of modern European society. Such was the leader of the Prussian House of Lords; and although Bismarck has since learned the error of his ways, and Kleist sits in the Reichstag as a friend and not an enemy, his husky voice may still frequently be heard lamenting the kindred evils of liberalism in politics, moderation in the Church, and materialism in science. He is a mediæval baron transplanted into the nineteenth century, and gifted with the power to make preposterous ideas respectable by the aid of a manly and aggressive eloquence.

Another Conservative who must be mentioned, not for his talents, but for his position, is Herr Von Puttkamer, member of the Reichstag, and lately Prussian Minister of Public Worship and Education. The Princess Bismarck is his sister, and yet the Prince himself has cruelly violated all the traditions of a European despotism, as explained by American orators, in neglecting to provide his relation with some of those sinecures in which the governments of the Continent notoriously abound. Puttkamer has worked his way laboriously up through the civil service like a common plebeian without any brother-in-law. The spring of 1878 found him Governor, or "President," of the province of Silesia, from which his promotion to the cabinet was natural and easy. It was perhaps due also to his talents, for if the parliamentary leaders were to be passed over on principle, and the new minister selected from the tried officials of the civil service, Puttkamer was as well recommended as any. But he is not wholly without reputation and influence in the Diet itself. Volubility he at least possesses, and the ability to speak by the hour is a gift which, in default of better ones, sometimes proves useful to a cabinet minister. Besides, Puttkamer had spoken most often on the Church question, and was therefore a predestined Minister of Public Worship when the sacerdotal reaction, hostile to Dr. Falk and his reforms, should set in. He is furthermore a man of courage, and courage was needed in the successor of Falk. No common man

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would have ventured to displace in office one of the most brilliant ministers who have sat in the Prussian cabinet, who reconstructed the common-school system, and bore the brunt of the desperate "Culturkampf," and who, having earned these titles to the gratitude of his chief, was suffered to fall before a coalition of Ultramontanes, reactionists, and protectionists. It must be said, finally, of Puttkamer that he is somewhat ostentatious in manner, and is fond of posing near the Speaker's desk, from whence he surveys the House with an air of easy and patronizing affability. But in the Imperial Diet he is only an ordinary member. A Prussian minister, his arena is the Prussian Diet, and there, if at all, his victories must be won. That history has not as yet chronicled any equal to Marathon or Austerlitz is a circumstance on which cynical Liberals are not disinclined to dwell.

There have come up for solution during the brief life of the Diet many grave and momentous problems, and the gilded roof of the great hall has often throbbed and shaken under the violence of debate. The most recent of the great combats was, as already observed, that between free trade and protection. Its angry echoes have not yet wholly ceased to resound. But the earliest, the fiercest, and the bloodiest was one which was only renewed, not begun, which the historical reader will easily trace back to the Middle Ages—the great national duel between Kaiser and Pope, between Ghibelline and Guelph, between the just claims of the state and the arrogant pretensions of the Church.

This struggle, resumed ten or fifteen years ago, in form the same, though under conditions different, united the Catholic Deputies into the parliamentary Centre. But it did more than that. Besides a party, it created the leaders of a party, and leaders who for eloquence, audacity, adroitness, are the peers of any men in the House. The first of these, far above all rivals, is Windthorst. Puny in size, almost deformed, ugly as Socrates, he is an antagonist before whose wit the boldest Deputies tremble, and under whose assaults even the great Chancellor loses his coolness and self-command. As a tactician, he is unsurpassed. Starting as the chief of a small and proscribed faction, he has built it up to be the most numerous party in the House, and, holding the balance of power, wields it with the skill which O'Connell made famous in the House of Commons. But he is something besides a mere wit or parliamentary athlete. Short, crisp, pungent retorts are indeed his chief arms of controversy; but he is also a politician of culture and real statesmanlike ability, and can discuss public topics from an elevated intellectual plane. That his success in serious methods and sustained efforts has been less frequently demonstrated may not even be a fact of his own preference, though the habit of his mind suggests such an inference. It may be—and the supposition is reasonable—that the nature of his task, or at least his views of it, has imposed another policy upon him as a tactical necessity; for, cut off as he is by the character and the relations of his party from an active share in creative legislation, he is practically confined to the work of criticism, of mere negative opposition; and this, of course, is best performed, not by sustained and elaborate strategy, but by sudden charges, by brisk and audacious dashes, in every part of the field. Hence, though he makes few periods himself, he effectually prunes those of his enemies, not excluding Bismarck himself. If he makes a parliamentary bargain with the government or another party, he exacts and receives



HERR WINDTHORST.

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BARON SCHORLEMER-ALST.



EUGENE RICHTER.

the equivalent in advance. But he seldom enters into such transactions, for, as he himself once said, he has "no wish to be duped." "And he who tries to dupe me," added the little man, with a knowing twinkle in his eye, "must rise very early in the morning," at which Bismarck looked foolish, and the House roared with approving laughter. Windthorst is a Hanoverian, and up to 1866 was a faithful and trusted counsellor of blind King George. A kindly, entertaining old gentleman, he is cultivated on many sides; and on the occasions of the annual exhibition of the Academy, finds time to write discriminating and elegant art critiques for the journals of the capital.

The lieutenant of Windthorst—a man of considerable ability, though of a different order—is the Baron Schorlemer-Alst. He was formerly a brilliant officer of cavalry, and the soldier may still be detected in his appearance, but not in his oratory. He does not speak, as one might expect, in a dashing and reckless manner. His delivery never suggests the trooper with waving plume and eager sabre charging a hostile squadron on the battle-field, nor does he affect, on the other hand, the careless and somewhat slovenly humor of his chief. His matter and his manner are carefully and not unsuccessfully studied, his figure is graceful, his voice is clear, his gestures are elegant, his whole demeanor is that of a man perfectly self-poised, scrupulously correct as to form, and enjoying his art at once for itself and for its practical uses. His sarcasm, though keen and irritating, is wholly unlike Windthorst's. The charm of the Hanoverian is his *insouciance*, the unpremeditated aptness of his retorts, which, ferocious as they are in substance, always provoke laughter by a certain scarcely hidden element of humor and amiability. Schorlemer aims always to wound, and rarely fails. Windthorst makes his cause entertaining, and to that extent popular. Schorlemer makes both his cause and himself hated, if not hateful. Of political knowledge in the higher sense, the latter has little or none. No speech of his has helped elucidate any grave question of state; and the best that can be said of him is that in his way he is a keen and fearless though bigoted champion of his Church and his order.

One day in May, of this year, the telegraph reported a "scene" in the Reichstag. A debate hostile to the Chancellor had been provoked by the Deputy Eugene Richter; and seeing no other way to escape from it, Herr Bötticher, the representative of the government, wrapped his mantle in dignity about him, and left the

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hall. It is well known that this is Bismarck's favorite way of replying to Richter. Presumably, therefore, he has found it effective, and has induced its adoption by at least one of his subordinates. But the trick is none the less a paltry one. The Prince, the Federal Council, and all their servile employés may stop their own ears as firmly as they choose—they can not frighten Richter into silence, or prevent the great general public from hearing, either directly, in Parliament, or through the daily press, the fierce and deadly assaults which from time to time he makes upon the government. It is true that he is a very disagreeable person. Skillful and cruel critics often are disagreeable to their victims; and Richter is a man who to a graceful and forcible oratory adds perfect fearlessness, a remorseless candor, and no little vigor of political thought. He is the leader of the "Fortschrittspartei," or party of progress, the small and diminished remnant of the great Liberal army of former days.

Richter is a plebeian in origin, appearance, and associations. Born half a century ago at the old pictorial city of Düsseldorf, he was until 1864 in the civil service of the state. But he had already become obnoxious to the authorities at Berlin. The city of Neuwied having elected him Burgomaster, the government, in the exercise of a legal discretion, but from motives which are easy to discern, refused to confirm the choice, and the young bureaucrat returned to private life. By profession he has since been a man of letters, writing copiously and ably on current political and economical topics. In 1869 he entered the Prussian House of Deputies; a year later, the Reichstag. In both of these bodies he at once took a leading part. Richter is the idol of the Berlin democracy, that public to which Professor Gneist attributes half the evils of the state; not the proletariat, not the Socialistic working-men, but the lower middle class, who really know little about politics, but are delighted to see one of their own number in a position, and with the ability to hold his own in debate against all the forces of the crown and the aristocracy. Richter fully deserves this adulation. Besides sound views of finance, trade, and similar subjects, and the power to present them lucidly and forcibly, he is extremely fluent in style and impressive in manner. He is one of the few Deputies to whom one listens with pleasure, and whose speeches never seem too long.

Richter represents the spirit of political, as Windthorst and Schorlemer do the spirit of clerical, opposition. Still further to the left sit a group of men who, even when their numbers are full, and none of them are in jail or exile, scarcely



A HANDKERCHIEF.

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AN AGREEABLE DEPUTY.

count a dozen, but who are nevertheless more talked of and talked at than any other parliamentary faction. These men resist everything, even measures which, like protection, in principle they approve: they are the German irreconcilables. The reader will recognize from this description the Socialists, or, as they call themselves, the Social Democrats.

It need scarcely be said that with few exceptions the leaders of this party are in respect to birth and education no better than the rank and file. Lassalle, the founder, was indeed a man of culture and erudition. Carl Marx, who has long lived in London, is the author of a treatise on "Capital" which taxes the brain and extorts the respect of the most learned professors. But in general the Socialist Deputies are men of humble origin, and their native talents have been developed only by such education as they have been able to give themselves. Their occupations attest this truth. Bebel is a turner in wood; Most, a book-binder; Fritsche, a cigar-maker; Hasenclever, a weaver; and nearly all the others are engaged in the trades or the lower professions. Some of them now figure, indeed, as "literary men," but this only means that they have turned their attention to editing the Socialist press, writing Socialist pamphlets, and conducting generally the Socialist propaganda. Dreary reading, those fanatic and blood-thirsty brochures! Mischievous enough their missionary labors even in America, which Fritsche was lately enlightening in behalf of the party of assassination and anarchy. Fruitless and silly their parliamentary demonstrations. And yet they have in the Diet one man of first-rate talent, whose career would excite surprise even in a more democratic country than Germany. This is Ferdinand August Bebel.

His official biography shows the nature of the obstacles that he has had to surmount. He was born at Cologne in 1840, and his only education was received in the village school of Brauweiler and the Sunday-school at Wetzlar. Then, having learned his trade, he travelled as journeyman pretty well over South Germany and Austria, finally locating at Leipsic, where he has since lived. The genius and dazzling career of Lassalle early captivated his mind. Since 1862 he has been incessantly active in the Socialist movement, organizing local unions, and speaking often, in a strain of fervid and fluent declamation. Very soon he became the most popular club orator in Germany, and now as a Deputy he easily leads his party on the floor of the Diet. But his parliamentary labors are often interrupted by the police and the courts. At least half his time in recent years has been passed within prison or fortress walls. Yet in spite of the natural and artificial difficulties thus thrown in his way since

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his birth he controls a larger constituency than any other Deputy in the House; is a successful parliamentary speaker, and if not for his cause, at least for his sincerity, commands a certain feeling of sympathy and respect from men of the most opposite political principles. There is no general rush for the restaurant when Bebel begins to speak. An agitator, and in one sense a revolutionist, his harangues have a certain undeniable tincture of bombast and platitude, but these are kept by him under fairly successful control, and as a rule he argues his case like a practiced dialectician. Bismarck once observed that if he had ever had the honor of a visit from Bebel, and an opportunity frankly to discuss with him the complaints of his clients, he would easily have come to terms with him. This may indeed be doubted. But the meaning of the Prince was that while the other Socialists were loud and empty declaimers, Bebel seemed to have a real grievance, which he presented in tangible and intelligible form. Indeed, he has once or twice crossed swords not unsuccessfully with the Chancellor himself. "You constantly prate," he says, "of your solicitude for the workingman. You introduce protection, benevolent insurance schemes, and the like, all for the benefit of the poorer producing classes. This is class legislation and—Socialism. Why, then, do you throw us in chains for trying to do the same thing—that is, elevate the proletariat—in our way?" Bebel's way is restless though peaceful agitation and the ballot. But his allies and followers are less moderate, and the foreign observer, while recognizing the sincerity and the singular talent of Bebel, must therefore condemn a course which produces Nobilings and Hödels, and would, if successful, result in the most deplorable social anarchy.

Bebel is a little man, like Lasker and Windthorst. Another man, Delbrück, who once cut a prominent official figure, but is now only a private Deputy, completes a group of pigmies, the like of which, it is safe to say, can not be found elsewhere in the world. The last-named was for many years a favorite counsellor of Bismarck, and as President of the Imperial Chancelry had an authority and an influence second only to that of the chief himself. But he was driven from his place by the fatal protectionist reaction, and was succeeded by a personage from Baden named Hofmann.

It is a wonder that Delbrück kept his post so long as he did. He is a man of ideas and a man of independence; while various circumstances, chief among which is the temper of Bismarck himself, seem to require a man of industry without original convictions, and of a docility unmodified by dissent, or doubt, or hesitation. Such a servant the Chancellor seems to have found in Hofmann. He is inferior to his predecessor even as a man of affairs and of details, but he is a fair specimen of the German bureaucrat, dry, exact, loyal, tireless, and prudent, a tolerable debater, and apparently indifferent to the cruel blows which the Chancellor not infrequently gives him in public. By virtue of his office he presides over the deliberations of the Federal Council. Under Bismarck, he is the chief spokesman of this body before the Diet, and he keeps the thread of communication between the two fairly in hand, though it is a merely mechanical control, and is not aided at all by his own personal qualities. There is in no other country an office just like Hofmann's, or probably a man just like Hofmann. The Chancellor requires that all



HERR HOFMANN.

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subordinates shall sink their personality absolutely in his own. This for Hofmann is easy, because he is unambitious, and has very little personality to lose.

If Hofmann's office is anomalous, so also, for that matter, is the Federal Council and its relation to the Diet. This will appear if we try to transform the American Senate into the German Council. If our Senators were distributed unequally among the States according to the ratio of population; if they were appointed by the Governors, instead of being elected as they now are; if they were liable to be recalled at any time; if the delegation from each State voted as a unit, and according to instructions from the appointing power; if all great measures, not excluding the budget, originated in such a Senate; and if each Senator had the right to appear in and address the Lower House—if the reader can make such a transformation in his own mind, he will have a fairly correct notion of the Bundesrath as created by the German Constitution. It is a council of ministers without being a homogeneous cabinet, a species of Senate, and yet not a representative body, and its executive are inextricably mixed up with its legislative functions.

It is the latter, or the legislative functions, of the Federal Council, which chiefly concern us in this article; and these not as they are performed in its own sessions, which are secret and informal, but as they are revealed and vindicated before the Diet. In this place the Council legislates, not by its votes, but by its voice, by the announcement that this or that amendment is not agreeable to it, and can never, therefore, become law. Such abrupt declarations are usually made by Hofmann, but any other member, or even an agent who is not a member, may replace him in the agreeable task. Secure in its power, the Council pays little deference to the opinion of the Diet, even on questions which peculiarly and almost exclusively affect itself. Such a question is, for instance, that of granting salaries to the Deputies. A provision of the Constitution says they shall receive no compensation for their services; but a constitutional amendment may be carried, like any other bill, by a simple majority. Each year, accordingly, a bill to abolish this prohibition, and give the members a fair salary, is introduced by Schultze-Delitsch, is regularly passed in the Diet by a large majority, and is contemptuously smothered by the Bundesrath.

The members of the Federal Council occupy seats on an elevated platform, stretching out from the Speaker's desk to the end of the hall on either side. The first place on the right of the chair is Bismarck's, and it is rarely taken. Next comes Hofmann, and beyond him the other more important delegates, or the special commissioners for the business of the day. On the President's left are found the more obscure senators, who are present from curiosity instead of duty, and who listen without speaking. The Constitution gives the members of the Council the right to speak and be heard at any time. This does not mean, of course, that they may interrupt a Deputy, for this would be considered a gross discourtesy; but that they are not obliged to follow any prescribed order of precedence, and may interpolate their remarks between the speakers on the floor as suits their own convenience. Their status is therefore a peculiar one, and has given rise to a delicate, serious, and as yet unsettled question. The question is, Are the members or agents of the Federal Council subject when in the Diet to its rules of order? Now in England such a difficulty could never arise. The English ministers have seats and the right to speak in Parliament, not by virtue of their positions as members of the cabinet, but by virtue of their membership in one House or the other; and the right extends only to the House of which they are members. It follows, therefore, necessarily, that they must obey the rules of the House, like other members. But Germany follows the French rather than the English system. In Prussia the ministers may speak in both Houses, and are not required to be members of either. It is the same in the Empire, and with this addition, that the delegates to the Federal Council, which is in effect the only imperial ministry, are expressly disqualified for election to the Diet. They are, in short, privileged officials, permitted to address the Diet, and it is natural that they should strive to expand this privilege until it includes exemption from the rules of order and from the disciplinary power of the Speaker. At the same time the question is one of those which, like the perennial dispute between the two Houses of the American Congress as to the power of the Lower House in re-

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gard to treaties that require appropriations of money, can never be settled formally and conclusively, but only by a tacit and temporary make-shift adapted to each occasion as it arises. In the Prussian House it led, some score of years since, to a scene of passion which extended even to the royal palace. The President had called the late General Von Roon, then Minister of War, to order for a breach of parliamentary decorum, and when he refused to accept the rebuke, put on his hat and closed the session. The old warrior went off in a towering rage to Bismarck and the King, and of course found sympathy with both. His Majesty wrote a sharp letter of reprimand to the Speaker, which was read in the House. This was soon followed by a dissolution. In the Imperial Diet the evil has never come up in such an acute form; but I remember one instance, Bismarck himself being a leading actor, in which a rupture was barely avoided. The Chancellor had made a long speech, in which, as usual, he dealt hard blows, and showed no respect for persons. When he had finished, one of the victims rose and cited an alleged unparliamentary expression of the Prince's, for which the Chair had not called him to order. The President (Forckenbeck) denied that the expression had been used; but he added, hypothetically, that if it had been used, and he had heard it, he would promptly have called the Chancellor to order, like any other offender. Bismarck had in the mean time left the hall. As soon as the Speaker's observations were reported to him, he returned, strode to a conspicuous place near the tribune, and glaring defiantly at the House, said he had great respect for the views of the President, but he was himself President of the Federal Council, and as such he had duties to perform, which he should perform in his own way. A shudder ran through the House, which, however, gave way to a sigh of relief when Forckenbeck made no reply, and proceeded with the business of the day. The question was thus "posed" by both parties, contingently, as it were, and is as far as ever from a final solution.



A MESSENGER (SAAL-DIENER).

In general it must unfortunately be said that the members of the Council, from Bismarck down, simply tolerate the Diet, nothing more. They hold their own "mandates" from their sovereigns, and they believe themselves endowed by that circumstance with a sanctity which the votes of the ignorant populace can not confer. Such a relation is, of course, little favorable to a healthy development of

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parliamentary institutions, and not auspicious for the political future of Germany.

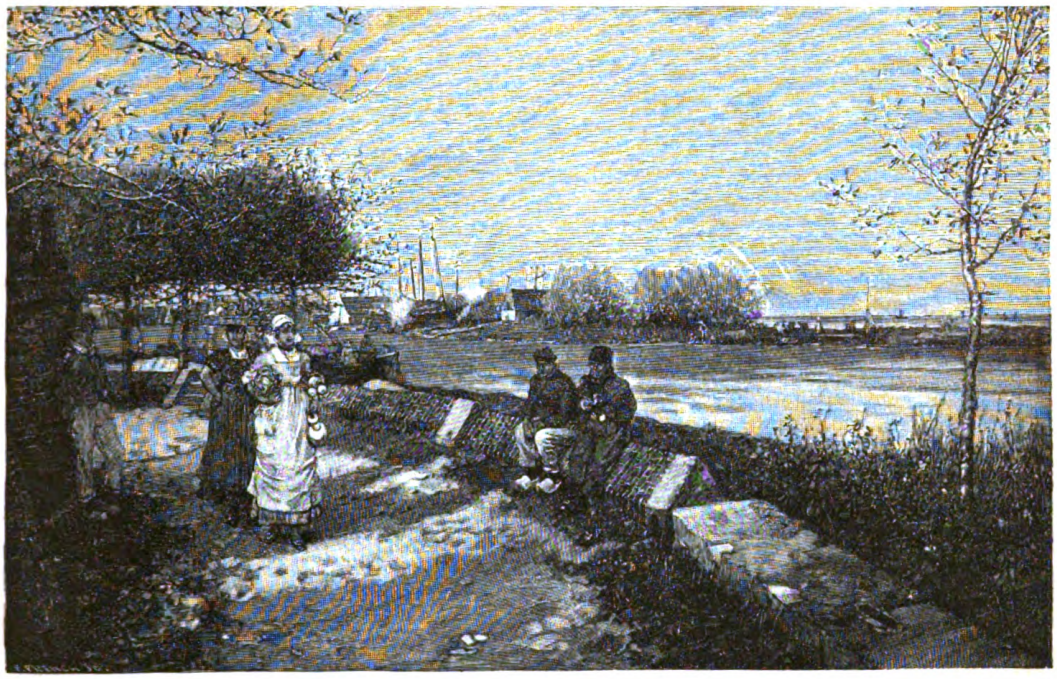
Our list of Deputies, though sufficiently complete for characterizing the various parties and shades of opinion represented in the Diet, is, of course, far from exhausting the material which the subject affords. One of the most striking figures is, indeed, in a parliamentary sense, wholly without prominence. This is Field-Marshal Count von Moltke. He is a member of the Reichstag, a faithful attendant, and an excellent listener; but he makes only one speech a year, which is, of course, always on his specialty—military affairs. It might be added, too, that he invariably speaks in favor of some increase of the army establishment, since no session passes without a measure or measures to that effect. But he does not always confine himself to the purely technical aspect of such questions, and his political digressions are followed with scarcely less respect and deference than his professional recommendations. One of his politico-military observations has made the circuit of the world. Speaking of the necessity of a strong permanent military system, he observed in his dry, impressive manner, that it would take Germany fifty years to defend the advantage gained in the brief war with France. One can imagine the cold shudder which this statement sent over the House. It presents an appalling picture of the future; but although a few hardy Radicals seemed to doubt whether the possession was worth the cost, the great majority accepted the burden and conceded the sacrifice. Another time there was a project of a ship-canal between the Baltic and the North Sea. The commercial advantages of such a public work were argued, but as these did not seem to justify so great an outlay, the military or strategical reason—the last and most effective factor in German legislation—was brought forward as conclusive. But Moltke, who might be trusted to know what the defenses of the empire required, put an end to the scheme by observing that the General Staff took no interest in it. Little has since been heard of the ship-canal. The Marshal's authority is the authority first of a specialist, and secondly of a thinker, but has nothing to do with his political convictions. In politics he is an extreme Conservative, and as a local dignitary in his county or on his estates he has the reputation of being both strict and severe.

Two men who may serve to illustrate the schism which has broken out in the once powerful National Liberal party are Rudolph von Bennigsen and Henry Rickert. The former is a Hanoverian, who was active in the cause of German unity long before Bismarck arose, or Sadowa had been fought; and who on the annexation of his native state by Prussia hastened to welcome the new order of things. He belongs to the Right or Conservative wing of his party, has been often mentioned in connection with the cabinet, is on terms of confidence with Bismarck, but is still a private Deputy. Rickert is an editor in Dantzic, which city sends him to the Diet. The representative of a commercial constituency, he is naturally a fierce free-trader, and belongs to the Left or seceding wing of his party. He is not specially active or prominent except on questions of economic and financial policy.



A NEAR-SIGHTED REPORTER.

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MUIDEN.—[FROM A PICTURE BY G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.]

ARTIST STROLLS IN HOLLAND.

II.

SOME of the small towns quite near Amsterdam are well worth visiting—Zaandam, Broek, Vollendam, Muiden, Zaandfoort-on-the-Sea, and several others—many of them within the radius of the tramway. One could easily stay in Amsterdam for a good week, and go every day to some outlying town or village worth seeing, especially to an architect or a painter. The ordinary sight-seer, "conducted personally," may spare himself much weariness and disappointment, and pin his faith to Zaandam and Broek, and even there I doubt if he will get the repayment for his trouble. To be really repaid by Holland one must be interested specially in something she possesses in her particular way, or in something done there peculiarly well—dairies, farming, stock-raising, windmill management, hydraulic engineering, commercial affairs, distilling, and a few more things of a realistic and substantial character. The quite empty tourist is far better off in nearly any other civilized land, perhaps even better at home, for pure solid enjoyment and cheapness. The strangeness would annoy him more than it would amuse or cheer, and the Dutch language would sadden for the rest of his days his memories of an otherwise kindly disposed people.

While discussing various ways and means of getting around among the North Holland towns and the islands of the Zuider Zee, we suddenly became aware of the existence of a small steam-launch, a *bateau mouche*, to be let for excursions, and starting from our very hotel grounds—or rather waters. We hailed it with delight. The wild idea of chartering the concern straight off there and then for a fortnight, before any one else should get the start of us, was seriously entertained for the first half-hour of our discovery. Then the more cautious project of taking it first for one day on trial interposed wisely, and in good time. We therefore engaged the *mouche* to be ready for us bright and early next morning, steam up, and waiting to start. Breakfast was ordered sharp, luncheon to be got ready and put on board, so that we might be off betimes. It began to look like business now, and as we strolled up and down the little landing-place, quietly doing our cigars, and taking several good looks at our young steamer

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THE GRIMY ENGINEER.

before we retired, "we pleasantly thought of the morrow."

Alas! the morning came, and with it a cold steady drizzle, with just a wee point of smudgy sun trying to peep through now and again. The little craft was moored just under the windows of our bedroom, and we noted the first stir of her crew getting her ready for the day. Their anxiety to be off and away, however, was not equal to ours evidently. Not a soul in sight or a whiff of steam visible. And how hang-dog and discouraged she looked, too, in the morning drizzle! Down to breakfast. From our window we could still see the *mouche*, not getting ready in the least. It was becoming rather depressing. "Never mind; cheer up!" We were assured, however, by our polyglot waiter that the *mouche* could get up steam in ten minutes or so—encouraged by a little petroleum, I fancied. Finally the long-looked-for engineer hove in sight, with a small fagot of kindling wood under his arm and a large can of oil in his hand, taking his time, naturally. After a general survey of sky, wind, and water, and an evident wrestle with some internal misgiving, he set to work to get up steam. He never exactly "went below" to do it—that is, all of him at once into the furnace place—for when his head and white jacket would disappear, his legs and feet could be seen waving aloft, as it were, showing that whatever might be the peril, he was still there. After much scraping and scratching of matches we saw a curl of smoke from the funnel. Soon the burly form of the pilot, skipper, or whatever he was who took command, came upon the scene, with his dinner in a bowl tied over with a handkerchief. By this time the engineer had got himself into a fine state of grime and grit that no amount of rubbing seemed to improve except in the way of polish. He was rapidly getting to look like an old bronze with a most valuable "patine" on the surface.

The drizzle was clearing, and the sun getting more evident, as they hoisted a small British flag, and off we went, with no end of shriek of steam, splutter of screw, and stirring up of mud generally. We wanted the "Star-spangled" as well, but they hadn't it at the moment, so the rest of the bunting was Dutch. There were many faces at the windows of the hotel, guests and waiters: the latter gentry seemed to smile a little more openly and radiantly than we thought the occasion warranted at the time. Before we returned, however, that evening, we began to suspect the cause of their smiles as we left in the morning. They must have seen that crafty little tea-kettle of a steamer go merrily off at morn and sadly return at eve on some few other occasions. We got on very well indeed through the canals, miles of them, some not quite so much like main sewers as others, till finally the last lock was passed, and we were out on the broad swash of the Y. What a relief! And yet the Y is far from being the most limpid bit of water; still, it was the open, and we breathed more freely. Now where? The Zuider Zee was too rough, impossible. The skipper waved his arm up and down, expressive of heavy billows, and executed an expressive pantomime of all hands be-

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VIEW IN ZAANDAM.

ing deadly sick in consequence—far too realistic in its rendering to be pleasant. "Zaandam; Peter the Great's workshop; miles of windmills!"—arms vigorously rotated to express the lively state of this industry. "Zaandam be it, then." And off we spluttered again at the rate of three or four miles an hour for about half an hour, and then we slackened speed. Something wrong with the machinery. The engineer got a broom splint and probed about in an oil receptacle. Broom splint broke off short in the hole. Stopped altogether. Fire raked down. Dismal consultation. Derision of wretches on passing boats, who wanted to tow us along. The peculiar force of strange chaff somehow lost on us.

Thank goodness! Machinery finally tinkered up, and off we went again, quarter speed, or will not be able to make Zaandam at all. Once there, however, new thing, whatever it was, could be put on or in. In the mean time, every craft that floated, even doddering old hay barges loaded to the water, went on gayly past us. We were given to understand by the engineer that there was no danger of any explosion. With the fires nearly raked out, and the feeble little tea-kettle of a boiler only simmering, the possibility of an explosion never occurred to our minds. We might be run down by a hay barge, or cast away on a bleak strip of sand, in which case we could console ourselves with the gorgeous luncheon from the hotel, some two bottles of claret each, and a couple of pallid, clammy fowls, a large tin vat full of soul-chilling salad—a lovely enough lunch on a sweltering day under the waving trees; but this day had gone back to its half-frozen drizzle by this time, and there were no trees to wave. We tried the luncheon, however, sadly, and as a matter of form, but that wretched little boiler sent unsavory whiffs of faint greasy steam wafting by as an accompaniment to every nibble of food. "Are we getting a realizing sense of the joys of this day? Are we saturating ourselves fully with its too fleeting delights?" These were questions that we now and again propounded to each other as the sour east wind shaved round our necks freely in spite of turned-

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up collars and thick Ulsters. It was a time to tell a Christmas story each, but we never thought of it.

The grimy engineer entertained us with an account of some American ladies who from that same *mouche* took photographs of many of the leading windmills that line the banks of the main watery thoroughfare of Zaandam. His pantomimic rendering of the various processes of taking these views was a thing to see. We were obliged to snub him gently but firmly, however, for we found that he was constantly at a loss for one or two of the ten words of English that he knew, and was obliged to explain by dumb-show, and as much of this was prodded into one by means of his grimy forefinger on some part of his hearer's clothing, it got to be the sort of button-holing that left too lasting a memory.

All journeys must end, however, and our gentle craft finally panted and gurgled its way up to the town, and I really think that the gasp she seemed to give as she sidled up to the dock was about her last—for that spell at least. We were very low down in the water as we ran alongside, so that our first impressions of the people of the place began at a goodly row of legs, sabots, and hems of trousers and skirts, all sorts and sizes, mostly large and lusty. The problem of how to scale the steep side of the dock was soon solved by a large brown hand being reached kindly down and grasped in both of ours. First one of us went up, and then the other, with a free and lightsome pull that gave us a modest opinion of our specific gravity.

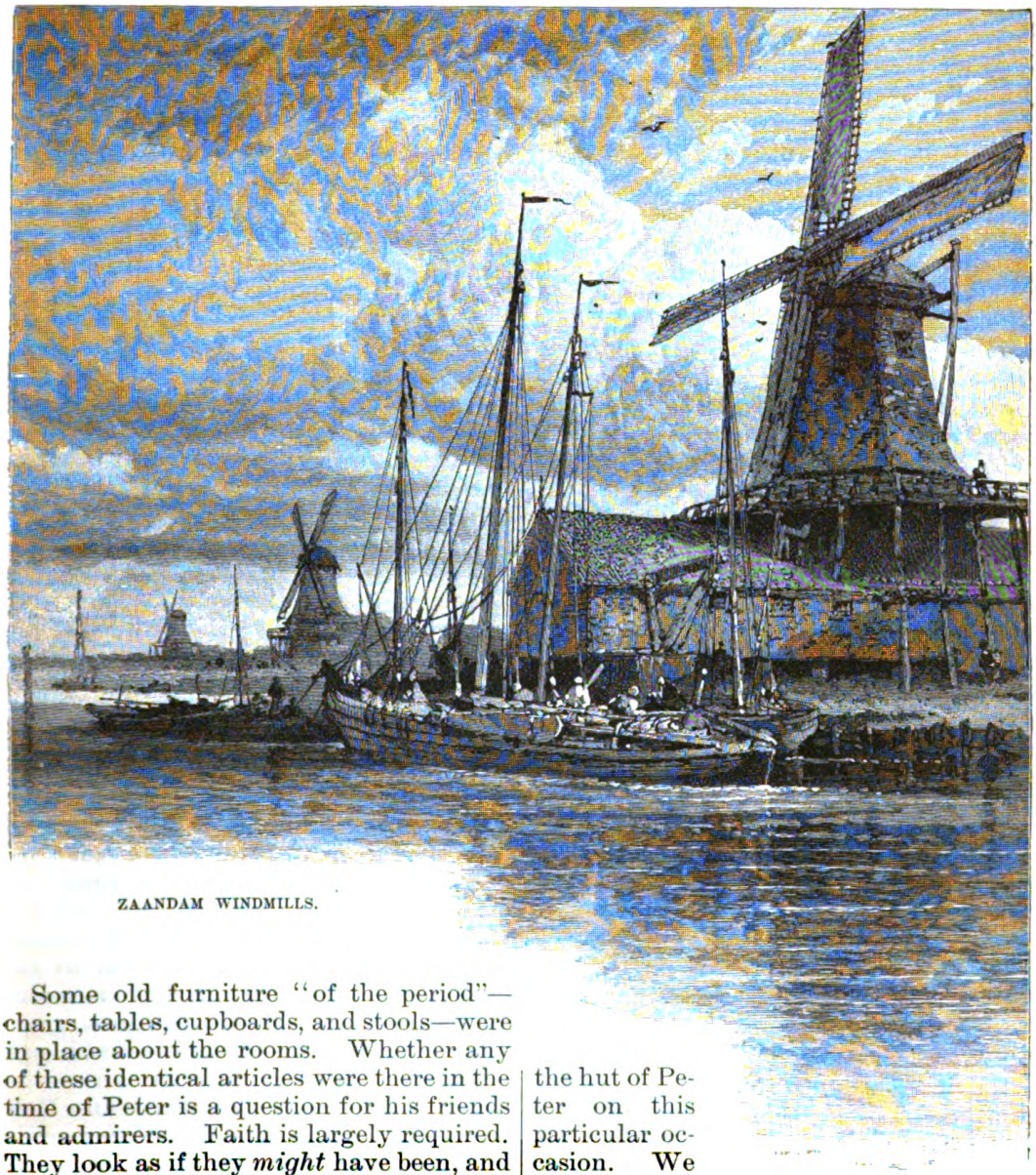
"Will you go see shop Peter the Great?"

We seemed to run into the arms of a Committee of Reception. Of course we would go; the very thing we came for. Leaving our *mouche* to repair, we started off with our big-handed friend to the shrine of Zaandam.

Down little devious streets, very prim and well kept, mostly paved with little red bricks set on edge (clinkers), over little bridges spanning tiny streams or "runnels," though the water does not run in the slightest degree, but sleeps peacefully (except in the matter of peculiar "bouquet") beneath its mantle of bright green duck-weed. We were evidently going by a short-cut, as our guide led us through various back yards and kitchen-gardens and private grounds in a most confident and reckless way. We somewhat startled the occupants of the damp little summer-houses as our long pilot swept past with his strange craft rigged out in fearsome Ulsters. There were many little pictures of a domestic nature that we were almost tempted to stay and admire, but the suddenness of our coming seemed to bring into each happy circle a certain shade of restraint, not to say dismay; we therefore passed on like a fleeting vision to the imperial shipwright's hut.

Here let us warn any devoted admirers of the great Peter not to waste any of their pent-up emotion on the structure that first greets their view. The original hut is safely incased in an outer shell or husk of a building in order to preserve it from the nibblings of Time's too eager tooth, and the even more merciless hacking of the name-carving and scribbling wretch of every clime and degree. There is a narrow space between the outer and inner hut to walk around the original shop. The hut windows are so scratched with names and inscriptions that there is no looking in or out. What a vast proportion of Peter's visitors wore diamond rings! and desperate late-comers have either deeply and wildly ploughed their "Snooks" or "Smith" over and through the more modest surface scratchings of the original inscribers on the panes, or else they have revenged themselves on the windows and walls of the outer husk. The first hut was fast tottering to its fall through age and infirmity, years ago, when some of Peter's pious posterity, suddenly remembering him, came on a pilgrimage to Zaandam, and saved the relic from further destruction and desecration by putting up the preserving outer casing. The poor old workshop, even crutched up and patched and tableted and dusted as it is, is about the most infirm and discouraged-looking habitation, even for a relic, that one could well see. It seems all the more lop-sided and shaky by its contrast with the bolt-uprightness of its outer shell; but inside and out all is spick and span, neat and painfully clean; the wood-worm and the mouse are banished, mould and canker are warned off the premises. The inner floors are very up and down, and the walls sadly out of perpendicular. The fire-place is in best condition, over it a marble tablet setting forth in a fine flowing Latin inscription the virtues of Peter, "the pomp and circumstance" of the hut's restoration, with the names of all concerned who were worth mentioning.

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ZAANDAM WINDMILLS.

Some old furniture "of the period"—chairs, tables, cupboards, and stools—were in place about the rooms. Whether any of these identical articles were there in the time of Peter is a question for his friends and admirers. Faith is largely required. They look as if they *might* have been, and that should be enough to rout the carper. I need not say that there is a small sum to pay—a sort of "Peter's-pence," if you like—and that you may invest largely in photographs, write your name in a book, and all the rest of it, as if you had been over a palace. We did all these things, as there is no use in being unpleasant about principles on an occasion of this kind. We left the hut of Peter sadly and silently, each waiting for the other to offer something in the way of interesting reminiscences of Peter; each kept modestly silent, fearing the superior information of the other. It must be remembered that we did not at early dawn entertain the slightest notion of going anywhere near the hut of Peter on this particular occasion. We would have scorned to offer the information in our Baedeker and Murray to each other; we should have found each other out directly; besides, it is a very long story, and to tell it properly one must consider nearly the whole history of the Russian Empire, so much does one thing lead to another. This was not our purpose at the moment. Therefore we plodded on silently and sadly for a short time through the humid by-ways of the town. Our guide did not seem as if he cared to say farewell to us either. There were still the windmills; there was still the rest of the town to see; there was still plenty of time. Zaandam is rather an important

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place. Many ships and boats are built there, many windmills thresh the air with their white arms, and grind every sort of thing that can be ground, and when they don't do that, they saw wood and pump water. Its inhabitants are fearfully rich; at every jaunty villa we came to, our guide stopped us to impress on us some notion of its owner's wealth. "*All* these rich people are windmillers:" he could speak tolerable English, so we were spared the wild pantomime which, when expressive of four hundred windmills, takes some considerable room in a village street. We were ferried over the watery avenue which seems to be really the main thoroughfare of the town. There were the mills, sure enough, miles of them—some four, I think—on each side of the way, as far into the dim distance as the eye could reach. It looked like a lesson in perspective to try for the exact vanishing point.

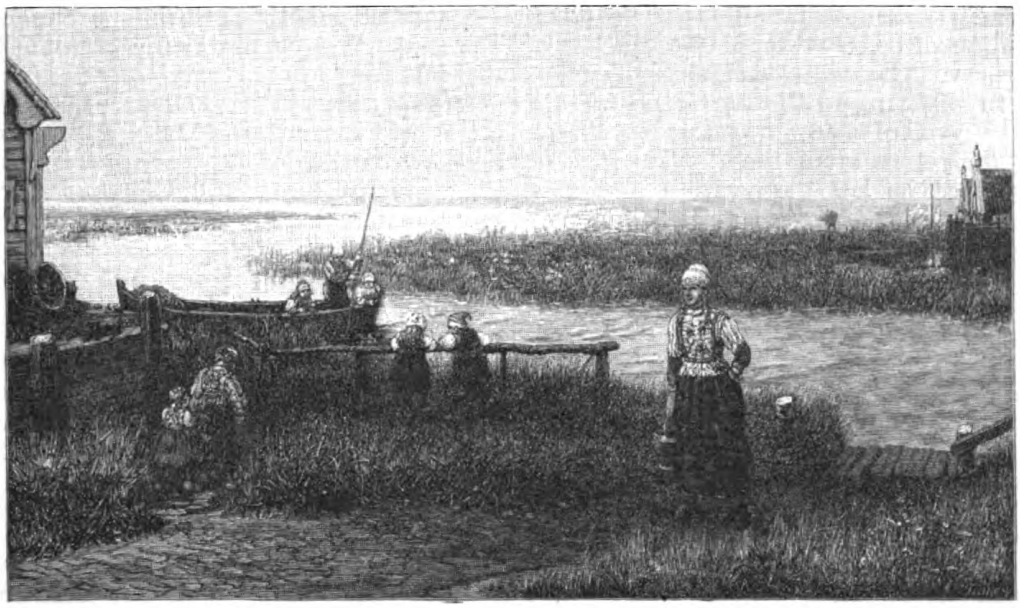
We returned to our steamer, which in the mean time had tinkered up the loose screw, and the jocular engineer portrayed with some vigor the rate of speed we should be driven at under the new order of things. We were soon spinning away right merrily up the waterway aforesaid.

If any one desires to see Holland from its windmilly side, let that person by all means come to Zaandam, and be surfeited forever after. They all seemed to be thriving and flourishing, too; and when a windmilly town does flourish, it is (from a flourishy point of view) a thing to remember. It seems to lack reposefulness, if one cares for it, but for one of an active temperament it is highly stimulating. It is not the place for a moony or absent-minded person, as there is always a chance of being brained by the merry wind-sail, unless one is somewhat alert. There seems to be an unfathomable variety of individual taste in the matter of adorning and decorating some of these mills. They were nearly all as bright as paint or wash of every known hue could make them. None of the æsthetic faded-leaf tones here either, but good riotous roaring reds, greens, and blues, that seemed to sit at once on any mild talk of "broken tints" or "melting combinations." Somehow they seemed to get the right tone under that delicious gray-blue haze that hangs so often over the landscape in Holland. Many mills had their little flower gardens running down to the river's edge, and the little summer-house overhanging the water, with its inevitable little motto expressive of the owner's sweet content, like "Lust in Rust," which at first sight looks like bad and improper English. It only means rustic felicity. Here sit Van Dunk and friends in the shades



BACK VIEW OF JACOB.

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A BIT OF MARKEN.—FROM A PICTURE BY G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.
[BY PERMISSION OF J. H. HUTCHINSON, ESQ., LONDON.]

of evening, smoking their pipes, sipping their beverages, and listening to the frogs.

We were steaming along splendidly now, sending up a fine wash and swash along the banks, dancing the hitherto placid little fishermen about in their punts, and slopping up into the little "Lusty-Rusty" summer-houses overhanging the river. I somehow fancy that the same fussy little *mouche* was not overpopular along the Zaandam waters. There is a curious and special quality about the Dutch language that seems to fit it for profane and deadly invective: it was really a comfort not to understand much of it, as the rasping rattle of Gatling-gun-like fire of compliments passed between our demoniacal engineer and the bespattered revellers in some swamped summer-house. Whatever might have been the beverage they were taking, it was evidently not contained in bottles handy for throwing, like a ginger-beer bottle, for instance, or I feel sure that we would have had a shower of them as well as of imprecations. One expletive hurled at our grimy engineer that seemed to almost make him foam at the mouth was that he was a (something) "*Koek*backer." It sounded awful enough when they leaned heavily on the first syllable; but on subsequent inquiry I found that they had only called him a sort of pastry-cook. It was a wonder he did not explode, boiler and all. On, on, and still on—and still windmills—until really the thing began to pall, as did the partridges on the French king. We almost wished ourselves back to the house of Peter. The return trip was not so lively by far. The fearful taunt of "*Koek*backer" had turned the gall of our grimy one; he seemed to have withered under the sting. He rubbed his inflamed eye with an oily wad of unclean cotton waste, and seemed to meditate vengeance; and I think that the speed was not nearly so rampant as on the up journey. It was getting toward evening as we passed through into the Y again, and I fear me that the grimy one rather had overdone the hilarious spin up the waterway, for soon the new screw appeared to regret its career of usefulness, and to give signs of breaking down again. The situation was not one of sufficient peril, nor were the delights of it of such a nature as to make it worthy of record. I know that we more than once regretted that we did not try the train back to Amsterdam just for a change. It had turned bitterly cold, and the drizzle had set in again. There were fine effects in the sky and Y of a wild, bleak, weird nature; but the poor little steamer, gasping painfully along with us, coughing its very heart out with its declining powers, was too much an alternate object of pity and execration to allow us to give a mind still vexed with lingering visions of the intermixed arms

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of many insane windmills to the contemplation of dreary though effective bits of scenery. This, with a wolfish hunger, was not enlivening in the least. So we will draw a veil of silence over this last stretch of the return along the Y. The *mouche* breathed its last gasp within a stone's-throw of her dock, and the final sidle up to dock was a very inglorious effort of poling, shoving, splashing, and profanity. If we had felt like singing just then, it would have been selections from "Never again with *you*," but we did not feel like singing—except exceeding small.

All was over with the bright vision of our fortnight's trip on our little launch all by ourselves. There were many apologies and regrets offered to soothe us when we roundly denounced the behavior of the steamer to her owner. She had *never* done this before. Of course. . However, after a good supper, and another look at the little humbug through the curling smoke of a pacifying cigar, it was not a bad day, all told. Mark Tapley would have positively enjoyed it all. And as we sat by the sunny window at breakfast next morning, looking at the little *mouche* having her screw tinkered up again, and a fresh poster setting forth her virtues in several languages being affixed near by, we had no very bitter word for her, unless the sweet refrain "Never *again* with you, Robin," may be called unkind.

Just then there came to us a smiling and confidential little man, who observed that if he had only been with us the day before, we would not have wasted our time as we did. As we had never noticed him about until that moment, we could not well have invited him to go on the previous day. We must have looked somewhat puzzled, so he informed us that he was a guide, and knew all the ways, not only of this place, but of the world in general. He was an abnormally bright and alert young man, a shade too knowing, if anything. We listened cautiously to the tempter. We were getting tired of pantomime: it took too much time, and attracted too much attention. The clever youth, however, was not free to go with us himself, but he could highly recommend a friend, who knew the country "like unto his own glove," etc., and very soon after the friend appeared upon the scene. The contrast was so sudden and striking between the two men that we felt a momentary resentment toward the new-comer at once —a stoutish middle-aged man, a Sancho Panza and Wouter van Twiller combined, and suddenly aroused to action. He spoke very fairly several languages, but, best of all, he had been all over Holland; the islands of the Zuider Zee and the various places in the north and Friesland were familiar things to him. He grew upon us rapidly. There was something about him that not only looked honest and capable, but also seemed to promise that time would not hang heavily on our hands; there seemed to be a good fund of amusement in him. The bargain was soon arranged, and Jacob was to enter upon his duties then and there. He began by modestly advising a little plan of his own that would take in all the leading dock-yards, arsenals, prisons, lunatic asylums, gin distilleries, dikes, and "polders" in the Low Countries, not to mention the Zaandam windmills all over again. Jacob's face was a capital study of dismay as we ruthlessly swept away all this pretty programme of his by telling him that we wished to carefully avoid all and sundry these deeply interesting objects.

"First of all, Jacob, we want to go to the island of Marken, in the Zuider Zee. Can you take us there?"

"Of course I can take you dere, but, good Gott, gentlemens, dere is nothing at all dere—nothing but sand, and fisher houses, and fisher people. Dere is no hotel, no shops, no place to get anything to eat, no doctor even. Dere is in fact only the midwife, what you call."

"That's the very sort of thing we are looking for, Jacob." We did not mean the useful lady he referred to, but he seemed to take us literally, judging from his expression.

"Well, gentlemens, if you must go dere, you will have to go in one of the fishing-boats from Monnickendam. Dere is no other way. I must send a telegram to Monnickendam at once to get the fishing-boat ready. I must get you a carriage to drive to the dam, and wait dere until we return from Marken, and then drive back to Amsterdam in time for the table d'hôte."

"Bother the table d'hôte!"

This was another sad blow to Jacob, whose own plans and ours he evidently arranged on the basis of being able to get home always in time for that stately ceremony. We soon scattered that plan. It was a shock, but he bore up.

"When do you wish to go?"

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ON THE WAY TO MONNICKENDAM—DISTANT VIEW OF BROEK.—[DRAWN BY G. H. BOUGHTON.]

"At once."

In a scant quarter of an hour after we first encountered Jacob, he was in full occupation telegraphing, carriage-hiring, getting our traps ready, and all the rest of it. The sketching gear was a sore bepuzzlement to Jacob as we rumbled away in a sort of mourning-coach drawn by a pair of long-tailed, curved-backed, Roman-nosed, jet-black steeds, all complete, toward the ferry. Our newly found guide, philosopher, and friend must have thought it odd that we would look at the brown-sailed, broad-beamed old luggers and hay barges scudding by, and would not take even the most tepid interest in the new dry-dock or the petroleum store-houses, or listen to the highly interesting statistics concerning them. He soon left us to our chatter about "flying shadows," "glints of sunlight," "play of color," and all the rest, his face meanwhile becoming a splendid study of sad perplexity as he tried to follow the strange terms of artistic *patois*.

The Y is rather broad, and the ferrying over is quite a nice little voyage.

We were to drive past Broek, a well-known show place. The Dutch themselves smile very broadly at the curiously exaggerated notoriety of this one quaint, clean little village over all others in the country. Years ago, it seems, some great authority happened upon Broek. Perhaps he had not ventured far afield in Holland, and was much struck by its rather obtrusive show of tidiness, and he at once proclaimed that it was the cleanest place in the world, and worth going miles to see. He had ventured into one of the cottages, and falling in love with some rare bit of old blue and white china, had bought it for the usual "song," which fact he also recounted. Ever since his time adventurous followers have also gone to Broek, and have been also astonished at its elaborate display of scrubbing and polishing. They have likewise bought old china, although the "song" kept getting into a higher key as time went on. The dear old lady has been obliged to restock her cottage over and over again with her dear grandparents' tea-pots and punch-bowls. She has made her little fortune, and every day blesses her discoverer. The present dear old lady is probably not the original dear, but a grandchild. She is no great fraud, however, being fearfully and wonderfully neat, and the china is scarcely dearer than one may now and then find it in London or New York. The mourning-coach was left outside the village. I do not know what would have happened to us if we had

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trundled that impressive but dusty old rattletrap over the immaculate brick pavements of Broek. The few people about who looked at us at all looked first at our shoes to see if we had brought any contamination thereon. The place seemed gone to sleep, but not in a healthy way. It had indulged in a most thorough scrub, and then taken a dose of some strong narcotic. There were few signs of business or occupation. The inhabitants are mostly retired traders from the neighboring cities who have come here to take their "Lust in Rust." There are several billiard-rooms. The most retired of merchants must do something to kill time ere it finally kills them. Broek is well worth stopping to see, if one happens to be passing by, but it is scarcely worth going on purpose to see. Many and many a Dutch village we saw quite as spruce and clean. However, Broek has a certain prestige, and if the traveller should return without seeing it, he will be safe to meet with scores of friends who will tell him that he missed the one place of all others that he should have gone to: "that clean little town where one picks up bargains in china—Broek, Brook, Breck, or whatever it's called." Perhaps, after all, the traveller had better, for his peace of mind, go and have done with it. The subject of luncheon was mooted to Jacob; he stared as the warder of Windsor Castle might if one should propose refreshments on the premises. Outside the radius swept by the untiring mops of Broek was the little inn at which we left our ebon steeds. To this we went, and a very highly polished, cozy, dozy little inn it was. The only refreshment we could get, however, for love or money, was bread and Dutch cheese. The bread was a small loaf, in size, shape, and texture like a very pappy bun; this, cut in half, and a wafer of the cheese put in as in a sandwich, was our refreshment. Let those who carry epicurean notions about with them take heed when they go to out-of-the-way Broek. The Roman-nosed chargers were again put in motion, and soon rattled us over the rest of the way toward Monnickendam.

We were much impressed that day by the lovely quality of the gray-blue sapphire sky, the exquisite tenderness of its soft azure fields, pasturing innumerable flocks of fleecy cloudlets, and stretching far, far into the melting distance, distant villages and streams, sails, windmills, and the yellow-gray stretch of the Zuider Zee beyond, all blending into the delicious tints of the shimmering blue-gray horizon. No wonder that the old Dutch landscape painters gave such good measure of sky to their pictures: the thin narrow strip of ground showing distance, middle distance, foreground, and all being often not more than a fourth of the composition, and even less sometimes, but the skill and love given to the blue vault above more than recompensed the absence of the earth beneath it. Jacob must have thought us demented, both of us, with our noses lifted heavenward, raving about the sky. It was high time to get us back to earth, and prove that he was a guide willing and even determined to earn his title. "Gentlemens! pardon me, but I don't think it right to let you go past dose ting we just coming to. Now you see dose ruin?" "The heap of bricks?—well?" "Well, dose ruin was a Roman Catholic Church. She was burn down some two year ago." "Well?" "Well, dey don't tink she pild him up again; she don't got enough money—de congregation." "Well, go on; was anybody killed?" "Oh no; nobody was hurt. And now, gentlemens, I will schouw you where dey store de petroleum." And he did. We didn't like to wound his feelings by a languid interest in these things that he had set his heart on revealing to us; but this kind of practical information would have to be mildly discouraged before long. We were passing the New Doelan Inn, and Jacob explained that Doelan meant a target, and that the target was the device of the various companies of archers in olden time. That was very pretty. We knew it all before, but still it was well to encourage Jacob in any information that led him into the paths of the picturesque. Besides, we soon discovered that his statistics were very loose, his dates conflicting, and his matters of history foggy. Dear old boy! "honest as the skin between his brows," faithful and useful to the last degree. At the same time, although one would never think of putting down all his store of knowledge as gospel, it was amazing to note the number of useful things he did know. The long spire of Monnickendam was just in sight when an outward-bound traveller from the place, accosting Jacob, informed him that our ship was all ready and waiting for us. "Now just see how every little thing gets known at once in that

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sleepy old town! The telegrams did it. Every man, woman, and child in the place has heard by this time that the boat is chartered to take some strangers to Marken."

Monnickendam, as we rattled over its grassy pavements, seemed worthy of a far more extended notice, from the sketcher's point of view, than we could then give to it. Rapidly as we drove through the town down to its shrunken and pathetic little harbor, we saw enough to make us wish to come again. There was a grand old brick church, big enough to hold every creature in the town four times told. It has its history, too, well worth the telling, perhaps not by the present writer, as he has only just read a few thrilling fragments, and has scarcely had time to assimilate them properly; besides, our boat is waiting for us. The unemployed part of the inhabitants (about half the entire population) were there to see us embark. There was only a very tepid interest in us, after all, and nothing whatever that might be called enthusiasm. The sketching paraphernalia disconcerted them evidently. The charm of its unexpectedness did not entirely appeal to them. The vessel was



NEAR THE WELL.

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bright and gay; its brass-mounted rudder shone again; but the ship looked so solid —in fact so *stolid*—that it looked as if it might take a lot of persuasion and fair wind to move her. It was a study to see her Dutch crew manage her. She just seemed to meander out of the harbor as if she were going for a morning walk; no straining, or pushing, or profanity on any one's part. In six minutes after we touched the deck, we were out on the gray-billowed Zuider Zee. It beat our wheezing little steam-launch out and away for good sense. It would be an hour's run, perhaps two, according to the wind, to Marken; but little did we care. Stretched out on the polished deck, we sketched the receding line of land, and then the coming outline of distant Marken. We sketched the captain and mate, to their deep amusement, and the minutes flew by all too fast. We turned an almost rudely deaf ear to Jacob's information about the scheme for draining the Zuider Zee some time. We merely said that we hoped it might be too big a job for them, and refuse to stay outside. Fancy it!—one big dish of a drained-out Polder, and quaint Marken and Urk no longer islands, but inland villages! The painters of the future may well mourn if they do it. To think that we were sailing free, in a good-sized vessel, over what one day would be fields of waving grain or pasture for flocks and herds! To tell the strict truth, however, I don't think that this or anything like it was thought at the time: it must have been thought out since: the pencils were far too busy. What a difference, too, between our bronzed fishermen of to-day, with their baggy breeches



POSING.

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splashed with silver buttons, some of them as big as small saucers, and our grimy, oily engineer of the day before!

The vessel was a very A1 of its kind, as spruce and polished as a show man-of-war. Any lady of the land might have gone down into her spotless little cabin (a medium-sized lady), and felt herself at home; that is, if she did not stand up too suddenly, and bring her fashionably bedight head-gear in contact with the under side of the deck. "This is not a regular fishing-smack, Jacob?" Jacob inquired of the bronzed young captain, who told him, with no small degree of pride, that at the present moment it was not his calling to fish, and that the vessel was what was called in England a yacht. We did not even offer to smile, although we thought of the author of *White Wings*, and of the other happy author of the *Pinafore*, and wondered if he would call her a sister of his *Chloris*. We mildly suggested "Tjalk" to skipper, but he stuck to Yacht. Well, whichever it was, she danced merrily over the waves. She did not plough through, but slid over the surface like a light-hearted duck. Marken, from the sea, was like a short bit of the dotted line of sand and the ribbon of green verdure that



STREET URCHINS.

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stand for a "distant view" of nearly any part of Holland. We soon came to the narrow entrance of the little snug haven, and, dropping sail as we glided through, went bounding up to the dock without an ounce of impetus to spare.

"Why did you, O Jacob, try to set us against coming here, by tales of hard lines in fishing-smacks, and all the rest of it?"

"Well, gentlemens, if you like it, it is not for me to say."

"Like it! Why, this is the sort of thing we want every day."

"Well, if you want funny-looking people and funny houses, you will see them here, and no mistake;" and he led the way to the village.

Prepared as we were for a few surprises, I must own that we were taken somewhat aback by the startling combinations of form and color met with at every step in this queer little island. It was an understood thing that we were not to look astonished or surprised, and, above all things, not amused, by anything we might see. Fancy trying to preserve an expression of mere respectful interest, surrounded by the full company of some mad opéra comique (costumes, scenery, and all) disporting themselves in broad daylight! Artistic human nature will stand much, but one would have to be very mouldy with the most woe-begone principles of a false kind of "High Art" to keep down one's feelings in moments like this. The people themselves—mostly women and children, the men being away fishing—struck us as being very fine creatures. There was a sturdy, independent, and rather a defiant air—not in any way aggressive, however—about them. They have a steady way of returning your gaze with a strong blue-eyed stare that makes it rather embarrassing to stop and pull out a sketch-book and begin without a word of compliment or explanation.

Luckily we were quite understood, and even encouraged, when the sketch-books were brought out. Artists had often been there before. In fact, few but artists ever do go. They must fancy the outside world mostly artists, and they must have found them tolerably harmless, well-intentioned folk, so long as their pencils ran on as they wished. Besides, Jacob soon explained our peaceful mission, and also that we were natives of Brazil. He afterward explained to us that for some reason or other the Brazilians are rather popular with the islanders. They don't care for English, they hate the French and the Germans, and they would gladly scald a Spaniard. They have not yet had time to forget the past.

It is never a good plan in sketching these people to ask them to pose for you: restraint and awkwardness are the frequent results. Begin sketching "at large," anything for a bit of background. They very soon meander into line of vision, especially the nice-looking ones, and manage to keep tolerably quiet, too, in their own way. If they do not, a kindly hint will bring it about. We began a slight sketch of the well, and in a few minutes the number of girls who all at once required water was astonishing. As soon as we saw any very good ones, Jacob artfully engaged them in conversation, and they were in no way loath to converse, these Rebekahs. One superb creature in full costume, complete to immense silver shoe-buckles, had a long confabulation with Jacob, scarcely moving the while. They were evidently in no hurry at home for that water.

"It is quite a fact, gentlemens—just as I told you."

"What is the fact, Jacob?"

"She says there *is* no doctor here—only the midwife."

"Tell her that will do; and if her name happens to be Gamp, we will do her portrait."

The dread contingency of being suddenly taken ill on this remote island, and given over to the "Gamp," seemed to damp the spirits of our guide.

"Cheer up, Jacob. This is far better enjoyment for you than showing petroleum stores and gin-mills to stray tourists. You are deeply enjoying yourself now, flirting with these girls."

Jacob allowed a passing film of an oily smile to spread over his Sancho-Panza-like countenance, and owned to his enjoyment; he even seemed to forget the famous table-d'hôte he was bent on getting us back in time for.

The children were simply perfect, dressed something like their elders in miniature, but with rather a confusion of ideas with regard to distinction of sex. There would be a small mite with long fair hair, worn well over its eyes, and a frock; that would be a boy; there would be another mite with fair hair and baggy breeches; that would be a girl; then at a certain

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A FEW NATIVES.

age they got changed back again; but all and sundry spotless and clean and well-behaved. We began sketching a baby, a very bundle of quaintness and rosy health. The little maid who tended it obligingly kept it quiet and well to the fore; and even when that particular sketch was finished, and a note was being made of a bit of fence and distance, the same little mite was brought and obligingly planted on the top rail, well in view, and kept as quiet as a lamb. We somehow made friends with the children from the very first. By that peculiar instinct with which kind mother Nature all the world over protects them in their weakness, they have a keen eye for those who love them. There is no humbugging them in odd moments, when it is to your interest to smile on them. They find you out.

Here in this remote islet, where a knowledge of baby Dutch idiom could not be expected of a perfect stranger, with no means of making friends with them except by tickling them under the ear or chin somewhere, we seemed to get on capitally. The mercenary idea was not part of their plan either, for although we had a pocket full of the trouser-button Dutch coinage, they only took it as a great favor, so as not to hurt one's feelings. There was that same free and independent air about even the smallest child that is characteristic of these islanders. The costume of the people, varied as it is, is kept strictly within certain laws. The baby, the young child of five or six, the young girl of marriageable age, the betrothed, the wife, the widow, each and all wear, at the proper time, a certain distinguishing costume. These distinctions have been observed, and the costumes have been the same, for centuries. I have an old Dutch book (1737) with the identical dress, and it is there spoken of as a very old costume. In that print there is the same fair hair cut in a fringe straight across the brow and level with the eyes. Some even seemed to look through the fringe with the bright, sharp twinkle of a beady-eyed Skye terrier. Others had the fringe brought level with the eyes and then brushed up; this had a rather aggressive air, belonging probably to the caste of eligible young maiden. Let those who fancy that the fringe, or bang, as it is called in America, is a new fashion, go to Marken and see it in its glory. In addition to the in-

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variable fringe were the two invariable ringlets, one on either side of the cheek, that were worn by all womankind from maid to matron; these are no small mincing, bandolined "corkscrews," but a goodly sized, loosely twisted tress of gleaming hair.

A good straight throat with splendid curves, a wide, close-fitting necklace of coral beads with great gold clasp of archaic design, were almost universal features among the young women. The prevailing colors in female dresses were various shades of blue, from peacock to indigo and purple; various shades of red, from terra cotta to dark madder. These prevailing tints, and all good, with a certain russet and olive, and a sad, discouraged green, made up the scale, with creamy whites and bits of black, not to mention lots of silver and gold ornaments and bits of embroidery. The eye-searing "Magenta" and the "arsenic" green, the sulphureous yellow, and the aniline abominations they know not of, or knowing of, cared not for. Heaven forefend they ever may! Happy islanders! Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow, perhaps; but they have certain advantages, after all.

When the great epidemic of what is now called "evening dress" attacked every civilized male creature (and some who were not civilized) on the habitable globe, from the greatest personage in the land to the humble green-grocer in guise of waiter, from the pompous butler to one's own father or father-in-law—generally confused *with* the butler, and ordered about sharply by careless guests—when this great weltering wave of costume rolled over us, the happy Markener, and a few other grown men on the outer fringe of civilization, escaped. What would happen if some leading spirit of the island should attend a few "At Homes" in Amsterdam, say?—would his devotion to baggy breeches and constellations of silver buttons give way to the tight trousers and steel-pen-tailed coat? Let no one ever invite him out; he is far better as he is. Marken is not a very large place, all told—a few low sand-mounds, the exact number varying with the tide; about three miles would take one entirely round the outside lines of the group. Each group is connected somehow with the other, by little swing-bridges chiefly. Nearly every house has its separate embankment and its own little moat, and its own boat—in case of flood—moored handy by the door. The houses are all of wood, except the parson's and the church; these edifices are of brick, not very ancient, as the entire place has been flooded and burned and pillaged, in the good old times, more than its share.

The principal mound, on which the church and school stand, is the most important, the most aristocratic, so to speak. Another mound contains another "circle" around the light-house; another, the dock; and another, the cemetery. This is the highest of the embankments, or they would not be able to dig a grave without getting below water-mark: as it is, the high tide must somewhat dampen the poor departed. Each of these important points has its little "set." There was even among those happy islanders a slight feud respecting the relative importance of their respective positions. They were *all* obliged, however, to be very civil to the cemetery group, or it was made unpleasant for them on the occasion of a burial. Jacob inquired very kindly after this feud, and we found that it was going on a little livelier than ever, if anything, since the choosing of the new Burgomaster. We missed some of the humor of the situation, which must have had much in common with the reign of "Peter the Headstrong" in New Amsterdam. Jacob was far too statistical, and went into dull figures, and with these I will not trouble the reader. We saw a few of the interiors, and clean to a degree they were, spotless and polished fully up to the Broek standard; lots of blue and white china and old Delft-ware on dressers and decorating the walls. The lovers of bric-à-brac would feel themselves at home in this remote haven.

The old brass-hinged chests, the carved cabinets and buffets, the old tall clocks, the hanging brass-faced clocks, not to mention one or two, not old nor brass, that I'll be sworn came from Connecticut!—the only one thin fatal edge of anachronism we saw, and to think—so near home! There was no mistaking that rectangular sacrilege of Time, with its lithographic view of Pittsfield court-house on the pane. Perhaps it kept very good time; they do now and then; and the down-East clock peddler, did he adventure there too? The thought is too interesting. There were brass warming-pans brandished all about the walls in the most reckless and artistic manner, great pewter and—for aught I would swear—silver mugs and

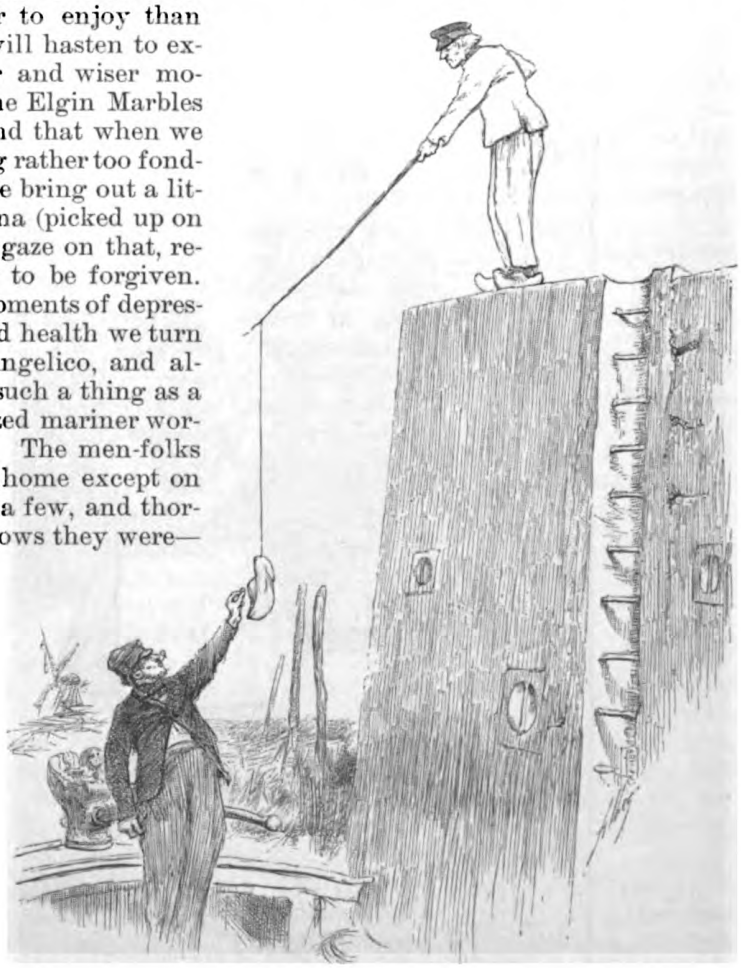
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tankards disposed about, brazen candlesticks and lanterns polished like gold, curtains and hangings of spotless white, or most often white and blue chintz, blue and white tiles in chimney-places, and red-tiled floors. What more would one have to sing harmonies of color to the eye? When the ever-rising wave of æsthetic culture reaches Marken, there will be but little to teach these simple island fisher-folk. Indeed, there were sunflowers galore already growing in many little gardens. One missed the peacock plumes, certainly, and the soft clinging draperies; in fact, the garments of the women were the reverse of "clinging." It was the one great consuming ambition of every woman to wear as many petticoats as she could comfortably carry about; it was the one great sign of opulence: no misguiding hoop or crinoline, but six or seven good, substantial, swelling under-skirts.

Lest some painfully pure and cultured person should suppose that one sees nothing higher and nobler to enjoy than these simple things, we will hasten to explain that in our sadder and wiser moments we much prefer the Elgin Marbles or the Venus of Milo; and that when we find our memory dwelling rather too fondly on scenes like these, we bring out a little antique bronze of Diana (picked up on a bric-à-brac forage); we gaze on that, refresh our eyes, and ask to be forgiven. Let us also own that in moments of depression and slightly impaired health we turn to Botticelli and Fra Angelico, and almost forget that there is such a thing as a rosy fisher girl or a bronzed mariner worthy of serious attention. The men-folks of Marken are seldom at home except on Sundays. We only saw a few, and thoroughly fine, stalwart fellows they were—bronzed, blue-eyed, defiant-looking, still kindly enough withal. They seemed to keep a tolerably watchful eye, however, on the two strange beings straying among their women and children with sketch-book and pencil.

These men are said to be quite remarkable in one respect—they are nearly all teetotalers, and the others are very temperate. They are also highly moral and religious. About the only "redeeming vice" they have is smoking. Crime is quite unknown in the community, at least so they say. The only rakish thing we saw there was a solitary billiard-room; but go wherever you will, no matter how remote the place may be, there will at least be billiards. Every little hamlet, every ghost of a hamlet, will offer its semblance of a "table." It is a pleasant thing to think that there is a favored spot where lovely combinations of color harmonies, as a born instinct, meet your ravished gaze, combined with many human virtues. A high art and teetotal congress might hold a series of revels on this happy isle, and have a good time. The principal drink of the people is weak coffee and tea in rather large quantities. Whatever it is, they are rosy and strong, and do credit to it.

There are rather singular marriage and burial customs here, naturally, for when



COLLECTING TOLL AT A LOCK.

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a people all agree to dress in such an original and extraordinary manner, it would ill become their state of picturesqueness to do any of the ordinary affairs of life like anybody else. The houses, too, have a certain touch about their order of architecture that lends an indescribable "operatic" air to the whole place.

Gladly would we have staid on, but declining day and tide, captain and Jacob, would wait no longer. So we folded our sketching-stools, and were led away regretfully. There was the promise of an entertaining sunset to enhance the effect of receding Marken as we sped on homeward over the gray, lumpy waves of the



LITTLE ONES OF MARKEN.

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Zuider Zee. With a brisk rising wind fair in her sail, the "yacht" fled like a tired cab-horse to his oats and stable. This is not strictly nautical in illustration of what I mean, but I wished to avoid saying that "she walked the waters like a thing of life." We soon ran our little race before the wind, and swung up to the dock at Monnickendam in fine style. Goodness knows what stories the driver of our ebon steeds had managed to tell about the "Brazilians" during our absence, but they appeared to have awakened a lively interest in our coming back among the little-to-do inhabitants, as the previous half who saw us off had evidently been increased by as large a portion of the other half as could manage to be there to see the return. Good-humored, a little inclined to chaff, perhaps, but our happy innocence of their peculiar *patois* was a good abiding shield. The interest broke out into something like enthusiasm when the pleasing ceremony of settling up with the skipper was performed. Paying out a number of massive silver coin, each as big as an old Spanish dollar (with an extra one in as drink-money), must have been a rather effective display to the on-lookers.

They fell in with the procession to the waiting mourning-coach, forming around it ten deep as we got in. Never a sound until we started, and then, after one good analytical stare, arose a very respectable sort of a cheer from the kindly folk. They evidently had not seen any "Brazilians" for a long time. Jacob was rather proud of his little joke. We could not help remarking, as we rumbled away in the twilight, "How cheap and hollow is popularity!" also, "What humbugs we are, and what humbugs we pursue!" These and other philosophic reflections we could not resist: they ever torment the spirit when one is hungry and cross. I own to much of the one condition and a little of the other.

Poor Jacob was evidently a prey to the sad reflection that the famous table-d'hôte would be a thing of the past by the time we reached our hotel, and indeed that exhilarating festivity had long since run its various courses ere we arrived, not exactly "dead-tired," but with a good solid hunger and thirst, begotten of the day's enjoyments and the sea air, that we would not have parted with under a good round sum before the proper moment. The proper moment soon came in the shape of as comforting a little supper as any one half famished could wish for. What a change, though, back to the brilliantly lighted banqueting hall, and the solemn polyglot waiters in evening dress—visions of archaic costumes, golden and silvern bedight maidens, spinning through one's brain meanwhile! I for one felt as if we had since morning been to the moon, awake or in a dream, and had tumbled off or awakened with a start.

"And now, gentlemens, what about tomorrow? Do you take it easy about town, and think it over—or what?" Before that little supper we might have listened to the faithful Jacob's hint, for his own ease and ours.

"What time does the Friesland boat go?"

"Nine in the morning."

"Good; that's our boat."

"You will go? Very well. Take warm things; be all ready standing in the hall by half past eight, and leave the rest to me."

What a relief! What a lot of "rail and boat time-table" bewilderment saved us! Angel of a Jacob!

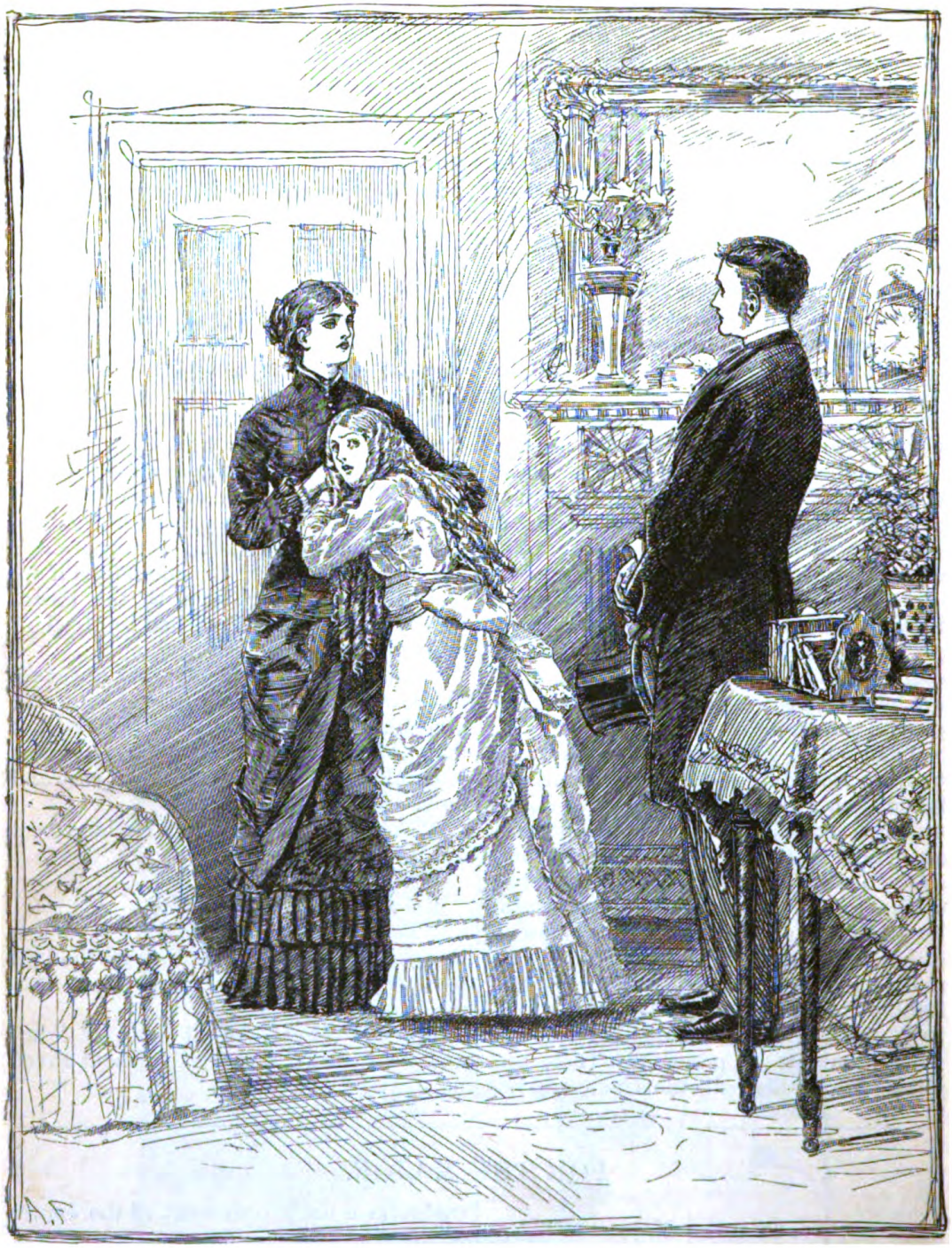
FOR THE MAJOR.

Chapter V.

EARLY in the week following the reception, Frederick Owen learned that Dupont was about to take his departure from Far Edgerley, and with no expectation of returning. This was good news. He was beginning to have the feeling that the fellow would never go away, that he and his guitar would become a permanent feature of Madam Carroll's receptions, his lounging figure under the cream-colored umbrella a daily ornament of the centre of Edgerley Street. Was he really, then, going? It seemed too good to be true. But the tidings had been brought by Miss Dalley, who was both good and true, and who was accurate as well; she had the very hour—"On Friday, at nine."

"Hangman's day!" thought Owen, with satisfaction, doing his thinking this time with the remnants of boyhood feelings; for though he was in his third decade—the beginning of it—and a clergyman, the boy

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"THE GIRL DREW HER MOTHER MORE CLOSELY TO HER SIDE."—[SEE PAGE 412.]

in him was by no means entirely outgrown. Miss Dalley had come to return a book, Longfellow's *Outre Mer*, and to borrow anything he might have about Ferrara.

"I was so much interested in our American poet's description of the Italian poet's grave, on the Janiculum," she said. "It was such a touching description, and it contained this truly poetical sentence: 'He sleeps midway between his cradle at Sorrento and his dungeon at Ferrara.' I can never go in *person*, Mr. Owen; Fate has denied me that. But I can think of

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the inscription, which Longfellow gives: 'Torquati Tasso ossa hic jacet,' and be there in *mind*."

She had called it "hic jacket." "Jacent, I think," said the rector, gently.

"Yes, certainly; that is what I meant—jacinth," said Miss Dalley, correcting herself. "A beautiful word, is it not? And so appropriate too for a poet's grave, mentioned as it is in Revelations!"

On Friday Dupont really did go. The rector himself saw him pass in the high red wagon of the Washington inn on his way down the mountain to the lower town, the stage, and thence—wherever he pleased, the gazer thought, so long as he did not return. But although the rector gave this vagueness to the musician's destination, it was understood in other quarters that he was going back to the West India Islands—"where he used to live, you know."

"Upon which one did he live?" asked the junior warden. "There are about five thousand of them, large and small; he couldn't have lived on them all."

"For my part, I think he is quite capable of it," answered Miss Honoria, grimly.

Having seen the musician depart, Owen jumped on his horse and went off to one of his mission stations far up among the crags of Lonely Mountain. For, not content with a rector's usual duties, all of which he attended to with a modern completeness and promptness unknown in the days of good old Parson Montgomery, he had established mission stations at various points in the mountains above Far Edgerley. Wherever there were a few log houses gathered together, there he held services, or started a Sunday-school. He was by far the most energetic rector the parish of St. John in the Wilderness had ever had, so much so, indeed, that the parish hardly knew how to take his energy, and thought that he was perhaps rather too much in the wilderness—more than necessity demanded or his bishop required. Miss Honoria Ashley had even called these journeyings of his "itinerant"; but Miss Honoria disapproved of the rector because he occasionally wore a sack-coat.

On this particular Friday he was out all day among the peaks, close up under the sky. Coming down at sunset, and entering Edgerley Street, with its knolls and flower gardens and rambling old houses, his home seemed to him a peaceful and pleasant one. And then as he passed Carroll Farms, he became conscious that the cause for its seeming especially peaceful to him this evening was the absence of the intruder, that man from another world, who was no longer there to contaminate its sweet old-fashioned simplicity with his dubious beauty, his dangerous character, and his enchanting voice. For Owen believed that the musician's character was dangerous; his face bore the marks of dissipation, and though indolent, and often full of gay humor, he had at times a reckless look in his eyes. Nothing deterred him from amusing himself; and probably in the same way nothing would deter him from any course toward which he should happen to feel an inclination. He was not dangerous by plan or calculation; he was dangerous from the very lack of them. He was essentially erratic, and followed his fancies, and no one could tell whither they would lead him. But he might have been all this, and the clergyman would still have felt able to guard his parish and people from any harm his presence might do them, had it not been for the favor shown him by Madam Carroll. This had been a blow to Owen. He said to himself that the gentle lady's love of music had blinded her judgment a little, carried her astray. It was a satisfaction that Miss Carroll's judgment remained unblinded. But it was greatest satisfaction of all that the man was gone; he congratulated himself upon this anew as he rode by the gateway of the Farms.

It was well that he had this taste of comfort. It did not last long. Less than three weeks had passed when he learned one afternoon that Dupont had returned. And not long afterward he was in possession of other knowledge, which troubled him more than anything that had happened to him since he came to Far Edgerley.

In the mean time his parish, unaware of its rector's opinion, had welcomed back the summer visitor with various graceful little attentions. The summer visitor had been seriously ill, and needed attentions, graceful or otherwise. He had journeyed as far as New York, and there had fallen ill of a fever, which was not surprising, the parish thought, when one considered the dangerously torrid climate of that business metropolis at this season. Upon recovery he had longed with a great longing for "our pure Chillawassee air," and had returned to pass the time of convalescence

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"among our noble peaks"; this was repeated from knoll to knoll. Dupont's appearance bore testimony to the truth of the tale. He had evidently been ill; his cheeks were hollow, and he moved about slowly, as though he had not much strength; his eyes, large and dark, looked larger and darker than ever set in his thin brown face. But he was still Dupont; his mustache was still waxed, and he had some new articles of finery, a gold watch chain, and a seal ring on his long-fingered hand. This time he did not stay at the inn; he preferred to try a farm-house, and selected Walley's Cove, a small farm a little above the village in one of the mountain ravines, which, when wide enough for a few fields along the brook which flowed through the centre, were called coves. Dupont liked the place on account of the view, and also, as he said, because he could throw a stone from his window "into every chimney in Far Edgerley." This was repeated. "Do you suppose," said Mrs. General Hibbard, solemnly—"do you suppose he is going to do it?"

The knowledge which had come to Frederick Owen was this: Sara Carroll now felt an interest in this stranger, and she was showing it.

Was this the influence of Madam Carroll? But Owen could not long think this. Miss Carroll was not a person to be easily influenced or led. She was not yielding; whatever course she might follow, one could at least be sure that, good or bad, it was her own. Her interest showed itself guardedly; so much so that no one had observed it. The clergyman felt sure that he was the only discoverer, and his own discovery he owed to a rare chance. He was coming down Chillawassee on horseback, and in bending to gather a flower from a bush as he passed, he had lost a small note-book from the breast pocket of his coat; dismounting to look for it, he found that it was lying on a ledge not far below the road, and that he could get it by a little climbing. He made his way down to the ledge, and secured the book. Then he saw, a little further down, one of the isolated rocks called chimneys, and was seized with the fancy to have a look from its top. He obeyed this fancy. And from its top he found himself looking directly down into a small field on the edge of Carroll Farms; here, standing together under a tree, were two figures which he instantly recognized—they were Sara Carroll and Dupont. This field was separated from the road by a hedge so high that no one could look over it, and from the other fields and the orchard of the Farms by a thicket of chincapins. The two were therefore well hidden; they were safe from discovery save for the remote chance that some one had climbed the chimney above them. And this one remote chance had fallen to the lot of Frederick Owen.

He was much surprised, uncertain, unhappy. Shielded by the tall bushes growing on top of the chimney, he had stood for several minutes looking down upon the two. Then he left the rock, went back to his horse, and rode home.

His uneasiness, after spoiling his night's sleep, took him to the Farms the next afternoon. Madam Carroll received him. She offered an excuse for Miss Carroll; it seemed that she had a headache. But on his way out the clergyman distinctly saw the shadow of a man thrown across the sitting-room floor by the bright sunshine shining through the western windows. It might not be the shadow of Dupont, of course: he was ashamed of himself for his quick suspicion. It might be that of some other visitor, or of one of their poor pensioners, or of Caleb Inches. But no masculine visitor came to the Farms at this hour save, now and then, the junior warden, whose small figure never cast shadow like that; and all the pensioners of whom he had knowledge were women. He decided that of course it was Inches; and then, on his way down Carroll Lane, he met Inches coming up. Still, it was but a supposition. He forced himself to cast it aside.

Chance, however, seemed determined to disturb him, for she soon threw in his way other knowledge, and this not shadows but reality. He caught a glimpse of Sara Carroll turning into a little-used path, which led up the mountain to a fir wood. His own road (he was on horseback as usual, on his way to a mission station) led him by Walley's Cove, and here, fifteen minutes later, he distinctly saw the figure of Louis Dupont entering the same wood at its upper edge, and by the path which would bring him directly to her, the same path she herself was following.

Owen's trouble now took complete possession of him: up to this time he had fought it off. He felt that he ought to do something, to act. Dupont was a dissipated, erratic adventurer, whose history no

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one knew. Should he let this proud, fastidious, delicate-minded girl fall into such a vulgar trap as this? Before his eyes, within reach of his hand? Yet there it was again—if she were in reality as proud and fastidious as he had supposed her to be (and he had thought her the proudest girl he had ever known), how could she, of her own accord, endure Louis Dupont? At one time she had not endured him. There had been a memorable moment when the expression of her eyes (how well he remembered it!) had been unmistakable. What had changed her?—changed her so completely as this?

The one answer presented itself with pitiless promptness: Dupont had changed her. He had accomplished it himself, with the aid of a handsome face, fine eyes, and an audacity which stopped at nothing; for the clergyman had always felt sure that the audacity was there, although it had not, in Far Edgerley at least, been much exerted. This was so acutely disagreeable to the man who was thinking of it, that there was in his own eyes (handsome ones too in their way—a blue way) angry moisture as he went over its possibilities. He clinched his hand and rode on; it would have fared hardly with the musician had he crossed his path just then. Owen was a clergyman. But he had been a man, and a free one, first. He had not gone from college and seminary directly into the ministry. He was thirty-one years old, and he had taken orders but two years before; the preceding interval had not been spent in country villages.

With all this surging feeling, however, he had as yet nothing definite against this stranger—this stranger whose bad manners had been protected by his "genius," and whose bad aspects had not been perceived by the innocent little town. By nothing definite he meant nothing that he could use. But now chance, having given him three heavy burdens of knowledge to carry (he had carried them as well as he could, with a heavy heart to carry too), relented so far as to present him with another, and one of different nature. She put in his possession some recent facts about the musician which were proof, and proof positive, against him. But what could Owen do with his proof?

If he had not known what he knew of Sara Carroll he could have proceeded against the fellow at once; it needed but the statement which he was now able to make to close every door in Far Edgerley against him, for the little town, though not strait-laced, had a standard of morals as pure as its own air. But if he should do this, might not Dupont take his revenge, or, less than that, amuse himself, as he would call it, by letting the village public learn of his intimate relations with the Farms, or rather with Miss Carroll? Madam Carroll's liking for him, or rather for his songs, was known and comprehended. But Miss Carroll's liking was not known; and it had, too, an aspect—and here Frederick Owen felt that he would rather go on forever in silence than have that aspect discussed. Yet something he must do. He decided to go to Major Carroll himself. Infirm as was his health, and secluded as was his life, he was the natural protector of these two ladies, and would wish to know, ought to know, everything that concerned them. He went to the Farms.

The Major was not feeling well that day; Madam Carroll hoped that the rector would excuse him. The rector had no alternative but to do so. He asked if he might not see him on the following day. Madam Carroll, with regret, feared that this would not be possible; he had taken cold, and his colds always lasted for a long time; he had not yet recovered his strength fully after that illness of the preceding winter—as the rector was probably aware. Disappointed, the rector went away. As he passed down green Edgerley Street he met Dupont coming up, as usual in the centre of the roadway. The musician gave the clergyman a profound bow, almost as profound as those with which he had disconcerted Miss Corinna. As Owen returned it—as slightly as possible—he thought he saw in Dupont's eyes a mocking gleam of amusement. Amusement? Or was it triumph? He went on his way, walking rapidly; but at a certain point in the road he could not help looking back. Yes, Dupont had turned into Carroll Lane.

On the next day the rector of St. John's, having taken a new resolution, started to pay a morning visit at the residence of his senior warden. In answer to his knock Judith Inches opened the door. Without waiting for words from him, this guardian announced that the Major was not well, and that the ladies were engaged, and would like to be excused. She then seemed quite prepared to close the door.

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"Perhaps Madam Carroll would see me, if she knew it was I," said Owen.

Judith Inches thought there was no probability of this.

The tall blue-eyed man on the door-step did not accept her probability; he suggested that she at least make it sure.

Judith surveyed him from head to foot; then, gradually, as much of a smile as ever decorated her countenance stole across its lean, high-cheek-boned expanse; she beckoned him in, and pointed with a long forefinger down the hall toward a half-open door. "Miss Sara's theer," she said.

It was the door of the dining-room. Visitors were not invited to enter this room save at the receptions, and Owen, after advancing a step or two, stopped: the permission of Judith Inches seemed hardly enough.

And then this mountain maid, in her lank brown calico, drew near, and murmured in his ear these mystic words: "Go right along in. What yer feared of? I've noticed that you was feared of her before now. *That's* no way. Brace up, man, brace up. Courageouser's the word, and you'll do it." She then softly and gravely withdrew down the hall, turning to give him a solemn wink at a far door before she disappeared.

Owen felt a great school-boy blush rising all over his face as he stood there alone in the quiet hall. Had the feminine eye of this serious spinster discovered what he himself had not? But no; he always knew all about himself. She had simply discovered, woman-fashion, more than existed. He went down the hall, and entered the dining-room. There, at its western window, sat Sara Carroll, sewing.

She answered his greeting, and gave him her hand. "I heard a knock, but there was so long a delay that I supposed no one had entered," she said.

He took a seat, explaining that Judith Inches had told him to come to this room. "My visit is more especially to either Major or Madam Carroll this morning," he said. "But your tall handmaiden was sure that they would not be able to receive me."

"My father is not well to-day, and mamma has a headache. Judith was right," answered Miss Carroll. She took up her sewing again, and went on with the seam.

Owen, who had brought himself up to the point of speaking to Madam Carroll herself (for he had no hope, after yesterday, of seeing the Major), was disappointed. It was a difficult task he had undertaken, and he wanted to do it, and have it over. Foiled for this day at least, he still sat there, his eyes on Miss Carroll's moving needle. He was thinking a little, possibly, of Judith Inches's remarkable imagination, but far more of Miss Carroll herself. Her delicately cut face, with its reserved expression, was there before him. Yet this was the same girl who had talked with Dupont in that secluded meadow, who had gone to the fir wood to meet him. His eyes showed his inward trouble; they looked bluely dense and clouded. Miss Carroll glanced at him once or twice, as it seemed to him guardedly; but he was aware that he was no longer a calm judge where she was concerned; aware that he might easily mistake the importance or significance of any little look or act. He fell into almost complete silence, so that she was obliged to find topics herself, and keep up the conversation; heretofore when with her this had always been his task.

He had sat there twenty minutes—it seemed to him an hour—when there was a light step in the hall, and Madam Carroll entered. She came toward him with her hand extended and a smile of welcome. "Why did they not tell me you were here, Mr. Owen? It was by mere chance that I happened to hear the sound of your voice, and came down."

Sara had risen as her mother entered, her work dropping to the floor. "Oh, mamma!" she murmured. Then, "I have told Mr. Owen that you have a headache," she explained.

"A mere trifle. And it is over now. Besides, headache or no headache, I always wish to see Mr. Owen," said the Major's wife, giving him her hand.

Owen was summoning back his pre-arranged sentences, his coolness, his skill. The opportunity he had wished for was to be his, after all; now let him use it to the best advantage. But it was not easy to tell a lady, in her own house, that her judgment and her taste had been at fault. "I have come this morning especially to see you, Madam Carroll," he said. "I am very glad you came down. I am anxious to consult you upon a subject which seems to me important."

"I am at your service," answered the little lady, giving the ruffle of her overskirt a pat of adjustment, and then drawing forward a low willow chair.

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"I think—I think, with your permission, we will go to another room," said the clergyman.

Miss Carroll was still standing; she made no offer to go. Again she looked at their visitor, and this time it seemed to him that it was more than guardedly, that it was defiance. "Mamma," she said, "with your headache—for I know you have it still—are you not undertaking too much? Mr. Owen will excuse you. Or could I not take your place?" And she turned to Owen.

"No," he answered; "you could not." And he said no more. He was aware that he was proceeding clumsily, but he could not help it. He found that he cared too much about it to do it gracefully or easily. He recalled her slender black-robed figure going toward the fir wood, and his eyes grew more clouded than before. He turned away. "Of course if Madam Carroll is suffering," he said—then he stopped; he did not want to postpone it again.

Madam Carroll threw up her hands. "My dear Sara, you make so much of my poor little headache that Mr. Owen will think I am subject to headaches. But I am happy to say that I am not; as a general thing, they are mere feminine affectations. Come to the drawing-room, Mr. Owen. At this hour there will be no interruptions." She led the way thither, and seated herself in her favorite chair, having first rolled forward a larger one for her guest. The spindle-legged furniture of the old-fashioned room had been covered by her own deft fingers with chintz of cream-color, which was enlivened with wreaths of bright flowers; over the windows and doors hung curtains of the same material. In this garden-like expanse Owen took his seat, collected himself and what he had to say in one quick moment of review, and then began.

First he asked her to pardon what was, in one way, the great liberty he was taking in speaking at all; in excuse he could only say that it seemed to him important, important to her own household. And in no household the world held had he a deeper, a more sincere interest than in her own.

Madam Carroll begged to recall to his remembrance that that was saying a great deal—"no household in the world."

He did not answer this little speech, archly made. He took up his main subject. He told her that he had been unwilling to speak to her of it at all; that he should have greatly preferred speaking to the Major; but that had not been possible, as she was aware. The matter concerned itself with some facts he had lately learned about a person who had been generally received in Far Edgerley, and also at the Farms, a person of whose history they really knew nothing, this—this musician—

"Are you pretending you do not know his name?" asked Madam Carroll. "I can tell you what it is if you have forgotten; it will make your story easier: Dupont—Louis Eugene Dupont."

Owen was astounded by her manner; he had never seen anything like it in her before. Her large blue eyes—of a blue lighter than his own—looked at him calmly, almost, it seemed to him, with a calm impertinence.

"I had not forgotten his name," he answered, gravely. "I have had too much reason to remember it. He has given me anxiety for some time past, Madam Carroll. I have felt that he was not the person to be received among us as he has been received. We are a rather secluded mountain village, you know, and there has been little here to tempt him into betraying himself; but I have suspected him from the first, and now—"

"You are rather inclined to suspect people, aren't you?" said Madam Carroll, with the same calm gaze.

"Major Carroll would have suspected him also had he ever met him."

"As it happens, my husband has met him. It was at one of our receptions; early in the evening, I think, before you came."

"And he said nothing?"

"Nothing."

"I must go on in any case," said Owen; "I can do no otherwise. For it is not for my own sake I am speaking—"

"Are you sure of that?" said his hostess, interrupting him again without ceremony. This time her tone had an amusement in it, an amusement not unmixed with sarcasm.

"I should do it just the same though I were on the eve of leaving Far Edgerley forever, never expecting to see any of you again," he answered, with some heat.

"Oh, we shall not always stay here, I suppose; you could probably see us somewhere else," said Madam Carroll, careless-

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ly adjusting the ruffle of her skirt, and laughing a little.

Owen was bewildered. He had thought that he knew her so well, he had thought that she was of all his parish his best and firmest friend; yet there she sat, within three feet of him, looking at him mockingly, coldly, turning all his earnest words into ridicule, laughing at them.

He was no match for her in little sarcasms, and he was in no mood for that kind of warfare. He said no more about himself, his suspicions, his feelings; he simply gave her a plain outline of the facts which had come into his possession.

Madam Carroll replied that she did not believe them. Such stories were always in circulation about handsome young men like Louis Dupont. They were generally told by other men who were jealous of them.

Owen, who had grown a little pale, quietly gave her his proofs. The scene of the affair was one of his own mission stations—the most distant one; he knew the young girl's father, and even the young girl herself.

"Oh, it seems *you* knew her too, then," said Madam Carroll, laughing. "I suppose she liked Dupont best."

The young clergyman was struck into silence. This little gentle golden-haired lady, whom he had admired so long and so sincerely, was this she? Were those her words? Was that her laugh? It seemed to him as if some evil spirit had suddenly taken up his abode in her, and having driven out her own sweet soul, was looking at him through her pretty eyes, and speaking to him with her pretty rose-leaf lips. Stinging, under the circumstances insulting, as had been her speech, he was not angry; he was too much grieved. He could have taken her in his arms and wept over her. For what could it all mean save that Dupont had in some way obtained such control of her, poor little woman, that she was ready to attack everybody and anybody who attacked him?

He looked at her still in silence. Then he rose. "I have told you all I know, Madam Carroll," he said, sadly, taking his hat from the chair beside him. "I had hoped that you would— I never dreamed that you could receive me or speak to me in the way you have. I have had the greatest regard for you; I have thought you my best friend."

Madam Carroll had also risen, with the air of wishing to close the interview. She dropped her eyes as he said these last words, and lifted her handkerchief to her mouth.

"I think as much of you as ever," she murmured. And then she began to cough, a cough with a long following breath that was almost like a sob.

The door opened, and Sara Carroll entered. She came straight to her mother, and put her arm round her as if to support her. "I knew you were not well, mamma. Mr. Owen will certainly excuse you *now*." And she looked at their guest with a glance which he felt to be dismissal.

Madam Carroll, exhausted by the cough, leaned against her daughter, her face covered by her handkerchief. Owen turned to go. But when he saw the daughter standing there so near him, when he thought of what he knew of her interest in this man, and of the mother's recent tone about him, his heart failed him. He could not go—go and leave her without one word of warning, one effort to save her, to show her what he felt.

"I came to warn Madam Carroll against Louis Dupont," he said, abruptly. "Madam Carroll has not credited what I have said, or rather she is not impressed by it. Yet it is all true. And probably there is much more. He is not a person with whom you should have intimate acquaintance, or indeed any acquaintance. Will you let *me* warn you?"

Miss Carroll started slightly as he said this. Then she recovered herself. "Surely it is nothing to me," she said, indifferently, with a slight emphasis on the "me."

Owen watched the indifferent expression. "She is acting," he thought. "She does it well." Then aloud, "On the contrary, I suppose it to be a great deal to you," he answered, his eyes, intent and sorrowful, fixed full upon her over the little mother's head.

Madam Carroll took down her handkerchief, and the two women faced him with startled gaze. Sara was calm; but Madam Carroll's eyes, at first only startled, were now growing frightened. She turned her small face toward her daughter dumbly as if for help.

The girl drew her mother more closely to her side. "And what right have you to suppose anything?" she said to Owen, with composure. "Are you our guardian?"

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"Would that I were!" said Owen, with deepest feeling in his tone. "I don't 'suppose' anything, Miss Carroll—I know. I have been unfortunate enough to see you with him, or going to meet him, and it has made me wretched. But do not be alarmed; no one else has seen it. With me, of course, you are perfectly safe. I would guard you with my life. I had intended to expose him; but now how can I, when I fear that he—when I know that you—" he paused; his voice was trembling a little, and he wished to control it.

"And if I should tell you that there was no occasion for your fear, no need of your advice?" answered Sara Carroll. "If I should tell you (though it is as yet a secret, and we wish it for the present to remain one) that this Mr. Dupont, to whom you object so strongly, has the right to be with us—to be with me—as much as he pleases, and that I have given him this right? Surely you would then understand that your warning came quite too late, and that your opinion was superfluous. And you would spare us longer conversation on a matter which concerns only ourselves."

"Am I to believe this?" said Owen.

"You have it from me directly; I don't know what better authority you would have. I have told you in order to show you that further interference on your part will be unnecessary. We can take care of ourselves. Now that you know our secret, I think you will not betray it. And I think you will keep to yourself too what you know, or fancy you know, against Mr. Dupont." She looked at him inquiringly.

"If I could only have seen your father!" said Owen, with bitterest regret.

Her face changed, her arm dropped from her mother's shoulders; she turned abruptly from him.

Madam Carroll, left alone, straightened herself. She looked after Sara, who had gone to a window on the other side of the wide room; then she looked at Owen. She came closer to him. "I am sure it will not last," she said, in a whisper, shielding her lips with her hand as if to make her tone still lower. "It is—it is just a little fancy of the moment: his music, and his lovely voice. But it will pass, Mr. Owen; I am sure it will pass. And in the mean time our course—yours and mine—should be just silence—complete silence, you know. Everything must go on as usual, and you must say nothing against him—nothing to anybody, remember that. No one has suspected it but you. She *has* been rather incautious; but I will see that that is mended, so that no one else shall suspect. If we are careful and silent, Mr. Owen, you and I, and if we *wait*, all will be well. I assure you all will yet be well." She smiled, and looked up anxiously to his face with her soft blue eyes; she was quite her gentle self again.

"She is protecting her husband's daughter," he thought; "that was the secret of her enigmatical manner." But as he thought this, he was frowning with the pain her words had given him, "a fancy of the moment"—Louis Dupont.

"Promise me to say nothing against him," continued Madam Carroll, in the same earnest whisper, still smiling and looking up in his face.

"Of course I shall say nothing. How could I do otherwise now?" answered Owen. "But my trouble is as great as ever, and my fear. For *you* seem to admire him too, Madam Carroll. You do not seem to comprehend him, to comprehend what he really is."

"Oh, I comprehend it—I comprehend it," said Madam Carroll, in a strained though still low tone. "I do my best, Mr. Owen, my very best."

Her last words were uttered aloud. Sara Carroll left the window and came back. She took her mother's hands. "Kindly excuse us now," she said, turning to the clergyman with quiet dignity.

He bowed, left the room and the house; they heard him close the door behind him.

"I think he will say nothing," said Sara.

Madam Carroll had drawn her hands away; she stood looking at the carpet.

"Yes, it is now safe. Don't you think so?" Sara continued, musingly.

The Major's wife raised her eyes. There was a flash in them. "I bore it because I had to; but it was the hardest thing of all to bear. You despise him, you know you do. You always have. You have been pitiless, cruel."

"Not lately, mamma," said the girl. She put her arms round the rigid little figure, and with infinite pity drew it toward her. Madam Carroll at first resisted; then the tense muscles relaxed, and she let her head fall upon her daughter's breast; the lashes fell over her bright dry eyes.

After a moment, "You will never be able to keep it up," she said.

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"Yes, I shall."

"Never, never."

"I could do a great deal more, mamma, for my dear father's sake," the girl answered, after a short hesitation.

Madam Carroll began to sob. "I have been a good wife to him, Sara," she murmured, appealingly, piteously.

"Indeed you have, mamma. You are all his happiness, his life; he could not live without you. Come, let me go with you upstairs."

"I must go alone," answered Madam Carroll. "It is not that I am angry; do not think that. But for a little while I must be alone, quite alone."

She left the room with her usual light step. After she had gone, Sara stood for a few moments with her hands clasped over her eyes. Then she went to the library.

Scar was playing dominoes, Roland against Bayard; and the Major was watching the game. His daughter bent her head and kissed his forehead; then she sat down beside him, holding his hand in hers, and stroking it tenderly.

"Well, my daughter, you seem to think a good deal of me to-day," said the old man, smiling.

"Not only to-day, but always, papa—always," said the girl, with emotion.

"Roland is very dull this morning," said the Major, explaining the situation. "He has lost three games, and is going to lose a fourth."

MARYLAND AND THE FAR SOUTH IN THE COLONIAL PERIOD.

WE have now seen how English colonization began in America, and we have considered its principal aspects as exemplified in Virginia on the one hand, and in the New England colonies on the other. These may be considered as the typical examples, as with the growth of the country the distinctive characteristics of life in New England have become diffused or reproduced throughout all the Northern States, with more or less important modifications, while on the other hand the distinctive characteristics of Virginian society, also somewhat variously modified, have propagated themselves all over the South. Between these two forms of society the antagonism became at last so great as to result in what the late Mr. Seward called an "irrepressible conflict," the outcome of which, however, has only served to illustrate more than ever the sturdy political sense of all the American people, and the indissoluble coherency of the American Union. But into the original composition of the American Union there entered other important elements besides Virginia and New England, and these elements we have now to consider in due order. I shall treat first of the southern colonies that were carved out of the territory originally assigned to Virginia, and secondly of the great middle colonies; and after having thus completed our comparative survey, we shall be in a position to indicate some of the most general features of English colonization in America, and in particular to show what important effects were wrought by these new communities upon the commerce and upon the civilization of the mother country. We shall then be prepared to appreciate the significance of the weighty struggle between France and England for the possession of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi valleys, for the dominion over the sea, and for colonial empire on both sides of the habitable globe. We shall also be prepared to enter upon the study of the history of the American people as a whole, which properly begins with the resistance to the Stamp Act in 1765.

The great territory originally accorded to the Virginia Company was first abruptly cut down to the northward in 1632, when George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, obtained a proprietary grant of the region which, after the queen, Henrietta Maria, took the name of Maryland. Now in this enterprise of Lord Baltimore there were two very interesting features. In the first place, it introduced a new type of colonial government into the country. In the second place, it aimed at securing, and to some extent did secure, complete religious toleration. Each of these points demands our attention.

In the history of the English settlement of North America three kinds of colonial government were put into operation at different times and places. The government of Virginia, after the suppression of the Company in 1624, was a *Crown* government: the governor and council were appointed by the king, while the assembly

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was elected by the people, and the royal assent was supposed to be requisite to the validity of any laws passed by the popular assembly. Massachusetts, on the other hand, until its charter was abrogated by Charles II., in 1684, was an example of a *Charter* government: the governor and council, as well as the assembly, were chosen by the people, and the assembly could pass any laws it liked, provided they did not contravene the laws of England or any of the specific provisions of the charter. The advantage in theory of the charter government was that it prescribed the relations between the crown and the colony, and so protected its independence; though in point of fact none of the Stuart family ever considered themselves either legally or morally bound by any contract whatever to which they had put their names. In the *Proprietary* governments, of which Maryland was the first example, there was a charter which adjusted the relations between the king and the proprietor, but made no specific provisions concerning the relations between the proprietor and the settlers. The charter, indeed, was careful to guarantee that the colonists should not be deprived of the rights and immunities which were the inheritance of every Englishman, so that the settlers of Maryland could hardly have been legally governed by Lord Baltimore as an absolute monarch. As it was, his position was almost precisely that of a constitutional king, though in accordance with the ideas of the Stuart period rather than with those that have prevailed since 1688. The charter was drawn up in imitation of that of the county palatine of Durham, the purpose being to create a barony in which the lord proprietary should exercise semi-regal prerogatives. In token of allegiance and homage he was to send two Indian arrows to the king each year; and whenever it might seem necessary the oath of allegiance to the king might be administered to any of the inhabitants of the colony. But, saving this formal recognition of his overlord, the lord proprietary was virtually king in Maryland. With the aid of the assembly he could pass any law which did not come into conflict with the laws of England; and in case the assembly could not conveniently be brought together in an emergency, he could legislate by himself. His office was strictly hereditary, although in some instances the actual work of administration was deputed to a governor. He could grant titles, he could create courts and appoint the judges, and pardon criminals; and it was, moreover, expressly stipulated that no taxes could be either assessed or levied within the limits of the colony by the English government. In outward appearance, therefore, Maryland was a semi-independent constitutional monarchy, as Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island were semi-independent republics, and as Virginia was a dependent plantation or province. But in reality, it hardly need be added, there was about as much practical independence in one colony as in another, and the spirit of English liberty animated all alike.

Among the express provisions of the charter there was nothing that looked toward universal toleration. The Church of England was to be formally established, and the right of presentation to livings, as well as the right of building and consecrating churches and chapels, was to be vested in the lord proprietary. Yet, in spite of these provisions of the charter, Lord Baltimore's policy was one of universal toleration, and to some extent he succeeded in carrying out that policy. This was due to a remarkable combination of circumstances. Lord Baltimore was himself a Roman Catholic, and so were his principal followers—a fact which in granting the charter the king conveniently ignored. But the great majority of the early settlers were Protestants, and this made it necessary for each party to tolerate the other. In view of the almost regal powers wielded by Lord Baltimore, it was not easy for the Protestant settlers to oppress the Catholics; while on the other hand, if the Catholic settlers had been allowed to annoy the Protestants, it would forthwith have raised such a storm in England as would have overwhelmed the lord proprietary and blasted his enterprise. Besides this, Lord Baltimore and his descendants who ruled in Maryland were men distinguished for worldly wisdom and for a moderate and conciliatory temper. The policy of toleration, which was thus made compulsory upon both ruler and people, soon began to draw men of all creeds to Maryland, and the colony grew rapidly in population and wealth. Puritans, in particular, came in considerable numbers, but as the strength of the Puritan party grew in England, the Puritan colonists began to think that the time had come when, instead of accepting toleration

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at the hands of Roman Catholics, they might safely attempt to oust the latter from their pre-eminent position in the colony. This was natural enough, since neither Puritan nor Episcopalian nor Catholic had any clear comprehension of the principles of religious liberty, and to the Puritan especially the living in amity with Catholics must have seemed very much like keeping on terms of polite familiarity with the devil. In 1645, while the great rebellion was at its height in England, trouble broke out in Lord Baltimore's feudal domain. The lord proprietary himself was in England, trying to protect his interests from assault on either side, when the king ordered him to seize any Parliament ships that might be tarrying in Maryland waters. It was of course necessary to forward the royal order to America, and the deputy-governor, by way of obeying it, there being apparently no ships at hand commissioned by Parliament, seized forthwith the ship of one Richard Ingle, who was known to be a Puritan, and supposed to be a pirate. This incident caused some excitement, and afforded an opportunity for William Clayborne, a Virginian, who laid claim to the proprietorship of Kent Island, and had felt himself aggrieved by the settlement of Maryland, to invade the colony with an armed force. In the name of the Parliament, Clayborne and Ingle succeeded in overturning the government for a while. But Virginia, which had no fondness for Roundheads, willingly sent a force to aid in expelling these agitators, and so the government was re-established. After the overthrow of Charles I., the shrewd Lord Baltimore appointed William Stone, a zealous supporter of the Parliament, to govern his colony; and in 1649 Stone's first assembly passed the famous Toleration Act, by which the Catholics were guaranteed against persecution. But in the following year, as the Cavaliers began to come over in increasing numbers to Virginia, so many Puritans went from Virginia into Maryland as to make their party all-powerful in the younger colony; and they began at once to undermine the proprietary government and to molest the Catholics. A period of dire confusion ensued, in the course of which a battle was fought at Providence, not far from the site of Annapolis, and victory perched on the banners of the Puritans. After seven years of dissension, however, Baltimore carried his point, toleration was restored, and during most of the reign of Charles II. the career of the colony was peaceful. But the quarrel was taken up again on the occasion of the popish plot in England, and so matters went on until the accession of William and Mary, when the new laws enacted by Parliament against Catholics destroyed the validity of the proprietary grant to the Calverts, and their government suddenly fell to the ground. All writs now ran in the king's name instead of Lord Baltimore's, taxes were levied for the support of the Church of England, the further immigration of Catholics was prohibited under heavy penalties, and the public celebration of the mass was strictly forbidden within the limits of the colony. These measures, of course, served only to increase the general discontent. Taxation for the support of a church of which only a small part of the population were members was as unpopular with the Puritans as with the Catholics. In their zealous efforts to overthrow the proprietary government the Puritans had not bargained for this; and now the hatred of both parties was directed toward the royal government, and for the first time the connection with England itself began to be regarded as oppressive. At last in 1714 the fourth Lord Baltimore abjured the Catholic faith, and his proprietary rights were revived. He died in the following year, and was succeeded by his infant son Charles, who ruled until his death in 1751, and was succeeded by Frederick, the sixth and last Lord Baltimore; and the old proprietary government, thus firmly re-established, endured down to the time of the Revolution.

This long-continued administration of the affairs of a commonwealth by six generations of hereditary rulers is something as unique in American history as the attempt to secure universal toleration for Catholics and Protestants was unique in the history of the seventeenth century. And it is to these two features that the colonial history of Maryland owes its chief interest. The social condition of the colony affords also an attractive subject of study, both in the points in which it resembled Virginia and in those in which it differed from the older commonwealth.

As in the case of Virginia, the first settlers of Maryland were almost exclusively English. At a later period considerable numbers of Germans from Pennsylvania

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settled in the western districts of both these colonies, and this non-English infusion seems to have been larger in Maryland than in Virginia. After the town of Baltimore had risen to importance as a sea-port, it drew some immigrants from central and southern Europe, but this foreign admixture was, on the whole, very slight in its amount and in its effects. The English colonists were of the same high class as those who had settled in Virginia. For a long time the colony served as a refuge for Catholic gentlemen escaping from the persecution to which they were subjected in England. Besides these, the principal element in the population consisted of Puritans who were driven from Virginia as the latter colony fell more and more under the control of the Stuart party. Here we find at once an element of sympathy between Maryland and New England which did not exist in the case of the older colony, and which was enough to prevent the ideas of the Maryland people from running completely in accordance with those of the Southern people in general. Yet at first the economic circumstances of Maryland were precisely the same as those which determined the character of society in the southern colonies. Tobacco played as important a part as in Virginia. The land was parcelled out in vast estates, and all the people became planters. Negro slaves were accordingly introduced in great numbers, but they never came, as they did in Virginia, to outnumber the white people. At the beginning of the Revolution the population of the colony was about 250,000, of whom less than 100,000 were negroes. As in Virginia, the slaves had no legal rights, but were in general mildly treated. Convicted felons and kidnapped pauper children were brought from the mother country to Maryland, and bound to service for a term of years; and they made the beginnings of a pariah class of "mean whites," exactly as they did in the southern colonies. For a long time the exclusive cultivation of tobacco prevented the growth of towns, and the life of the people was as isolated as in Virginia. The roads were few and bad, and travel, whether for business or for pleasure, was mostly confined to the rivers. Crime was more frequent than in any of the northern colonies. Education was at a low ebb, for although public schools were established in 1728, they were conducted entirely in the interests of the Church of England, and being thus deprived of popular sympathy and support, they made but little headway. There was no university and no literary activity, and there were but few private libraries, and no newspapers until 1745.

So far there seems to have been but little to distinguish the state of society in Maryland from that in Virginia. But before the Revolution, under the influence, perhaps, of the example of Pennsylvania, a remarkable change had set in. A succession of bad tobacco crops, due to the exhaustion of the soil which is wont to attend the overcultivation of that staple, led many of the great planters to turn their attention to the raising of wheat. This was the beginning of very important changes in the social structure of the colony. The wheat crop soon became so considerable that wheat and flour began to be exported in great quantities; and through this export trade the town of Baltimore, which had been founded in 1729, grew so fast that by the time of the Revolution it had become the fourth city in the whole country, with a population of nearly 20,000. And having once got such a start, Baltimore not only served as the great sea-port of Maryland, but was enabled to compete with Philadelphia as an outlet for the foreign trade of Pennsylvania. The growth of Annapolis was also stimulated by these circumstances; and this rapid development of town life, with the introduction of a wealthy and powerful class of merchants, went far toward assimilating Maryland with the middle and northern colonies, and diminishing its points of contact with the society of the South.

Some thirty years after the settlement of Maryland, the territory of Virginia was again curtailed—this time to the southward—and an attempt was made to found a colony which should be oligarchical in its constitution. In order to provide for some of his loyal friends whose property had suffered in the great rebellion, Charles II. in 1663 made a grant of the land between Virginia and Florida to the Duke of Albemarle, the Earls of Shaftesbury and Clarendon, and five other noblemen, to hold as absolute proprietors, saving only a formal allegiance to the crown. This was creating a proprietary form of government somewhat similar to that of Maryland, save that, instead of the semi-royal lord proprietary, an oligarchy of noblemen was to stand at the head of

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the administration. The country was already known as Carolina. A century before, in 1562, the great Huguenot leader, Jean Ribault, had founded a short-lived and ill-fated colony at Port Royal, and had named the country Carolina in honor of the wretched Charles IX., a king deserving little respect from any one, least of all from Huguenots. So far as paying compliments to an unworthy king goes, the name served the purposes of the English colonists equally well, and it was retained. At the request of the oligarchy of noblemen, a very elaborate constitution was drawn up for the colony by no less a person than the great philosopher Locke. "The country was to be minutely and exactly divided into counties, which were to be subdivided into seignories, baronies, and precincts. There were to be noblemen of two orders, in numbers proportioned to those of the settlers. The eldest of the proprietors was to be called the Palatine, and was to be the supreme officer. Each of the proprietors was to hold a court in his own barony, with six councillors and twelve deputies. There was to be a parliament, meeting once in two years,"* and consisting of the proprietors and the noblemen, corresponding to the House of Lords, and the representatives elected by the freeholders, corresponding to the House of Commons. Having provided this elaborate constitution, the next thing in order was to find colonists; and settlers were attracted by the liberal offer of a hundred acres of land for every man, and a hundred more for every one of his children. In this way the country was rapidly settled, and the local governments at first instituted soon grew into two flourishing colonies; but the aristocratic constitution prepared by Locke was never anything more than a dead-letter. The proprietary form of government was very unpopular from the beginning, and early in the eighteenth century both colonies voluntarily put themselves under the direct control of the crown. The lords proprietary sold out all their rights, and royal governments were instituted, like those in most of the other colonies, with governor and council appointed by the king, and an assembly elected by the people.

The careers of the two southern colonies thus founded were very different, and between their respective social characteristics the contrasts were so great that it is impossible to make general statements applicable alike to the two. In one respect the contrast was different from that which we have observed in comparing Virginia with New England. In New England we have observed a marked concentration of social life in towns and villages co-existing with extreme democracy, while in Virginia we have observed the isolated life upon great plantations as connected with an aristocratic structure of society. But between the two Carolinas the contrast is just the reverse of this. Of all the southern colonies, North Carolina was the one in which society was the most scattered, and town life the least developed, while it was also the one in which the general aspect of society was the least aristocratic. On the other hand, in South Carolina there was a peculiarly strong concentration of social life into a single focus in Charleston; and in connection with this we find a type of society even more essentially and more intensely aristocratic than in Virginia. We shall find it worth our while to dwell for a moment upon some of the immediate causes of these differences.

The history of North America affords an interesting illustration of the way in which the character of a community may be determined for good or ill by geographical circumstances. But for the peculiar physical conformation of its coast, North Carolina, rather than Virginia, would doubtless have been the first great American state. It was upon Roanoke Island that Raleigh founded his short-lived colony, under the lead of Amidas and Barlow; and it was upon the soil of North Carolina that Virginia Dare, the first child born in America of English parents, was born, in August, 1587, twenty years before Smith and his comrades landed at Jamestown. But this little colony was unable to support itself, and for three-quarters of a century afterward the attempts that were made to settle the country were for the most part miserable failures. The country did not lend itself to the wants of primitive agricultural colonizers, as did Virginia. Instead of the broad rivers and magnificent harbors of Virginia, there was here a dead line of coast hemmed in by long sand-banks, and offering no safe or convenient harborage. Huge pine-barrens near the coast hindered the first ef-

* Doyle, *Hist. United States*, 171.

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forts of the planter, and extensive malarial swamps made it unsafe for him to stay there. Farther inland the soil grew richer, until on the slope of the Alleghanies the country was as fine as could be found anywhere in America. The excellent John Lawson, who was surveyor-general of the colony early in the eighteenth century, describes it with enthusiasm as "a delicious country, being placed in that girdle of the world which affords wine, oil, fruit, grain, and silk, with other rich commodities, besides a sweet air, moderate climate, and fertile soil. These are the blessings, under Heaven's protection, that spin out the thread of life to its utmost extent, and crown our days with the sweets of health and plenty, which, when joined with content, render the possessors the happiest race of men upon earth." The good Lawson, who was inclined to see things in rose-color, praised even the gentleness of the Indians, who returned the compliment by roasting him alive for the crime of surveying their lands. But, with all this beauty and richness of the interior country, the obstacles presented at the coast turned the first great wave of English colonization into Virginia; and thereafter the settlement of North Carolina was determined largely, and by no means to its advantage, by the social conditions of the older colony.

At the time of the Revolution the population of North Carolina numbered about 200,000, of which somewhat more than one-fourth were negro slaves. The white population was mainly English, but the foreign element was larger than in the case of any of the other colonies which we have thus far considered. There were Huguenots from France, German Protestants from the Palatinate, Moravians, Swiss, and Scotch, and what we have to note especially is that this foreign population was in the main far more respectable and orderly than the English majority. The English settlers came mostly from Virginia, though in the southeastern corner of the colony there was a considerable settlement of Englishmen from the Barbadoes. Now the English settlers who thus came southward from Virginia were very different in character from the sober Puritans who went northward into Maryland. North Carolina was to Virginia something like what Rhode Island was to Massachusetts —a receptacle for all the factious and turbulent elements of society; but in this case the general character of the emigration was immeasurably lower. The shiftless people who could not make a place for themselves in Virginian society, including many of the "poor whites," flocked in large numbers into North Carolina. They were in the main very lawless in temper, holding it to be the chief end of man to resist all constituted authority, and above all things to pay no taxes. The history of North Carolina was accordingly much more riotous and disorderly than the history of any of the other colonies. There were neither laws nor lawyers, says Bancroft, with but slight exaggeration. The courts, such as they were, sat often in taverns, where the judge might sharpen his wits with bad whiskey, while their decisions were not recorded, but were simply shouted by the crier from the inn door or at the nearest market-place. There were a few amateur surgeons and apothecaries to be found in the villages, but no regular physicians anywhere. Nor does the soul appear to have been better cared for than the body, for it was not until 1703 that the first clergyman was settled in the colony. The Church of England was established by government, without the approval of the people, who were opposed on principle to church-rates as to all kinds of taxes whatsoever. Owing to this dislike of taxation, most of the people were Dissenters, but no Dissenting churches flourished in the colony. There was complete toleration, even of Quakers, because nobody cared a groat for theology or for religion. The few ministers who contrived to support life in North Carolina were listened to in a mood like that in which Mrs. Pardiggle's discourses were received by the brickmakers, while the audience freely smoked their pipes within the walls of the sanctuary during divine service.

The industries in which these people were engaged were more numerous and diversified than the industries of Virginia, but they were all purely agricultural. There were no manufactures. The simplest and commonest articles of daily use were imported from the northern colonies or from England. Agriculture was conducted more wastefully and with less intelligence than in any of the other colonies. In the northern counties tobacco was almost exclusively cultivated, but it was of very inferior quality compared with the tobacco of Virginia. In the southern part of the colony the principal crops were

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rice, indigo, and cotton. A great deal of excellent timber was cut; for the yellow pine of North Carolina was then, as now, famous for its hardness and durability. Tar and turpentine were also produced in large quantities. All this furnished the basis for a flourishing foreign commerce; but the people did not take kindly to the sea, and the carrying trade was entirely monopolized by New-Englanders. The fisheries, which were of considerable value, were altogether neglected. All business or traffic about the coast was carried on under perilous conditions; for pirates were always hovering about, secure in the sympathy of the people, like the brigands of southern Italy in recent times. It was partly due to this, no doubt, as well as partly to the want of good harborage, that a very large part of the commerce of North Carolina was diverted northward to Norfolk or southward to Charleston.

Under such conditions as these anything like town life was impossible. In 1776 Wilmington and Newbern were villages of five or six hundred inhabitants each. Not only were there no towns, but there were very few large plantations with lordly manor-houses like those of Virginia. A great part of the country was covered with its primeval forest, in which thousands of hogs, branded with their owners' marks, wandered and rooted, until the time came for hunting them out and slaughtering them. Where rude clearings had been made in the wilderness there were small ill-kept farms. Almost all the people were small farmers, but the work was done entirely by slaves or by indentured white servants. The treatment of the slaves is said to have been usually mild, as in Virginia, but their lives were practically at the mercy of their masters. The white servants fared better, and the general state of society was so low that when their time of service was ended they had here a good chance of rising to a position of equality with their masters. The country swarmed with ruffians of all sorts, who fled thither from South Carolina and Virginia; life and property were very insecure, and Lynch law was not unfrequently administered. The small planters led for the most part a lazy life, drinking hard, and amusing themselves with scrimmages, in which noses were broken with blows of the fist, and eyes gouged out by a dexterous use of the long thumb-nails. The only other social amusement seems to have been gambling. But, except at elections and other meetings for political purposes, people saw very little of each other. There were no roads worthy of the name, and every family was almost entirely isolated from its neighbors. Until just before the War for Independence there was not a single school, good or bad, in the whole colony. It need not be added that the people were densely ignorant. The colony was a century old before it could boast of a printing-press; and if no newspapers were published, it was doubtless for the sufficient reason that there were very few who would have been able to read them. A mail from Virginia came some eight or ten times in a year, but it only reached a few towns on the coast, and down to the time of the Revolution the interior of the country had no mails at all. Under such circumstances it is not strange that North Carolina was in great measure cut off from the currents of thought and feeling by which the other colonies were swayed in the middle of the eighteenth century. In the War for Independence North Carolina produced no great leaders: she was not represented at the Stamp Act Congress of 1765, and she was the last of the States, except Rhode Island, to adopt the Federal Constitution.

All these consequences very clearly followed from the geographical circumstances of North Carolina, and from the character of the immigration by which it was peopled. And in the character of this immigration we find the reasons for the comparatively democratic state of society in this colony. As there were very few large plantations and wealthy planters, while almost all the white people were small land-owners, and as the highest class was thus so much lower in dignity than the corresponding class in Virginia, it became just so much the easier for the "poor whites" to rise far enough to become a part of it. North Carolina, therefore, was not simply a refuge for Virginia's outlawed criminals and insolvent debtors, but it afforded a home for the better portion of the "poor white" class of Virginians. The indentured white servants, who on their liberation found it impossible to maintain a respectable existence under the conditions of Virginian society, were thus naturally segregated into two classes. The least enterprising and thrifty individuals remained at home to recruit the ranks of the "white trash," save such as

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became outlawed, and fled across the border to North Carolina to escape the hangman. Those, on the other hand, who had still some ambition left and some spirit of enterprise, found it possible to make a place for themselves in the rude and simple social system of North Carolina. From the vigor and ambition of this better class of "poor whites," re-enforced by the excellent Huguenot element, came at last the strength and prosperity of this remarkable community. In the later history of the American people we see the men of North Carolina founding and settling the State of Tennessee, and spreading still further on into Arkansas, southern Illinois, and southeastern Missouri, often presenting a characteristic type of feature and a facial expression that is as easily recognizable as that of the London cockney. From this strain of the English race, taken at its best, have come two of our Presidents, Jackson and Johnson, concerning whose principles and policy there has been much hot controversy, but whose rugged strength of character is doubted by no one. Taken at its worst, with the brutalizing influences of frontier life added to those of slavery, this type of American is seen in the Hannibal Chollop so amusingly portrayed by Dickens, in the "border ruffians" led by the ferocious Quantrell to the dreadful massacre at Lawrence, and in the desperadoes whose dark deeds used once to give the town of Memphis its unenviable prominence in the pages of the Police Gazette.

The settlement of South Carolina took place under different circumstances from those of the sister colony, and the resulting state of society was very different indeed. At the time of the Revolution the population numbered nearly 200,000, or about the same as North Carolina, but of this number nearly three-fourths were negro slaves. In the race character of its white population South Carolina differed widely from any of the other colonies we have thus far considered. The people of Virginia and of the New England colonies were as purely English as the people of England itself; in Maryland they were scarcely less so; and in North Carolina, though there was a more considerable foreign element, still the people were mainly English. But in South Carolina nearly half of the white population would seem to have been of foreign origin. A great many Huguenots came after 1685, and for some seventy-five years large numbers of Germans kept coming from the Palatinate. There were also a few Scotch Highlanders, and a good many Protestants from the north of Ireland. It is hardly correct, however, to describe the Scotch-Irish Protestants as foreigners, or to rank them among the non-English elements in the population of an American State. The so-called Scotch-Irish are the descendants of the Englishmen and Lowland Scotch who began to move over to Ulster in 1611. So far as race is concerned there is nothing Irish about them; nor in point of race can there be said to be any difference between an Englishman and a Lowland Scot, since the difference is less than the difference between a native of Cumberland or Cornwall and a native of Kent or Suffolk. The Irish settlers of South Carolina were simply men of English blood and names, whose grandfathers or great-grandfathers had crossed the Channel to Ireland. There is no better breed of men to be found anywhere in the world. The Huguenots, too, in whose veins flowed the best blood of France—admirable men of quick wit and sturdy character, whom France could ill afford to lose—formed an excellent stock for the peopling of a new state. The German settlers belonged mostly to the peasant class, and were less active and intelligent than the French and the Ulster English; but they were honest and thrifty, and made good citizens, as Germans always do. The general character of the immigration by which South Carolina was founded was, therefore, excellent.

In one respect there is a resemblance, not wholly superficial, between the settlement of South Carolina and that of Plymouth. Most of the South Carolina settlers had left Europe for reasons connected with religion; and emigrants who quit their homes for such reasons are likely to show a higher average of intelligence and energy than the great mass of their fellow-countrymen who stay at home. Calvinism was the prevailing form of theology in South Carolina, though there were some Lutherans, and perhaps one-fifth of the people may have belonged to the Church of England, which was established by the proprietary charter, and remained the state church until 1776. For the first forty years after the settlement of the colony there was a good deal of wrangling over religious matters, caused

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by the attempts of the High-Churchmen to enforce conformity on the part of the Dissenters; but early in the eighteenth century such attempts were abandoned as hopeless, and a policy of toleration prevailed. Though the Church of England was supported by public taxation, yet the clergymen were not appointed to office, but were elected by their congregations like the Dissenting clergymen. Their education was in general very good, and their character lofty; and in all respects the tone of the Church in South Carolina was far higher than in Virginia. At the outbreak of the Revolution the Episcopal clergy of South Carolina almost to a man were found on the side of the patriots, in curious contrast to the Episcopal clergy of Virginia, whose fanatical Toryism was carried so far as to ruin the reputation of their Church in that great State. But the most interesting feature connected with the establishment of the English Church was the introduction of the parish system of local self-government in very much the same form in which it existed in England. The vestries in South Carolina discharged, though less perfectly, many of the functions which in New England were performed by the town-meeting—the superintendence of the poor, the maintenance of roads, the election of representatives, and the assessment of the local taxes.

In the course of our comparative survey of the colonies we have already had frequent occasion to observe to what an extent political economy lies at the bottom of the philosophy of history. The economic circumstance which determined the whole complexion of society in South Carolina was the cultivation of rice and indigo. A good deal of cotton was also raised, but the cotton crop was far less important in the eighteenth century than it became after the invention of the gin and the development of the great factories in England. Rice and indigo absorbed the attention of the colony, as tobacco absorbed the attention of Virginia. There were no manufactures whatever. Every article, great or small, whether a mere luxury or an article of prime necessity, that had to be manufactured, was imported, and paid for with rice or indigo. This created a very prosperous trade in Charleston. The planters did not deal directly with the ship-masters, as in Virginia, but sold their crops to the merchants in Charleston, whence they were shipped, sometimes in British, but usually in New England vessels, to all parts of the world.

Now the cultivation of rice and the cultivation of indigo are both very unhealthy occupations. They are said to be deadly to white men, and even to negroes they are very exhausting. But negroes were brought to South Carolina in such great numbers that an athletic man could be had for £40. Every athletic negro could raise in a single year much more indigo or rice than would repay the cost of his purchase, so that it was actually more profitable to work him to death than to take care of him. Accordingly, the negroes were worked to death, and the relations between the slave and his master were very different from what they were in Virginia and Maryland. The negroes in South Carolina were simply heathen savages; wedlock was almost unknown among them; they were kept in brute-like ignorance, and were often treated with barbarous cruelty. Consequently, instead of becoming softened in disposition and partially civilized, like their brethren in Maryland and Virginia, these negroes were as ugly and ferocious as any tribe of savages in Africa. Like the dog that is used to being kicked, they were always ready to snarl and bite. They were a dangerous class of society, prone to commit crimes of violence, and to run away or rise in rebellion when occasion offered. In the course of the eighteenth century there were several alarming insurrections, which were suppressed with atrocious barbarity. The planters lived in perpetual terror. A sort of standing army, in the shape of a well-drilled militia 8000 strong, was kept continually on duty, and part of the business of this militia was to visit all the plantations and search the negro quarters for concealed weapons. They were also authorized to flog any stray negro they might chance to meet, without stopping to ask questions. For the murder of a master or overseer negroes were sometimes burned at the stake, or exposed in an iron cage and left to starve.

Of the general degradation wrought by such a state of things it is unnecessary to speak. But one peculiarity of life in South Carolina, in which it afforded a striking contrast to Virginia, may have been in great part the result of this chronic reign of terror. Except in the immediate neighborhood of Charleston, none of the

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planters lived on their estates. They all owned houses in Charleston, and most of them lived there all the year round, occasionally visiting their plantations, but leaving them in the mean while to be managed by overseers. This, with the brisk foreign trade, made Charleston a very important town. In 1776 it had a population of 15,000, and ranked as the fifth city of the United States. Charleston had a theatre, and concerts, balls, and dinner parties made the society there quite brilliant. There were no schools in the colony, but it was the universal custom among the rich planters to send their children to Europe for an education, and in this way they were usually well educated. The knowledge of the world thus acquired, as well as the constant and concentrated commercial intercourse with England, gave to society in South Carolina a somewhat less provincial aspect than it wore in Virginia. The contrast with North Carolina, however, was as strong as it could possibly be. South Carolina, with its imperious and fiery aristocracy, was one of the first of the colonies to take up the cause of independence, and furnished many able leaders. It was the most cosmopolitan of the southern colonies, as North Carolina was the most sequestered. And whereas North Carolina was the paradise of the "white trash," being the one colony in which they succeeded in obtaining a comfortable position in society, on the other hand, in South Carolina, owing to the peculiarities of the rice and indigo culture, and the great number of slaves, there were hardly any "poor whites" at all, and hardly any small farmers, except in the western hill country.

The rapid growth of the Carolinas was not regarded with favor by the Spaniards, who laid claim to the country as part of Florida. They kept inciting the Indians to hostilities toward the settlers, just as the French in Canada prompted the Indian raids upon New England. Independently of Spanish influence, North Carolina in 1711 became involved in a bloody war with the Tuscaroras, an outlying tribe of the great Iroquois family. After a great deal of tomahawking and scalping on the western border, the united forces of Virginia and the two Carolinas crushed the Tuscaroras, and in 1715 these savages made their way to New York, and joined the League of the Iroquois. Hardly had this danger been removed when the Yamassees and other southern tribes, prompted by Spanish intrigues, invaded South Carolina with a force that is said to have amounted to 7000 warriors. After they had slaughtered four or five hundred settlers, Governor Craven, with 1200 militia, routed them in an obstinate battle, and drove them forth from the colony; but for several years after this defeat they continued to be a source of great annoyance, and upon the frontier no man's life was safe. The great multitude of slaves, too, ever ripe for insurrection, made the neighborhood of the hostile Spaniards particularly dangerous. In 1732 this wretched state of affairs on the South Carolina frontier attracted the attention of a gallant English soldier whose name deserves a very high place among the heroes of early American history. James Oglethorpe, an officer who in youth had served with distinction under Marlborough, conceived the plan of freeing the insolvent debtors who crowded the English prisons by carrying them over to America and establishing a colony which might serve as a strong military outpost against the Spaniards. The scheme was an opportune one, as the South-sea Bubble and other wild projects had ruined hundreds of English families. The land between the Savannah River and the Spanish settlements in Florida was made over to a board of trustees, and was named Georgia, in honor of the king, George II. Oglethorpe was appointed governor; German Protestants and Highlanders from Scotland were brought over in large numbers; and a few people from New England joined in the enterprise, and founded the town of Sunbury. All laws were to be made by the trustees, and the settlers were to have no representative assembly and no voice in making the government. Military drill was to be rigidly enforced. Slave labor was absolutely prohibited, as was also the sale of intoxicating liquors; so that Maine can not rightfully claim the doubtful honor of having been the first American state to try the experiment of a "Maine Law." Such were the beginnings of Georgia, and in the Spanish war of 1739 it quite justified the foresight of its founder. The valor of the Highlanders and the admirable generalship of Oglethorpe were an efficient bulwark for the older colonies. In 1742 the Spaniards were at last decisively defeated, with terrible slaughter, in the battle of Frederica, and in the following

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year Florida was invaded, and if Oglethorpe had been properly supported he would unquestionably have wrested the country from the Spaniards entirely. But the attempt to found a despotic oligarchy in Georgia fared no better than the attempt to set up an aristocratic constitution in the Carolinas. The government of the trustees, after Oglethorpe's return to England, became simply unendurable, and in 1752 Georgia was made a crown colony, and a representative government was introduced simultaneously with negro slavery and Jamaica rum.

The social condition of Georgia before the Revolution does not present features of sufficient importance to detain our attention for more than a moment. In 1770 the population numbered about 50,000, of which one-half were slaves. The earliest English settlers were rather a thriftless set, but the character of the immigration improved as the great natural resources of the country began to be understood. It is difficult to tell what were the proportions of English and of foreign blood, but the German element was certainly considerable. There was no town life. Rice, indigo, and cotton were the principal crops, and there was a large export of lumber. Near Savannah there were a few extensive plantations, with elegant houses after the Virginia pattern; but most of the estates were small, and most of the owners were poor. The Church of England was supported by the government, but the clergy had little influence. The condition of the slaves differed but slightly, if at all, from their condition in South Carolina. But there were a good many "mean whites," and there was much crime and lawlessness. The roads were mere paths in the woods, and there were neither schools, nor mails, nor any kind of literature. Colonial Georgia, in short, was a thoroughly illiterate and barbarous frontier community, and gave no earnest of the future prosperity which was to raise it in our time to a position among the Southern States second only to Virginia. In its development it came for a long time under the powerful influence of South Carolina, and in its social system differed from the older State only in points of minor importance.

In South Carolina, indeed, we have found, originating in adaptation to local economic circumstances, a type of social structure such as in later times has been more or less closely imitated in all the other States of the far South. Nothing could be more unlike the type of social structure which existed in the New England colonies, and it was not strange that differences so deep-seated and so aggressive in the very nature of the case should by-and-by engage these opposing types of society in a life and death struggle for supremacy. It would have been passing strange had they not done so. Between Virginia and New England the antagonism of interests and prejudices need never have assumed the extreme form of warfare; between South Carolina and New England it could hardly fail to assume such an extreme form, and this by reason of the very intensity of nature and tenacity of purpose which we rightly regard as a chief source of the greatness of the people. The South Carolinians, we have seen, were in original character not unlike the New-Englanders. The touch of French admixture may perhaps have added a little vivacity, and made it a little easier for the blood to rise quickly to the boiling-point. But between the Huguenot and the Puritan there were many striking points of likeness, while in the Scottish and English Presbyterians of Ulster one sees the Puritan type of character most completely exemplified. Great uprightness of motive with iron strength of will was characteristic of the original stocks from which South Carolina was peopled, and these fine qualities have not been lacking in their descendants. But in narrow natures the defects of these good qualities are often to be seen in sourness of temper and fanatical obstinacy. Instances of this have been found in plenty among the slave-holders of South Carolina as well as among the abolitionists of New England. But notwithstanding these points of likeness in original temperament, the enormous difference between the social system of South Carolina and that of New England wrought most powerfully upon the character of the people. The varied mercantile and cosmopolitan life of the New England towns, the political democracy, the tireless industry, and the devotion to intellectual pursuits, even were it only in the shape of endless hair-splitting in theology and metaphysics—all this tended to make the minds of the people more and more flexible, and their tempers more and more inclined to courtesy and to compromise. In South Carolina, on the other hand, circumstances tended in just the opposite

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direction. With a small population of intelligent masters holding in absolutely cruel and ruthless bondage a large population of slaves, with the monotony of business pursuits, the absence of intellectual interests, the lazy sybaritism, and the fiery domineering temper, all resulting from such a wrong state of things, the people could not fail to grow less and less flexible in mind, and more and more fanatical, impatient, and impracticable in disposition. After the union of the States under the Constitution the political conduct of South Carolina was so imperious and so unreasonable that she was not uncommonly known as the "Hotspur State," or as the "vixen sister." Never willing to yield a point, or to enter into any sort of compromise for the general good of the American people, she began with threats of nullification or secession whenever any measure was proposed in Congress that seemed to conflict with her local interests; and when, by reason of the extension of South Carolinian ideas throughout the zone of territory bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, they had acquired power enough to make war inevitable, it was South Carolina herself that hastened on the day of battle. Such was the unrighteous outcome of Calvinistic rigidity of mind and obstinacy of temper when brutalized by the dreadful contact with slavery. How widely different from this was the state of mind produced by the conditions of life in Virginia may be seen by contrasting the political conduct of the smaller with that of the greater community, until, in 1861, Virginia, slowly and reluctantly and with many misgivings, felt herself obliged to follow the lead of her implacable sister. Opposed as Virginia and New England were in their prejudices and in what were supposed to be their political interests, it needed the fiery fanaticism of South Carolina to push on these antagonisms to the point of hatred and of warfare. And when all this is duly considered, the circumstances of the settlement of South Carolina, the race characteristics of the early settlers, their religious enthusiasm, and their cultivation of rice and indigo, become invested with that rare and high interest which attaches to dull historical facts as soon as they are studied in their implications. And thus we begin already to see how the history of the American people, down to the present day, is simply the inexorable logical outcome of the peculiar conditions under which this people began to occupy the different portions of the American soil.

THE SEQUEL TO AN OLD ROMANCE.

I.

THE sweet May day was drawing toward its close, and the level shadows of the twin redwoods before the door were climbing so high up the smooth gradual slope of the hill behind them that no ordinary ranch could have contained their length. But this was not an ordinary ranch, for its grant, under the great seal of Mexico, with the rubric of Arguello to attest it, gave three square leagues. Of this tract the redwoods and the little grove about the warm springs where the house stood formed the centre—a gentle valley down which tumbled the turbulent current of a saucy brook, where Lucita caught her trout, and then almost cried at the cruelty of her appetite for the pretty things. Behind were the thickets and groves filling the little cañon, the grassy hill-tops that had been cleared on each side for pasture, and, beyond, the beginning of the mountains, bearing almost untouched their splendid forests of redwood and spruce. Below stretched the rolling sunset slopes of the coast hills, sweeping down in grandly open, exquisitely green curves, miles and miles to the Pacific. In the morning that ocean lay a marvellous blue margin to the world; now, the sun smiting it before your eyes, it cut the cloudless sky with an intensely white and burnished line, as though a ruler of polished steel had been laid between earth and heaven, touched at one point by ineffable brilliance where the sunlight was focussed upon the horizon.

On the porch of the long double cabin, partly logs, partly adobe, the brows of which were drawn down in a wide-roofed veranda, as though to escape the too intense glare of the sun, a dark-haired, handsome girl rested half reclining in a hammock, her hands folded, and her eyes gazing out past the huge redwood trunks with almost rigid quiet. Yet her face was softly moulded by the play of the mind within; and whatever it was that engaged her fixed attention, surely anger or fear or dis-

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tress had no part in it. If anything serious lay at the basis of her day-dreaming, you would say it was puzzlement over some pleasant matter, important enough to be thought about at an idle time like this, perhaps, yet never worth losing an hour's sleep for.

But her reverie was fated to be disturbed, for there came sauntering around the corner of the house, in the full Mexican attire of those days when the slashed trousers, the sash, the short embroidered jacket, and the silver-braided sombrero were not strange in California, a man now becoming gray, every one of whose motions told of habitual command. Nurtured among the aristocrats of Chihuahua, bred an officer, the owner of a silver mine in Sonora, a vineyard on the San Bernardino, and the great herds of this ranch on the northern frontier, Don Miguel of many names had been little accustomed to reverse. It fell doubly hard upon him, therefore, when misfortune began to rain her darts. Disappointed where he had lost his heart in Chihuahua, he resigned his commission in disgust at the world, and went to Sonora. Almost immediately an earthquake shock, so slight as hardly to be noticed, was enough to open a crevice and flood his mine past redemption. Retreating thence to Los Angeles, he was met by news of the death of his brother, to whom had long been delegated the superintendence of the vineyards; and examination showed that between mismanagement and gambling the estate was so involved that when it had been sold and the brother's share paid to his widow (though Don Miguel need not have been so generous), nothing remained.

Thus in a few months he had been almost ruined in heart and pocket. All that was left him was to go to his frontier ranch in the coast mountains; and he did so willingly, glad both of the complete seclusion and of the opportunity for the active out-door life he loved. But all this happened a dozen years before our story. More recently the death of his sister-in-law had caused his niece to come to be the companion of his age.

Coming round the corner of the house, the Don sat down upon the edge of the porch, and began cutting long narrow pieces out of the tanned skin of a rattlesnake.

"If that boy Garcia keeps on, he will have no saddle left at all. New *manta*, new *tapaderas*, new something every other day. This is the third time I am covering his horn and cantel, where the tightened lasso chafes, with snake-skin."

The girl heard this, but made no reply, and scarcely changed her attitude. Five minutes later she spoke abruptly:

"Uncle Miguel, I know very little, it seems to me, about my people—I mean my father and mother, and their parents, and so on. I wonder why I never was told more."

The old gentleman glanced up quickly, and fidgeted uneasily in his place.

"Well—you know—your father—"

"Oh, please let us forget that."

"With all my heart. Of your mother's history I knew very little myself until lately."

"Until those lawyers came up from San Francisco last month?"

"Yes. They told me news that has just come from Europe. It is all very, very strange."

"About me and my mother's people? Oh, won't you tell me?"

"I suppose I must some day, and why not now? After all, it is nothing dreadful, only I don't see how it ever is to be straightened; and, mind you, I knew nothing of this when I brought you up here without a real to pay an offering to Our Mother of Guadaloupe."

The story was not a long one, and little of its details go toward the building of this tale; but it was of absorbing interest to the girl, who was thus let into a new realm for thought, and for glory too. If you had asked her what one point interested her most, perhaps she would have said it was the explanation of how her mother and herself both bore the name Orloffina, which certainly suggests nothing of Castile.

"There you have it—all I know," exclaimed Don Miguel, when he had finished his recital. "And they proved to me its truth. A very ridiculous old woman was your great-grandmother."

The girl expressed no opinion. Her eyes had a second time taken that far-seeing, self-forgetful look they wore before. The spear-pointed shadows of the redwoods, climbing side by side up the greensward of the smooth hill-side, touched their furthest point, stopped, and vanished, for the sun now floated on a sea of gold, almost submerged. Then she murmured, "I wish I could go to Spain."

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"You might if you would say the word," answered her uncle, carelessly, yet with significance. But while he spoke she saw a tiny touch of white down on the cliff where a small group of buildings stood, and caught the faint echo of the evening gun at El Fuerte de los Rusos. Her uncle's words were like the match to that powder. Springing to her feet, her black eyes ablaze, she answered,

"I would rather *die* than go in that way," and was off.

"*Valgame Dios!*" exclaimed Don Miguel as she disappeared. "That was unexpected; but things are mixed everywhere nowadays;" with which observation he gathered up his snake-skins and walked away down the trail running southward from his house.

A few rods only had been spanned by his firm footsteps when a grand chestnut horse broke through the copses of the creek-side before him, ridden by as dashing a Mexican *caballero* as any one would wish to see—a young man who fairly jingled with the silver ornaments upon his spurs and bridle and pistol holsters, and who was resplendent in all the gay costume of his picturesque race before Paris came so near to Yerba Buena, and the sparkling Sacramento was polluted by gold-placers. Seeing Don Miguel, the rider reined his horse upon its haunches, while he swept the ground with his sombrero—a salute to which the Don responded in grim military manner.

"Good-day, señor. I was about to pay my respects to you and to the charming señorita, your niece. She is well?"

"I suppose so—*qui en sabe?* She is at the Casa del Norte, as she calls it"—this with a half-sneering shrug. "You can ask her, Señor Manzanero, for yourself."

And with another rather ungracious salute the old soldier passed on, leaving the young man greatly perplexed. It was with less gayety, therefore, that he cantered to the door of the hacienda, threw the end of his riata to Garcia, and stepped upon the veranda, his big spurs clanking as if he were dropping halfpence at every step.

At that instant the Spanish maiden was sitting in her own room, trying to bring into presentable shape a mantilla of black lace torn by the careless Lucita. This was no easy task, tending toward a fine bit of impatience if long persisted in; and while she did it she was also vexing herself to think she should have been so inconsiderate in her last words to her uncle. Plainly he had meant that she might go to Spain if she would marry Señor Manzanero, and express her wish. The Mexican was not a bad young fellow. She had always liked him well enough; she knew he admired her, and she had even told herself she was very fond of him. "But one doesn't want one's relatives to speak in that way, and get one excited; and just because Señor Manzanero's ranch—I know it is a fine one—is next to ours, I don't see why he should come here so often, or—"

At that she heard the rattling spurs and Lucita making saucy remarks. It was an unlucky time for him, the young man would have thought, had he seen the impatient gesture with which his inamorata laid aside her sewing. Nothing of this marred her frank greeting, however; and when, an instant later, he began to roll the inevitable cigarette, she interrupted him.

"Wait; shall I not make you one?"

"I wish you would. I know no fingers so skillful as yours."

Taking from the mantel of the corner fire-place some square pieces of corn-husk, she deftly rolled two cigarettes, his eyes admiring her shapely and mobile hands. Then she opened a flint-and-tinder box, and struck a spark into the punk-wood.

"Will you not light mine for me?" he asked.

"Here is fire," she answered, composedly, offering him one of the cigarettes and the tinder.

He took them, but with a little shrug, saying, "You did not use to be so ceremonious."

"Did I not? Well, Lucita has been telling me of late I ought to be more polite."

"I did not see you at my sheep-shearing yesterday. I was greatly disappointed, and I think you would have enjoyed yourself—there were so many friends there, you know," he added, half-apologetically.

"Oh, I have no doubt I should," she said, heartily. "I had intended to go, but had a headache. You are noticing the cigarette—do you like it?"

"It is very fragrant, but has a strange taste. What is the tobacco?"

"It is half Turkish."

"Turkish! Where did Don Miguel get hold of *that*, pray tell?"

"The surgeon was up from the Russian

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fort, and gave it to us," she said, wondering at the sudden embarrassment she felt in the simple announcement. Her visitor's eyebrows lowered almost in spite of himself, but his only remark was:

"Ah, well, you would have got no Turkish tobacco at my sheep-shearing;" and then he tossed the half-consumed cigarette away.

Ignoring this little act, though she saw it plainly enough, Orloffina suggested that, now the sun was down, they might go out-of-doors; and so they sauntered forth, Lucita dancing along with her spaniel as though her brown little limbs had not been in tireless motion since sunrise.

They strolled slowly, and talked on indifferent subjects, much farther from the personal than ordinary acquaintances are likely to discuss; yet these two had been friends for half a dozen years. They rolled incessant cigarettes to keep their lips and fingers busy, but he did not ask her again for a light, nor did she renew her offer of Turkish tobacco.

Finally they were about to turn back, but Lucita and her dog had disappeared. Stopping to wait for her just at the foot of a low ridge, Orloffina said:

"If you look straight down past that blueblossom, you can just see a high rock beyond the point of land. That shows we are precisely a mile from the hacienda. So uncle says; but why should he have measured it from just here, do you think?"

Señor Manzanero did not follow her gaze along the narrowing slopes of flower-spattered valley, nor answer the question, but instead addressed her in a serious tone:

"Señorita, how have I offended you? You were never like this before."

"Offended me!" she exclaimed. "Why, not at all. I do not know that I am—certainly I do not mean to be peculiar or unfriendly. Why should I?"

"Then we are friends? Let us shake hands. I feared I had done something to lose your esteem."

"Oh no; I know nobody who is more kind to me than you;" and she stretched out her hand with almost too eager frankness.

Now just at that juncture there came rushing over the ridge-top three excited figures: a ragged, tough broncho horse, a gentleman elaborately clothed in a suit of well-fringed buckskin, set off by a cap trimmed jauntily with sea-otter fur, and a wild little girl, whom the gentleman held before him on the saddle, all aquiver with the fun of her adventure. Seeing the two, they stopped short, and Orloffina, blushing as she released her hand from the young ranchero's lingering grasp, came forward with a stammered greeting, and commands to Lucita to descend; but the horseman pleaded her case:

"Oh no, let her stay, and I will carry her up to the hacienda."

"If you are willing to be annoyed, it will not matter to me, I suppose," the lady replied. "But you do not know one another?" she asked, seeing that the gentlemen did not bow. "Señor Manzanero—Dr. Alexis Baranof, newly surgeon at El Fuerte de los Rusos. Shall we move homeward?"

"Before we start might I ask you for a cigarette?" said the surgeon. "Between my nervous pony and this small witch, my hands are too well occupied, you see."

"If you will consent to smoke your own tobacco," she answered, with a sunny smile, neatly twisting the ends of the crisp corn-husk wrapper.

"Now you must furnish the light also," he said; and before she thought what the act implied to the Spaniard beside her she had touched the coal of her own to the new cigarette, had drawn through her ripe lips a single ring of dainty smoke, and was handing the glowing toy gracefully up to the bowing Russian. Then she became aware that the swarthy face on her right hand was frowning angrily; and Dr. Baranof found himself carrying the burden of conversation all the way back to the hacienda, where the ranchero called for his horse, muttered a cold *Adios*, and rode furiously away, in view of which the Russian thought best to decline, with careful courtesy, Orloffina's polite invitation to dismount.

The Spaniard cursed the Russian for an insatiable foreigner, who had no business there at all, and least of all any right to pay dandy attentions to one of the simple-hearted *hijas del pais*. "He'll just turn her head, and leave her sore-hearted," he told himself, bitterly.

The thoughts of the other man were not so savage, and his horse speedily fell into an unheeded walk, while his mind was busy with something like this:

"Surely she is different from most Mexican girls, nor is she like any Spanish lady of all I knew at Madrid, or Granada, or Burgos, or Barcelona," going over the list

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slowly, as though to be quite sure of his facts. Then, in the quicker tones of firm conviction: "Nor to be compared to any woman I ever knew anywhere. But I suppose she is engaged to marry that handsome Manzanero, and I fear I broke in at an awkward moment. It must be so, for he scowled frightfully when she gave me that cigarette: foolish of him to be jealous of so simple a courtesy! But I fancy it's all settled there, and I mustn't poach on another man's preserves. Besides, I've got to be about that paper on polyps that Sars wants for the Swedish Academy if it is to go by the next ship."

As for the maiden who stood at the apex of this pyramid of admiration and anxiety, she turned to enter the house with the half-spoken words:

"I wonder if he will ever come again?"

"Who?" asked Lucita, laboriously sticking stiff straws through the unhappy Garcia's best horse-hair riata.

Who? Orloffina did not know she had had a listener; and, now the question was asked, could say nothing better than "I don't know, 'Cita *carita*."

"That's funny," laughed the little one, running away.

It was not usual for this young lady to lose any sleep, when the cool trade-wind, blowing softly into her window, soothed to sweetest slumber; but to-night she lay wide awake till long after the cock-crow of midnight, trying to answer 'Cita's query—an answer she would not acknowledge when it came, because she feared manifold troubles.

Practically, however, her question settled itself, since both men came, though each had promised himself—one in anger, the other in self-denial of what then had not seemed very precious—that he would stay away; and an impartial observer would probably have detected no serious preference shown to either by their frank and charming hostess.

II.

So the May flowers ripened June seeds, and the hills grew sere under steady midsummer heat. Life went on very peacefully at the Casa del Norte, until one afternoon at tea, when Manzanero happened to be present, Don Miguel remarked to his niece:

"I have a long message from Governor Vallejo. He invites me to come to San Francisco on the first of September."

"The first of September!" exclaimed Orloffina. "Why, that is next week!"

"Yes, Monday. There is to be a consultation over the continual encroachments of citizens of the United States upon our territory. They are becoming very numerous over on the Sacramento and about San Rafael, and an impudent, pushing, quarrelsome people they are, utterly foreign to all our habits. This matter is exciting the Governor's alarm, and he has asked gentlemen from different parts of the province to discuss the subject with him. He wants me to bring with me some one who is well acquainted with this northern frontier, and I think I will ask you, Señor Manzanero, to go."

"It is very good of you, sir, to think of me, and I fear you do me too much honor," his neighbor responded, with a pleased look that as much as said he would be highly gratified to go to San Francisco on such an errand.

"Then there is that plague of the Russians!" the Don calmly proceeded, not noticing the little start his pretty *vis-à-vis* gave. "Those people down at the fort on the point and at Bodega never ought to have been allowed to land, or at any rate to fortify their places and increase their force in the way they have done."

"That is true," exclaimed the guest, with much heartiness. "It was a great mistake Governor Arguello made when he gave this concession to that wily old Alaskan chief, Baranof, in 1811. By-the-way, I wonder if this doctor at the fort is a kinsman of his?"

"His son," interposed Orloffina. "But he has spent nearly all his life in college at Moscow, or else studying in Europe. He came to America because he wanted to study the zoology of this new coast."

"How did you learn all this?" asked the Don, somewhat surprised.

"Oh," replied the girl, laughing shyly, "he has told me many things about himself."

"Humph! I should say so," her uncle growled. Then, passing his cup for coffee, he added, as though he had just uttered something he did not quite feel:

"Well, he is a fine fellow, and so far as he personally is concerned, I shall be sorry when the time comes for him to go away."

"Go away!" cried Orloffina, startled out of her poise, and then bending over her plate in a quick effort to hide her impulsive confusion.

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"Of course they must go some time, and surely it can't be far in the future—but in the name of Our Lady what possesses you to put *chili colorado* in my coffee? I prefer cream, if you please."

"Oh, pardon me, uncle dear, I never thought. I— But what was it you were saying?"

"That surely it can't be long before the Czar will at last listen to the representations of his Majesty, and order all Russian subjects out of California, where, as I said, they have been an insult to us and our flag too long. Still, I dare say that this will be so far ahead that I need not trouble myself about losing what happens to be the pleasant society of one of them."

"I could forego *that* easily enough," Manzanero exclaimed, hotly, adding quickly, "for the general good," as he noticed the glance of surprise the good-natured Don gave him at his savage tone. "Perhaps we might be able to bring it about earlier than we think if we exerted ourselves in San Francisco."

"I should dislike to exert myself personally in such a matter," the Don replied, "for I have received some very pleasant attentions and have had many business affairs with officers at the post. No, much as I think Alta California ought to be rid of the Russians, I am not going to urge it myself. It would be dishonorable for me to do so."

The lip of his guest curled in an almost irrepressible gesture of disdain, though he was too polite to express audible contempt of what seemed to him absurd conscientiousness.

The girl noticed this, and it did not elevate the young man in her sight. A moment later they all rose from the table, and the Don invited his guest to accompany him on an errand into a neighboring valley. So the young ranchman mounted his horse, and the ex-officer of cavalry called for his steady old mule—no high-stepping charger or nervous mustang for him any more!—and they rode away. Orloffina stood on the porch, and watched them down the hill until her last glimpse was only a glint of light reflected from the silver braid on a wide sombrero. Then, not minding the glare of the declining sun upon her warm brown cheeks, she gently swung back and forth in the hammock where we first found her, building who knows what dream-structures in the delicate tracery of her cigarette wreaths.

"So they must go away," she mused—"must leave all their hard-worked fields, and their pleasant homes, and this warm, genial land. I suppose they will go back to Alaska. Why should men be so eager for riches, and selfish in crushing poorer men down? What harm could a few Russians do here? We have a million times more land than we know what to do with. Does the crown miss these few acres they plough? It seems to me a small thing for the Czar and the King to make those poor people so much trouble."

Surely this young lady was championing the cause of the Russian colonists—who certainly had no shadow of right to be on Spanish soil—in a way that was strange in a Mexican. What if the former soldier and present councillor of the crown had heard her? But he was far out of hearing, jogging peacefully along behind the wagging ears of his serious-minded mule. Lucita, too, was out of the way for once, off in the field with Garcia, watching the breaking of a colt. So the girl's reverie went on, becoming more and more centralized and solid, in the same way as the twilight was slowly condensing into dusk and the dusk into opaque darkness.

"And he will go too," she was saying over and over to herself. "He will go too, but I wonder where? To Sitka and those marvellous glaciers he has told me of? How splendid he made them seem! But I suppose they are only cold ice after all. No, I don't think he would go there. I think he will sail home to Russia, or perhaps to Paris, or Madrid. What pleasure he will have! If only I could see those cities once!—and I might, I suppose, as uncle says, only I wouldn't care to then. I hope Señor Manzanero will never ask me, or at least not until they have gone. Until? Uncle seems to think there is no danger of their early departure. He even said he probably should not live to see it. Even if the rest were to go, it is not necessary, perhaps, that *he* should. He is not bound to the fur company. His studies are not half finished yet. Why shouldn't he stop and complete them? or stay forever? Oh, if only he should! Yet I shouldn't like that, unless—"

A rude shock broke off her dream, and nearly tumbled her to the ground, for the impish Lucita had crept up and jerked the hammock rope without a breath of warning. In an instant the older girl

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was in full chase of the mischief-maker, but 'Cita was too swift and active, and Orloffina soon gave up, and came back to find the subject of her meditations sitting on the porch awaiting her return, for he had caught a glimpse of the escapade.

"I am glad to see you, Dr. Baranof," she said to him, heartily; and as her gay conversation rattled on with airy humor, he began to think he had never seen her in brighter spirits, or enjoyed her companionship more. Presently she explained her uncle's absence, and told of his projected journey to San Francisco. Laughing at the vigor of the choleric Don's sentiments against the Gringos, the equal castigation dealt out to the Russians she intended to keep to herself, but nearly betrayed it by a chance expression, then caught herself up, saying, hastily: "Oh, that hint slipped off my tongue before I thought, and I won't go on. It might be unpleasant for you to hear. No, I shall not tell you. How is that poor Kodiak getting on who was wounded by the bear?"

Thus they passed to the safe ground of mountain adventures, and before long Don Miguel returned. A few moments later Dr. Baranof took his leave, Orloffina walking down the slope with him to his horse. As he was about to mount, the surgeon turned to the girl, whose hand was caressing the pony's mane, and said to her:

"If your news about us should prove as bad as you fear, would you feel sorry, or, like your good patriot of an uncle, rather rejoice?"

"That would depend on the effect it had," she answered, and bid him good-night.

The words were an enigma to him, and no wonder; for he did not know what a foolish future she had been dreaming in the twilight until she had almost deluded herself into belief in it.

The Friday and Saturday remaining were busily occupied in preparations for the Don's departure, while Sunday was devoted chiefly to letter-writing and memoranda of commissions at the shops, for the start was to be made early on Monday morning.

"Is not Señor Manzanero coming to say good-by, uncle? We have not seen him for a week or more."

"Yes, he will be here to take tea this evening"—it was Sunday; "so have an extra plate set. And, my dear, he has my permission to say something to you which he is very anxious to say before this unexpected and perhaps long absence, to which I hope you will listen attentively."

"Oh, uncle," cried the girl, in genuine distress, "I don't want to hear it. Why did you let him speak to me?"

"I fancy I could not have prevented it," was the dry retort. Then, gravely: "My dear child, I am getting old, and it will not be long before I shall pass away. I am concerned about your future. My property is not large, and you could hardly do anything but go back to Chihuahua, and be partly dependent on your cousins there, if I were no longer here to manage the ranch."

This was talking very seriously indeed!

"Young Manzanero is a good man, and I think you could trust him. He is likely to become wealthy, for his ranch is better than mine, and he is not too old and sluggish to adopt improved methods of working. Moreover, he is very likely to become prominent politically, and altogether is such a one as I could approve of for your husband. But"—and this was added with a warm and fatherly voice—"but you must just suit yourself, my daughter. I have said these things not to influence you, but only to let you know that I think Señor Manzanero worthy."

"Would it please you, uncle? Do you want me to marry him—that is, of course" (with a wan little smile), "if he asks me to?"

"Upon that I have nothing to say. You must please yourself alone. I have nothing to say."

The tea table that evening lacked the comfortable, jolly entertainment it was wont to know when these three friends met there. The young hostess had her mind full of her uncle's words, which, if they had had no other effect, would have tended to increase her anxiety for his welfare throughout the coming journey. But in addition to this, they had warned her of the sudden presence of a crisis for which she was none the better prepared because she had vaguely felt long ago that it was approaching. This knowledge embarrassed her, and kept her *distrait*. As for her lover, he, recognizing her altered mood, was puzzled by it, and felt little disposition to be merry until the engrossing question of his happiness should be decided. Don Miguel was never very jovial, while enjoying it in others; and to-night, between

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his business, political cares, and his interest in the affairs of the young people, he hardly spoke.

After the light meal they left the table and went out upon the veranda, when the Don, making some excuse, walked quickly away, paying no heed to the half-involuntary gesture of protest his niece made; thus the suitor had a chance to make his plea.

He watched for a moment the retreating form of the elder man, then suddenly turning to where Orloffina sat, and seizing her hand in both of his, he began his passionate appeal to her heart. But between his movement toward her and his first words, surprisingly rapid as they had been, there was time for her ear to catch the muffled boom of a cannon, echoing along the coast, rolling up the wooded hills, retiring over the sea—the sunset gun at the stockade. Perhaps the impassioned lover also heard it, but certainly he never dreamed what it had meant to the girl he was striving with such eloquent earnestness to win. How could he know that till then her love had been like a lasso, strong and well aimed, but as yet only an unfixed coil in the air? The report of the gun at that ominous instant had decided the cast of this lasso. Her heart fixed itself, and held taut, without mistake; but this young Spaniard was not in its firm noose.

III.

The Don, facing the bluffs in the golden glow of the vesper light, was roused from his silence by the approach of Dr. Baranof, who, after a few civil words, was about to pass on to the house, when the Spaniard laid his hand upon his arm, with the remark:

"Pardon me, doctor, but I have just come away because a gentleman of our acquaintance had a few words to say to my niece that—well, that I did not care to hear. Now perhaps you will not care to go up just yet, eh?"

"In that case, of course not," replied the Russian, through his teeth.

"I do not like to hear you speak so bitterly," Don Miguel rejoined, in reproof.

"I meant no disrespect, sir; but when a man sees his whole life-hope about to vanish, and is powerless to raise a hand to prevent it, how can he help bitterness?"

"Perhaps it is not so bad as that. You spoke ungenerously just now, for you may be quite sure that if this lady says 'yes' to Señor Manzanero, you never would have had a chance. I assure you there has been nothing to prevent a fair race for the prize which none of you young men seem to remember I would like nothing better than to keep as the light of my own widowed home. But enough of this. Are you going back? Do not hurry. If you please I will walk a little way with you, and possibly you will tell me something of your travels, and how you happened to come out to this wild corner of the world."

"Oh, that is easily told," said the doctor, throwing off his moodiness. "Our family at home was a very good one, and has always been wealthy; or, rather, has been prospectively rich, upon which expectations my grandfather, and to some extent my father, traded with the Jews, so that we lived like nobles far beyond us in actual property. You see, my great-grandfather, in my mother's family, owned estates on the Austrian frontier, where silver mines were discovered, giving him a very large income. These estates were entirely separate from his hereditary and entailed property, which had decreased to a comparatively small value. Now this old count—my great-grandfather—in one of his winter trips to the south of Europe, formed a fervent attachment to a lady whom he met there—a country-woman of yours, by-the-way. Well, they had a romantic experience, but finally she threw him over, and married one of her own nation. That ought to have ended the matter, especially when he himself married in Moscow; but what does the count do, when he died, a few months later, but bequeath all his silver mines to this foreign lady! His wife contested it, and her descendants have done so ever since, with constant hope of success (I have no doubt the count was crazy); but it finally proved a failure, the highest courts deciding a few years ago that the mines were irretrievable. Meanwhile our own property had been almost exhausted. So my father secured the post of Governor of Alaska, and I chose to come with him, partly for the money I might make, and partly to carry on my studies. But I am getting tired of it."

During all this recital (they had not walked away, after all) Don Miguel had listened with an interest that had grown intense as it proceeded. Now he broke the silence in a voice that with difficulty was restrained from trembling.

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"What was the name of your ancestor, the count?"

"His name—did I not mention it? It was Ivan, Count Orloff."

"Santa Maria!"

The old Spaniard fairly jumped in his astonishment. But his companion did not notice it; he was watching the figure of a man who came alone and slowly from the shadow of the porch of the distant Casa del Norte—a man who hung his head and stepped as if he bore a grievous weight; who mounted his horse with a weary gesture, and let him walk as tamely down the hill as though no such things ever existed as silvered spurs and jingling harness and gay tassels made to float back in the breeze from a rider's rushing flight.

"Ah, poor fellow!" sighed the veteran. "I fear he thinks the world has come to an end." Then, offering his hand, he added, with new cordiality: "*Adios*, my friend. I go away in the morning. Will you not come over to the ranch sometimes during my absence? I fear la señorita will find the days very dull."

"With your permission, certainly," replied the Russian, eagerly, from whose eyes the cynical and discouraged shadow had disappeared. "Nothing would please me better. Now good-night, and my highest compliments to your niece."

So they separated, both leaving their heavy hearts out there on the Pacific headlands, where perchance Manzanero would tell you he had got one, had he not just proved that hearts are not contagious.

IV.

I have little to do with the general political and social experiences in San Francisco of our two friends—I can not say heroes, for this tale appears to have no character of such dignity, at least thus far. Manzanero was introduced so gallantly by the Don, who found himself a more important person than he ever had expected to become, that from the first he took a high place in the metropolis, holding it by his own shrewdness and tact—qualities in which he excelled, outside of his love affairs. At the end of the council the Governor gave a farewell dinner to his provincial visitors, at which the conversation turned, mainly through the manœuvres of the young Spaniard from the North, upon the subject of the Russian stock raisers and fur traders, in whom we have already become interested. Fierce words were uttered, the red wine of France and the amber juice of the grapes of San Gabriel joining forces to fire the passions of men naturally hot-headed; and though at first Don Miguel attempted a good-natured championship of his neighbors, he was quickly put to silence.

The Governor had not cared to bestir himself very much in this matter hitherto, remembering certain furs, once worn by innocent sea-otters, that had been yielded to the Doña, his Excellency's wife, with the compliments of the commander of the Sclavs, and also in the chivalry of his fine heart feeling no urgency to do an ungracious or inhospitable act toward anybody. But now, as plainly as he saw before him the Bordeaux purpling gloriously in the slender-stemmed goblet of Venice, appeared the mistake his clemency had been. And as the condemnation and threats of his cavaliers waxed warmer, alcohol more and more feeding militant fires behind black eyes, their chief resolved upon vengeance for the insult that had been put upon the dignity of the province.

Now all this passion and patriotism and resolution to be quit of the foreigners at any expense was well enough after such a dinner—one so full of pepper and spice and hot wine, I mean—since it would be well forgotten next morning, and no harm come. But the Governor, in his new zeal and desire to please the men who were both his guests and his supporters, let out a secret he ought to have kept to himself, and he let it slip from his grape-hued lips into the ear of the very worst man in that whole circle to be the recipient of this particular confidence—the Señor Gonzales Manzanero.

"His Majesty—long live he!" spoke the Governor, in a whisper just the least bit thick—"some time ago received from the Czar an order for the legal expulsion of the rascally Russians from Spanish domains in America, whenever the King saw fit. His Majesty, knowing little of the case, simply turned the papers over to the Viceroy on this side the ocean, with full power to act. Well, now, you know the city of Mexico is really not much nearer your Sonoma coast than the city of Madrid. So when I was in the Mexican capital [illegible] year the Viceroy said to me"—[illegible] the affable manner of the old Darling—was finely mimicked—'Governor, now that you

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are those papers from the Czar. His Majesty seems to expect me to do something, but I hate to oust the poor devils, who do not seem to be causing any great harm, and who are very generous with their sable mufflers. Really you, as ruler of Alta California, ought to know more about the case than anybody else, and when you consider that the public welfare demands it, send me word, and off they go. Meanwhile I'll just lock up these orders, and we'll say nothing to anybody about them.'"

"As I understand it, then," said his listener, with an eager gleam in his eye, which the Governor would have mistrusted had he been wholly sober—"as I understand it, you have simply to say the time has come, and the Russians must leave our soil. I had no hope we were so near the end!"

His tone betrayed cruel exultation at this unexpected success in scheming to rid himself of his rival by sacrificing the whole innocent colony, and then the Governor did take a little alarm, realizing, perhaps, that he had been unwise in disclosing so important a secret of state.

"Yes, that is the situation; but do you think the time has come yet?"

"You have heard what these gentlemen, your councillors, have been saying."

"But do you not think they may be—be—less calm than ordinary?"

"Surely," smiled Manzanero, suave and crafty, "surely your Excellency has not for a moment been carried away by excitement, and yet, if I heard aright, you heartily indorsed all that was uttered. I judge that it is far removed from your character to vacillate."

"Yes," boasted the great man, puffing out his broad chest; "when I say a thing, I do it."

"Of course; and you will gratify me in this matter."

This was an unlucky phrase, and brought on a question Manzanero would have liked to have avoided, but for which he had prepared himself, deciding to play high risks. He was not startled, therefore, when the Governor asked:

"Pardon me, but how happens it, Señor Manzanero, that you take so especial an interest in this affair?"

prev- Personally I have little care. To be

"Per- colonists interfere sadly with my spoke unge- sheep ranges, yet that is of be quite sure of it"—with a magnanimous wave of the hand; "but my neighbors and the citizens of all the northern border are demanding it. They waste our resources."

Then, in a daring story, he told the Governor, who was drinking again, how the ranchmen of his region had commissioned him to intercede in respect to this very question; even hinted strongly at a discontent among the people there likely to produce great trouble in the near future for the government unless the removal of the Muscovites was enforced. Lastly, he flattered his superior with the notion that thus he might make his administration memorable. All of this was untrue, but it was well told, and intimidation and flattery together accomplished their end. Over a last unsteady glass the Governor pledged his word that the Russians should go, and at once.

Then Manzanero bade the company good-night, and went to his hotel—not to sleep, but to think over his revenge, and to study how he should win back the love of Orloffina when his competitor should be out of the way.

Next morning the Governor tried to withdraw, but Manzanero convinced him that it was now too late, the news of his intention having already gone northward. Furthermore, it had been learned that a Russian frigate convoying two merchantmen bound from the Black Sea to Petropavlovsky were expected to touch at San Francisco about the end of October. "Upon these ships," said the plotter, "the aliens can be sent northward where they belong;" and the Governor was obliged to agree to it, under protests from his conscience and good-will.

Then the two travellers started homeward, the young man begging to be allowed to resume the friendly footing he used to hold in the elder's household, and promising to annoy the señorita with no more love-making.

V.

Don Miguel had been absent something over a fortnight, and during that time scarcely a day had passed when Dr. Baranof had not himself appeared at the Casa del Norte, or sent inquiries after the young lady whom day by day he found more debonair and more precious to him. The Don himself, on the first evening after his return, welcomed him when he called, and urged him to continue his visits,

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which, the old gentleman asserted, helped him to renew his youth. Orloffina was very glad to hear her neighbor's message, and to resume the old friendship, but Manzanero was careful to time his visits so as not to encounter the surgeon, who usually appeared every other day about sunset. Once they met on the veranda, and their gentle-minded mistress was frightened at the malignity in the Spaniard's face.

So the golden, hazy, quiet days of the month of falling leaves drifted by till the very last one alone remained to the calendar. Manzanero was absent upon what he had announced as a hunting expedition to occupy a week. Don Miguel had gone on a two days' trip across the range, inspecting cattle, so that our heroine was again left alone at the ranch on this last lovely day of October.

Breakfast had just been set aside, when there came to the ears of the people at the hacienda the sound of heavy guns fired down at the shore—half a dozen in quick succession. Taking her uncle's telescope, and hastening to the crest of the hill behind the house, followed by the frightened Lucita and the whole domestic contingent, Orloffina could discern the topmasts of three large vessels just coming to anchor in the roadstead. Telling old Isabel, Garcia, and the rest of the servants what she saw, they shuffled back to their duties, whither Lucita soon followed, leaving Orloffina alone. She watched the furling of the sails, saw a boat put off, and heard a little later the measured reports of the carronades at the fort, which she judged to be signals for calling the widely scattered farmers and shepherds together. She thought now and then she could catch the jangle of the rude chimes in the tower of the chapel, but this must have been the delusive play of imagination. She recalled the things her uncle had said against the Russians at the fort, and had a sickening suspicion that these ships had come thus unexpectedly to take them away. The sun climbed high above the spruce-crest of the hills behind her, and sailed steadily through the unruffled sea of blue that canopied the whole silent and drowsy earth, but the girl still sat there, though now her telescope showed her nothing except the group of buildings at the stockade, and motionless ships in the bay. No, something else is to be seen now. Was not that a horseman coming up the trail? Now he is out of sight in a hollow, then he re-appears, evidently riding in great haste. Now the lofty redwoods are in the way, and she can not see him unless she moves. "But why should I care," she murmurs; "are a horse and man so extraordinary?" By-and-by he emerges from behind the redwoods, and is suddenly so near that her heart gives a great bound. "It *is* he!" she declares proudly to herself. But what of it—of course he would come to say good-by. It is his politeness. She sees this rider stop an instant and speak to Garcia, then bend his head under the branches of the great dark trees, and come galloping toward her.

"Good-morning, Dr. Baranof," she says, steadying her voice. "What is the meaning of the ships and the firing?"

"I think you can guess," he answers, soberly. "They are sent by the Czar to remove my countrymen from your soil, where, truly, they are trespassers."

"And do you *all* go away, and soon?"

"Soon! The man unyokes his oxen, and leaves them where the plough is dropped. The woman breaks the thread, and ceases her spinning or her knitting without another stitch. Couriers are out summoning shepherds and herdsmen to forsake their flocks, and the wood-choppers to leave the half-cut tree unfelled and the wedges in the log. Even the experiments of a poor naturalist must stop, and his aquarium be returned to the ocean, for before sunset the colony will begin its sad journey to the north."

"This—very—night! And must *everybody* go?"

"Yes, every one—unless, indeed, he is prepared to abandon his religion, to break his bond with the Alaskan merchants, to forswear allegiance to Russia, and become a Spanish subject; for on no other terms will the government allow us to remain."

"That is asking too much—too much," she says, in a low voice, whose tone of hopeless decision somehow gives him hope.

"No, it is not too much, if you will let me love you, señorita, and stay always with you. I have little to offer you but my whole heart and soul, which can think of no happiness so great as to know you welcome the gift, and energy to work for you with head and hands that can not tire. In this new region, where there are such possibilities, what could I not accomplish, inspired by your love? Darling—for I may call you so once, now that you

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know how day after day I have longed for you, wondering if the time would ever come when I might tell you of it—darling, shall I go, or will you let me stay with you?"

He stood far from her, deferentially, as a man would stand in the presence of an angel who held his fate in his gift. The girl, never more beautiful than now, remained motionless beside him with downcast face and folded hands. Presently she raised her eyes, and gazed steadily into his—no coquetry, no confession, no denial, only earnest truth-seeking.

"Alexis," she said, "can you really do all this for me? Do you think you would never regret it—never grow weary of our simple life and of me? I am not an accomplished lady of the world such as you have known abroad. I am nothing but a provincial Mexican girl—no, don't gainsay it; it is true! But it would kill a woman, at least any Castilian woman, I think, to know some day that her husband felt that the untutored girl whose youthful prettiness had captivated him when he was away in the woods, was a disgrace to him after he had taken her to cities."

"But—"

"No, you mustn't hide this from yourself. You must remember—it is not yet too late—that you are asking to be your wife a woman who is far beneath you in knowledge, in cultivation, in everything except—except—"

"Except the love she can return!" he cried, clasping her in a close embrace she did not resist. "Is it not so?" and she whispered out of the circle of his arms: "Oh, my love, I could not have lived if you had gone away!"

VI.

Nevertheless, their kisses were brief, for Dr. Baranof must hasten back to the fort and fight out his battle with his countrymen, who he knew would think him mad.

It was well for him they were so busy and excited that they could give little attention even to scolding or entreaty; and so he was left to pass around among the women, advising them as to the treatment of their children on the tedious voyage, and during the coming winter that was to be so different from the past, for the roses bloomed in the gardens at the fort all the year round.

Suddenly Manzanero appeared in the crowd, roughly pushing the people aside as he strode along, a gun in his hand and a hunting-knife in his belt, though his clothes were not soiled by any evidences of deer-chasing. Dr. Baranof greeted him with a civil word, and was answered by an insolent stare and a coarse exclamation, to which he paid no attention, turning to bid good-by to a little girl, when the child was almost knocked down by the rudeness of the Spaniard in passing her. This angered the surgeon. "Take care where you are going!" he cried out; when Manzanero instantly turned upon him, his face livid with rage, and his hand clutching the horn hilt of his knife:

"*You*, a cursed interloper, tell me, a native Californian, to take care! Tell *me!* Why, it is *I* who am kicking you out of the country! Thank Heaven I don't kill everybody here, as I shall you if you speak another word!"

A little knot of terror-stricken women surrounded the two men, Manzanero swearing and gesticulating, the surgeon facing him, self-controlled, watchful, replying nothing to the vituperation, while the little girl clung to the skirt of his coat. Then the child let go, and stepped back, satisfied, for she saw coming Peter the Giant, half friend, wholly slave of Dr. Baranof, who had saved his life at the accident in the redwood forest—saw Peter the Giant seize the scurrilous Spaniard, bear him swiftly to the side of the plaza, and toss him over the fence into the cow-yard as if he had been a log of pine.

An hour later all the people came together in the plaza for their last service, and bare-headed held a religious leave-taking from their sunny homes. Immediately afterward they began to go on board the ships by the help of large boats, until only the officers were left ashore. These lowered the Russian flag, slowly, with uncovered heads, amid the tolling of the church bells and the thunder of saluting cannon. Then they too embarked, powerless to persuade the surgeon, who waited upon the brilliant rocks of the headland until the last man was aboard, and the clanking of the capstan told that the anchor was being lifted.

Though eager to get back to his waiting love, the solitary exile was thus lingering for a last look through misty eyes at his countrymen, when he was startled by the snapping of a stick behind him. Involuntarily glancing around, he was only

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in time to receive face to face the stunning rush of the frenzied Spaniard, who sprang at him, with knife uplifted, to hurl him off the headland. So sudden and unlooked-for and utterly savage was this onslaught that had not the breaking twigs given warning, the absorbed and defenseless man must certainly have gone down lifeless to the jagged rocks and fretting surf hundreds of feet beneath. But he had been given a chance to face the attack, and to parry the knife thrust. This done, both men fell to the ground on the grassy margin of the cliff. Manzanero was far heavier and stronger than Dr. Baranof, but the latter was by no means feeble, and he was active.

Foiled in his effort to surprise, the Spaniard was insane with anger, and fighting wildly for revenge and hate. "Did I send them," he yelled, "to have *you* stay behind and rob me of my wife?" Baranof perceived this frenzy, and, not minding blows, struggled to guard against the knife, and if possible capture it. Keeping cool, he soon knocked the weapon out of the other's hand, and gathered hope as he heard it fall tinkling down, down, down the rough face of the precipice. "You shall go after it," was shrieked into his ear, and he felt himself lifted clear from the ground; but here his student training in wrestling came in, and by a trick he balked his enemy's superior strength. Then it was a rolling, clinching, arm-gripping, knee-straining contest, edging nearer and nearer by small ugly advances to the nodding scarlet blossoms that marked the rim of that bloody chasm. Bruised, breathless, aching with the tremendous strain to oppose his light lithe-ness to the weight and muscle of his foe, the Russian realized that it would be only two or three minutes longer before exhaustion weakened his resistance, and his bitter fate would come—how bitter, when he could hear even yet the clanking of the ships' capstans and the rattling of the blocks! His shoulders now are crushing the outermost, overhanging blossoms, and he can make only one more feeble struggle before the horror of his irrecoverable fall, when a shadow comes above him, and he feels his foe jar under a blow, and then sink limp and nerveless by his side. So near are they to the verge, that had he not grasped the arm of the stricken man, he would have rolled over the cliff. "Let him go," shouts Peter the Giant, stooping to lift up the head of his half-fainting master, and muttering curses at the insensible Spaniard.

"It's a godsend, sir, that I felt I couldn't leave you, and so swam ashore."

"It is, Peter, and I thank you as I thank God."

"Never mind, sir; you know I owed you one."

Peter the Giant attended to the man whom his sledge-hammer fist had prostrated, and gave him some stern advice when he recovered—advice which Manzanero followed by fleeing to Mexico, going into the army, and getting killed at Buena Vista.

VII.

All this time the maiden at the Casa del Norte had sat on the hill-side where the redwood shadows were creeping nearer and nearer, as though making modest advances to comfort her—sat there in an agony of fear, not so much that her lover might at the last minute yield to the importunities of his comrades and desert her, as in distrust of her doing right in asking him to stay. So long as he did not expatriate himself, she told her heart a glorious career must surely open to his splendid talents. But might it not yet? for had she not a secret to tell him—a reward for his sacrifice? She heard the guns of the saluting, and through her telescope counted the boats passing back and forth between the ships and the shore, until the very last one had gone. Realizing this, she fled to the house, and casting herself upon a sofa in the darkened front room, buried her face in the wolf-skins that covered it, and burst into a passion of tears. Then she felt a hand upon her shoulder, and a voice speaking so tenderly—

"Sweetheart!"

With what a glad cry she sprang up, and how tightly she wound her warm arms around his neck, as though even yet he might be lost! Then how tenderly she bathed his cuts and bruises, sweetly sympathizing, for he could only explain his appearance by telling her somewhat of the truth, though he forbore to tell her, at least yet, the name of the man who had sought to become his murderer.

That evening she swung in her hammock on the porch as was her habit, while the doctor sat near her, where he could look up into her face and they could talk easily. She had made him repeat again

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the story of old Count Orloff and his romantic bequeathment of the silver mines to the Spanish lady.

"Are you sure you have told me every word?" she insisted.

"I think so—everything essential. But why do you take such an interest in the legend?"

"Because I too have a story about an ancestor;" and as she said this she went and sat beside him, stealing her hand into his. "Darling, did you never wonder how I happened to be named Orloffina?"

"I have thought it a curious coincidence."

"It is far more than that. My great-grandmother was the lady Count Orloff wished to marry."

That startled him so that he exclaimed, "Why did you never tell me this before?"

"Because it was to her he gave the silver mines, and I wouldn't have had you know it for the world before—before you had asked me to be your wife."

"I do not yet see what that has to do with it."

"Don't you? Well, listen. You have said that your ancestor's will was foolish. The will of mine was far more so, for she decreed that not a real of all the great property inherited by her should be inherited by any of her descendants, but should go to the support of certain hospitals, until some daughter of the house should marry a Russian—as I am going to do," she added, shyly, out of the lapel of his coat, as it were. "So you see, my Alexis, we are not to be so *very* poor, after all; and perhaps some day I shall go to Madrid, after all—mayn't I?"

The round red sun was almost gone to rest behind his crimson bed-curtains, and it seemed to those two, watching it from the sweet Sonoma hills in full-hearted happiness, that it waited a little, in momentary, half-sad expectation of what it nor they would ever hear again—the sunset gun at El Fuerte de los Rusos.

OUR BIRDS AND THEIR POETS.

ONE of the results of my study of American poetry has been to assure myself that certain specific and well-defined causes have worked together to fix, as a characteristic of that literature, a universal tenderness toward "the speechless world," the creatures in fur and feathers that fulfill such great and beautiful functio
our world's economy. This pitifu
co-extensive with nature, may be a
accepted as a new departure in poetr
I do not find that sympathy with
life is by any means an invariabl
with poets.

The causes I refer to are not far t
In the first place, the popular mi
America is not so familiarized with
sical images and allusions as in E
and the American poet, therefore, d
recur so readily as his European co
to the fancies and mythology of anti
In the next, the beasts and birds
New World are not the same beasts and birds that play such important parts in Old-World fables, give point to Old-World proverbs, and form the object of so many Old-World prejudices and predilections, and the American poet therefore finds his creatures as yet untampered with by antique misrepresentation or popular superstitions. He has not got to rummage for his natural history among the mossy roots of a reverend folk-lore, or a heraldry that is sanctified by national associations. The larks, robins, and magpies of America are not the birds that are known by the same names in Europe, and so the poet of the West finds the ground still virgin soil before him. Popular superstition has not had time yet to lichen over the familiar objects of his country-side, and he has thus few temptations to the logicians' fallacy from antiquity. Indeed, there is even noticeable sometimes a tendency toward irreverence for "the widowed" turtle, and a disposition to make fun of the nightingale that "bruised his bosom on a thorn," as if they were antiquated favorites of an obsolete era of thought,

> "Though still the lark-voiced matins ring
> The world has known so long,
> The wood-thrush of the West still sing
> Earth's last sweet even-song!"

But this, after all, is only a very partial protection, for though some of his beasts, birds, fishes, and insects are new to poetry, the remainder—such as the wolf and the lion, the owl and the raven—are not things of any one time or place. Thus an American raven flies with just as "prodigious" a flight as a Scotch one or a Roman; the owl and vulture might be quite as "obscene" in "Evangeline" or "Mogg Megone" as they are in Wordsworth or Cowper. But I do not find Longfellow or any of his fellow-countrymen taking advantage

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of the license of poetical prejudice extended to them by high prescription. On the contrary, they compassionate the raven, and handsomely meet the vulture and the owl with a compliment. They speak ill of nothing. And I can not, for myself, help admiring this absence of cynicism. They are as gentle always as Keats, while in their more general passages they show all Shelley's appreciation of the harmonious unity in nature:

"Come learn with me the fatal song
Which knits the world in music strong,
Whereto every bosom dances,
Kindled with courageous fancies;
Come, lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes,
Of things with things and times with times,
Primal chimes of sun and shade,
Of sound and echo, man and maid,
The land reflected in the flood,
Body with shadow still pursued,
For Nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune!"

Apart, therefore, from the specific causes to which I have alluded, there must be sought some larger, more national influence at work to account for this complete catholicism in kindliness. Nor somehow is it difficult, so I think, to imagine the poets of a country with such distant horizons as America, so vast in certainties, so infinite in possibilities, refusing to limit their sympathies to merely continental boundaries, or to cramp their interests within the domains of any single crown, or "hop about from perch to perch in paltry cages of dead men's dead thoughts." Accustomed to such large maps, they may be easily supposed to be intolerant of geographical prejudices, and priding themselves before everything upon independence of thought, may have carried their sympathy with an unconventional freedom into their treatment of natural objects. "Our country hath a gospel of her own." For myself, I am content to believe this, and to attribute their just recognition of the place of animal and insect life to the large-hearted tone of American intellectual thought. And I would not know where to go for a more adequate statement of the poet's means and ends in nature than Emerson's "Wood Notes," or for thoughts more fully in sympathy with nature than Longfellow's or Whittier's, with his ear "full of summer sounds." Lovers of wild life will find it hard to outmatch Bret Harte's apostrophe to the coyote and the grizzly, Emerson's to the humble-bee, Wendell Holmes's to the sea-fowl outside his study window, or Aldrich's delightfully appreciative touches of wild life. Quadrupeds, birds, insects—everything that has life is looked at kindly and unselfishly apart from human interests, and this, too, with a respectful sympathy that bespeaks something more sincere than Cowper's lip-service or Pope's acidulated praise. Our furred and feathered fellow-beings, seniors to ourselves in existence, though subjected to us, are not, as in the European poets, accepted as mere accidents of the human economy, or as secondary properties of man. They seem to remember—unless it be only my own whimsical interpretation of their tenderness—that our earth is the other creatures' earth too, that they are a creation of themselves, that each had a day set apart for itself, a morning and an evening, at the first miracle of the world's making.

And inasmuch as poetry is the translation of nature into human language, reason demands that the poet shall speak without prejudice, and the soul insists upon truth. Here and there, no doubt, there are woodland parables hard to read, and the sea has its voices that puzzle, and the mountains palimpsests that baffle; but for the tender and truthful evangelist, for the real poet, the rock will in the end read off its own cipher, and the wave resolve its hieroglyphics.

There are those, no doubt, who will not understand me;

"For them the song-sparrow and the bobolink
Sing not, nor winds make music in the leaves."

But the love of nature is so wide-spread as to be almost a universal property, and the vast majority of my readers, therefore, will understand me when I feel grateful to those poets with whom, for instance, no cormorant is "obscene," no owl a "deathly fiend"; with whom the crow becomes nothing more dreadful than the Red Man's totem, and remains a pious bird withal; the raven is acknowledged mischievous, but not libelled as a portentous horror; the peacocks,

"hopping down the steps of stone
As if the castle were their own,"

escape abuse for their possessive demeanor; and the vultures, so admirably described in Longfellow's well-known passage,* are not reproached for the unloved purpose they fulfill.

* Longfellow's vultures, by-the-way, are *condors*.

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The eagle is neither the eagle of Rome, Assyria, Persia, nor France; it is not the natural foe of serpents nor the bolt-bearer of the gods, nor any of the other eagles that fly in mythology, heraldry, and fable, and of which poets, as a rule, take such easy cognizance. It is simply the best in the sky—Keneu, the great war-eagle; and just as it was the totem of the Red Man when he was lord of America, so now it is the totem of the white men who have dispossessed him.

The dove, again, though it may occasionally give an epithet to an old man—"gray and dove-like"—or to "maidens in a swing, like white doves upon the wing," is invariably the simple pigeon of the farm roof, "the meek and innocent inmate" of the dove-cote, or busy on barn and wall in "endless wooing and endless contention of rivals." It is not the intolerable widow of older poetry that is always being made a prey of by something larger than herself, and described as the last refuge of a chastity that had fled from all other breasts in the world besides.

The owl is the owl, pure and simple, that goes out a-mousing of nights, and, when it pleases, sits on trees to hoot. But its presence does not fill its neighborhood with any horrid desolation, nor does its voice bring disaster upon innocent passers-by, or fall like a curse of sickness upon the surrounding parish.

> "That is but the owl and owlet,
> Talking in their native language—
> Talking, scolding, at each other."

These instances, though very inadequately, illustrate the absence in American verse of traditional prejudices, and to some extent, therefore, the absence also of that error of mysticism "which mistakes the accidental and individual symbol for a universal one." This leads in the first place to the rejection, as already shown, of those secondary significances which involve specific prejudices, and, even further, to the rejection of all secondary significances whatever as tending to obscure primary truths.

Thus the nightingale is not the invariable "Philomela," nor the kingfisher "the calm-compelling halcyon." The swan, "that speaks almost as a man speaks," might, for all the American poets say, never have been Leda's lover or Venus's wagoner, nor sung the sad dirge of her certain ending.

This temperance in imagination naturally deprives poetry of much that is beautiful, and I for one would deplore the loss of the delightful fancies of antiquity were it not for the corresponding gain of many beautiful truths from nature. It would have been illogical, of course, to expect to find those fancies, for it is impossible to imagine nature restored to the pretty conditions under which Pan was king of all the country-side without restoring also those old prejudices against individuals which have infected European poetry, and done so much to make its "nature" artificial and unsatisfactory. I had rather lose the classical beauties of antiquity than purchase them "salted" with its obliquities. At all events, this rejection by American poets of all secondary significances of individual objects in nature appears to me abundantly compensated by their tender fidelity to the noblest purpose of their high mission.

They seem to be content with the simple truth, and not to care to go deeper than the first and natural interpretation. It satisfies them to find that these interpretations show every created thing to be an emblem of a divine compassion of which the poet's truths are the only adequate expression. "The heart which abandons itself to the Supreme Mind finds itself related to all its works, will travel by royal roads to particular knowledge and powers.... All men live by truth, and stand in need of expression.... Poets are natural sayers, sent into the world for expression.... Nature offers all her creatures to them as a picture language.... Nature is a symbol in the whole and in every part.... Nothing walks or creeps or grows or exists which must not in turn arise and walk before the poet as an exponent of his meaning."

The bullion of these sterling lines might be wire-drawn through a volume.

There remains to notice in this connection certain features which are in a large measure special to American verse. One of these is the punctuality with which religious associations are availed of. Thus the cock has "the self-same voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter," and the ravens cry to the Lord for food. "Angelic rays" from the wood-birds' pinions fall, and the sparrows chirp as if "they still were proud their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be." The doves, "sweet birds," teach "lessons of heaven," while prayers are "the carrier-pi-

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geons" between man and his God. Humming-birds are "angels ascending and descending" on ladders of passion-flower tendrils; "the dear white stork" by God in heaven "was given as a blessing"; the robin is the "abbot" of the wood, and his perch in the elm his "pulpit." The sound of the wings of birds of passage is "the cry of souls that high on toiling pinions fly"; birds' nests are half-way houses "on the way to heaven"; their even-songs are hymns; the musicians themselves are

"The ballad-singers and the troubadours,
The street musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul."

Moreover, when selecting legends or poems for adaptation or translation, there is an apparent preference shown for those that express a semi-sacred or superstitious tenderness toward the furred and feathered. Thus "Hermione," the tale of the Vogelweid Dole, the legends of the Swallow and the Crossbill. In somewhat the same vein we find the poets of America attributing melancholy to the notes of birds, as if in recognition of that pathos with which Nature balances so beautifully her great antiphonies. For instance, the heron's cry is one of lamentation, the crane's of mourning; the sea-fowl are melancholy, the loon "sad," the purple finch plaintive. Even the raven is wistful, the crow "piteous," and the bulbul "wailing."

For the birds in general, they are the veritable winged things of the meadow and woodland, hill and stream. Sweetly through the hazel bushes comes the song of "that devil-may-care the bobolink"; and the joyous robin, full of gladness himself, fills with his glee the orchard resonant with bees. From the meadows breaks out at every point the lark's short sweet rapture, and from the forest depths resound the complaints of the flute-voiced whip-poor-will, and the melody of that maestro of the woodland choirs, the mocking-bird.

"Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Singing aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delicious music
That the whole air and the woods and the waves stood silent to listen;
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad, then soaring to madness,
Seemed they to guide and to follow the revels of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes then were heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation,
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches."

April's bird, New England's poet laureate, blue-coated, flies before you prophesying spring, or from the tree-top, valiant bird, sings a delicate overture to lead the tardy concert of the year.

Overhead is heard the whoop of the southward-sailing crane; and out of the marsh-land, the pasture of pool-haunting herds, we see like a blood-red flag the bright flamingoes fly. The day awakes with the cheery voices of the farm-yard, and closes with the sad good-nights of the herons, home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset.

This fidelity to Nature expresses itself in many pleasing forms, for instance, the constant recognition of the sympathy between childhood and the birds, and again the gratitude of the birds toward Night. The latter is quite foreign to the spirit of European verse. Night is there considered (apart, of course, from the beauty of the moon or stars) as a time of horror; everything connected with it is dreadful; the birds rejoice every morning at the cessation of darkness, and congratulate each other on the return of daylight. A volume could be filled with the prejudices of English poets on this point, but, except for chance allusions in Byron, Keats, and a very few others, to the kindliness of the evening and the early moth-time, the approach of darkness, and Darkness itself, are habitually spoken of as being hateful to animated nature. But in American poetry night is spoken of with the utmost tenderness, and, above all, it is shown how gracious a thing darkness is, and how glad the birds are of it. "They wish the shadows would faster creep."

To sum up, then, this hurried review, American poetry, as I read it, is characterized by a tenderness that in the same degree is quite foreign to the poets of the Old World. I attribute this to several special causes, notably the comparative unfamiliarity of the American mind with classical fancies, and the fact of the New-World fauna being comparatively unknown to antiquity and Europe. Added to these is a larger and more general cause—a national intolerance of prejudices. This I find illustrated by the absence of traditional antipa-

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thies; by a just appreciation of the place of wild life in Nature, and of the relations of the several parts to the complete scheme; and by the rejection of secondary significances as tending to obscure the primary truths. Some special features of American verse, the predilection shown for the religious and the pathetic aspects of Nature, appear to me to enhance this tenderness.

EUGENIE'S FÊTE DAY.

NOT an empress was this Eugenie, but a little Jewish maid who came to the manufactory of Blumenthal and Co. to sweep, dust, run errands, wait on the operators at their sewing-machines, trim out the scallops of whole ship-loads of Hamburg edgings, and last, but not least galling to her small soul, to "try on." In this great establishment where outfits of satin or silk, velvet, linen, lawn, or lace, were made for all womankind from infancy up to that "uncertain age," and even beyond, every garment for a girl of thirteen which required fitting fell to Eugenie's share, and for these she served as model. I have often seen the salty sprinkles in her dark eyes when the foreman turned her round and round, pushed her here or pulled her there, grumbled because she was lean, and attributed all misfits to her angularity.

"On a better developed child of this age this design would be perfect — superb. You must notice that 'Genie is too scrawny," he explained to young Gabriel Blumenthal, who accepted or rejected the styles as they were created.

"Ah yes, I see. 'Genie, you are tall enough and straight enough, but you must grow fat; then you shall have your wages raised." And Mr. Gabriel leans indolently back in his arm-chair, and surveys her again from head to foot. It never occurs to him that Eugenie is lean because she is hungry. She hated her breakfast of butterless rye bread and black coffee, and did not thrive on what she substituted—a couple of green apples and a ginger cake.

Mr. Gabriel had seen life's pathos in that picture of little Cosette asleep on a miserable pallet, with her gorgeous doll clasped in her arms, and might have seen, but that the sight was so common, life's irony in Eugenie's faded flounce and worn shoes beneath the coat of plush or velvet —life's bitterness in her flashing eyes, glowing cheeks, and trembling fingers, as she unfastens the splendid garment, and escapes like a wild bird from its captors. On a dollar and a half a week one can not dress like Solomon in all his glory, so Eugenie resembled the lilies of the field more than she was aware, perhaps, in that the nearer she approached the ground, the meaner and muddier she appeared. She was but one of twenty children in the work-room, and though the poorest of all, she embodied all the storm and sunshine, the thunder and lightning, the vivacity and intellect, of her little world. Her companions and admirers of to-day were her tormentors and rivals of to-morrow. They were quick to notice how gypsy-like she was, with her dark eyes and black braided hair, from which over her forehead escaped those little waves and curls which neither rain nor warm weather ever straightened; and when they wanted the excitement of seeing "'Genie in a tantrum," they would get Gretchen to whisper in her Jüdisch Deutsch, "Thy mother bought thee of a Zigeunerin for zwei Pfennige." Her indignant tears were not less bitter because they were forced to flow in silence, and were hastily wiped away with the cuttings on the floor. Her ardent soul knew no repression of emotion, as it knew no deceit.

Gretchen had a dozen secrets, where Eugenie had not a concealment under the sun, yet no one ever cried, "Gretchen did it! Gretchen did it!" while the other seemed ever attended, like the player in the Greek tragedy, by the inevitable chorus. No wonder that she hastily exclaimed, when told by a child who had lived in the country, how the katydids sang in the fields, "I am glad I never hear them, for it would seem to me as if all the girls turned to grasshoppers at night, and were crying, 'Genie did, and 'Genie didn't,' to drive me crazy, as they do all day."

"I'm so tired out sometimes that I want to die; don't you, 'Genie?" said a companion one night.

"Die!" said Eugenie, with superb astonishment. "No, I *don't*. I have not lived yet." Which remark contains a strong justification of the doctrine teaching "the survival of the fittest."

How strong must the desire of life be when, deprived of all its sweetness, sunshine, pure air, breath of flowers, liberty to laugh and sing, she would still exclaim against death!

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She was but one of thousands, and so wore her poor clothes, ate or did not eat her rye bread, breathed fluff of cloth, smell of oil, and poisoned air, and whenever the irrepressible spirit of youth and bounding blood bade her speak or dance against rule, jeoparded her position, and ran the risk of a beating at home. One blessing her hard work brought her, of which she could not be cheated—sleep so sweet and dreamless that "all night is like a minute." Waking, she had one unfailing joy in spring-time, and that was the display of flowers in the market she passed daily. Hers was not simply a sentiment in regard to them. She hated the fine garments which were associated only in her mind with torture and shame, and the gorgeous materials to which her eyes were accustomed embodied none of that beauty for which her heart was hungry. But the flowers! They were an untainted pleasure, a source of boundless delight and satisfaction. She would wear them in her hair and on her breast; they never contrasted painfully with her faded dresses. She begged a leaf or bud—the only things she deigned to beg or accept from her companions. They had twitted her with poverty, and nothing could induce her to share a lunch or a penny, though she gave generously, "but even a queen could ask for a flower," she explained. She loved to dance, and had learned, Heaven knows how or where! and must gratify her longing occasionally, whatever vials of wrath might be emptied on her head. When a lull in the rush of business permitted an extension of the half-hour into an hour for lunch, Eugenie was almost happy. Then her companions gathered around her, no longer rivals and thorns in the flesh, but, like the Athenians, eager to hear something new. She taught them German songs, their united voices serving only as a foil to her powerful alto, which pierced the floors and walls, and reached at length the ears of the magnates in the counting-house. A pastime that interfered with the correct calculation of dollars and cents was instantly forbidden on pain of dismissal. Debarred from talking all day or singing at noon, Eugenie thought with the French, perhaps, though in a different sense, that "what can not be said can be sung, what can not be sung can be danced." She would dance, then. Alas! her inveterate foe, an irascible Hibernian, who was forewoman of the department in which Eugenie spent most of her time, pounced upon her, and peremptorily forbade any further exhibition of what she called her "fandangoes."

"The worst girl in the room," said Mother McGowan to Miss Emily, head of another department—Miss Emily, who seemed not only to see, but also to talk, and especially to listen, with her large eyes, and who drew to her every soul in the building who had a trouble to tell. "The worst girl in the room! Yesterday at dinner-time I caught the young ragamuffin up on one of the cutting-tables dancing away for dear life; and there were all the other children taking their lesson, of course, and lilting low for her to keep step by, while she held up her rag of a dress and whirled around like a spinning-jenny. She had pieces of yellow lawn twisted into sunflowers, and there they dangled from her long plaits, and I'll give you my word there is not a child in the place but would have been wearing rag roses and dancing 'The Rocky Road to Dublin' tomorrow if I hadn't caught her at her tricks. 'Come out of that, you young rowdy,' says I, and took her by the arm and brought her to the floor. 'What are you thinking of, to be dancing there?' 'I'm not a rowdy,' says she, jerking away; 'and I'm not thinking of anything ugly, especially not of *you!*' To my very face, do you mind! Of course the children all laughed, but I was mad enough to fall on her and beat her then and there. I'll have her out of this Saturday night, for she is the plague of my life."

Now, Emily, do thy best to save this little one, whom the gods have conspired to grind to powder! "When the pitcher falls upon the stone, woe unto the pitcher; when the stone falls upon the pitcher, woe unto the pitcher; whatever befalls, woe unto the pitcher."

"If you will send Eugenie over to my room," said Miss Emily, "you may take Carrie, who is far quieter. We must watch this Eugenie, who seems to be possessed"—adding softly to herself—"but only by the spirit of beautiful youth."

Glad to be rid of her, Mother McGowan, who was herself too overburdened with work to have time for training her troublesome charge, made the exchange at once.

"They tell me you were dancing, Eugenie, and teaching the other little girls. I am sure you will not do so any more.

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Not that it is wrong to dance, but only to do so here," said Miss Emily.

"But Mother McGowan said I was a rowdy," said Eugenie, hotly, "and it is not true! I only dance because I *have* to."

"*Must* dance, Eugenie! Why?"

"Oh, I get so tired sometimes, and my hands and feet feel as if they were tied with chains; I can feel them dragging after me; and my heart," touching lightly her breast, "sinks down so heavy that I can not breathe. Then, if I were only in some place where I could dance or sing, I would feel rich, and glad, and light, like I do when I wake up in the morning, before I remember."

"But, 'Genie, you know we must all be quiet here, or no work could be done. Think what a bedlam it would be if we all got up and danced when we felt the chains!"

"Do *you* ever feel them, Miss Emily?" said 'Genie, wonderingly.

"Oh, so heavy sometimes! but I can make yours a little lighter. Be a good girl, and you shall go home with me on Saturday night, and stay till Monday morning; I will play for you, and you may sing and dance till the chains are sunken fathoms deep, and the katydids pipe unheard in the fields!"

What a glimpse of paradise was this! A visit to Miss Emily's home, a little house in the suburbs, with its garden full of roses and vine-covered windows.

"Be good!" She would be so good that only the quiet angels which little Catholic Katy talked about could be any better.

The days were now a little brighter for Eugenie. Not that her work was less, her hours shorter, or her wages better, but she had found a friend. When stairs were swept and errands done, at least for a breathing-spell she could take her stool and sit at Miss Emily's feet, while her sharp bright scissors glanced like a flash between the scallops of the dainty edging. She would have liked this work better than all the rest were it not for the fact that it was interminable, and, swift as she was, the swifter steam, that made the wheels whirl till they were wheels no longer, but blurs in the air, still drove her onward. Thousands upon thousands of yards were required every day to feed this monster, which swallowed with equal indifference the morsels which 'Genie and her companions supplied, or the cargo of a ship.

To the friend she had found Eugenie now clung with a faithfulness that aroused even the curiosity of Mr. Gabriel as he sauntered through the work-rooms on his tour of surveillance. To Miss Emily he was ever gracious: those large listening eyes drew him more than once a day to her side, with ample business excuses for being there.

Did he care for her? Only just enough to be annoyed by Eugenie's presence, who watched him with jealous eyes, and whom he invariably sent to the other end of the building while he enjoyed his tête-à-tête.

"How can you have that ragged child forever at your elbow?" he said.

"Pardon me," said Miss Emily; "she is not ragged, but faded. She is a most interesting little creature, as you would find, I am sure, if you ever noticed her."

"Well, why do such people always hang out a flag, and *look* so poor? Does the idea never occur to her mother that she needs a new dress?"

"The idea may, perhaps, but the money does not. Eugenie is one of seven."

"Of course. When did you ever hear of a poor couple who had but one child?"

"For that reason I have taken her under my wing, and she shall learn all that I have power and time to teach her."

"You have even taken her home with you. Do you wish to open her eyes to the misery of her life by trying to make a lady of her?"

"I shall not try to make a lady of her—at least not in your sense of the word. If Eugenie is not good from the inside out, I can not make her good from the outside in. Did you ever notice how lovely Eugenie's eyes are?"

"Not I. I have enough to do to watch somebody else's. But I will wager that if Eugenie were questioned, her chief desire would be for something quite incompatible with her station in life. One of these velvet coats, for instance, or a lace over-dress, or a fichu, for I see she is no believer in beauty unadorned."

"I can tell you her heart's desire, for you would never guess it. In her own words, 'Leave to sing, and a whole garden full of roses to sing about.'"

"She has superb taste, this daisy of yours. Is that all? or is everything else to be in keeping?"

"A pair of shoes which would never

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wear out, a dress long enough to reach her ankles, and five cents every day with which to buy her dinner."

"Pray what is the menu?"

"'Fried liver with lots of gravy.'"

"Allow me to withdraw my remark about her taste."

"'Not that the liver is of any account,' said she; 'I might as well eat the sole of my shoe; but I could eat a whole loaf of rye bread if I had the gravy to hide it with.'"

"Are these enough to make her happy? I presume not, since some one has defined enough as being 'just a little more than one has at present.'"

"A wiser man than you has asked, 'Will all the universe undertake to make one boot-black happy?' Eugenie has still one wish ungratified. It is to give a party on her birthday."

"To which all the alley are invited?"

"Nay; at dinner hour to her little companions."

"I see no objection to that, provided Eugenie can kill Mother McGowan before the day arrives. And, by-the-way, here comes that strict disciplinarian now, bearing down on us like a brig under full sail."

And so in truth she is. Mother McGowan this fine autumn morning finds that yards of ribbon and whole pieces of lace are disappearing from under her very fingers. She confides not only this to Mr. Gabriel, but also her suspicion that Eugenie is the thief, on no other grounds than that she is poor and loves adornment.

"I will inquire into this matter," he says, gravely. "In the mean time do not allow Eugenie to know that you have any suspicions of her honesty." And he saunters away from one department to another, asking apparently useless questions of the little girls, the errand-boys, the forewomen, and foremen. "Who is first in the work-room in the morning?" 'Genie. "And who is last at night?" 'Genie. Opening a closet where trimmings are kept, and which is in beautiful order: "Who keeps the closet in order?" 'Genie, still 'Genie. Her very virtues are against her, for she who is first at work, and never shirks it at night, should be praised, not blamed.

That night he finds Eugenie sweeping in the deserted work-room, with glowing cheeks, her long lashes and her elfin locks gray with fluff and dust which no sprinkling can settle.

"All alone, 'Genie? Where is Gretchen? Doesn't she help you to sweep?"

"Oh yes, sir; but her half is finished, and she has gone home."

She is brooming rapidly to gain her freedom, and leaves at the end of each aisle, between the machines, a heap of dust and cuttings. Past one of these Mr. Gabriel lounges, dropping something as he goes.

"Be sure you pick up all the rags and paper, 'Genie; never throw those away;" and he passes leisurely down the staircase to his desk in the office, where he sits musing.

Poor little thing! How wide she opens her eyes when she finds the bank-note which, unseen by her, he had risked among the rags to test her. Sagaciously she smells it. "It never belongs to one of the girls, for it smells of cigars and vest pockets. Now what shall I do with it till morning, for I'm not fit to go into the office. How I wish Miss Emily was here!"

Her work done, she dresses to go home, and at the foot of the stairs stands Mr. Gabriel, smoking and smiling.

With an exclamation of relief she approaches him. "Ah! I'm so glad you are just here, for I know *I can trust you with this money*. Will you keep it till morning, and find out who has lost it? It was in the sweepings."

"I felt small enough to creep into a hole and pull the hole in after me," said Mr. Gabriel to Miss Emily in the morning —"when she lifted her eyes to mine—lovely eyes they are, too—and told me she could trust me with the money! Fourteen years old next week, but I would not have her know for a small fortune that I dropped that dollar on purpose to try her. Mother McGowan must look elsewhere for her thief. As for Eugenie, we must see that she has her fête day, and as a humble admirer I hope to be invited."

If Gretchen's place is vacant after that, Eugenie never knew why. For her the face of the world is changed; she has found a friend to whom she is bound by cords of love, and that is wealth and bliss enough for her. Besides, to-morrow she will be fourteen!

The last day of autumn dawned so crisp and clear and frosty that pink calico began to look highly unseasonable, though covered by a wisp of a shawl which was so poor a protection from the cold that one might justly have remarked with Mo-

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ther Frouchard, "You can shiver quite as comfortable without it." But 'Genie scorned the cold. Was not this her fête day? At twelve o'clock she would fly with her kettle to the coffee-house, and buy, for a treat, her dinner of fried liver. After that she would give, in a bag of paper, a rosy apple and a handful of nuts to each of the girls, and they would have an hour, quite, in which to eat and laugh. "For once," she said to Miss Emily, "they did not jerk me around when they tried a suit on me to-day, nor tell me about my bones sticking out; because, I suppose, it was to be a birthday present to a girl like me. The foreman said all her measures were like mine, even to her shoes. Her very complexion must be like mine, for they matched all the shades on me a week ago. I wonder will she have a party too?"

"I am sure she will, 'Genie," said Miss Emily, with a smile; "and that reminds me that Mr. Gabriel said he would like very much to be invited to your party."

"Oh!" said 'Genie, with as much horror in her voice and face as any great lady might express, for whom an extra guest involved the disarrangement of her beautiful table and Sèvres ware; and then: "Oh, well, I can give him mine, for the apples and nuts are just enough to go around, and even the bags are counted. You will not mind if I take a couple of nuts out of your bag, so that they will not notice that I am not eating?"

Slowly the morning wore away. Twelve o'clock came at last, and she was free—free for an hour! Her lunch bought and disposed of, she took from a little basket under Miss Emily's desk the treat she had prepared for her fête. Miss Emily herself had made her a frosted cake, and brought a bouquet of late roses, and these were the chief ornaments of the feast, which was spread on the end of one of the cutting-tables. Not a rival nor tormentor at 'Genie's board to-day, only friends and boon companions. They would eat her nuts and apples, and divide her roses, and merrily wish her many happy returns; even Mother McGowan would smile in passing.

"'Genie, where's 'Genie?" cries some one. "She must go at once and 'try on!' It is a special order, and can not wait."

On this day of all days! Must she go?

"Never mind," said Miss Emily. "I will go with you, and they shall not detain you an instant longer than is necessary."

In a very few minutes they return, but what have they done to 'Genie? She looks like a bride—a gypsy bride—in her crimson hood and dress of dark cloth, the very same whose shades they had matched a week ago.

"Oh! you need not look at me, 'Genie; I should never have thought of it; Miss Emily knows all about it," said Mr. Gabriel, who appeared at the door. He was there chiefly to watch for the flashes of delight coming from a pair of beautiful eyes; but he did not look for them in Eugenie's, though hers were bright enough. "The Empress herself never looked prettier. I think you ought to make a speech," said he.

"Oh, I couldn't make a speech, because"—with unconscious satire—"I never have any practice, but I only know the Empress herself could never have been any happier than I am to-day."

We must leave her on this brightest day of her short life, which could never go on exactly as it had before. Miss Emily would teach her to sew on the sewing-machine, and to make, piece by piece, those beautiful garments in the show-room, where the gas was always bright, and the figures in their satin mantles, and long robes trailing on the soft carpet, and the many reflections from the grand mirrors, made it seem like a ball that waited only for the music. What a triumph to see her handiwork displayed there too! And then she could keep herself clothed, shod, and fed, which for her, at least, was the duty that lay nearest.

And Miss Emily and Gabriel? I do not know. Did you think he must marry her, as it always is in stories that are mere fable? She is still at her desk, and Eugenie watches him with jealous eyes. Is it fancy only that she thinks the chains drag heavier and show plainer on her friend after he leaves her side? "If only *I* could sink them fathoms deep," muses she, as her bright scissors fly with incredible swiftness along the strips of edging. "If he wants to do something great now, why doesn't *he* make them lighter?"

Ah, Eugenie, "This alone is great, and there is no other greatness: to make some work of God's creation a little fruitfuler, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, happier, manfuler, more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God!"

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CHAPTER XXVI.

TO THE RESCUE.

ABOUT this time there began to appear in the columns of a London daily newspaper a series of articles which very soon attracted the attention and curiosity of the public. They were a new feature in journalism; some went the length of saying that they were a new feature in English literature. They were called "The Occupations of a Recluse," and professed to give some account of the various pursuits incidental to a quiet country life; but they were in reality a description of solitary rambles by road-side and sea-shore and stream—a succession of carefully studied out-of-door scenes that had a quite unaccountable charm about them. For this way of describing nature was not the poetical way of bringing together similitudes, saying that one thing is like another thing, and inviting the imagination to hop the little differences. Nor was it the other way of giving an honest and trustworthy catalogue—a gamekeeper sort of catalogue—of the phenomena of the hedge-row or the wood, leaving the reader who has sufficient time, training, and patience to fill in the light and color and background of the picture for himself. No; there was something strange in this way of looking at things. There was a minute observation, it is true, put down in the simplest of terms; and there was a certain atmospheric quality that made the picture clear and vivid. But there was more than that: there was a kind of sensitive, pathetic thrill in the writing: these sights and sounds that were so quietly and unobtrusively chronicled seemed interpenetrated by a subtle human sympathy—rather sad, perhaps, in certain of its under-tones. Indeed, to some it seemed that this writer had got behind the veil; that even the sticks and stones and flowers had whispered to him in his solitude; that the silence of the hills had reached to his heart. And very soon—as we shall see presently—he began to abandon even the pretense of writing about definite pursuits. The further he was allowed to drift, the further he drifted, until the papers grew to be mainly the reflections of a man who, whether it was a gun he held in his hand, or whether it was a fishing-rod, or whether he was merely looking abroad at mountain and shore and sea, continually found himself face to face with the mysteries of the world, and with the old and sad and insoluble problems of human existence.

Of course such a series of papers looked odd—at the outset, at least—in the columns of a London daily newspaper. The editor of that journal was himself at first very doubtful; but something in the writing struck him, and as his time and attention were then wholly engrossed by a cabinet crisis, he shoved the manuscript into his pocket and took it home, and showed it to his wife, who, when all his anxieties and interests were confined within the sphere of politics, acted for him as the mouthpiece of the vain clamor of the other and outer world. Now this lady happened to be a person of very keen discrimination in literary matters, and when she had read the first two of these papers her judgment was prompt and decisive.

"This writing is quite extraordinary," said she. "There is a description of a frosty night settling down over a stretch of bog-land that made me shiver to my finger-tips."

"It is not news, and it is a newspaper we publish," said her husband, doubtfully.

"I should not care whether it was news or not," said she, "so long as people were interested."

"It is very magazinish," he said.

"Why should the magazines monopolize literature?" she answered.

Well, the experiment was made, and the public, who don't care a pin's point about the traditions of newspaper offices, seemed to like these quiet and clear pictures of country life, and began to talk about them even amid the throes of a cabinet crisis. At first, it is true, they were more obviously practical. There was a good deal of information about dogs and guns, about rabbit-snaring and deep-sea fishing. Even the good Scobell was driven to send for a file of this journal (which he did not regularly see, as it did not express his political views) as he took his seat in the library of his club one evening after dinner; and so charmed was his imagination with some of these sketches that he suddenly exclaimed, "Damme if I don't take a shooting in Ireland this year!" at the same time bringing down his fist on the table, to the excessive alarm

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of three old gentlemen, who had each been fast asleep in his favorite arm-chair, and who started up to see if the world had come to an end.

But, as has already been hinted, this new writer by slow degrees seemed to feel that he was being allowed a good deal of latitude; and he took advantage of it to frequently wander away from the ostensible purpose of these articles, and to insinuate, rather than to state, a sort of philosophy of human life which had some odd points about it. He seemed to say: "In this strange transit through the world, from the unknown to the unknown, where should one most naturally look for safe and close companions whose intimacy could not be filched away from us or altered by the fluctuating circumstances of life? Surely in the grand and beautiful things around us which we know to be permanent. The time is so short, why seek to probe the unsearchable mysteries of the human heart; to secure and imprison the elusive; to stake one's happiness on so unstable a foundation as human affection? Is there anything so variable, so liable to change—nay, to cease? But if the beautiful things of nature were to become our friends and loved ones, then securely year after year could we greet the re-appearance of the flowers; and securely day after day could we welcome the wonder of the dawn, and listen to the murmuring and soothing voice of the sea. The friend whom we had trusted might disappoint and betray us; loving eyes might grow cold, and take away their love-secrets elsewhere; but he who had chosen the winds and the seas and the colors of the hills for playmates and constant companions need fear no change. The beautiful human face would fade—nay, death might step in and rob us of our treasure; but the tender loveliness of the sunrise remained, and the scent of summer woods, and the ripple of the rivulet down through the spacious meadows. But then this companionship had to be wooed before it was won; the secret voice had to be listened for; the eye trained to know this wonderful and not evanescent beauty. To such a lover, secure in his possession, what evil could fortune bring? Friend and sweetheart might prove false, but there was no discordant note in the music of the lark; the suspicions and envies and enmities of mankind might appall, but there could be nothing to doubt in the clear, beautiful blue eye of the speedwell; and even those who had lingered in the fight until sorely stricken there might find solace in retiring to these solitudes, and seeking out these secret companions, letting the seasons go by peacefully to the appointed end. '*Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven.*'"

All this was insinuated rather than preached; and it was only here and there that some finely attuned ear caught the under-note of sadness, and perhaps guessed at its cause. Of course the bruit of these articles reached the house in Hyde Park Gardens, and Miss Chetwynd, who was not a diligent student of newspapers, and had, in fact, missed them, had to hunt them all out one afternoon and read them over to her aunt. What surprised her was that mere sketches of sport, as they seemed, had the effect more than once of giving her a choking at the throat; but nothing was said by way of criticism either by aunt or niece, for the reading was just finished by dinner-time.

At dinner Miss Chetwynd herself introduced the subject, and asked if any one knew who had written these papers.

"I don't," said Dr. Bude; "but what I do know is that it is a thousand pities that fellow is thrown away on literature. Literature does not want him. Science does. I can assure you, my dear Mrs. Chetwynd, that an accurate observer is a very rare bird indeed—far more rare among men of science than is supposed. There are so few who will take the trouble to look patiently; they must jump to their theory at once. What does literature want with that kind of observation? Literature should deal with the mind—with emotions. That fellow, now, should be set to work to observe the habits of beetles or birds, or the action of the tides, or some useful thing like that."

"I confess I was disappointed, after all the talk," said Professor Sims, looking over his gold spectacles. "I glanced at one or two of the papers, and found them inconsequential. You began with wild-fowl shooting, but got on to Shakspeare and all kinds of things. Then he seemed to me to be interfering with the proper business of the artist—describing what ought to be painted. What is the use of describing the silvery waves that wind makes on a field of long grass? Every one can see that for himself."

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"Every one may not be in a position to see it," said Miss Chetwynd, in her gentle and yet pointed way. "This is bringing the picture in-doors for you."

"That is not to be described in words; that is for an artist to paint," continued the professor.

"Could he?" she said, quietly.

"But there is something to be said," Dr. Bude interposed again, "for his theory that the eye should be trained to observe the beauty of all manner of simple things, so that you may increase the value of life. That is practical and sensible, it seems to me. Even if you don't give science a lift, you can make a country walk more interesting. He seems to have picked up some curious illustrations of the morphology of plants. And I had forgotten, I confess, about the abortive stamens of the primrose. You have read these papers, Mrs. Chetwynd?" added the tall, lank, dark man.

"Mary has just finished reading them to me."

"What is your opinion, then? What is the writer? A man of science excusing himself for idleness? a philosopher taken to shooting snipe? or an artist taken to literature because his pictures won't sell?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the old lady, rather hesitatingly, and with none of her usual sprightliness. "I was thinking when Mary was reading them that—that if my poor boy had taken to writing, most likely that was the kind of subject he would have chosen to write about. I liked the papers. They seemed a little sad sometimes—at least wistful and strange. There is a kind of remoteness about them."

"What is your opinion, then, Miss Mary?" he asked.

Mary Chetwynd started slightly; she had been listening with downcast eyes.

"I?" said she, somewhat slowly. "What I think is that they are written by a man whose heart is broken."

Indeed, she seemed preoccupied during dinner; and when the people had gone she went quickly back to the drawing-room, where she had left the cuttings from the newspapers, and set to work to read them carefully over again. Her aunt followed her in a short time, and found her deeply engaged.

"You have no more of the newspaper articles to read, have you, Mary?"

"No; I was only looking over them again."

By-and-by she looked up; but the old lady could not see that her niece seemed a little agitated.

"Auntie, surely you must know who has written these papers?"

"I, child?" said Mrs. Chetwynd, absently. "Well, I was dreaming about them. I think he might have written them."

"But, auntie, don't you recognize the place? It is Boat of Garry."

The old lady sighed.

"Yes, that is what he would have written about, no doubt—the place he was so fond of."

"But, auntie, these articles are written about Boat of Garry. Don't you recognize it all—the creek, and the glen, and the islands, and the sea? Why, the acacia on the lawn is there; and the little marble-topped table: it is like a photograph. Mr. Fitzgerald has written these articles."

"Mr. Fitzgerald? Yes, I should not wonder," said the aunt, though she was obviously still thinking of the nephew whom she had lost. "He is very clever. I suppose he began to write early. I suppose it wants training. But I think—Frank—could have written them."

"What I am thinking of is this, auntie," said her niece, with some touch of feeling in her voice, "that if these articles are written by Mr. Fitzgerald, we have no right to ask him to remain in that loneliness. I—I suppose he must have met with some sorrow: there it is in every line. I say we have no right to ask him to remain there. I am certain he wrote those papers. Didn't you see the reference to the heronry at Glengariff? and he has put in Berehaven as clear as can be. And if—if he is in trouble, no matter what it is, it is not for women to let him be there all by himself, eating his heart out in solitude. It isn't human. I'm sure I never thought how solitary the place would be if one were there alone until I read those articles—we always had plenty of society. It must be dreadful: doesn't it sound dreadful, auntie?"

"Oh no, Mary; he seems so pleased with the birds and the different things around him— So you think that is Mr. Fitzgerald? Dear me! he has become quite famous, though no one knows his name."

"They'll know it soon enough."

"And that is his life at Boat of Garry

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that you have been reading to me? Yes, it is like the place, too—the gun-room even, and the stuffed birds. You must read them all over again, Mary. Then it was he who saw the young rabbit trot along and tell its father and mother? That was very prettily written; now that I think of it, it must have been in the wood beside the glen, just over the wire fence; I wonder I did not notice before how like it was to the place!"

"But you don't seem to understand what I say, auntie; you are so full of dreams and pictures; and I am in the main responsible for Mr. Fitzgerald going to Boat of Garry, and—and something has got to be put right, auntie."

"Well, then, child, I don't know what you mean, I confess it," the old lady said.

"Mr. Fitzgerald told me something," said Miss Chetwynd, with an unaccustomed flush on the clear-cut, intelligent face, "before he left for Boat of Garry, and I guessed more. Do not tell him so, auntie—don't breathe a word of it—but I fancy he has been in some trouble, and that solitary place must have been a dreadful place to be in. I should have thought of it. It was my fault. But I thought if he were there for a time you would get accustomed to the notion of some friend or other occupying the place, and then that you might let it."

"I have asked you not to speak about that, Mary. I can have only a few years to live; and if for that short time I choose to do what I wish with my own—"

"Auntie dear, don't speak like that to me," the girl said, going to the old lady and putting her hand on her shoulder. "Surely you know it was not for my own benefit that I thought of it. It is not money that is likely to come between you and me, I hope."

The aunt took the girl's hand and patted it.

"No, no. You are a good child. I wish you were more saving with your money. Now what is it you want me to do?"

"One of two things, auntie dear. After reading these papers, I am quite distressed to think of Mr. Fitzgerald being there in that loneliness he describes; and I want you to ask him to come back at once."

"Child, I want him to have the place. To whom else could I give it? Who else could have found out the charm of the neighborhood and written like that? No; I have thought over it, Mary. I could neither sell nor let Boat of Garry; and I would not have it go to the Lawrences, to have all those ill-bred young cubs stamping through my poor Frank's rooms; and what good would it be to you?—you would marry and give it away to somebody I know nothing about."

"If you please, auntie dear, what I have is quite enough," said the tall young lady, somewhat frigidly.

"Oh yes, I know; and anything more you might have you would fling away in Whitechapel," said the old lady, with a smile. "Well, then, why should Mr. Fitzgerald come back? Why should he not become familiar with the place? Why should he not stay for the shooting?"

The niece remained silent for a minute or so.

"Well, then, there is another thing you must do," she said. "I think you and I might go over to Boat of Garry."

"To Boat of Garry!" said the old lady, rather faintly.

"Very shortly now," said Miss Chetwynd, cheerfully, "everybody will be leaving town, and my poor old auntie will have nobody to bring her all the wicked gossip. Why should not we go too?"

"To Boat of Garry, child?" said the old lady, almost reproachfully.

"It is not like you, auntie, to think of refusing to comfort a friend in distress," said her niece.

"But what do I know of his distress? And what could I do, since I am not to breathe a word about it?"

"Well, auntie, I will tell you the truth," said the girl, frankly. "My conscience is not quite clear. I was mainly responsible for the arrangement; and I am afraid we have been rather cruel. I should like to see how things are going at Boat of Garry; perhaps there will be no need for us to remain; we could pay a short visit, and then go on to Killarney. I should feel more at ease. I am afraid Mr. Fitzgerald has got into a sort of morbid state through being all alone there. That may be very good for his literary prospects, and people may begin and talk about him now and make him famous; but I would rather have nothing to do with the great god Pan and his fashioning of the reed by the river."

"You are asking a great deal from me, Mary," said Mrs. Chetwynd, after a while.

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"I think I am asking what is right, auntie."

"It will be all the old sorrow over again," she said, absently.

"Oh no, auntie, not that; it will only be beautiful memories now. I am sure you would like to see Dan and Wellington again, and Murtough and Kate, and the Ghoul, and old Father Time, and the children up at Knockgarvan."

"It is a terrible thing going into an empty house, child."

"Oh, but it won't be empty, auntie!" said her niece, cheerfully. "We will have the Ballykilloge Barrys over to show Mr. Fitzgerald, if he is to have the place, what it can contain; and we must drive to Kenmare to see the old General; and wouldn't Murtough be glad to take us on to Killarney?"

"I never thought to see Boat of Garry again," said the old lady, wistfully.

"Indeed, auntie, if I were going to be so munificently generous as to make a present to a friend of a house and garden and shooting lease, and horses and carriages, and all the rest of it, I do think I should want to see how he liked the place, and if he was properly grateful. How do you know that Mr. Fitzgerald would take it? How do you know but that he sees nothing in the neighborhood?"

"You can judge by these articles," said Mrs. Chetwynd; but there was a yielding smile on her face.

"You will be able to judge, auntie, when Mr. Fitzgerald drives with us from Glengariff; and then you will see whether we have been too cruel in condemning him to such a solitary banishment. Now that's settled, auntie, and there is not to be another word."

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT BOAT OF GARRY.

MARY CHETWYND read and re-read the "Occupations of a Recluse" until every searching and sensitive phrase seemed to find an echo in her heart; and when at last, one morning toward the end of July, she found herself standing at a window in the hotel at Glengariff, looking out on the beautiful calm bay and the woods and the mountains, it almost appeared to her as if a dream had become a solid reality. For the Recluse had written a good deal about this neighborhood, though not specifying names; and she recognized the place now, not as she had known it in former years, but as transfigured by the new light and color he had conferred upon it. It was the dream-picture become real; here were all the points of it—the rose hedge, the little landing-stage, the wide water, the Martello tower, and the far ranges of the hills. The place had a strange interest for her. It was something other than the Glengariff that she used to know.

Her aunt came into the room.

"I wonder whether Mr. Fitzgerald will come with the carriage," said the niece.

"I have been wondering," said the old lady, doubtfully, "whether we should tell him that we know of his having written these articles."

"It can not be long a secret; everybody is certain to find out."

"It needed the interposition of a cabinet minister before we could make sure," said the aunt, however.

"I was sure from the beginning, auntie. It was only you who must needs go and get Dr. Bude to beg Mr. —— to ask the editor of the *Daily Mirror*. And all that trouble for nothing—you ought to be ashamed of yourself, auntie. Any one could see the papers were written about Boat of Garry."

"Scold yourself, Mary Chetwynd; don't scold me," said the old lady. "There was no trouble about it. You remember what Dr. Bude said the moment I asked him?—that it was difficult for newspaper editors to get at the secrets of cabinet ministers, but that the reverse of the process would prove to be easy enough. And a pretty thing it would have been if we had come all this way on a mission of charity and compassion, and found that it was not Mr. Fitzgerald at all who had been writing in the newspapers. What would you have said then?"

There was a rumble of a carriage below in the road.

"Oh, auntie, come quick!" the niece cried. "Here are Dan and Wellington, and Murtough; and here is Mr. Fitzgerald too. But what is he doing on the box?"

The old lady went to the window; and when she caught sight of the empty carriage, she inadvertently put her hand on her niece's arm, without saying a word. Then she turned away, her eyes full.

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"Oh, I know," said Mary Chetwynd, cheerfully (though in her heart she guessed that Fitzgerald had out of delicacy refrained from presenting himself to the old lady as the occupant of her nephew's place)—"I know. Of course you must see the scenery so much better from the box. Of course that is it. Now, auntie dear, are you quite ready? Are all your things sent down?"

"I think so, Mary," said Mrs. Chetwynd, when she had recovered her composure. "You—you must make apologies to Mr. Fitzgerald for our interrupting him. We sha'n't stay long. He may have his own friends coming for the shooting. We don't want the carriage to take us to Killarney, if you wish to go back that way. We can hire."

"I don't think you would get Mr. Fitzgerald to agree to that, auntie," the younger lady said, quietly.

Fitzgerald was in the hall when they went down-stairs; and he came up and shook hands with them, and said that their luggage was all in the carriage, and were they ready? In this partial dusk he did not seem changed at all, except perhaps that his manner was somewhat grave. And he rather avoided observation, as it were; he waited until they went out, and then followed.

But when Mrs. Chetwynd and her niece got into the carriage they found that the main part of their luggage had been placed on the two seats opposite them, leaving no further room. The Boots of the hotel shut the door.

"Leave that open," said Miss Chetwynd, almost angrily. "Murtough, why is all the luggage down here? Mr. Fitzgerald, they will make room for you in a moment."

"Oh, thank you," said he, going round to the other side. "I will get on the box."

"Certainly not," said she, with promptitude. "You must have seen everything that is to be seen about here many a time. Murtough, take these things up beside you. See, Mr. Fitzgerald, here is your seat cleared. Don't you think that auntie and I have had enough of each other's company during such a long journey? And we have all the gossip of the neighborhood to get from you. I suppose old Father Time has a dozen more complaints about the Knockgarvan children?"

So Fitzgerald had to take his seat inside (the previous arrangement had been a cunning device of his own), and away they drove. For a time there was a little embarrassment. He was unaccustomed to new faces; he would rather have been on the box. Then Mrs. Chetwynd had got it so clearly in her mind that he was already the actual owner of Boat of Garry that she kept making little ingenuous excuses for their intrusion. But very soon the light and pleasant humor of Mary Chetwynd, and the clear frankness of her eyes, dispersed these awkwardnesses, and Bantry Bay and all its surroundings began (for him, at least) to assume quite a new and cheerful aspect. Boat of Garry, too: did he not know that the old gardener, with his stoop, and his long hair, and his scythe, was familiarly spoken of as "old Father Time"? Had he not observed how Ghoul-like was the engineer, stoker, and captain of the *Black Swan* when he raised his head, all smothered in coal-dust, from the yacht's bunkers, and glared through his huge brass-rimmed spectacles? This landau: had no one told him it was properly called "the Ark," especially in wet weather, when its vast capacity could have transported half the neighborhood safely through the rain? Perhaps he had never heard of H.M.S. *Coal-scuttle*? At all events, she said, she was pleased to see that the Ghoul had not blown him into the air.

"I think it is very wicked of Mary," said the old lady, "to come and throw ridicule on everything, and make you think light of the place. Perhaps—perhaps it is from old association, but I consider Boat of Garry very pretty."

"Who could say otherwise?" he answered. "It is a beautiful neighborhood."

"But a bit lonely?" said Mary Chetwynd, timidly.

"Oh no."

She raised her eyes in astonishment.

"You don't find it lonely?"

"Not in the least," said he, simply. "I mean—that is—well, perhaps it might be called lonely; but I find the solitariness of it its chief charm, I think."

She was silent for a second. Then she said, good-naturedly:

"Auntie, what do you think of that as a compliment? Why, Mr. Fitzgerald, we thought—we imagined—that you might be rather lonely here—and—and we thought of giving you the pleasure of our

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company for a week or two—I mean a few days—"

She was clearly embarrassed; but there was a humorous smile on her face all the time. Then she looked up with her frank clear look.

"I will confess the truth, Mr. Fitzgerald. My dark and nefarious scheme has failed. Auntie won't let Boat of Garry."

"I don't wish it even talked about," said the old lady, but without sharpness.

"And so you see all my plotting and counter-plotting has only ended in your having been banished away from humankind for all this time."

"But Boat of Garry is not such a howling wilderness, Miss Chetwynd," he said, with a smile. "Humanity exists there as elsewhere; and human—folly, shall we say? You don't know what tragic passions may be smouldering in all that quiet. Murtough," he said, lowering his voice somewhat, "has discovered that a man at Adrigole made Kate an offer of marriage before she married Murtough—"

"I know. She came to me about it. Why did the stupid girl not tell her husband? What harm was there in that?"

"Why, none. Only the pitiableness of it," he said, absently. "It is merely the old story. When you see three jackdaws flying along together in spring-time you know what a story of jealousy and hatred and madness that means, and how one poor chap is doomed to an inevitable fate. But it appears that the gentleman from Adrigole, having recently taken to drink, and idleness, and Fenianism, and so on, is now desirous of renewing his acquaintance with Kate; so there is to be a tremendous head-smashing when he and Murtough meet."

"I will put an end to that," she said, promptly, "for I know Pat Carey's master."

"I am afraid Pat Carey hasn't any master to speak of now," said he. "But Murtough can hold his own."

For a time there was silence; and only the driving through the delicious air; and the opening out of the beauties of the far-reaching bay. Mary Chetwynd was afraid she had said too much about his loneliness. She could not explain to him, here and now, what she had been guessing about him from these writings. She had been listening to inner secrets when she was reading those papers. Now everything seemed so ordinary and matter of fact—as he pointed out where the coal smack had come to grief, or asked Mrs. Chetwynd if she had read Professor Sims's lecture, or got Murtough to stop the carriage so that he could get out to walk a steep part of the road. And yet, sometimes, when he was absently looking away over the wide expanse of water, there was a look in his eyes that told her something she had only imagined, and that convinced her that this visit on the part of her aunt and herself was not so much amiss.

When they swept round the gravel-drive and drew up in front of the house, it was Miss Chetwynd's aim to make a rare bustle, so that her aunt should have no opportunity of indulging in sad recollections. Sure enough, here was old Father Time, with his scythe, just finishing off the lawn; and here was the pretty Kate, all smiling and pleased; and Tim was sent to bring the dogs; and the Ghoul was to be summoned to report about the new boiler. But indeed Mrs. Chetwynd did not seem to mind as much as had been expected her entering this house. It was far from being an empty house. Everything was noise and turmoil and confusion. And when at last something like order had been restored, and when the three sat down to lunch, Mrs. Chetwynd, so far from being dejected, said, with a smile on the pretty, bright old face,

"Why, Mary, this is quite like old times."

The luncheon was not a sumptuous one; but the old lady was obviously highly pleased—with something or other.

"Your telegram, Mrs. Chetwynd, came late last night," Fitzgerald said, "and I had to get away early this morning, or I should have tried to get you a sea-trout, or a brace of wood-pigeons, or something."

"Oh, but this will do capitally," she said. "If Kate would only let us have some wine. I hope you found the wine to your liking, Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"I—I have no doubt it is excellent," said he, flushing somewhat.

"But you don't mean to say you have not tried it—all this time?" said she, staring.

"The beer is very good indeed," said he, evasively.

The old lady looked at her niece, as if to say, "There is something to be amended here"; but she said nothing.

Then she began to cross-examine him

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about his impressions of the place, and his pursuits, and so forth, just as if she had never heard about the "Occupations of a Recluse." Did he like the situation of the house? The shooting promised to be good this year? And how about the winter—would it not be a terribly dull place in winter? And she was very much surprised that he had not made any use of the *Black Swan*.

"I don't know much about steam-yachts," said he, "but I suppose it costs a good deal in coals before you can get steam up?"

"A trifle—a mere trifle," she said. "Surely it was not that that hindered you?"

"I thought if you were letting the place it might be as well to have a full stock of coals in the boat," said he.

"Never mind, auntie," said the niece. "You and I and Mr. Fitzgerald will all have a famous trip to-morrow, if the day is fine, and we will see what the new boiler can do."

"Not I," said the old lady, with decision. "You two may go if you like. I wish to end my days in a peaceable kind of way."

"Mr. Fitzgerald," said Miss Chetwynd, "have you ever steered a small steam-yacht?"

"I have never been on board one."

"Well, the sensation will be a new one for you—you must not miss it. You will have the pleasing impression that a wild beast has run away with you, and that you haven't the least notion against what it is going to rush. Then the Ghoul is generally below at his fires; and I suppose you don't know much about the navigation of Bantry Bay?"

"Nothing whatever."

"That is still more excellent," she continued, gravely. "And when you see the finger of the dial informing you that you are about twenty pounds above the registered pressure, you don't know how to let off the steam, I suppose?"

"Certainly not."

"Capital!—capital! It will be the greatest enjoyment of your life. The Ghoul will be below; pressure will be 100 pounds on the square inch; the wild beast will be running away with you; and you don't know where the rocks are. And yet they say that Boat of Garry is a sleepy, unexciting sort of place!"

"If you don't mind, Miss Chetwynd, I would rather leave the management of that wild war steed to you."

"To me? Oh no. When there is a man on board, of course the man steers. It isn't a woman's place."

"But suppose the man prefers to stay on shore?"

"Then you are afraid?"

"Yes, I am."

"I thought men never acknowledged that."

"It does not much matter whether they acknowledge it or not. If you put a man on a railway engine, and start it, and send him careering along the line without any power to stop, and then if you ask him whether he is quite happy, and he says 'Yes,' you can judge for yourself whether he is a truthful person."

"Besides," continued the young lady, in the same calm and placid manner, "you know you have to get the yacht out of the creek first; and the deep channel is about a dozen yards wide; and it twists between rocks; and the currents are fearful."

"Mary Chetwynd!" said her aunt, angrily, and then she turned to Fitzgerald. "I don't know what has got into her head, but she seems determined to put you out of conceit with the whole place. The yacht is as safe as sitting in that easy-chair—why, look at the new boiler! And it is most delightful to be able to go away on a perfectly still day—when an ordinary yacht would be unable to move—and go as far out as you please, and have luncheon there, and come back just when it suits you. I would go with you myself to-morrow—"

"Only—?" said the niece.

"Only what?"

"I wanted to know what the excuse was to be this time, auntie dear," said the imperturbable young lady.

"But I mean to go," said Mrs. Chetwynd, valiantly.

"Now you know very well, auntie, you are as sensitive as a cat, and the least speck of dirt on your face or on your hands makes you fidgety and miserable; and when H.M.S. *Coalscuttle* does take it into its head to throw up a cloud of wet soot at starting—"

"But we can go below until she has started," the aunt said.

"Who is to steer, then?"

"Tim can steer."

"He knows no more of the rocks than the man in the moon. Besides, would

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you miss the expression of the Ghoul's face when he gets to the Narrows?"

"Come away, Mr. Fitzgerald," said the old lady, "and we will have coffee outside. If you stay here any longer, Mary will persuade you that sea air is poisonous, and that Boat of Garry is celebrated for small-pox."

Now this fighting, which had been brought about of set purpose by Mary Chetwynd, had the desired effect of tying down the attention of the old lady to the affairs of the moment; and it was wonderful with what little concern—how easily and naturally—she now took her accustomed seat on the bench outside the porch and looked around. The ordeal she had feared was no ordeal at all. She was regarding the trim-cut lawn, and the masses of rhododendrons, and the openings through the trees which revealed glimpses of the sea and distant hills; and she was thinking that for a man of letters no more desirable haven of rest could have been found. Was it a wonder that he had written those charming papers in this dream-like quiet? The world seemed filled with sunlight here; and yet there was a slight cool breeze coming over from the sea to temper the heat; and as it passed along it stirred some lime-trees down there by the rivulet, and the sweet scent was all around. And the old lady was very pleased to see the place looking so beautiful; and she was pretty sure in her own mind that a contemplative student would be glad enough to have it as a gift, and to remain there for a portion of the year at least, and do the best work of which he was capable in it, and perhaps also submit to be bothered—for a week or two in the summer—by a visit from two idle women escaping into this gracious quiet from the clang of London life.

Occupied by this pleasing fancy, the old lady, accompanied by the two younger people, now set out on an inspection of the place. Father Time received high praise for the condition of the garden. Then they visited the kennel, and the stables, and the fowl-house, and what not; and, as the day was so beautiful, Mrs. Chetwynd said she thought she could walk as far as the shore, and have a look at the *Black Swan* lying at her moorings.

But to do this they had to return to the house and take a road leading somewhat inland from the marshy stretches lying alongside the creek; and they were leisurely walking along, chatting, and watching birds and butterflies and so forth, when Fitzgerald suddenly discovered that right ahead of them, at some distance, stood the Knockgarvan bull, calmly contemplating them, and apparently disposed to contest their right of way. It was an awkward, even a serious, situation. He knew the beast and its ill temper, and had, indeed, passed it several times, though on these occasions he had been accompanied—as was his wont in going about—with one or other of the dogs, and when there is a dog about, the bull does not pay much attention to its master. However, now there was no help for it; there was no gate for the two women to go through, no wall for them to get behind; and he knew very well that the first symptom of fear or retreat would be the first inducement for the bull to pursue. Moreover, he dared not even tell his companions of their danger; for he was afraid the old lady might scream and try to run away, and there was absolutely no shelter. So he continued talking in a loud and unconcerned way, carefully keeping a short distance ahead of the two ladies.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Chetwynd," he was saying (with an anxious eye on the bull all the time), "that purple loosestrife is a very handsome plant when you see it growing by the way-side—very handsome—yes—splendid color out-of-doors—"

Here he had come within stone's-throw of the bull, which stood immovable but for the angry flapping about of its tail. He picked up a pebble and carelessly shied it at the animal.

"Get out of that!" he growled, with apparent indifference, and forthwith continued his talking.

"—but it is worth nothing in-doors. It does not tell in a room. It loses the pink and becomes purple. I told Tim to cut a lot, and meant to put them in the dining-room when you came; but I found they would not do—"

Here the animal gave a low, warning bellow; but there was nothing for it. He kept on talking; always a little ahead of his companions; and he knew the time was come, for good or ill.

"Mr. Fitzgerald," said Mrs. Chetwynd, anxiously, "hadn't we better go back—"

"Oh no," said he, carelessly. "Come along. It is only one of the Knockgarvan beasts strayed down from the farm. *Get out of the way, will you?*"

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He lifted this time a big stone—what in those districts is called a rock—and pitched it at the brute, intending to miss him. By dire mischance the lump of stone landed on the animal's nose; and Master Willie's heart at the same moment leaped to his mouth, for he was convinced that the beast would not endure such an insult. But slowly and sulkily, and with deep mutterings and flapping of the tail, the coward brute yielded its dignity, and crossed a ditch, and went into the adjoining pasture. Fitzgerald was much too prudent to try a repetition of the stone-heaving. He let well alone.

"I was saying," he continued, as if nothing had happened, "that loosestrife isn't good for lighting up a room. Fox-gloves are better; but even they are too purple. Now a splendid show of wild flowers is to get the marigolds that grow in the corn here, and mix them up with meadow-sweet—"

He cautiously turned his head; the bull—at some distance—was regarding them, but evidently not inclined to follow. In a few more minutes they were down at the little landing-slip; and here was the Ghoul, otherwise, Sheil Glanny—a great, awkward-looking man, with bushy black hair and brass-rimmed spectacles—seated on the beach, tarring a broken-down old punt.

"Sheil," said Fitzgerald to him, under his breath, "haul in the boat there, and I'll row the ladies out to the yacht. And then you'll go back to the house, and tell Tim to bring a couple of the dogs along the road, and drive the Knockgarvan bull up to the farm. And you'll tell him to tell the boy that the next time he lets the beast go wandering down here like that, I'll come up with a stick and beat him till he's black and blue."

"Sure I'll do it mesilf now, sir," said Sheil, looking about for an instrument.

Then it occurred to Fitzgerald that this was a most injudicious threat, seeing how near the shooting season was.

"No," said he; "Tim is to give the boy this shilling, and say I am much obliged to him for keeping his dog from hunting; and, while the ladies are here, would he see that the bull is kept up at the farm?"

"Well, well, sir," said Sheil, going away rather down-faced, and no doubt thinking that it was throwing away a shilling when a beating would have done as well or better.

So Fitzgerald got into the big boat, and rowed the two ladies (he noticed that Mrs. Chetwynd kept a hand tightly grasping the gunwale all the time, though the water was like glass) out to the *Black Swan*, and got them on board. She was a smart enough looking yacht of about fifty feet in length, with a small cabin aft, and a larger one forward; and as there was a pretty strong odor of new paint about, it was clear that Sheil Glanny had been occupying his spare time usefully. Indeed, so anxious did the old lady seem that Fitzgerald should express approval of the little yacht that even her niece refrained from making disrespectful comments; nay, she even undertook to make a cup of tea for them, until she found that all the small lockers were locked, and that there was neither tea nor anything else to be got at on board.

"I think she is a beautiful little boat, and very handy and convenient," said Fitzgerald, to the old lady's great delight. "I had no idea there was such room in her. Why, half a dozen people could sleep on board. And with that twisting channel down at the mouth of the creek, a sailing yacht would never be able to get in here. To-morrow, then, Mrs. Chetwynd, would you like to take a trip? for I will tell Sheil about getting up steam."

"If—if you wish it," said Mrs. Chetwynd, rather doubtfully.

"Don't drive auntie into a corner," said the niece, laughing. "She would be trembling all the time. No; she shall come down to the beach; and I will go with you, if you like, for I know the way down the creek; and we will have a short run out and back, and pick up auntie again. How will that do?"

"It will do very well," said the old lady, "if you are not in one of your scornful moods. But when Mr. Fitzgerald knows you a little better, he will know when you are speaking the truth and when you are not."

When they got back to the house again (there was no bull to contest their passage this time) Fitzgerald took out his fishing-rod, and said he was going down to the stream to see if he could get a sea-trout for their dinner, while the two ladies had tea brought them to the little table outside the porch.

"Mary," said Mrs. Chetwynd, after a time—what a beautiful, quiet, golden afternoon it was!—"I wish you would write to Mr. McGee, and ask him to come over

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and see me. Or we can send up the yacht for him, if that will suit him best."

"Very well, auntie," said the younger lady, dutifully; "but I think you are making a mistake."

"Why?"

"I have seen it brewing all day long. The place looks pretty; Mr. Fitzgerald is pleased with it, and you are proud of it; and you have gone back to your old notion of giving it to him."

"Well?"

"What would he do with it? He has no money to keep it up, as poor Frank had. You couldn't expect him to live here all his life, in any case—a young man like that, with a great career before him. Why, you'd never even have the satisfaction of seeing him to let him say 'Thank you' for your kindness. Besides, I wouldn't trust the conveyancing of a valuable property to Mr. McGee."

"Really, Mary," said her aunt, with a little laugh, "you must have been thinking about it as much as I have all day. But some of your objections meet each other. I don't want Mr. McGee to convey the property, but to come over and make a calculation as to what would be necessary to keep it up as it stands. When I present a picture I like to present it framed. And then, no doubt, if what people say about these writings is true, no doubt Mr. Fitzgerald would have to live a part of the year in London; and I am sure you would be as glad to see him as I should be, for the more I see of him I like him the better; and—and in a measure I should like him to be to us what—what my poor boy was. Well, that means money. That means an allowance, Mary. Do you think he is not deserving of it?"

"I wouldn't say that, auntie dear. But all the deserving people don't meet with such a kind friend. I suppose he will continue to write. You know, auntie—now don't be cross, for I am only talking common-sense—I think you were too good to poor Frank; and many a time I wished he would give up his hunting, and come and do some kind of useful thing."

"Now, Mary, that is enough," said the aunt, but without anger. "We are not all reformers and politicians like you. If my poor boy pleased himself, that is enough for me; that is what I like to think of. But there's always good sense in what you say, Mary. Of course I should not dream of making Mr. Fitzgerald such an allowance as would make him independent and careless. Oh no. But I think I can trust the lad. I like the look of his eyes. And if he can not be everything that my boy was to me—well, at my time of life one is glad to be able to do what kindness one can; and I don't see any one else to whom I would rather give Boat of Garry."

The niece was silent for a little while.

"Auntie," said she at length, "if you are quite resolved upon this, will you allow me to tell him to-morrow?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"There are one or two things I should like to say to him—if you don't mind."

"Why not? Who knows all the circumstances of the case better than you? Well, now, Mary, I am going to my room to lie down for a while; but you may come and knock at my door before dinner."

Master Willie was not fortunate that afternoon, for there was not a breath of wind, and the surface of the pools was like glass; and he was returning to the house rather disheartened—not knowing that the Ghoul had got two splendid flounders, a cod, and a skate in his drift-net, and that Tim, who had been sent up the hill, was bringing back a brace of mountain hares and a couple of teal—when he met Miss Chetwynd. She was trying to plait rushes, and not succeeding very well.

"Mr. Fitzgerald," said she, looking up with those clear blue-gray eyes of hers, "was not that rather an ill-tempered bull we met this afternoon?"

"It does not like strangers."

"And we were in some danger?"

"Well," said he, hesitatingly, "something might have happened."

"I thought so," she said, regarding him. "And yet you would not tell us we were in danger."

"What would have been the use? I should only have frightened your aunt, and made more mischief."

"If my aunt had not been there, would you have told me?" and for a second her frank, shrewd, inquiring eyes met his.

"Yes, I think I would have told you," he said.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE "BLACK SWAN."

MARY CHETWYND'S manner was ordinarily marked by a perfect ease and simplicity; it seemed to suit the sincerity of

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her eyes; women noticed it, and found her companionable; sick children were glad to be nursed by her; poor people did not become self-conscious when she entered their door; at her aunt's table she spoke to guests and servants in precisely the same voice; she had the same smile, the same frank look, for every one. All this pertness of humor she had displayed since their arrival at Boat of Garry had been assumed; but it had answered its purpose; the old lady had taken quite naturally to the place; there were no fits of despondency or gloomy reminiscences. But when she herself drew near the true object of their visit, she became more grave, and again and again found herself wishing that these explanations were well over. At all events, chance provided her with an ample opportunity of making them.

Next morning Mrs. Chetwynd had almost resolved to go on board the *Black Swan*, and even went down to the shore of the creek with them; but at the last moment she changed her mind, and said she would go to the hill above the house, from which she could see them sail away out into Bantry Bay and back. But this hesitation had caused delay; and when at length Miss Chetwynd and Fitzgerald and Tim the keeper got on board the little yacht they found the Ghoul in a state of great excitement and impatience. There was a rapid ebb-tide running; steam was up to within five pounds of the extreme registered pressure; the donkey-engine was rattling away as if it were in a tin box; and Sheil Glanny was here, there, and everywhere—at the moorings, at the furnace door, at the waste-pipe, at the coals. And then, before Fitzgerald fairly knew where he was amid all the uproar, he found himself with a rope in his hand, and the rope was attached to a hauling and jerking and throbbing iron tiller, and he knew that the *Black Swan* was forging ahead just anywhere, for the condensers had not arrived, and he was enveloped in steam, not even the bow of the boat being visible.

"Miss Chetwynd," he called aloud—for the Ghoul was down in the bunkers again—"have you any notion where we are going?"

"Not the least," said she. "But Tim is at the bow."

However, the steam abated, or else the wind freshened; at all events, he began to get glimpses of his surroundings, and strove as near as he could to keep this raging little beast in mid-channel. And what a noise it made!—or rather a succession of noises, each distinct, and each sharply following the other. And then there was still another—a sudden, brain-dividing shriek, twice repeated; and he saw that Miss Chetwynd had hold of the brass chain of the steam-whistle.

"That is a signal to auntie: do you think she will hear?" she said—or shouted.

"Hear?" he answered. "They will hear it at New York. I believe you have killed every curlew within six miles of us."

Then, to his unspeakable satisfaction, the great black-headed creature with the big brass-rimmed spectacles came on deck again, and assumed charge of the tiller, calling Tim along to help at the same moment. It was evident they were approaching the dreaded Narrows. Now and again in the deep clear water some sudden flashes of golden brown were seen—the long arms of the sea-weed. Far ahead there were some strange-looking swirls, silver curlings on the glassy blue, though no rocks were visible. Moreover, as they drew nearer and nearer to this narrow channel, it was very apparent that the tide was flowing seaward like a mill-race.

"We should have started an hour before," said Miss Chetwynd, looking rather apprehensively at the swirling water.

"At all events we can't turn and face that tide now," her companion observed.

The Ghoul was paying heed, not to them, but to the course of the water and the lay of the shore. Then he shouted,

"Hard over, Tim!"

Fitzgerald lent a hand too, and the iron tiller was jammed over. Of course he looked to see the yacht swing round. She did nothing of the kind. The current was too much for her steering-way. There was a slight scratch—a sort of grating sensation—only for the briefest possible point of time.

Fitzgerald looked at Miss Chetwynd—with a natural sort of inquiry; for she knew more about this performance than he did. He found she was regarding him and waiting.

They had not long to wait. In fact, the whole thing had happened before they had had time to think. Immediately following that grating scratch along the keel there was a distinct and solid bump that shook the yacht from stem to stern; the Ghoul sprang forward to shut off the steam; there was the slightest tilting over

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of the boat; and then, after all this excitement and noise, the strangest imaginable silence. Everybody stood still, doing nothing. The Ghoul looked away astern in a reproachful kind of way. Then Fitzgerald began to wonder whether she was aground on rock, or on shingle, or on mud, and whether she would remain upright. And then various examinations and surmises and suggestions resolved themselves to this—that they were stuck here for five hours at least, with the compensation that the summer day was beautiful, and around them a perfect and delicious quiet.

"You know, Miss Chetwynd," Fitzgerald said at length, "Tim and I might manage to get you ashore in the boat. We should be whirled along a good bit, but that would only give you another quarter of a mile to walk back to the house."

"Would you have me desert the ship?" she said. "What might become of Sheil, if he were left alone? You could never pull the boat back to the yacht against that current. Besides, when the tide rises high enough to float the yacht again, who knows what will happen?"

"But five hours—" said he.

"Mr. Fitzgerald," said she, somewhat diffidently, "I—I have some things to tell you that—that won't take up five hours, perhaps, but that will give you plenty to think over for that time."

"Not too serious?" he said.

"Oh no. Not at all. I hope not," she said.

So they had to set to work to make themselves comfortable during this enforced detention. Fortunately the *Black Swan*, when she ran into the bed of shingle and sea-weed, fixed herself without much of a list; and the deck stools were quite serviceable. Sheil Glanny had gone below to bank up his fires and let off some of the steam; and Tim had accompanied him. These two, then, were practically alone in this shining, silent world of sky and sea, with the slow-sailing white clouds mirrored in the blue expanse of water, and the slight hissing all around them of the currents swirling between the rocks.

Mary Chetwynd's manner, as has already been said, was, in ordinary circumstances, marked by a perfect ease and self-possession; she never seemed to have to think twice about what she was going to say; she always appeared to be on the most simple and friendly terms both with herself and with everybody around her. Now, however, it was clear that she was embarrassed. She remained silent for a time; her eyes were fixed on the deck; once or twice she opened and shut her sunshade aimlessly. And when she did speak she jumbled nearly all the things she had to say together in a very incoherent way:

"Mr. Fitzgerald—I—I don't think you and I have been quite fair to each other. I—I have been reading those papers in the *Daily Mirror*—I did not know you thought about such things—and then I am afraid you have not been quite happy here—and auntie wants to give you the place—and hopes you will stay here—and I want you to go away."

Her fingers were trembling.

"It is so difficult to make explanations," she said. "But I feel that it was inconsiderate of me to ask you to come here—"

What could make her so timid and almost distressed?—she who ordinarily did not seem to know what nervousness meant.

"I hope you won't think of it," he said, hastily coming to her rescue, and with an embarrassment about equal to her own. "Yesterday you seemed concerned about it also. Please don't think of it for a moment. I assure you it is a very good thing for people to be alone sometimes: it makes them find out something about themselves. Surely it is not a trumpery matter like that that you want to speak about for five hours, Miss Chetwynd? I assure you I have enjoyed the time tremendously since I was here—I don't expect ever to have such a holiday again as long as I live. But who told you I wrote those papers in the *Mirror*?"

"Who told me?" she said, with her face brightening, for now the awkwardness of beginning was over, and here was a solid, practical subject that involved no danger. "They did. Every line—though I don't think you ever wrote quite in that way before. Auntie herself would have led me to suspect, for she thought they were like what our poor Frank might have written, just as she thought about the other papers in the *Household Magazine*. So there must be some similarity; but yet I see a great difference—"

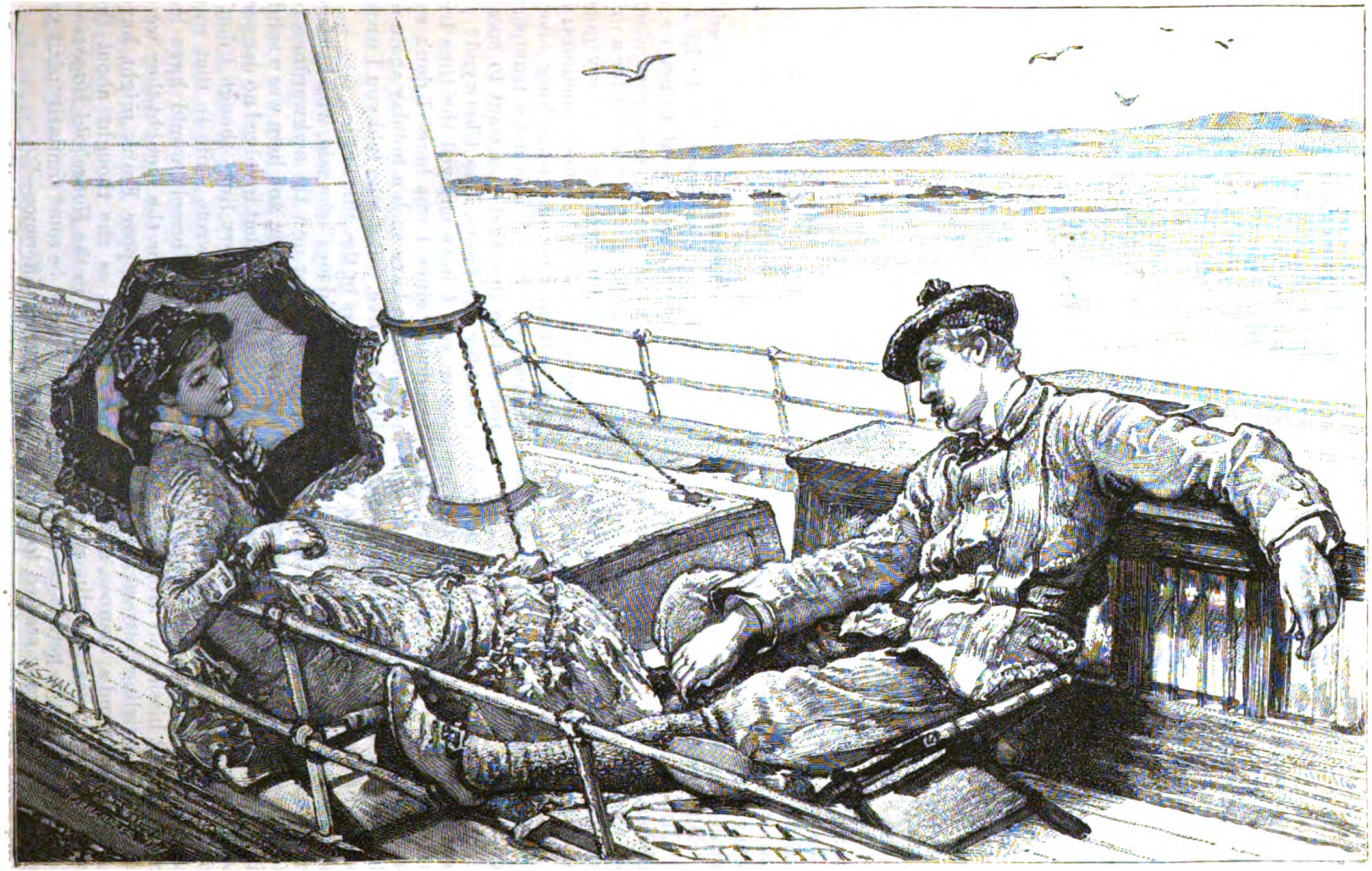
Here she flushed slightly, and immediately said:

"I wonder, now, if you know here what

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"THESE TWO, THEN, WERE PRACTICALLY ALONE IN THIS SHINING, SILENT WORLD OF SKY AND SEA."

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an impression they have made on the public? I suppose not. Do you know that every one is talking about them as something quite new in literature? And the weekly papers have been saying the nicest things about them, especially the *Liberal Review*—"

"No, not the *Liberal Review*?" said he, quickly.

"Oh yes, indeed. Again and again. When you go back to London you will find yourself quite famous."

That topic ought not to have been distasteful to a young author, but he merely said:

"I have had some letters about them. And invitations to contribute elsewhere. One publisher, indeed, wants to reprint them. If that were done, and if the public cared to read them in that form, I might be able, after all, to gain some little footing in literature—enough for a beginner. I *had* begun to despair. I was at it a long time, and of course one does not like to confess one's self a failure; and I should like to have a definite way of earning a living, besides. But don't bother about my affairs, Miss Chetwynd."

"I must," she said, brightly, for she was glad the ice was broken. "I have been intrusted by auntie with the duty of telling you that she is more bent than ever on asking you to take over Boat of Garry—"

"I remember. It is very kind of her, I am sure," he said; "but in my circumstances it would be worse than useless."

"Yes; so she understands," said his companion, calmly. "You mean that you could not afford to keep up the place. Every one must see that. But what auntie says is that when she presents a picture to any one she presents it framed; and of course she would see that you had enough to keep up Boat of Garry properly. More than that—and this is where my interest comes in—you would have quite enough to have rooms in London besides, and you might spend as much of the year there as you wished; in fact, you would have your entire time at your disposal."

He was regarding her with astonishment, almost with incredulity.

"I do believe," she said, with a slight, humorous smile, "that you think I am going to ask you for a subscription to my charities."

"No," said he; "I was wondering why your aunt should be so kind to me. This is overwhelming—"

"Oh, do you wish to know why poor old auntie is kind? You had better leave that to the philosophers. It is a way she has. And in this instance I don't oppose her. I hope auntie will live many years yet; and I don't see the fun of keeping up Boat of Garry for the benefit of Mr. McGee. Now, Mr. Fitzgerald, as auntie doesn't talk any longer of asking you to give up your name as a condition, I have no doubt you will become the owner of Boat of Garry, and you will be your own master, and have all your time at your disposal. Very likely auntie may expect you to spend most of the year here. I hope you will not. You will be in a position to be of very great use in the world. Of what use would you be here? It would be all very well to use Boat of Garry as a place of recuperation, after work done; but it would be selfish—at least so it seems to me—if you were merely to settle down here to enjoy yourself, even in the most innocent way, with those delightful rambles that you describe. Mr. Fitzgerald," she said, after a second, "I don't think you have been fair to me. You have met me among some scientific people, and you think I care for nothing but science. You think I am heartless. Well, let that be as it may; it is of no consequence; but at all events I think this: that those who are well off, and in a position where they enjoy the comforts of life in peace and security, should remember how these things were made possible to them—simply through the best people, century after century, doing their best—and they ought to have some gratitude, and be willing to lend a hand at the same work, for the benefit of those who are in less favored circumstances. I don't like to talk about what some of us are trying to do among the poor in the east end of London; for it isn't very picturesque, and it does not appeal much to sentiment; and then it is so easy to impute motives. Well, I don't care much what the motive is, if the result is the same. Very likely doing charitable actions is only another form of self-gratification; and I suppose I consider myself a superior person; but let us take the case of a sick woman who can't stir from her bed to look after the poor room and kitchen, and she is afraid her husband, when he comes home at seven, will be discontented, and go away to the public-house, and sup-

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pose you take one of your district nurses to the place, and say to her, 'Well, never mind about the physic; she can help herself to that if the bottle is marked; but you look round in the evening, between six and seven, and give the place a bit smartening up, and have hot water for the husband's tea against his coming home, and stir the fire, and have one or two illustrated papers about'—well, perhaps, to see the look of gratitude on the sick woman's face is only to flatter your self-love; I don't say it is not; but ask the poor woman what is her opinion—whether she would have that done for her, or have the house left to its discomfort and squalor, and her husband turn out and leave her alone."

"I don't think," said he, slowly, "that I should be quick to impute motives, if you would tell me what it is you are doing there."

"Oh, but when I find a sympathetic listener," she said, with a laugh, "I am dreadful. I know so many stories that are interesting to me because I know the people; but they can not be so interesting to others—"

"You see, Miss Chetwynd," he continued, "short of a miraculous rising of the tide, we are stuck fast here for four hours and a half—"

"And you would have four hours and a half description of our lectures and entertainments, our Sunday services, and district nurses, and open-air spaces, and our window flower boxes, and all that? Oh no. Some other day, perhaps. At this moment, Mr. Fitzgerald, it has occurred to me that you might ask whether there is anything that might serve for lunch on board this shipwrecked boat."

"I believe there is a tin of biscuits," said he.

"That will do excellently."

"Shall I bring them now?"

"If you please."

Accordingly he went down into the little cabin, and handed up, not only the biscuits, but also two bottles of soda-water and two clean tumblers; so that they had a most wholesome, if somewhat simple, banquet on deck on this fair warm summer day. And insensibly she began to tell him something of her own troubles; for it appeared that those charitable people were not all of one mind; and, besides certain schemes and organizations of her own planning, it turned out that she belonged to one or two societies of kindred intent.

"And I do so want somebody to back me up," she said. "You must know I am a dreadful heretic and innovator, Mr. Fitzgerald—I am the champion of beer."

"Oh, indeed," said he.

"You know, it is easy enough to get on with the boys' entertainments; all they want as a bribe is a biscuit or two, with some apples, or nuts if it is not apple time. And then we are doing good service to the country by reading them patriotic poetry or stories of bravery at sea, and showing them a bit of practical science by means of a magic lantern, or even hinting that a boy should be too proud to steal, and not refrain simply from fear of the police station. But the men: what I say is, how can you expect the Stepney workman, or the coster-monger from Shadwell, or the tired laborer from the docks, to come and sit out a lecture on ventilation or some such thing, with nothing to make him comfortable but a cup of tea, which gets cold directly, and with his pipe in his pocket? I say it is asking too much. I say it is not common-sense. What harm is there in letting each man have his pint of light ale—I am afraid they would not take to the Bavarian beer, though that would be the safest—and his pipe? I did not like it at first; but now I can stand a hall full of men smoking pipes. One must not be too particular. I was amused not long ago at the bravery of Lady ——, who came down to see how we were getting along. She came to a boys' entertainment, in a very low neighborhood—to tell you the truth, Mr. Fitzgerald, I suspect about one-third of them were thieves; but all the same she stood at the door as they went out, and shook hands with each of them, and complimented them on their good behavior. And the next night I had got them together I thought I would tell them that Lady —— was a great friend of the Queen's; and one small chap said, immediately, 'Please, miss, did the lady ever shake hands with the Queen?' You can see what the poor little fellow meant—that he had shaken hands with some one who had shaken hands with the Queen. But there again, that shows the imprudence of allowing strangers to come among us out of mere curiosity, for they would call that snobbishness—"

"What does it matter what they call it?" said Fitzgerald, with some warmth.

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"I thought it was very pretty of Lady —— to shake hands with each of the boys; and I take no shame to myself that I told them she was a friend of the Queen's. It is very easy to criticise when you don't have to face the actual circumstances. I know it took me some time before I could bear the tobacco smoke. I tried a mean way of getting out of it by presenting them with good tobacco; but that was no use; they would not smoke mine: I suppose it was too delicate. Oh, did you hear what Mr. Scobell did just before we left London?"

"No, I think not."

"He sent me another three hundred filters!—just think of it! So there will have to be another big lecture and a distribution as soon as we get back."

Apparently this young lady with the clear eyes and the bright smile had found a sufficiently sympathetic listener, for the time passed quite unobserved as she described all this work that was going on. They did not even notice that the tide was now flowing in; that one or two shallow banks, where the heavy sea-tangle had lain exposed in the sun, were now covered by the sea again; and that the Ghoul was watchful and anxious.

All at once the *Black Swan* was found to be moving; but it was only a list from one side to the other; that was so sharp, however, that it very nearly threw everybody into the water. And then as the tide rose she gradually righted; Sheil Glanny, finding she was deep enough astern, ventured upon backing her off; there was just enough room to turn; and the next minute the *Black Swan* was sailing right up the creek again, while a shrill scream or two from the steam-whistle would tell the Boat of Garry people of her return. And then the throbbing and puffing and churning came to a sudden end; in renewed quiet the little yacht cut its way through the glassy water; with the boat-hook Tim dexterously made a grab at the moorings; and presently the two voyagers were on their way to the shore.

"There, now, Mr. Fitzgerald," she said, as they walked along the road together to the house, "have I been the whole day talking to you about heaps of things that you can not take any interest in, and all that I meant to say to you I have forgotten. Except this—please don't stay at Boat of Garry when it becomes yours—at least, not always. I am very, very sorry I asked you to come here: I would not have done so if I had thought you were going to write about it like that. I am very, very sorry—"

She was speaking in rather a low voice, with her eyes downcast.

"But why?" said he, good-naturedly. "Any place is solitary when one is alone; and this place is most beautiful—that is all the difference. But do you really think," he added, more thoughtfully, "that these papers have made an impression on the public?"

"Most certainly," said she, with her face brightening. "Who could doubt it? Or is there any wonder that people should be grateful for having it pointed out that the common things of the world are far more beautiful than they had fancied? Does it not make life a little richer?"

"But I had nothing to do with that," said he, absently; "I was only repeating John Ross—my artist friend, you remember, Miss Chetwynd: I was only pointing out what he had shown me. No; why I asked was with the fancy that perhaps now I could earn something in literature. Perhaps there might be a prospect for me now; indeed, I think so myself, from one or two offers that I have received. Pray forgive me, Miss Chetwynd," he added, suddenly recollecting himself, "for talking about my affairs to you; but indeed I might say that you yourself are concerned—"

"I?" she said, with something like a start.

"In a measure," he continued. "I should like to go back to London soon, I think—"

"Oh, I am glad of that!" she exclaimed, with very obvious eagerness.

"And if matters go well," he said—"you know you hinted about a contribution to all these varied charities of yours—I say, if matters go well, you will perhaps allow me to give you a contribution."

She laughed lightly. She did not think it was probable he was so soon to become rich.

"What will your contribution be?" she said, idly, as he opened the big iron gate for her.

"Well," said he, "if your aunt would consent—"

"My aunt! What has she to do with it?"

"Oh, a great deal," he continued, as they walked along the gravel-path up to

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the house. "I was thinking, if she had no objection, my contribution ought to be—"

"Not two hundred pounds a year?" she suggested, rather jokingly.

"No," he answered, looking round at the beautiful place. "I was thinking that my contribution ought to be—Boat of Garry."

SOUTHERN RIVERS.

WHERE are all the rhythmic rivers of our sunny Southern clime—
Rivers named in Indian legend or in tongue of later time;
Rivers quaint or rivers noble, rivers grand or rivers wee;
From the trickling o'er the pebbles to the sound, or gulf, or sea?
From their fountains gushing, through the mountains rushing;
Dashing deftly, splashing swiftly;
Over ledges leaping, through the valleys sweeping;
By the busy cities creeping, in the murky marshes sleeping;
Through the forests and the bayous wending;
With the ocean and its myriads blending;—
From the mosses and the ferns, how with tireless toil and turns,
To their sea-home, with the sea-foam—
How do all these rivers flow?
Where are kept their restless slumbers?
Where are heard their plashing numbers?
Listen how these rivers go.

Old Virginia, north and eastward, shows Potomac blue and wide;
Northward lovely Shenandoah through the Valley pours its tide;
Southward sweeps here dark Blackwater, deep Meherrin, Nottoway;
Eastward ripples Rappahannock, spreading into placid bay,
With the York, and Back the curious, and the slow Piankatank.
Here's Pamunkey, deep and murky, with its dank and slippery bank;
Here are Occoquan the quaintest, Hazel and Yeocomico,
Robertson and darting Rockfish, and the bounding Buffalo.
Here New, Holston, Clinch, and Powell wind in meadows of the west;
Mingling in their merry music comes the welcome mountain Guest.
Here Elizabeth comes greeting Nansemond, and sisters Anna,
Rapidan, and Mattapony, and the rollicking Rivanna.
Pedlar's here, with Slate and Hardware; (and still playing thus on names)
Let's go down the Jackson, finding green Cowpasture in the James—
Chickahominy there meeting Appomattox with their fames—
Finding North and South united, here with sighing Tye they blend;
Piney, Willis, from its willows, and Calfpasture all here wend.
Here in Roanoke gather Staunton, Dan, and mountain-bright Blackwater,
Banister, and Smith, and Mayo, and Hycootee, Pig, and Otter.
Noble rivers! noble country! noble peoples! Nobler ones
Ne'er hath known the dark'ning shadows or the lights of circling suns!
And the daughter, West Virginia, from the rocks and mountain chains,
Pours her torrents swiftly gulfward through her pastures, vales, and plains:
Northward makes Monongahela, green Buchanan, and the Cheat;
In Ohio fleet Kanawhas, Guyandotte, and Sandy meet,
With the Elk, and gay Greenbrier, forking Tug, and Birch, and Holly,
Bluestone, Hughes, East, dingy Coal, and Pocotaligo and Gauley.—
Westward pouring, northward roaring, sparkling all in meadows gay;
Wandering like an exile ever, here they scamper, plash, and play,
Ne'er returning for her greeting, from the mother run away.

Carolina! Land of waters! Here the strangest rivers are:
Arrarat, and Alligator, and the famous stream of Tar.*
Broad and Rocky here are rivers; here are rivers old but New;
Yellow Black, and silver Green, and Whiteoak, Bay, and Reddie too;
Here the whirling, wild Watauga, leaping Elk, and crooked Toe,
Tahkeeostah,† by the Paint Rock, and the wingless Pigeon's flow,
Tennessee, and swift Hiawassee, gulfward all through mountains go.
Where the Cherokee still lingers is the nimble Nantahala;
In the land of Junaluskee is the Vallee, gurgling gayly;

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* The Indian word is Torpoeo, or Tauqueoh.

† The Indian name of French Broad.

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In the dismal lake-land is the viny festooned Scuppernong;
In the cloud-home and the sky-land Swannanoa skims along;
In the pine-lands over marl beds ruby-wine-like Cashie creeps;
In the fern-land from the balsams Tuckasegee grandly leaps.
Here Oconaluftee laughs, and wee Cheowee frets and clashes,
And 'mid towering canyons Linville's silvery spray spurts and splashes;
And here John, with sand all golden, 'neath the rhododendrons dashes.
From Virginia come Meherrin, Nottoway the deep and slow;
In the gray and yellow hill-land, where tobaccoes golden grow,
Tumbling, Dan and Mayo, Fisher, Mitchell, Flat, and Eno, go.
Here is Yadkin winding ever like a serpent 'mid the hills;
Here Catawba, pearly pebbled from a thousand brawling rills;
Here's Uwharie with its hurry; here the lazy Waccamaw;
Here is heard the humming spindles on the busy Deep and Haw;*
Here in field and swamp and forest are the Lumber and Pedee,
And upon her breast Cohera, Colly, and the Mingo wee;
Here the Cape Fear's storied waters grandly go to open sea.
Here Contentnea and Trent, pouring into Neuse, find Ocracoke;
Where the herring comes in spring time are Chowan and broad Roanoke,
North and Newport, Yeopim, Pungo, Pasquotank, and Pamlico,
Pantiego, and queer Perquimans—here the millions come and go.—
Dripping, gurgling, gushing, rushing, tumbling, creeping, so they be,
Carolina's matchless rivers from their fountains to the sea.

By the rice fields and the sand hills run the rivers small and great,
From the mountains to the ocean, of the grand "Palmetto State."
Leaping, hurrying, foaming, splashing, gently, smoothly—then they flow;
Once they find her sunny borders, ne'er across them do they go.
From Savannah bounding southward, to the eastmost Waccamaw;
Past Catawba, where the Indian once untroubled kept his squaw;
Pacolett and brown Saluda, Reedy, rushing Ennoree,
Broad and Tiger, coming southward, seek the turbid still Santee;
Here are murky Winnee, Mingo, sleepy Stono, and a New,
Combahee, and sluggish Wando, and the narrow Ashepoo,
Coosawhatchie, Congaree, Wateree, and small Chehaw;
Circling Charleston, in the Indian Etowan and Wasmasaw;†
Eastward flowing only Coosaw; by her islands, Edisto;
Here Salkehatchie and Keowee, and slow Pocotaligo;
By the countless fields of cotton spread the small and great Pedee;
Near the sea sands May is sleeping, southern Broad, and Checkeesee.—
From the rich hills to the barrens, gloomy rivers, small and great,
Run by factory and plantation in the grand "Palmetto State."

Where the orange grows and gladdens, and the summer never sleeps,
Florida in summer stillness all her many rivers keeps:
From Perdido, bordering westward, to St. Mary's eastern flow,
By Suwanee, sung in ditties, winding, creeping, there they go:
Who that e'er has seen them wonders why the Spaniard loved them so!
Where the swan and water-eagle and the bittern make their nest,
Amaxura, Pea, and Charlotte there go crooking to the west.
There end Alaqua, Ocilla, grand old Appalachicola,
Choctawhatchee and Escambia, Ocklockonnee and Chipola.
Where the screeching wild fowl gather, there to dream the night away,
Tawny Indian creeps in stillness into broad expanse of bay.
Here St. John's in peerless grandeur widens from Ocklawaha;
Eastward crawls the gray Opossum, brackish Lemon, and Nassau,
St. Sebastian by Matanzas, and St. Lucie by the sea;
Where Caloosahatchie steals from Okeechobee, Kissinee,
Gallivant, and Young, Caximbas, all go wandering in the south,
There the Shark is throwing open from the glades his watery mouth.—
O'er the sands or reefs here broadening into ocean, gulf, or bay,
Where the countless wild fowl gather, there to dream the years away,
From St. John's in all its glory, from Suwanee's gentle flow,
Who that e'er has sailed there wonders why the Spaniard loved them so!

From the mountains on the northward how do Georgia's rivers flow?
How to southern gulf and ocean by her islands do they go?
From the sandy Chattahoochee, from the golden Etowah,
To the smiling grand Savannah, by the grim Allapaha,

* The original Indian is Saxapahaw. † The Indian names of the Ashley and Cooper rivers.

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From the turbid Ocklockonnee to the crystal Tugaloo,
From Chestatee to Chattooga, Georgia's rivers come and go.
Northward Tennessee, Hiawassee, Notley, and Tocoa pour;
Here's Ulaffie's liquid laughter, here Turorec's toss and roar;
Here leaping, terrible Tullulah; Soquee, rapid Appalachee;
Little, Broad, Alcofauhatchee, Santee, sauntering Aucheehatchee;
Coosawattee with its clatter, Salacoa and Ellijay,
Oostenaula, Connasauga—five in Coosa roll away.
Here Ogeechee, and the Medway, and the dark Santilla creep
Through the barrens, by the cypress, and morasses wide and deep.
Thronateeska* flows here southward, and Cannouchee's murky tide;
Here's Ocmulgee, Tallapoosa, and Altamaha the wide;
Ocopilco, and Oconee, and Ocoee, bright and small,
Withlacoochee, and Weelawnee, Chickasaw, and all.—
From the Chattahoochee chattering, to Savannah murmuring low,
Where is heard the Ohoopee, there Georgia's rivers come and go.

Where the Indian, fleeing southward, hard by lake-side foemen pressed,
Found a hunting home in peace, is Alabama—"Here we rest."
Past the Rock and Flint here came he; over sucking, tumbling Tennessee;
From the Warrior, raging darkly, down Cahawba did he flee;
Leaving Elk, Louksahpatilla, seeing Sipsey, crossing Coosa;
Past Tombeckbee, Oaknoxubee, paddling pretty Tallapoosa.
Then in peace he rested, hunted; fished he then in Hillabee,
In Conecuh, Yellow-water, Choctawhatchee, Styx, and Pea;
Crossed he waters fringed with mosses in the glades—Kantappahaw
And Escambia, Fish and Tensaw, Bonsecours and Chickasaw.—
From the border by Perdido, to the westmost Escatappa,†
Sailing Mobile in its splendor, fishing, hunting, dreaming, happy,
Here the Indian, fleeing thither, hard by northern foemen pressed,
Found the game and grave forever—Alabama—Here they rest.

All along the west meandering, here, far up, full Mississippi,
Restless monarch, always marvel, from his burdened mossy lip he
Out on live-oak and magnolia bottoms prodigally spills
A Sunflower—once Socktafatoota; Tallahatchee from the hills
Eastward drinks it, with Coldwater; changing into Yazoo where
Yalabusha, Loosascoona seek the flitting "Father" there;
They and Black, and Homochitto, and, from bayou, deep Pierre.
Northward, in the knob-lands, warbling Wolf and Hatchie hie away;
Loitering Leaf, Fox, Buckatunna, in the far south find the bay;
Pascagoula, Chickasawha, with the Tullahoma blending,
And Boughhomo, slowly southward, darkened currents here are sending;
O'er east borders Escatappa and Oktibbeha here break;
Here Noxubee, Buttahatchie, Wolkee, part of Mobile make;
Tangapahoa, Pearl and Tipsaw, Strong and Amite, meet in lake.—
Sombre waters, sombre borders, where the languid saurian dwells,
'Neath the live-oak's mossy mantle in the grand magnolia dells.

From the Pearl to Sabine westward, by plantation and savanna
And her rice-land, gulfward, ebb the rivers of Louisiana.
Here's Chifuncte and here's Bogue Chitto, Sara with her cypress stain,
Tangapahoa, Amite, Tickfaw, Comite—all to Ponchartrain;
Here the Grand, Lafourche the sluggard, Terre Bonne with spreading bayou;
Teche and Crocodile here crawling on to red Atchafalaya;
Creeping through the dikèd cane-land goes Vermilion to the bay;
Further westward, still and lonely, Mermenteau and Calcasieu;
From the far northwestern border, through its yielding ochery bed,
Rio Roxo brings its driftwood wonder, fitly named the Red—
Saline, Black Lake, Cane, and Bodcau—by their currents filled and fed;
Southward, washing through the loamy vales of fertile Arkansas,
With Bartholomew and Tensas, and the Bœuf, is Ouachita;
Here "the Father" Mississippi, half a hundred fathoms deep;
In his plash a hundred rivers still their fretful murmurs keep,
In his mighty bosom nestling twice a thousand brooklets sleep;
Gathered here the countless waters, half of all a continent,
Seething, like a serpent writhing, all in awful volume blent.—
From the Black Hills and the lake lands, from the western snow and gold lands,
From the Appalachian summits, and the eastern oil and coal lands,

* The Indian name of the Flint.

† Known sometimes as Dog or Cedar River.

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Past a hundred crowded cities, through the lonely forest hush;
Fled from fearful height and bowlder, and the frothing cascades' rush,
By the cot and painted palace, from the wigwam of the savage,
Through the peaceful southern bayou, from the western floods and ravage,
Gathered in this Father bosom—artery of the continent—
Seething, like a serpent writhing, all in awful grandeur blent.

Where the hot Gulf ne'er at rest is, tossing white-caps o'er its green,
Coursing 'twixt the Rio Grande and the Red and bronze Sabine,
Drag the dreamy Texas rivers: Neches first, with Angeline;
Then from northern sand and wax-land Trinity through forest flows;
Next historic San Jacinto, where the star of Houston rose;
From the wavy mesquite prairie, where the wild-dog builds his town,
Brazos comes, with Navasota, Bosque in the bottoms brown,
And Paloxy, Gabriel, Noland, and Keetumsee trickling down,
From the Llano Estacado, through the barren mountain shadow,
Over sandstone, granite, marble, to perennial blooming meadow,
Past the cedar brake and highland, always grand, is Colorado;
In her current mixing Concho, Llano, stony Perdinales,
And San Saba from the sand wilds, and Pecan from nutty valleys.
Next, with Navadad, Lavaca; then the purple Gaudaloupe,
Where there rung in war-time deadly savage Santa Anna's whoop,
Where blend Blanco, and San Marcos through its mossy stone bed run,
And the Comal glittering brightly, like 'twere dew-drops in the sun.
'Mid her ancient city springing, San Antonio darts away,
With Cibolo and Medina, full of mosses, to the bay.
Mission and Aransas, Neuces with the Frio, Hondo deep,
And Leona and San Miguel, sickly sluggards, wind and creep,
Where the cactus spreads in splendor and coyotes revels keep.
To Del Norte purls the Pecos, from where yet the savage paints,
Scalping cow-boys, and San Pedro—he and various other saints.
Eastward is the gloomy Cypress; snail-like Sulphur's in the pines;
And Attoyac 'mid cotton-woods there his southern bride he finds.
Eastward Keecheeahquehono* and the Wichitas are whirled;
And the long and red Canadian, like a pennon, is unfurled
In the north land, from the red man's war camps in the sunset world.

Tennessee—how were her rivers in the mellow Indian tongue?
What syllabic rhythm had they ere the white man's changes rung?
Wasioto and Shewannee—thus the Cumberland was known—
With Red, Canee, Rocky, Obee, Harpeth, Sulphur, New, and Stone.
Holston once was Hogohegee; and from mouth of French Broad down
(Which was then the Tahkecostah), Cootcla thence to Chota town—
It an Indian "refuge city," true in honor and renown—
Where there emptied in Tanisse, now the Little Tennessee.
Then began great Kallamuchee, Chelaque in Cherokee.
Once Hiawassee was Euphassie, with the brawling small Chestoe,
Estinaula, "where they rested," and Amoee, or Ocoee.
Through Chilhowee comes the Little, once the red man's swift Canoe;
Where the wingless Pigeon flutters, there the Agaqua they knew;
Where there fell from high Unaka Salaqua is Tellico;
Where was Nonachuckee, "dangerous," simply Chucky now we know.
Thundering through the Alleghanee with the Doe is yet Watauga;
Out and in, with Georgia pranking, straight to gulf goes Connasauga;
Out, but never more returning, "Stream of Death" is Chickamauga.
Down through Alabama rattling, Rock and Flint and Elk they go—
White man's rivers—they and Sandy, Whiteoak, Beech, Duck, Buffalo.
But Sequatchie keeps her beauty from the vandal changes free;
Obed, and the ancient Daddee, still run on to Emmoree.
Where is now the Clinch with Powell, once they had the Pellissippi.
Chucagua and Mechesepe—these were names for Mississippi.
Thither going Nona Conna, Loosahatchie, Forked Deer,
Wolf, Obion with its Reelfoot, and Big Hatchie lapsing there.
By these waters fought the Shawnee, Uchee, Choctaw, Cherokee,
Chickasaw and Chickamauga, and the Creek, or Muscogee.
Dead are now the scalping warriors! But the music of the river,
And the sweet syllabic rhythm of its name, shall live forever.

* "River from the Prairie-dog towns."

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE autumn was rainy. October was a weeping, mournful month. It was Poe's "lonesome October,"

"In the misty mid-region of Weir."

But November was bright, and ended in a heavy snow-fall, so that there was sleighing at Thanksgiving; while December came in with a stern threat of being as severe as the famous December of a hundred years ago, when artillery was trundled upon the ice from the city to Staten Island. Never was the city gayer than in the early winter of this year. The theatres were so full of stars that it was necessary to imagine the European theatres dark and sad. The golden youth wondered what was left to the poor old country when we had Langtry, Patti, Nilsson, Salvini, and the mercurial Wyndham, with such concerts as Thomas and Damrosch conduct, and the ear-haunting tunes of Sullivan and shrewd satiric fun of Gilbert in their new *Iolanthe*, and the choice evenings of the Mendelssohn Glee Club.

How our gossiping ancestors of the Salmagundi period would have chirped over their Gotham grown to Babylon of the hanging gardens and unimagined delights, could they look in upon us this winter! Their prototype, the *Spectator*, knew nothing in Anne's Augustan day so truly metropolitan, and when Sir Roger went to the play he saw nothing better than we see, and the musical enthusiasts who cried, "One God, one Farinelli," heard nothing more ravishing than we hear. The change has its type in the transformation of the aspect of the city at the Bowling Green. The Salmagundi days were comparatively the days of Fort Orange and the king's leaden statue on the Green, and the homely little old Dutch houses, while ours is the day of the vast Produce Exchange and the Hunniwell building and the Field building and the railroad in the air over the Battery. Presently the old Stephen Whitney block between the Battery and the new Exchange will go, and the belated edifice at the corner of Beaver Street and Broadway will disappear, and then the stately piles of building in which Broadway begins will be the imposing gate to the New World of hundreds of thousands of pilgrims coming from the Old World.

In the midst of the brilliant and busy early winter, and just at the time when Raphael's "Madonna dei Candelabri" arrived—as if nothing, however rare and precious, could resist the huge magnet of the West—one of the morning papers reminded the New-Yorker of the amazing richness of the attraction of the theatres and other public amusements in the city. Italian opera, English drama, German comedy, Irish farce, French vaudeville, American character-play, melodrama, minstrels—Jefferson, Patti, McCullough, Nilsson, Wyndham, Langtry, and the rest—they were all singing and acting, and every night the city laughed and wept, and the report to every actor and singer in the world was like the voice of the siren drawing them over the sea.

But the most notable aspect of the scene was its good-humor. In the midst of it all the shrewd philosopher Herbert Spencer smiled gently, and said that it was very merry and very pleasant, but added that it is possible to be too good-natured. It is the good-natured who are often imposed upon. The first act of tyranny is to foster good-nature. Despots are lavish of bread and games, because a people well fed and amused are ready to run for luck, and to let well enough alone. The good philosopher laid this little skull upon the table, dropped this leaf of rue into the foaming goblet. His words are somewhat verified even in the gay glimpse of our life that we are now taking. The theatres were never so attractive, never so crowded. But in the opening of the season one of them suddenly burns up like a card house, and a little later the official inspector announces that of eighteen theatres which had been examined by him, only two are perfectly safe. But *rire la bagatelle!* The sixteen are as full as ever. 'Tis squeamishness, 'tis exaggeration. *Allons!* Two, three, four, seven dollars, to see the divine Langtry, to hear the superb Nilsson, the peerless Patti: 'tis but a song for a song. Who would not dare a paltry risk for such delight? Only the brave deserve the fair.

And what but good-nature can explain the enormous receipts of Mrs. Langtry's engagement—which, from the point of view of the treasury, is the most successful in our theatrical annals. That Jenny Lind and Sontag and Gerster and Campanini and Nilsson and Patti and Fanny Kemble and Jefferson and Salvini and all the other famous artists should receive great sums of money is not strange, for they were all *prime donne* and masters in their art. But the latest *diva* of the drama is not a great artist, and the secret of her success is the good-natured desire to see a famously beautiful woman. Such a box-office account could be possible only in a country of good-humored people who make money easily and spend it generously. And what could be more good-natured than the newspapers commenting upon the performance with an air of taking it seriously? It was a very charming woman dressed for Rosalind, for instance, and reciting the words of the part. But it was not necessary to go to the theatre to learn, because it was conveyed in the good-humored papers, that the charming woman was not Rosalind. Nobody will quarrel with the good-humor. The papers did not betray their trust. At great length and with courteous tenderness of circumlocution they told us on the morning after

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her first appearance that the charming lady was not an actress. The truth was told, and no harm was done. Yet when Mrs. Hackett essayed Lady Macbeth, we do not remember that many complaisant columns were necessary to record the verdict.

It is a good-natured evidence of the American good-nature which the philosopher observed, that a charming woman can travel in the country with great prestige and pecuniary success as something which she is not. But if a famously charming woman chooses to call herself an actress, and a gay city chooses to pay sixty thousand dollars in four weeks to see her, the court would probably rule that it was not a case of false pretense, but of personal beauty on the one side and good-natured curiosity upon the other.

At a meeting of the new Shakspere Society—for so it spells the name—last summer, in London, Dr. Nicholson read a paper to prove that Hamlet was really mad. In the discussion that followed, Mr. Furnivall, a distinguished Shakespearean, controverted the theory, and in the course of his remarks said of Richard Burbage that he was the first tragic actor of his day, and "if he could get a better effect by playing Hamlet as a madman, and thus earn himself, Shakspere, and the company of shareholders more money than by playing the character as in possession of his senses—tho' with disturbance thereof—I take it that Shakspere wouldn't object. He was a man of business, and had to make the theatre pay." Dr. Nicholson in reply said that Mr. Furnivall had once rebuked him for thinking that Shakespeare had an eye to the main chance, but that he never "went as far as this," and he would not admit that Shakespeare would allow Burbage to misrender Hamlet "for the sake of a few pence."

But it is evident that Mr. Furnivall's supposition can not be entertained, not only because Hamlet, whether mad upon certain points or not, was certainly not a maniac, and therefore whatever the theory of his sanity, must be represented substantially in the same way, so that his madness could not affect the popular attraction of the play, but chiefly because Shakespeare's genius assured him unerringly of the necessary conditions of a drama for popular representation. He holds the stage, not by his renown nor by his creative imagination alone, but also by his instinctive conformity to the requirements of an acting play.

It must be as true of a really great dramatist that he adapts his means to his ends as it is of any other artist. Shakespeare did not write poems to be read only, but plays to be acted. But in this view the superiority of his genius is that it had the power, which transcends analysis, of winning the popular heart without frivolity or condescension. If *Hamlet* had been written for the sole reading of the one person whom the poet most reverenced and wished to please, it is not conceivable that it would have been different. That is but to say that the form of expression which the poetic genius takes is instinctive, and is not determined by circumstance. Shakespeare was not a poet who wrote dramas because he lived in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth." It was the remarkable constellation of dramatic genius that made the splendor of those times. It is not to be supposed that he would have written epics had he lived under the Commonwealth, or that Milton eighty years earlier would have been a dramatist.

This is a truth which Mr. Tennyson seems not to have apprehended. There has been no recent literary event more painful than the uproarious and grotesque failure of his play, the *Promise of May*. Tennyson is the greatest of living English poets. After Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley, he stands next in order. The delight that he has given to his generation is immense, and its enthusiasm for him has been hardly less than that of the earlier part of the century for Byron. No one who has shared this generous enthusiasm can see without inexpressible sorrow the poet in his venerable years the laughing-stock of a theatre. To a man of fine taste and sensibility like Mr. Gladstone, who was present, the scene must have been curiously painful. The only relief must have been in the rising of the agnostic marquis in the pit to take exception to the orthodox view of freethinking presented by one of the characters.

The mishap itself was due to Tennyson's total misconception of his own power. In a sense, such a misconception is unpardonable, because of the effect of the mishap upon those to whom the fame of a great poet is almost sacred. It is the more singular because Tennyson is not a young man. His first volume was published fifty years ago, and the character of his genius has long been as plainly defined as that of Browning's. Nothing could be more evident than that his genius is not that of the dramatist, and he should have known that a man with so positive a power and of so long an experience of its exercise does not at sixty or seventy suddenly discover that his talent is of another kind. That is but to say that if Tennyson had been a dramatist he would have written successful plays long ago, because the form in which a literary talent of the first order naturally expresses itself determines the nature and limit of the talent.

From the first a certain power of dramatic description has been evident in Tennyson's poetry. In his earlier volumes such poems as the "Lady of Shalott" and the "Sisters" show this very plainly. The exquisite subtlety of suggestion, the sympathy of the circumstance described, the vividly outlined conception of the scene, despite the perfume and mist and shadow which trouble so many readers, constantly combine to produce a dramatic impression. But between that and the creative im-

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aginative force which bodies forth a distinct person, perfectly individualized, and moving and speaking with historic reality, stretches a gulf as wide and deep as the difference between Shakespeare and Milton. There is also an essential distinction, of which it would be supposed that Tennyson should be instinctively aware, between the dramatic poem and the drama of action. To develop a story by the continuous action of representative figures actually reproducing imaginative events and scenes as living and present facts, and to do this with commanding interest, is to write a successful play for the theatre. But the power of doing it ranges in quality from Scribe and Sheridan Knowles and Bulwer up to Shakespeare; from the "gag" and farce of *Raising the Wind* to the Arcadian humor and immortal charm of *As You Like It.*

It is incredible that Tennyson did not know that among his gifts this was not given. His error was like that of Wilkie. The change of the painter's style from that of the "Village Politician," the "Blind Fiddler," and his famous "character" pictures to what he called works of "high art" was a failure to comprehend his own talent, and a failure which made the judicious grieve. It was of the same kind with this mistake of Tennyson, whose *Queen Mary* has fine passages and scenes, but no movement, and is essentially a dramatic poem, like "Philip van Artevelde." But the *Promise of May* was evidently an emphasizing, an underscoring and italicizing, of the poet's inability not only to measure correctly his own power, but to apprehend a humorous situation. That an English author of immense experience should gravely offer to a British play-house audience a hero who solemnly proposes to repair the utmost wrong done to a woman by marrying her sister is one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of the British stage. That a poet should mistake his own genius should not, perhaps, be surprising. But that a famous Englishman, of an especially English genius, should be totally ignorant of his countrymen upon such a point as this, is the amazing fact in this melancholy incident in the career of Tennyson. It will be forgotten, indeed, like a chilly day in June. But by all the Tennysonians of this generation it will be deeply regretted. Those who admire a great poet wish to admire him altogether.

CHEAP postage and postal cards, the telegraph and the telephone, are thought by many despairing people of a conservative turn of mind to have put an end to letter-writing. The students of our English literature who delight in Gray's and Cowper's and Horace Walpole's letters do not honor Rowland Hill, and feel a grudge against Mr. Gladstone because he uses postal cards. Who now sits down to an ample sheet and gossips with the pen? In whose letters of to-day shall the historian hereafter look for the form and pressure of this time? Their crisp brevity, their abbreviation of words, their undallying directness, even their prepayment with a three-cent stamp, all imply the hurry of our life and the engrossing engagement of the writer. "And tell me," says one of the delightful conservatives who are as contemptuous of the nineteenth century as the nineteenth of the eighteenth—"tell me, who knows anything to-day of the bliss of eager expectation in breaking the seal—pshaw! there are seals no longer—I mean in tearing the end of an envelope or cutting the gummed lappet—hideous abominations!—that was known so well to our dear old ancestors? That pleasure has dropped clean out of our lives. There is one joy less. We are by so much the poorer."

The same severe critic, who insists that we are in the rear, not in the van, of time, and laments that he has been left behind in the great march of the ages by the happy days of Addison and of glorious John, says that he still has in his possession the letter in which one of his ancestors proposed for his wife—proposed not to the lady herself, but to her brother, who was her guardian, and of whom he asked permission to pay his addresses to the sister. "Ah, that indeed is a letter," sighs the lover of the Addisonian epoch. "My progenitor advanced to the assault of the heart of my great-great-grandmother like Marlborough or Prince Eugène sitting down before a fortified town. Extreme deliberation marked the strategical movements of all these great commanders. My ancestor drew his lines with marvellous circumspection. After permission had been received, he opened siege in due form, and pressing his amiable advances with vigor and skill, he at length compelled a surrender. The besieged garrison marched out with drums beating and colors flying and all conceivable honors of war, and was received by the besieging general with a respectful courtesy which transformed surrender into triumph. I describe it," said the musing conservative, "under a military metaphor. But it was really love-making in state and in full dress. It was full-bottomed periwig gallantry. It belonged to the leisurely epoch of letter-writing, of sealing-wax and impressive seals, of high-bred courtesy which did not permit gentlemen to smoke when escorting ladies, nor to dare to address them with clothes and breath saturated with the smell of cigarettes."

So the old gentleman lamented and remembered and prattled. He did not reflect that the amiable advances and assaults in which his ancestor took part, and the blushing surrender of the besieged garrison, did not end with the marriage of his great-great-grandmother. The letter sheets are certainly smaller, as he averred, and the postage is but a trifle, and waxen seals are much left to public offices and Sir Piercie Shafton. But the important summons to the garrison is still received with the old perturbation, and the gummed envelope is

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torn with as much palpitating eagerness as ever broke the wax of an older day. Such forms change, but such facts remain. It is not a letter-writing age. But the old Addisonian was not quite correct in thinking it to be a lost art; not only are letters of the best kind still written, but they still, when they appear, belong to the best literature. Perhaps when these words are read the correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle will have been published. If any reader believes that cheap postage, hurry, and the telegraph have abolished letter-writing as a branch of literature, let him turn to that correspondence and decide.

But the charm and value of letters as pictures of character and marginalia of history and additions to literature are shown in the delightful collection of Mrs. Child's letters which has recently appeared. Lydia Maria Child is not a familiar name to the readers of to-day. But thirty years ago it was that of one of the two most noted and promising women in American literature. Miss Sedgwick was the other. Mrs. Child was the sister of the scholarly Convers Francis, of Watertown and Cambridge, and her first book was published sixty years ago. She wrote tales and sensible household books, and in 1826 began the *Juvenile Miscellany*, the fascinating precursor of *Harper's Young People* and all the other children's papers and magazines. A little later the *North American Review*, then our chief literary censor, would not concede that Mrs. Child was outranked by any author of her sex in the country—an opinion at which the joyous young woman probably laughed with glee, both from her natural sense of humor in the judgments of "big-wiggery," and from her perception that genius and talent can not be wisely qualified by sex. If all men were superior to women, she was but scantily praised by such commendation; and if sex did not count in the gift of authorship, the words of the oracle gave no hint of her real position.

But in the midst of her literary interests and successes the antislavery agitation began. She was like a child gayly rocking and singing in her boat upon the shining flower-fringed inland stream, when suddenly the pulse of the great ocean beats in, and lifts the boat and minstrel upon its mighty swell, and bears them far, far away from those familiar and sunny shores. It was just fifty years ago that the blithe young authoress, welcome in every social circle, pleased with the bright promise of her success, and happy in a smiling world, published an *Appeal in Behalf of that Class of Americans called Africans*. We can imagine Fanny Burney, when Dr. Johnson was sitting up all night to read *Evelina*, and Edmund Burke was profuse of honeyed homage, and fame and fashion bowed before her, suddenly uttering a ringing, earnest, decisive, and startling plea for the Jacobite king or for a republic. No position which Miss Burney could have taken in the England of that day would have been more shocking and repulsive to the great world which caressed her than that of abolitionist, which Miss Francis quietly took, in our American world of 1833.

Her literary prestige at once disappeared. Doors were closed against her. Faces were averted. Her sensitive, perceptive nature felt the chill of the universal frown. But nothing could more truly have revealed the woman. Her joyous nature neither quailed nor was imbittered. The sharp silent frost of amazement and anger withered the flowery surface of her life, but it did not touch the granite beneath. Indeed, it revealed a sunny, sturdy vigor of independence, which her life never lost. From the moment of her first clear vision of the real subject of her appeal she had found the true consecration of her powers. She was soon married to a man of kindred convictions and sympathies, of noble character, and high ability and accomplishment, but also an enthusiast, with a genius for not succeeding, and with him, and without children, she led a long and most happy life.

Her literary activities were not relaxed, but her paramount interest was the welfare of the oppressed. With her husband she edited in New York the *Antislavery Standard*, and her "Letters from New York," which were published in that journal, which, under her control and that of Mr. Gay, her editorial successor, had a remarkably high literary character, are the most popular of her works. They are full of shrewd and fresh observation, generous humor, and healthy sympathy. There is in them a delightful ardor of the enjoyment which springs from ability to use the actual opportunity and the present resource without the teasing disquiet of the thought that there may be greater things elsewhere. The sunset from the Battery, the concert in the evening, the street incident, all the details of observation in a great city, of a perfectly unconscious independence and wholesome and cultivated sensibility—these were enough, and they fostered no sigh for the isles of Greece or the vale of Enna. These simple, hearty, cheerful, and appreciative letters have no narrowness of the fanatical reformer wholly concentrated upon his aim. In their sweet humanity and airy gentleness and brightness of manner it is hard to recognize the touch of the hard-working woman earnestly devoted to the most unpopular and derided of public causes, and living in poverty. But she had then and always a certain Vestal unconsciousness. It was as natural and easy for her to be devoted to what seemed to her to be right as for a bird to sing or a flower to blow. There was no merit in it. It was not a matter to be remarked or commended. She was an abolitionist because she was herself, and for that reason her absorption in the cause had no more morbid effect upon her character or life than an artist's wholesome absorption in his art.

Mrs. Child and her husband left New York

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about thirty years ago, and retired to Wayland, a small town in Massachusetts, about twenty miles from Boston, where they passed the remainder of their lives. Their income was very small, but they were both persons of the simplest tastes and of the same sympathies, and they were a most happy couple. Occasionally Mrs. Child published a book, the most important of all her literary works being the *Progress of Religious Ideas;* and the most conspicuous public incident of the later part of her life was her correspondence with Governor Wise and Mrs. Mason at the time of the John Brown excitement in Virginia. She followed with unflagging interest all the events that culminated in emancipation and reunion. Her husband, long an invalid, died in 1874, and Mrs. Child, the fires of her noble enthusiasm all undimmed, died in 1880.

A collection of her letters has just been published, and, like all good letters of those whose character rather than genius is their distinction, they reveal the woman even more fully than her books. Undoubtedly much of the "spice" must be omitted from purely personal and intimate letters when they are published, or these would be still more piquant and graphic. But they show plainly the rare qualities of the writer. The phrase to describe Mrs. Child is joyous independence. She was so overflowing with sensibility and sympathy, and was so profuse and flowing in expression, that she was sometimes called sentimental by those who did not know her, and who would have heard her ringing laugh gleefully extinguishing their charge had she known it. She was a characteristic modern flower of the Puritan stock. Her sturdy, indomitable, and supreme conscience was paired with the gentlest and sweetest temperament, and while her absolute self-possession was as impervious to allurement and threat and temptation as a statue to heat, she was as unconscious of effort as the statue; and while her life, in its early renunciation of personal renown and gratified ambition, and in its quiet and steady dedication to an unselfish purpose, was truly heroic, it was a life gay and bright and cheerful, full of enjoyment of little things, and of interest in the highest. It was, in truth, plain living and high thinking; but in its simplicity, nobility, and wide range of sympathy, its ample accomplishment and enjoyment of literature and art, and all upon the slenderest resources, it was a life which reproves the magnificent waste and splendid social folly which are recorded in the newspapers, and which emphasizes the distinction between genuine and factitious living.

The sentimental conservative who laments the statelier day of his ancestor's epistolary courting, and of the elaborate artificiality of the old letters, would have looked with horror upon this bright and courageous woman. Yet in her letters, written in sacred intimacy, and with no thought of another eye than that of her correspondent, he will catch glimpses of a womanhood of which Sir Charles Grandison could have no conception, but which may well be pondered by every American woman. They are indeed but glimpses. But they reveal the qualities which, in women as well as in men, have helped to make America both what it is and what it promises.

THE universal expression of kindly regret at the death of Anthony Trollope shows not only the instinctive regard for the story-teller, but a special feeling for the professional man of letters who devotes himself to the entertainment of his time. There is a great difference between the Grub Street hack of the eighteenth century and the methodical man of letters of to-day. Indeed, it is only with the great modern development of the newspaper and the magazine—that is, of cheap literature—that authorship may be considered to have become a profession. It has its prizes, as Thackeray used to say, like all other professions, and its moderate rewards of diligence. Its prizes are the renown which attends the revelation of genius with the consequent pecuniary rewards, and the regular literary business connections which the conditions of modern literature offer. The immense demand for novels has produced a supply, and it is the business of certain writers to issue two or three volumes a year. Mr. Trollope is supposed to have produced some fifty novels in a little more than thirty years, besides his work in the Post-office, and occasional volumes upon different topics.

A century ago the typical literary man was a Bohemian. The most characteristic and fascinating illustration of the type is Goldsmith, and the story of his life is read with endless sadness and delight. The anecdote of Dr. Johnson waiting in Lord Chesterfield's anteroom serves at least to show the position of the literary man. In the general society of England that position was what that of the squire's chaplain had been a century before. But that literature should be a man's business, in the sense of a trade or a profession, is a modern view; and even now it is not to be deliberately chosen like one of the learned professions, for the services of which there must be always a steady and similar demand. The young man who decides to adopt literature as a profession should do so conditionally. If he studies medicine or law, and opens an office in any neighborhood, the usual exigencies of life will probably bring some one to his door. But if he writes a poem, or a story, or an essay, he may besiege every newspaper office and every magazine editor, and still be unable to force an entrance; he may write a novel, and yet strive in vain to find the publisher who will risk the publication.

How often has the Easy Chair received a letter from some eager, modest, earnest youth or maid, begging his advice upon the feasibility of a literary career, inclosing the verses or the sketch upon which judgment of the writer's

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ability is to be formed—letters full of hope and anticipation, and beseeching that the writer be told only how to take the first step! But there is no secret to be told. Look at the most prosperous and the most famous of late English authors, Mr. Dickens. He was a methodical professional man of letters. He went into his study at a certain hour, as a lawyer goes to his office, and he passed a certain part of the day there writing. Even if his pen did not glide readily along the page, he still kept his place and fulfilled his time. Yet no man had less the purpose of entering upon a professional literary career. Thrown early upon the world to pick his way through it as he best could, the natural and resistless bent of his taste and talent led to his writing, and at last to dropping with palpitating heart his first contribution into the publisher's box. The same taste and talent had already made him a newspaper reporter. The *Sketches by Boz* were capital, but not plainly superior to all else. Traces of the rollicking fun and grotesque characterization are there, but they were not unlike much of the local London writing of the time. But suddenly came *Pickwick*—and fame, and riches, and the professional literary career.

Here was a man who drew one of the great prizes, and the moral of his career, from our present text, is that if a youth finds himself strongly drawn to write, and can gratify his inclination without neglecting his daily duties, he should gratify it, and if his wish opens out into fame and riches— But the conditions of literary employment are such that he should rather make his adoption of the professional literary career depend upon some preliminary test of his ability to pursue it. If he must live by his work from day to day, he will probably find, as Dickens found, that the most probable and feasible literary work for him is reporting. But whether from a reporter he will develop into a famous author will depend upon his genius. And whether his reporting will lead to other literary labor that may be more tasteful to him will depend, not upon his taste or his desire, but his actual ability. Few youths who become professional authors will become Dickenses; and many a youth who believes himself to be a Dickens will yet find it impossible to become a professional author.

The professional author, as distinguished from the few literary masters of any epoch, is the result of the process of natural selection. Mr. Trollope began early to write acceptable stories, and he never lost his hold of a large body of readers. But diligent and methodical writer as he was, devoting a certain number of hours to his task every day, he held for many years some post in a public office, like Mr. Austin Dobson now. He knew how precarious is the dependence upon a public demand for the particular literary work that one person supplies, unless it be a work of routine, or unless it be that of an acknowledged master. His advice, or that of Mr. Dickens, would doubtless have been the same. It would have been that the youth should not resolve to become a professional man of letters, but that, feeling the impulse to write, he should test not only its power but its attraction for others. If he should discover that he could write what the world wished to read, he would naturally become as Trollope was—a professional man of letters. But even Dickens, if the *Sketches* had failed, if *Pickwick* could not have found a publisher—in a word, plausible suggestion!—if Dickens had not been Dickens, he would have been only such a professional man of letters as every clever reporter is.

Having proved his power, Mr. Trollope devoted himself to his task of story-telling with unwearying constancy. He photographed certain aspects of the English social life of this time, and certain familiar characters, with humorous and graphic fidelity. They were not touched, indeed, with that light of creative imagination which admits them to the company of the immortal figures of song and story, but the historian will see in them the social England of the latter half of the nineteenth century, and be grateful to the shrewd eye and patient hand that did him so great a service.

Editor's Literary Record.

OF the many able and thoughtful books of political and constitutional history that have issued from the press within a few years, one of the ablest and most thoughtful, and, moreover, one that is replete with special interest to Americans, is an elaborate work entitled *The Development of Constitutional Liberty in the English Colonies of America*,[1] by Mr. Eben Greenough Scott, of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. The work is a comprehensive survey of the conditions and circumstances—physical and intellectual, social, religious, and political—that environed the early colonists in this country, of the eventful occurrences and vicissitudes to which they were subjected from the first settlements and through the entire colonial period, and in especial of those numerous forces and influences—prominent among which were race and descent, the institutional nature and organizing tendencies of the colonists, their inheritance of English opinions, forms, methods of political action, and institutions, their religious and mental characteristics, their manners and education, their training, as a consequence of their remoteness from the mo-

[1] *The Development of Constitutional Liberty in the English Colonies of America.* By Eben Greenough Scott. 8vo, pp. 334. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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ther country, in habits of self-dependence and of freedom of action in legislation and self-defense, their differing industrial and commercial interests and pursuits, and the restrictive laws of Great Britain—which made an ineffaceable impression upon them, and entering historically and logically into the progressive formation of colonial life and character, finally moulded and fitted them for the exercise of a vigorous independent nationality. Mr. Scott minutely analyzes and describes these influences, discriminating with precision, and intelligently contrasting and assigning the causes for, the differences of their manifestation and operation, severally, in the New England colonies, in the Middle colonies, and in Virginia and the other Southern colonies, and defining their bearing, first upon the stages of State development, then upon the stages of constitutional development, and finally upon the transformation of the separate feeble colonial communities into States, and the establishment of a really constitutional government founded on freedom of conscience and the liberty of the citizen. Mr. Scott's close separate studies of the manners and habits of the people of the different colonies, of their diverse and strongly contrasted social, political, religious, and industrial characteristics, of their relations to each other and the mother country, and of their attitude toward the principles of personal liberty and freedom of conscience, are exceedingly searching and able; and however we may dissent from some of his particular deductions, it must be conceded that his general conclusions are supported by an overwhelming array of evidence, and are as convincing as they are calm and philosophical. Especially interesting are the extended chapters in which he treats of the effect of isolation upon the language and literature of the colonists; on the influence of differences of soil, climate, topography, distribution of population, and the nature and distribution of property, in producing the wide diversities that marked the social and political structure of the Northern and Southern colonies, and gave direction to their manners, education, industries, and commerce; and on that prolonged conflict of the people of the colonies with the absolutism of Great Britain which ushered in the era of constitutional inquiry and development, and at length, by precipitating the war of independence, gave birth to a new nation, and secured the triumph of local self-government.

MR. TREVELYAN has left little to be told that will throw any light upon the character and career of Macaulay, or upon the personal incidents of his life. His admirable biography follows Macaulay so closely "from the cradle to the grave" that we are familiar with the man in all his relationships—public and private, literary and political, social and domestic—and are able accurately to gauge the springs and motives of his conduct and actions. In preparing a sketch of Macaulay for the "English Men of Letters"[2] series, therefore, Mr. Morison has had nothing new to impart in this direction; and so far as it is biographical he has made free use in it of the materials supplied by Mr. Trevelyan, judiciously abbreviating that able writer's expanded narrative, and skillfully reducing his full-length portrait to the dimensions of a miniature which retains every essential lineament of the original. But, in conformity with the plan of the series, Mr. Morison's sketch is critical as well as biographical, and in his case the critical spirit so largely predominates, and its drift is so studiously in disparagement of Macaulay, as to seem both inappropriate and excessive. The ability and ingenuity of Mr. Morison's criticisms and estimates of Macaulay's writings are undeniable, but they are often narrow, and where they are most subtle they are also most sophistical. His praises of Macaulay are of the grudging and faint kind that damns; and though he may not be accused of hypercriticism, his alacrity for depreciatory criticism often carries him as far out of his way to dim the splendor of Macaulay's reputation as Randolph of Roanoke once declared that he would "go to kick a sheep." It is only just to say, however, that while many of Mr. Morison's most disparaging criticisms must be regarded as labored and excessive, and some of his estimates must be pronounced wanting in judicial poise, they are invariably suggestive and dexterous, and always couched in choice English. His book is pungent reading even where it is most provocative of dissent.

FEW Americans "to the manner born" have left behind them a body of miscellaneous writings as valuable for reference or consultation by students of political science because of the lucidity and thoroughness with which they treat large subjects of permanent interest and importance, or which are as worthy of an honorable place among the standard books in our libraries for their literary merits generally, as those which were left scattered in pamphlets and manuscript by our late distinguished adopted citizen Dr. Francis Lieber. How rich and valuable are these remains will be made apparent by a glance at the list of the two generous octavos in which they have been collected, under the general title, *The Miscellaneous Writings of Francis Lieber*.[3] The first volume, after a valuable introductory note by the editor, Professor Daniel C. Gilman, and a biographical discourse delivered by Hon. M. R. Thayer before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, comprises Dr. Lieber's reminiscences

[2] *Macaulay.* "English Men of Letters." By J. CORTER MORISON. 16mo, pp. 183. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *The Miscellaneous Writings of Francis Lieber.* 8vo. Vol. I., pp. 534: Reminiscences, Addresses, and Essays. Vol. II., pp. 552: Contributions to Political Science. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

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of his friend the great historian Niebuhr, and of the battle of Waterloo, several thoughtful and philosophic academic discourses containing the results of his reflections on education, two brilliant commemorative addresses on Humboldt, and three essays, respectively on Napoleon as contrasted with Washington, on Laura Bridgman, and on the Study of Foreign Languages. The second volume is less personal and more abstract in its themes than the first; but, as Professor Gilman observes, if it is not as interesting to the general reader, it is more valuable to the scholar. It includes, after an able essay on Lieber's services to Political Science and International Law, by Professor Johann Kaspar Bluntschli, of Heidelberg University, Lieber's admirable Study of the Rise of the Constitution of the United States; his elaborate lectures on the character of that instrument, and his suggestions for its amendment; an important fragment on Nationalism and Internationalism; his celebrated General Order, No. 100, prepared during the war of the rebellion, at the request of the United States government, in which he sets forth with judicial acumen and impartiality the rights and usages of war for the guidance of our armies in the field; two other related papers on Guerrilla Warfare, and the Status of Prisoners of War; a number of contributions to International Law and Political Science—among the former being three of special interest, respectively on Plebiscites, International Copyright, and International Arbitration, and among the latter suggestive papers on Unanimity of Juries and Penal Law; the whole concluding with two vigorous essays on Educational Policy. The collection is admirably edited.—But fully to appreciate the works of such a character as Dr. Lieber, one should know the man himself, the motives and aims that inspired him, and the conditions and circumstances under which he wrote. This knowledge is copiously revealed in the just published *Life and Letters of Francis Lieber*,[4] prepared by Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry, from the large mass of materials in the possession of Mrs. Lieber, comprising Dr. Lieber's extensive correspondence of more than half a century with some of the most distinguished statesmen, historians, savants, legists, philanthropists, and thinkers of Europe and America; his own diaries, journals, and autobiographic sketches; and a large body of his recollections in pamphlet or manuscript form, describing interesting personal, social, and literary incidents of his life at different periods of his active and diversified and, in its earlier portion, romantic career. The volume has been skillfully edited by Mr. Perry. He has judiciously arranged the materials in his hands so that Dr. Lieber tells his own story in his own words. It is one of the most interesting and instructive biographies that have issued from the press in many years—alike rich in charming glimpses of men and things, and in food for thought.

[4] *The Life and Letters of Francis Lieber*. Edited by Thomas Sergeant Perry. With Portrait. 8vo, pp. 439. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

Under the modest title, *A Study of Maria Edgeworth*,[5] a cultivated American gentlewoman has prepared the most satisfactory sketch of Miss Edgeworth that has yet appeared—the fullest of any in its details of the personal incidents of her life, the most penetrating in its insight and the most engaging in its delineation of her character, and the most graceful and absorbing in its narrative. Although the author of this pleasant memoir had not the advantage enjoyed by many biographers of a personal acquaintance with the subject of her sketch, and although it has been written in a transatlantic and comparatively modern atmosphere, it is as fresh and warm in its coloring, as close in its contact and sympathies, and as minute in its recital of those small as well as great incidents that impart *vraisemblance* to the portraiture of a life, as if she had been really, and not merely ideally, the companion of the gifted woman whose career she depicts. The memoir evinces industrious research and a thorough familiarity with all the previous sketches of Miss Edgeworth, as well as with her writings and the judgments and criticisms that have been passed upon them. Miss Edgeworth has been allowed to tell her own story as fully as possible by judicious excerpts from her letters and diary; and, in addition, all the former biographies are gleaned of their material facts and incidents, and the letters and recollections of Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Inchbald, Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Anna Seward, Joanna and Agnes Baillie, Tom Moore, Pictet, Dumont, Ticknor, Fields, Lockhart, and many other of her friends and contemporaries, are pressed into service in order to form lively pictures of her life, character, and pursuits from the time of her first literary effort, while a school-girl of thirteen, to the close of her active and honorable career at the ripe age of eighty-two. Besides the intrinsic interest of the volume, arising from its close familiar views of Miss Edgeworth herself, it is made very attractive by its copious store of anecdotes and recollections of some of the most distinguished men and women of the day, many of whom became illustrious, who were her social or literary intimates.

[5] *A Study of Maria Edgeworth*. With Notices of her Father and Friends. By Grace A. Oliver. 12mo, pp. 567. Boston: A. Williams and Co.

Mr. W. J. Linton has shown a liberal acquaintance with the English poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and has been governed by a sound poetical taste, in his choice of the poems for his collection of the *Rare Poems*[6] of that period. It may per-

[6] *Rare Poems of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*. A Supplement to the Anthologies. Collected and Edited, with Notes, by W. J. Linton. 16mo, pp. 264. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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haps be objected that few of the poems he has selected are rare, in the strict sense of the term. They are substantially so, however, to the majority even of cultivated readers. His selections are excellent, and include many choice gems that have been too little known. This is especially true of many of the poems by unknown authors, gleaned from *Tottell's Miscellany*, *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, *England's Helicon*, *Davidson's Poetical Rhapsody*, and other early collections of anonymous poetry, which he has printed separately in the second part of his very acceptable volume. While we find nothing in his collection that we should desire to have had omitted, we miss examples from some known authors—as, for instance, Cowley, Wither, Carew, Quarles, Denham, and Davenant—who were at least as deserving as some to whom he has given place, and as little known to nineteenth-century readers.

MR. ROBERT BELL has made a novel and welcome addition to our already numerous anthologies by his collection of the *Songs of the Dramatists*[1] in a single handy volume. His collection of these brief sparkling lyrics is full though not exhaustive, and his arrangement of them is very judicious. The examples comprise almost all the songs that embellished the plays of the English dramatists for a period of more than two hundred and fifty years, from the *Ralph Roister Doister* of Nicholas Udall, the writer of the first regular comedy (A.D. 1505–56), to the *School for Scandal* of Richard Brinsley Sheridan (A.D. 1751–1816), with the exception of those by Southerne, Etherege, Wycherley, and Killigrew, which have been justly excluded from the collection either for their worthlessness or their intolerable coarseness and profligacy. The songs of each dramatist are arranged under the titles of his plays, which are given in the order of their production. Well-prepared short biographical sketches introduce the selections from the various authors; and scholarly explanatory, historical, and bibliographical notes are sparingly appended wherever they are really necessary or desirable. It will not have escaped the attention of the reader that we have spoken with some reservation of the fullness of Mr. Bell's collection, and it is due to him, in view of the general excellence of his editorial workmanship, that we should be more specific. Two classes of omissions are observable in his book—those that are doubtless voluntary, and those that are probably involuntary. His reasons for some of the former, as in the case of the unclean and profligate dramatists of the time of Charles II., are satisfactory and convincing; but there are some involuntary omissions, and others that are either involuntary or made in conformity with the idea of confining the selections exclusively to the *plays* of the dramatists, for which no sufficient reason is apparent. Among this latter class are a number of the songs which Ben Jonson lavishly sprinkled over the scenes in his numerous *Masques*, and as these were not regular plays, it may be that on this account Mr. Bell has omitted to cite them. This, however, is not a satisfactory reason for their exclusion; nor has Mr. Bell's practice been entirely consistent with it, since Jonson's fine song "To Celia," beginning with the famous line "Drink to me only with thine eyes," does not occur in a play, but is taken from his poetical miscellany *The Forest*. Among these omitted Masque songs of Jonson are several that are very beautiful, others that are charged with fine classical fancies, others again that are rich in allusions to the manners, customs, folk-lore, and popular superstitions of the times, and a few that are simply pedantic and worthless. These last might be well spared, but room should certainly have been made for the song of the "Tritons to the Sirens of the Sea," in the *Masque of Blackness;* the song to "Love and Beauty," in the *Masque of Beauty;* the hymeneal song, "Bid all profane away," in the *Masque of Hymen;* the dancing songs in the same *Masque* and in *Love Restored;* the witches' songs beginning, "Dame, dame, the watch is set," "The weather is fair, the wind is good," and "The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad, and so is the cat-a-mountain," in the *Masque of Queens;* the song of the Graces to Love, "A crown, a crown for Love's bright head," in the *Masque of Love Freed from Folly;* the song of the Cyclop while tending Vulcan's fire, "Soft subtile fire, thou soul of art," in *Mercury Vindicated;* the jovial song to the Fat Paunch, "First father of sauce, and dêviser of jelly," in *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue;* the good-luck songs in the *Gypsies Metamorphosed;* and the four fine hymnal songs of the Nymphs in honor of Pan, in *Pan's Anniversary*. Besides these, which Mr. Bell may have omitted deliberately, there are several other omissions of songs that occur in the plays of Jonson, Massinger, and Ford which are certainly oversights; for instance, "A Madrigal of Modesty," in Jonson's *Silent Woman;* the song "To a Mistress" in his *The Devil is an Ass*, and in honor of "Pecunia," in his *The Staple of News;* the song by Aymer in Massinger's *The Fatal Dowry;* the drinking song, "What, ho! we come to be merry," in Ford's *The Lady's Trial;* the song to the Sun, "Glorious and bright! lo, here we bend"; and the song of the Elements, in the same author's *The Sun's Darling*. Our list of omissions might be enlarged, though, in justice to the author we ought to say, not considerably. Notwithstanding, the volume is a most creditable one, and the information contained in its notes and biographical sketches is often rare in kind, and uniformly excellent in quality.

[1] *Songs of the Dramatists*. Edited by ROBERT BELL. 12mo, pp. 268. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

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MR. WOODBERRY'S *History of Wood-Engraving*[8] does not assume to be an exhaustive survey of the art in all the minuter particulars of its origin, progress, and development; nor does it undertake to give a complete account of the multitude of artists who have made a greater or less impression on the art from the beginning until now, or to subject their works and methods, in detail, to an elaborate critical or historical review. Disregarding such matter as would have swelled his book to unwieldy dimensions, or which seemed to him to belong more properly to the province of descriptive bibliography, and entering into technical minutiæ only lightly and where they were needed for historical illustration, or to mark distinct steps in the art at important periods, Mr. Woodberry has aimed not so much to minister to the tastes of specialists, whether engravers, collectors, or art-students, as to gather and arrange such facts and information as ought to be known to the large and cultivated class who, without being artists, are yet intelligently and earnestly interested in art, and especially in the art of wood-engraving. His book gives a trustworthy outline of the history of wood-engraving as it is recorded in the chief monuments of the art, from its beginning in the fifteenth century until the present day. In the course of his rapid but rounded outline of the art he notes the differences between its older and later examples, in their spirit, intention, and execution; describes the relation of the art to the sister arts and to printing and engraving upon stone and metal; marks the successive stages or phases of its development and progress at distinctively formative or transitional periods, and describes their characteristics, capabilities, and limitations as exemplified by representative artists in each period; and dwells with repeated emphasis upon its historic and artistic value, with the view of showing its perennial utility, both in its earlier and later manifestations, as a democratic art for the popular benefit and instruction, and also its powers as a fine art in the cultivation of taste and a love for the beautiful. Mr. Woodberry's sketch of the history of the first introduction and practice of the art is a model of brevity and good sense, discriminating with judicial impartiality between conflicting claims, and drawing the line with satisfactory precision between conjecture and fact. Very full of curious matter are his chapters on the "Block Books" of the first part of the fifteenth century, the first vehicles of wood-engraving (unless, as some hold, the distinction belongs to playing-cards), and in which the text was subsidiary to the engravings; on the engravings in the early printed books of Germany and the Low Countries, in the latter part of the same century, and in which the engravings were subsidiary to the text; and on the engravings in the printed books of Italy, in the last two decades of the fifteenth and the first two of the sixteenth century, when wood-engraving first came to be treated as a fine art and a means of giving expression to the beautiful, instead of being confined, as hitherto, to instruction of a more utilitarian nature. Less curious than these, but possessing greater value, as exhibiting the art in its higher forms at an epochal period, and as manifesting its capabilities under the inspiration of genius, are the chapters devoted to an account of the methods and principal works of Albert Dürer and his successors, and also of the masterpieces of Holbein. The closing chapter, on modern wood-engraving, brings the history of the art down to our own times, and contains a well-considered statement of the methods and characteristics of recent wood-engravers, from the revival of the art by Bewick in England to the present time, with special reference to the art as represented by American artists. Its critical and descriptive survey of the works of contemporary wood-engravers is highly interesting—frank in its judgments upon their defects, and cordial in its recognition of their merits.

MR. W. J. LINTON'S *History of Wood-Engraving in America*[9] covers a much narrower field than that occupied by the volume just noticed, and is spread over a larger canvas. Confining himself exclusively to the history of the art in this country, from its first examples by Dr. Alexander Anderson, in the last decade of the last century, to the present—a period of less than ninety years—he is able to enter into comparatively minute details respecting both artists and methods. His survey closely traces the progress of the art and the causes that contributed to it; and its transitional stages are copiously illustrated by sketches of the art-life and career of many of the earlier artists, by critical estimates of the skill or genius which they and their successors displayed, and by independent or comparative criticisms of their productions, of which numerous examples are given. As it was not Mr. Linton's purpose to compile a mere dictionary of American engravers, he necessarily omits many names and examples; but still his selections for consideration and comment fairly include those that are representative in their character, regard being had to the order of time and the quality and characteristics of workmanship. It will doubtless be felt that Mr. Linton's treatment of the subject is too persistently critical, and too highly colored by his well-known opinions and practice, to deserve to be called a history. And there is force in the objection. But by whatever name his book may be designated, it abounds in matter of historical interest, and is

[8] *A History of Wood-Engraving.* By GEORGE E. WOODBERRY. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 221. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[9] *The History of Wood-Engraving in America.* By W. J. LINTON. Folio, pp. 71. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

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throughout suggestive and instructive. The portion of the work which will most excite comment, and perhaps controversy, is that which deals with contemporaneous art and artists. Here his references to the "new school," whose practice and methods find little favor in his eyes, are undoubtedly carried to the extreme verge of frankness; but yet, even where they are most pointed and incisive, they are manly, free from manifestations of petty or personal feeling and ill-nature, and are cordial in their discernment of the substantial merits he recognizes in company with the defects he criticises. And although in his frequent allusions to his own work and methods he treads on delicate ground, yet in the main he acquits himself with such modesty and discretion as to give the semblance of impersonality to his comparisons and criticisms. His repeated careful analyses and comparisons of the different styles, methods, and canons of contemporary wood-engravers, and his pithy restatements of his own ideas as to the province and practice of the art, even where they will most provoke dissent, are pregnant with suggestive reflections to his brother artists, to whom his book is primarily addressed; and they will doubtless arrest the attention, if they do not greatly influence the practice, of such of them as are not past being profited by unpalatable hints and advice when proceeding from an adverse school. Mr. Linton's criticisms and strictures will scarcely prevail on the brilliant artists of the "new school" to reverse their practice, or even to make any radical change in it, until they shall have fully discovered all its possibilities and capabilities; but if he shall succeed in directing the attention of artists, among other particulars, to the importance of a greater mastery of drawing with the graver, so as to secure beauty of form and the effects of perspective and distance, to the necessity of the adaptation of line to the object it would represent, to the danger that resides in the tendency to forget form and attend only to color, to the misapplication of talent which is betrayed by that excessive fineness of lines which adds nothing to the expression of the picture or the beauty of the engraving, and to the loss of artistic feeling that is often consequent upon a too literal or Chinese-like fidelity to the painter—he will have accomplished something in the interests of true art. Mr. Linton's book is beautifully printed, and admirably illustrated with examples from representative artists, besides having many new and spirited cuts from original designs prepared expressly for the work. It is also supplied with blanks for mounting proofs illustrative of the progress of the art, bound in with the text at the close of the volume. A note from the publishers gives the item of information that the work is strictly limited to an edition of 1026 numbered and lettered copies, each having the author's autograph, and that it will not be reprinted.

SEVERAL sumptuous volumes, primarily designed for holiday gift-books, but received too late for timely notice during the holidays, have a permanent value, as well from the quality of their subject-matter as from the beauty of their typography and the attractiveness of their artistic adornments, which lifts them above the level of other beautiful but more ephemeral publications, and makes them appropriate as gifts at all times and seasons, on occasions of gladness and congratulation. One of the most pleasing and luxurious of these elegant volumes is Mr. Gibson's *Highways and Byways*,[10] or off-hand notes of saunterings in New England fields and hills and lanes, descriptive of scenes by the country road-side, of sights and happenings in the wake of the squirrel as he scampers over his highway, the rural fence, of the manifold revelations of beauty in meadow and valley, on hill-side clearings and in bosky dells, by leaf and flower, frond and vine, bird and beast, reptile and insect, and of the infinite activities of nature that are ever going on in and around the most unregarded pathway, and are visible only to the diligent seeker after nature's secrets. Mr. Gibson is pre-eminent among our artists, and is surpassed by few only of our poets for his love of nature and the fidelity with which he pictures her sweetest surprises and most poetic aspects; and in the volume before us his cunning hand and nimble pen lay bare some of her most delightful near-at-home haunts. A prose idyl, it bustles with life and movement; and though his pen be sometimes careless, and may offend good taste by its rough-and-ready rudeness, his pencil is always unerring in its grace and refinement. His book is a portfolio of the beautiful and picturesque that will satisfy the most exacting worshipper of nature.

Few books revive pictures of the olden time with a more agreeable mingling of quiet grace and gentle vivacity, or group old-time men and women, and by-gone rural and domestic scenes, as faithfully and poetically as a beautifully illustrated volume by the late Mrs. Ellen H. Rollins, bearing the modest title, *New England By-gones*.[11] Its genial sketches of life and character do not reach so far back in the past as to be outside the pale of the reader's personal sympathies, or even of his personal memories if his experience extends over a period of forty years; and the scenes which they reproduce are painted with relishing simplicity and fidelity. The "olden times" recalled by the volume are those of the New England rural and domestic life of forty or fifty years ago, and the scenes and incidents it reframes and retouches are those of the homestead and farm of that time and place. Since the book was

[10] *Highways and Byways; or, Saunterings in New England.* By WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON. Illustrated. 4to, pp. 157. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *New England By-gones.* By E. H. ARR (MRS. ELLEN H. ROLLINS). New Edition. Enlarged and Illustrated. Introduction by Gail Hamilton. 4to, pp. 243. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

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written its graceful and gifted author has "gone over to the majority," and it is prefaced with a sterling biographical sketch of her symmetrical life by Gail Hamilton. The volume has more than fourscore fine illustrations, designed and engraved by noted American artists.

Hours with Art and Artists[12] is the title of a richly printed and superbly illustrated folio, the letterpress of which is from the pen of G. W. Sheldon, and introduces the reader to some of the most eminent European and American painters by pleasantly gossiping and anecdotal sketches of their lives, and familiar glimpses of their studios and social surroundings. These light personal etchings are accompanied by accounts of their principal works and of their methods, sometimes quite elaborate, and sometimes cursory, together with critical remarks on art generally, and particular criticisms and estimates of the productions of those who represent distinctive schools of recent art. Among the artists who are passed in review are Bougnereau, Rosa Bonheur, Gustave Doré, E. Frère, Birket Foster, Hébert, C. L. Müller, Boughton, Munkacsy, F. A. Bridgman, Détaille, Neuville, Toulmouche, Fortuny, Corôt, Millais, Millet, Gérôme, Regnault, Meissonier, Couture, Beckwith, W. M. Chase, Winslow Homer, R. Swain Gifford, Peter Moran, Samuel Colman, William Sartain, Arthur Quartley, Wyatt Eaton, R. M. Shurtleff, J. Wells Champney, George Gibson, and A. F. Bellows; and examples of their works are given, twelve of them being fine full-page engravings on steel, and the remainder, nearly a hundred in number, being equally fine full-page or smaller engravings on wood.

One of the most useful and interesting of recent illustrated works is a collation, by Mrs. Henrietta Lee Palmer, from the Bible and other authentic sources, of all that relates to the homes and the home-life of the people of whom any mention is made in the Old and New Testaments, from the most primitive times until the advent and death of the Saviour. Under the appropriate title, *Home-Life in the Bible*,[13] Mrs. Palmer gives a minute description of the habitations and homes of the people of Bible lands and times as they appeared at various stages in their history, including interesting details concerning their furniture and household utensils; their larder, kitchen, table, and toilet; their dress and ornaments; their marriage customs, and their customs regulating widowhood and divorce; the training and education of their children; their domestic and public worship; their secular and sacred music; their modes of almsgiving and of exercising the rites of hospitality; their treatment of their flocks and herds; and their observances at seed-time and harvest, in times of sickness and death, and at burials and seasons of mourning. Mrs. Palmer introduces the reader fully and familiarly to the entire round of the inner and every-day life of the Oriental peoples, more especially the descendants of Abraham, with the effect of making clear the meaning of many Biblical allusions to the home and family that have hitherto seemed enigmatical. The volume is copiously and appropriately illustrated.

So long as writers of fiction continue to move in well-worn grooves, and are able or content merely to transpose old forms into new and engaging combinations, it will be a vain and useless labor to attempt a particular critical analysis of each of their productions as they fall from the press. Indeed, so uniform is their staple that it would not be an impossible thing to prepare a stereotyped notice that would fit one average novel equally as well as another, and might be made to do indiscriminate service for all. Original constructive and inventive power is nearly as rare in the novelist as in the poet, and in the works of each the accessories may be filled in with skill and delicacy, and the story be told with spirit and vivacity, or even be invested with engrossing interest, but yet the poem or novel, considered as a work of art, may lack all the higher essentials. None of the novels of the month can be said to belong to the first rank. None of them betrays the skill or genius of an incipient Scott, or Dickens, or Thackeray, or Charlotte Brontë, or George Eliot, or even of an inchoate Bulwer, Disraeli, Wilkie Collins, or Mrs. Oliphant. And yet several of them exhibit creditable descriptive and narrative powers, combined with fresh and vigorous fancy, delicacy of thought and expression, and chastity of style and sentiment. Among those which have most favorably impressed us by their exhibition of these minor though highly important graces and excellences are the following: *The Modern Hagar*,[14] by Charles M. Clay; *Two on a Tower*,[15] by Thomas Hardy; *No Proof*,[16] by Miss Alice O'Hanlon; *Quintus Claudius*,[17] by Ernst Eckstein; *Flower and Weed*,[18] by Miss Braddon; and *Little Sister*,[19] by an anonymous writer. In addition to these it will interest novel-readers to know that the Messrs. Harper have published a new edition

[12] *Hours with Art and Artists.* By G. W. Sheldon. Folio, pp. 184. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[13] *Home-Life in the Bible.* By Henrietta Lee Palmer. Edited by John Williamson Palmer. Two Hundred and Twenty Illustrations. Royal 8vo, pp. 428. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[14] *The Modern Hagar.* A Drama. By Charles M. Clay. In Two Volumes, 16mo, pp. 369 and 402. New York: George W. Harlan and Co.

[15] *Two on a Tower.* A Novel. By Thomas Hardy. 16mo, pp. 366. "Leisure Hour Series." New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[16] *No Proof.* A Novel. By Miss Alice O'Hanlon. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 70. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Quintus Claudius.* A Romance of Imperial Rome. By Ernst Eckstein. Translated by Clara Bell. In Two Volumes, 18mo, pp. 303 and 313. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

[18] *Flower and Weed.* A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 28. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *Little Sister.* "No Name Series." 18mo, pp. 296. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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of Dr. Blackmore's masterly story *Lorna Doone*,[20] in the convenient two-column form of the "Franklin Square Library."

LIKE many of the common-law maxims, with which students of Blackstone are familiar, the well-known phrase "bed and board" had its origin in those remote times when "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and is an intimation of an antecedent state of civilization, when, instead of being satisfied with the provisional bed of dry leaves and the chance repast on the greensward of the nomad, our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were established in the comfortable family home, or *ham*, among whose earliest and most permanent fixtures were the family bed and the family table, or *board*. The "bed and board," or, in other words, comfortable sleeping and good eating, have always held a high place in the economy of all the Teutonic peoples, and, indeed, of all peoples with whom the family and the home were the fundamental social unit. And although the assumption might be challenged that much of their superiority to other peoples in muscular strength and vigor, and physical well-being generally, has been due to the good cheer that was regularly spread out on their family "boards," there can be no question that a plentiful table, groaning with substantial and wholesome food, made toothsome by skillful cookery, is a synonym for one of the supremest of the physical enjoyments of the Anglo-Saxon and allied races, and an essential factor in all their conceptions of comfort and happiness. It may savor of exaggeration to assert that whosoever makes it possible for us to enjoy *two* wholesome and relishing dishes where only *one* was possible before is as great a benefactor as he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before; but it may be said without hyperbole that whoever can put us in the way of doing this, or even of making one dish better, more relishing, and cheaper than before, deserves grateful mention. After the application of all due tests by experienced and competent experts in the art of domestic economy, such mention we now make of *A New Cookery Book*,[21] prepared and arranged by a gentlewoman of Maryland, Mrs. R. C. Hollyday, from recipes of her own, and from others derived from a number of gentlewomen of Maryland and Virginia who have the reputation of being among the most notable housekeepers of those old and hospitable States. It has been the aim of Mrs. Hollyday to comprise in her collection of receipts all that is useful to be known to the lady of the house or the cook, in the preparation of economical, wholesome, and relishing food for the staple of every-day requirements, and of tempting delicacies for special occasions or enfeebled palates; and the lares of our household have set before us sundry and manifold proofs that Mrs. Hollyday has accomplished all she proposed.

Building of the Nation[22] is the pertinent title of a new and copiously illustrated volume in the series of American histories by Mr. Charles C. Coffin. Written in familiar style, so as to be on a level with the understanding of intelligent boys and girls, its contents are excellently adapted to foster their patriotism, while it instructs and interests them in the history of their country. Resuming the story of our country at the point, immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War, where it was interrupted by the conclusion of its predecessor, *The Boys of '76*, it opens with a condensed account of the treaty of peace which assured us our independence, and a *résumé* of the formation of the Constitution and its fruits, the Federal Union and an organized national government. It then recites in pregnant brief sentences the history of the nation, and of the separate States, under the operation of the Constitution, from the close of the Revolution to the beginning of the late civil war, giving a comprehensive outline sketch of all the earlier important political, naval, and military events that exerted an influence upon the national life and character, and also of those later social, moral, and political forces, as they were developed, that may be said to have entered into the building of the nation, and to have given form and complexion to its institutions as they now exist.

[20] *Lorna Doone*. A Romance of Exmoor. By R. D. BLACKMORE. "Franklin Square Library." Two-column Edition. 8vo, pp. 280. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[21] *Domestic Economy:* A New Cookery Book, Containing Numerous Valuable Receipts for Aid in Housekeeping. Prepared and Arranged by Mrs. R. C. HOLLYDAY. 8vo, pp. 263. Baltimore: John Murphy and Co.

[22] *Building of the Nation*. Events in the History of the United States, from the Revolution to the Beginning of the War between the States. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 485. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed December 19.—The final session of the Forty-seventh Congress was opened December 4. President Arthur's Message, accompanied by the Department reports, was received and read in both Houses. After announcing that our relations abroad are entirely friendly, the President proceeds to discuss domestic affairs. He regards the rapid payment of the national debt as a cause for apprehension, suggests the advisability of abrogating all internal taxes except those on distilled spirits, and recommends large reductions in customs duties and an ex-

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tension of the free list. He mentions the inadequacy of the national fortifications, hopes that no river and harbor appropriations will be thought necessary during the present session, suggests that large grants for internal improvements should be the subjects of separate and distinct legislative enactments, or that the President should be empowered to veto separately any item in an appropriation bill. He would oppose putting the telegraph under control of the postal department, but favors a reduction of letter postage. The Message closes with a strong appeal to Congress to take some decided measures for a reform in the method of appointment to office in the civil service. The President approves of the bill at present pending before the Senate, and promises his assent to this or any other bill embodying like provisions. He also declares his approval of such legislation as may be found necessary for supplementing the existing provisions of the law in relation to political assessments, and says that a bill which will effectually suppress such assessments will meet with his cordial approval.

Appropriation bills were passed as follows: Indian, amounting to $5,208,955, House, December 7; Diplomatic and Consular, $1,258,255, House, December 9; Agricultural, and Military Academy, House, December 13.

Civil service claimed considerable attention in both Houses, and there was a great deal of discussion on the subject. The select committee of the House, December 9, reported a bill to improve the civil service, and on December 12 the Senate committee reported several amendments to the Pendleton bill. Senators Hawley and Beck introduced bills forbidding the levying of political assessments.

On December 5, the House Committee on Ways and Means reported a bill to abolish the tax on tobacco.

The French Spoliation Bill, amended, passed the Senate December 15.

A bill to reduce postage on letters to two cents was favorably reported to the House December 8.

The Senate, December 11, refused, by a vote of 24 to 36, to lay the Bankruptcy Bill on the table.

The promotion of Brigadier-General John Pope to be Major-General was confirmed by the Senate December 11.

The next House, according to the classification of Hon. Edward Macpherson, will stand: Democrats, 191; Republicans, 119; Independents, 5; Greenbackers, 2; Readjusters, 6. According to this classification, the Democrats have a majority of 59 over all others. There are two vacancies, caused by the death of Messrs. Herron, of Louisiana, and Updegraff, of Ohio, to be filled.

The House, December 18, voted not to take any holiday recess this year, and to fine any member absent without leave or reasonable excuse.

Arabi Pasha pleaded guilty, December 3, to the charge of armed rebellion, and was sentenced to death; subsequently the Khedive commuted the sentence to exile for life.

The British Parliament, December 2, was prorogued until February 15.—The British cabinet was reorganized. Mr. Gladstone resigned as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was succeeded by Right Hon. Hugh C. Childers; Lord Derby was made Colonial Secretary, Lord Kimberley Indian Secretary, and Lord Hartington Secretary of War.

DISASTERS.

November 19.—British steamer *Wearmouth*, of London, wrecked in St. Lawrence Bay. Fifteen men lost.

November 22.—Steamer *Winton* foundered off the French coast. Thirty persons drowned.

November 27.—French steamer *Cambronne* sunk by collision in the British Channel. Fourteen lives lost.

November 29.—Fourteen persons drowned by floods at Düsseldorf, Germany.

December 6.—Sixteen men killed by explosion of boiler of propellor *Morning Star* on the Mississippi River.

December 8.—Two acres of buildings in London, bounded by London Wall, Philip Lane, Addle Street, and Wood Street, burned. Loss, $15,000,000.

December 11.—Business portion of Kingston, Jamaica, burned. Loss, $15,000,000.

December 16.—British bark *Langrigg Hall* wrecked off the coast of Wexford, Ireland. Twenty-four of the crew drowned.

OBITUARY.

November 22.—In New York city, Thurlow Weed, in his eighty-sixth year.

November 26.—At Crossen, Prussia, Baron von Manteuffel, statesman, in his seventy-eighth year.

November 27.—At Hamilton, Ohio, Hon. L. D. Campbell, ex-member of Congress, aged seventy-one years.

November 28.—At Columbia, South Carolina, Rear-Admiral James H. Strong, in his sixty-ninth year.

December 1.—In Brooklyn, New York, Henry C. Murphy, in his seventy-third year.

December 2.—At Washington, D.C., Rear-Admiral R. H. Wyman, U.S.N., aged forty-five years.—At Georgetown, D.C., General George C. Thomas, aged seventy years.

December 3.—In London, England, Rev. Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, aged seventy-one years.

December 6.—At Cannes, France, Jean Joseph Louis Blanc, historian and radical, aged sixty-nine years.—In London, Anthony Trollope, aged sixty-seven years.

December 9.—In Edinburgh, Sir Hugh Allan, of Montreal, aged seventy-two years.

December 12.—In New York city, Robert L. Stuart, in his seventy-seventh year.

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Editor's Drawer.

CONCERNING Thurlow Weed the Warwick of American politics the world has long had intimate knowledge, but Thurlow Weed the practical philanthropist, was comparatively unknown even to his most intimate associates. Whatever may have been true of his earlier and more active days, when he was the power behind the throne, and one of the most potent of all agencies in public affairs, it is certain that the last two decades of his life were crowded with kindly deeds. His home in West Twelfth Street, New York city, was the resort of the stricken in purse and spirit, no less than the Mecca of aspiring politicians. Years ago—and for years—there was a sight to be witnessed every Saturday afternoon in front of that Twelfth Street home not to be seen anywhere else in New York. It was a score or so of little girls, all of cleanly appearance, but all giving evidence of poverty in their dress, who were weekly applicants for his bounty, and no one of whom ever went away from his door empty-handed. Once when a committee of one called at his house on a Saturday afternoon with a carriage, to request his attendance at the first reception of the New York Press Club, a throng of these little ones were before his door. Mr. Weed expressed the pleasure it would give him to meet the working journalists of the city, or, as he expressed it, "the boys in the harness"; but, he added, "you must wait until I feed my chickens." After the children had been loaded with his gifts, he proceeded to the rooms of the Press Club, where, by-the-way, he gave some good advice to those who were only entering upon the road he had traversed to its end. He frankly admitted that day, as he always did in his declining years, the great changes which had been wrought in journalism since he was an active member of the profession. No man knew better than he in his later years that the newspaper had become the vehicle of information rather than of opinions. As he once tersely put it, "the world don't care what an editor thinks about a fact, but it does care a great deal for the fact itself."

Yet there was never a more omnivorous reader of newspapers, although latterly he used the eyes of another instead of his own, and usually those of the daughter who devoted her life to him. It was not only political news that claimed and obtained his attention, but all the record of events, great and small, that combine to make up the daily journal. The knowledge of this fact and of the benevolence of his character came to the knowledge of a reporter for a daily paper in a peculiar way some years ago. The reporter had been detailed to a case of distress which had been reported to the office. In the performance of this duty he encountered one of those pictures of misery which can only be seen in a great city of startling contrasts like New York. It was a bitterly cold night in the latter part of November, and in a room on the top floor of an East side tenement-house, in which there was neither fire nor food and no furniture save two remnants of chairs, a woman was found with two little children. The next morning a description of the scene was given in the newspaper, together with a short statement of the cause of her misfortunes. That afternoon a second call was made for the purpose of giving her a small amount which some charitable person had sent to the office for her relief, and she was then found in comparative comfort. A stove had made its appearance, there was a supply of coal, the closet had been filled with provisions, and mother and children had been provided with stout shoes and warm stockings. The woman gave a description of her benefactor so full and correct that the reporter had no difficulty in recognizing Mr. Weed. When that afternoon inquiry was made of him as to the fact, Mr. Weed admitted that he had "helped the woman a little," but exacted a promise that no mention should be made in the newspapers of the circumstance; nor has the incident ever been published until now. This case has not been mentioned in such detail because it was at all an anomaly in the life of the veteran journalist, but rather as typical of the man in that aspect of which the world knows so little.

To the end of his life Mr. Weed retained his keen appetite for public affairs. It is not the present purpose to enter upon his political warfares or opinions, but only to give some personal reminiscences which afford an insight into a character which had such striking contrasts. Some ten years ago there was a Senator of the United States—whom it is not now necessary to name, as he has disappeared from public life—who, because of his political isolation no less than by reason of his brilliant powers of mind, was quite prominently before the public. During the political campaign of 1872 this Senator made a speech in Indiana which attracted very general attention, and among those who read it with great care was Mr. Weed. The writer of this, returning from the West soon after, met Mr. Weed, who asked many questions concerning the Senator, and finally said, "There's a Presidential possibility in that man." Some weeks afterward, and when this incident had been entirely forgotten, Mr. Weed astonished the writer one evening by abruptly remarking,

"I have seen our candidate for President."

"Whom do you mean, Mr. Weed?"

"Why, Senator ——."

"Well, what do you think of him?"

"He will do," was the sententious answer.

But the Senator was never named elsewhere

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than in Mr. Weed's library for the Chief Magistracy of the nation, and probably never had a suspicion that the American Warwick had ever thought of him in connection with the office.

One night in August, 1875, is memorable to the writer for the reason that, although he has travelled hundreds of times between New York and Albany, it was the only time he ever made the journey by boat, and for the fact that Mr. Weed, who was also a passenger, talked as only he could talk when he was in the humor, all the way between the two cities. Referring that night to the famous Antimasonic episode in New York politics, he denied that he had ever used the phrase, in connection with the body which had been found, that it was "a good enough Morgan until after the election." And he made the denial with considerable warmth, as though he considered the accusation as a reflection upon his good sense.

During that same night he also talked very fully of his mission to Europe during the war, in company with the late Archbishop Hughes, of New York, and he took occasion to speak in the highest terms of the great service the Roman Catholic prelate had done his country in that crisis. It will be remembered that the mission of Mr. Weed was chiefly to England, while that of the archbishop was to Napoleon III., and Mr. Weed seemed to be firmly convinced that but for his efforts the adventurer then on the throne of France would not only have recognized the Confederacy as an independent power, but would have attempted armed intervention in its behalf. This episode in our civil war has never been fully told, and it will furnish the material for one of the most interesting chapters of the autobiography which it is generally understood Mr. Weed has left behind him.

With Mr. Weed's methods in politics it is not our intention to meddle, nor to express any opinion concerning them, but justice requires it to be said that there were times when he took a broad, unselfish, and wholly non-partisan view of public affairs. One such occasion was in the early summer of 1865. Two gentlemen armed with letters, one of which was from Mr. Seward, whose face then yet bore the marks of the assassin's knife, called upon Mr. Weed at Room No. 11 in the Astor House, where for so many years were his political head-quarters. Mr. Weed on that occasion showed a familiarity with Virginia politics which seemed marvellous to two of his visitors, who had been life-long residents of the State, and prominently connected with its public affairs. His solution of the difficulties presented by the close of the war was to bring the old Whig element to the fore, and so direct affairs as to make it the controlling power in the South. At that time he gave no evidence that he had contemplated the marvellous history the nation has since made.

There is one other reminiscence of Mr. Weed which in one respect trenches upon politics, but it is so characteristic of the man that it is now given, and it has the merit of freshness at least, for it has never been told before. After the Republican defeat in Indiana in October, 1876, the outlook of the party was not very bright, either in that State or in the country at large. At a meeting held in Indianapolis just after the close of the State contest it was determined to keep up a show of vigor until the Presidential election. But there was no money in the party treasury to pay the expenses of meetings and speakers. In this dilemma it was determined to appeal to friends of the cause in New York for help. Two gentlemen were sent on the mission, armed with a letter from a then very important personage. When this letter was presented to the gentleman to whom it was addressed, Mr. Weed happened to be present. The gentleman read the letter, and pondered over it. Finally, giving it to Mr. Weed, he said, "Here is a letter from ——. What does it mean?" Glancing over it, Mr. Weed handed it back with the terse remark, "It means money." Which was precisely what it did mean.

It may be added as the last of these rambling reminiscences that Mr. Weed always took a keen interest in the New York Press Club, although he very seldom was seen in its rooms, as it was not established until the years of his physical feebleness had come. And he was to the end of his life the judicious and kindly friend of young journalists. He has left grateful memories of him in very many newspaper offices throughout the land, for scores of young men have gone out from New York to become editors and reporters in other cities who owe their start in life to his generous assistance. Bitter as he could be, and often was, in his political animosities, no kindlier heart than his ever throbbed, no one ever had a larger sympathy with the unfortunate. If it be true that "charity covers a multitude of sins," the worst faults of Thurlow Weed should be forgiven, if they can not all be forgotten.

EVEN in the United States Senate they occasionally enliven the tedium of legislative proceedings with a little honest hilarity. A few days ago in that body the bill for promoting the efficiency of navy chaplains by making their pay equal to that of army chaplains was taken up.

Senator Plumb, of Kansas, wanted to know if it would suit to equalize the pay by reducing that of army chaplains to the navy standard.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, said: "It would not suit me so well as it would probably suit the Senator from Kansas. I have not the

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same desire for economy of this character. Besides, *I do not want to see the praying force of this country reduced.* I think it ought to be increased."

An audible smile was noticed all over the Senate and in the galleries. Senator Plumb's baleful proposition lacked that enthusiastic support which is necessary to carry through great moral revolutions.

We do not make history very rapidly in America, but fortunately there are a few who at celebrations of old settlers turn up, and embalm in verse interesting reminiscences of the hardships of the pioneers. Recently at one of these reunions in Northern Illinois there was presented and read the following

EXPERIENCE OF N. G. REYNOLDS AND FAMILY IN 1835.

BY AMANDA REYNOLDS SMITH.

Of Eighteen hundred thirty-five, few are alive
To relate the stories of the frontier life.
Of crossing the prairies through wet and cold,
With naught but the lone tree to point out the road.

From Paw Paw Grove we struck across,
Rain setting in with fog on the morass.
Darkness enveloped us on every hand,
Slowly the night hours passed by our little band.

Morning dawned not a tree in sight,
No kindling of fire, all water and mud,
Provisions were cold, appetites very poor
This camping on prairie was not very good.

Father, mother, brothers three,
Hours we watched for the lone, lone tree,
Father in water above his knees,
Mother she cries the tree I can't see.

Wagons three all fast in the mud,
On the backs of our horses we all of us mount,
Every eye in search for the lone lost tree,
With joy we are met by Mr. Farrington.

On reaching Coon Creek no other way,
Water very cold horses had to swim,
Wagon box floats horses headed up stream
Now we are through looking for the lone tree.

The winter was cold, provisions were short,
Seven families in all in a little log hut,
Measles break out, seventeen children by the way,
Sixty miles for a doctor and that wouldn't pay.

Indians calling by night and day,
Faces at windows, oh! horror what a sight.
Picture the children with beds on the floor,
Trembling, shaking at the sight of the warrior.

Well do I remember a warrior that came
To visit the tribe of our little town,
The cleaning of guns, preparations were made
To fight on the morrow if necessity's need.

Peace be to those who have thus passed away.
May they meet with us in spirit on anniversary day,
Inspire our hearts with benevolence and love,
For all that have come since eighteen hundred and thirty-five.

Of all the books in which "nigger talk" is dominant commend us to *Diddie, Dumps, and Tot.* The dialect of "the man and brother" is therein reproduced with absolute perfection. And the negro anthems! Never have they been reproduced with more of the very marrow of "de cullud man." As when Dumps began to sing:

Efn 'ligion was er thing that money could buy—
O reign, Marse Jesus, er reign!—
De rich would live, an' de po' would die—
O reign, Marse Jesus, er reign!

Chorus.

O reign, reign, reign, er my Lord,
O reign, Marse Jesus, er reign;
O reign, reign, reign, er my Lord,
O reign, Marse Jesus, er reign!

But de Lord He 'lowed He wouldn't have it so—
O reign, Marse Jesus, er reign!
So de rich mus' die jes same as de po'—
O reign, Marse Jesus, er reign!

And again, when Uncle Bob splains to de chil'en bout'n Dan'l in de lions' den:

"Dan'l wuz er good Christyun man wat lived in de Bible; and whedder he wuz er white man or whedder he wuz er brack man I dunno; I ain't nuber hyeard nobody say. But dat's neder hyear nor dar; he wuz er good man, an' he pray tree times eby day. At de fus peepin' uv de day Brer Dan'l he usen fur ter hop out'n his bed an' git down on 'is knees; an' soon's eber de horn hit blowed fur de han's ter come out'n de field fur dinner, Brer Dan'l he went in his house, he did, an' he flop right back on 'is knees. An' wen de sun set, den dar he wuz agin, er prayin' an' er strivin' wid de Lord.

"Well, de king uv dat kentry he 'low he nuber want no prayin' 'bout 'im; he sez, sezee, 'I want de thing fur ter stop.' But Brer Dan'l he nuber studied 'im; he jes prayed right on, tell by'mby de king he 'low dat de nex' man wat he kotch prayin' he wuz gwine cas' 'im in de lions' den.

"Well, nex' mornin', soon's Brer Dan'l riz fum 'is bed, he light right on 'is knees, an' went ter prayin'; an' wile he wuz er wrestlin' in prar, de pater-rollers dey come in an' dey tied 'im han' an' foot wid er rope, an' tuck 'im right erlong tell dey come ter de lions' den; an' wen dey wuz yit er fur ways fum dar dey hyeard de lions er ro'in an' er sayin, 'Ar-ooorrrrar! ar-ooorrrrar!' an' all dey hearts 'gun ter quake sept'n Brer Dan'l's; he nuber notice 'em; he jes pray 'long. By'mby dey git ter de den, an' dey tie er long rope roun' Brer Dan'l's wais', an' tro 'im right in. And dey drawed up de rope, an' went back whar dey come fum.

"Well, yearly nex' mornin' hyear dey come agin, an' dis time de king he come wid 'em; an' dey hyeard de lions er ro'in, 'Ar-ooorrrrar! ar-ooorrrrar!' An' dey come ter de den, an' dey open de do'; an' dar wuz de lions, wid dey mouf open an' dey eyes er shinin', jes er trompin' backerds an' forerds, an' dar in de corner sot an angel smoovin' uv 'is wings; an' right in de middle uv de den was Dan'l, jes er sot'n back dar. Gemmun, *he wuz'n totch!* He nuber so much ez had de smell uv de lions 'bout'n 'im. He wuz ez whole, mun, ez he wuz de day he wuz born. Eben de boots on 'im, sar, wuz

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ez shiny ez dey wuz wen dey put 'im dar..... He preach de Word, he did, right erlong, an' atter dat he 'gun ter sing dis hymn:

Dan'l wuz er prayin' man;
He pray tree times er day.
De Lord he hist de winder,
Fur ter hyear po' Dan'l pray.

Den he 'gun ter call up de mo'ners; an' dey come, too! Mun, de whole yeath wuz erlive wid 'em! De white folks dey went up, an' de niggers *dey* went up, an' de pater-rollers dey went up, an' de king *he* went up, an' dey all come thu an' got 'ligion; an' fum dat day dem folks is er sarvin' de Lord.

"An' now, chil'en, efn yer be like Brer Dan'l, an' say yer prars, an' put yer 'pen'ence in de Lord, yer needn' be er fyeard uv no lions; de Lord he'll take cyar uv yer, an' he'll be mighty proud to do it."

Then Uncle Bob gave out a hymn, which all, black and white, sang with great fervor. The first verses implored blessings on marster, missus, chil'en, and "dese niggers," and closed with the following:

"All folkses, Lord, all folkses, Lord—
O Lord, bless all de same!
Oh, bless de good, an' bless de bad,
Fur de glory uv dy name.
Now bless us, Lord! now bless us, Lord!
Don't fool 'long o' us no mo';
Oh, sen' us down de blessin', Lord!
An' den we'll let yer go."

A CORRESPONDENT in Rhode Island sends us the following, copied from an old grave-stone in the burial-ground at Smithfield, in that State:

Sacred to the memory of the amiable Consort of —— ——, and daughter of Mr. ——, who departed this life Oct. ye 17, A.D. 1796, aged ——.

While she was at a brook,
And where she did not like to go,
She from her friends was sudden took,
Seized with a fit she's subject to.
Her body in the water lay,
Her weeping husband found the same,
The means was used without delay
To call her back, but all in vain.
Her life to God she did resign,
And angels bore her soul away.
The grave her body now confines
Shall rise triumphant the last day.

As a supplement to this we give the following, sent by a naval officer, who copied it from a grave-stone in a burial-ground near Worcester, Massachusetts. The burning idea embodied in the verse seems to be that a great calamity is converted into a happy release, while the enduring stone establishes the fact that the stone itself was the gift of a man in the service of his country:

Happy the babe who, privileged by fate
To shorter labor and a lighter weight,
Received but yesterday the gift of breath,
Ordered to-morrow to return to death.

GRATIS. By Lieutenant J—— S——.
His Grandparent.
1791.

THE MODERN DAVID.

In a quiet old town in the hills of New Hampshire,
Some fifty years since—or it may be threescore—
Lived a preacher beloved and revered by his people,
Who called him "the Elder"; nor need we know more.

Many years he had led them by purest example;
Many years he had fed them with precepts divine;
Had married and buried, baptized and befriended,
Had broken the bread and had poured out the wine.

So peaceful his life and so healthful his habits,
Though sixty, he yet was as straight as a mast,
His cheeks like red apples, his laugh ever ready,
His hair thick and glossy, though silvering fast.

His girls were all married and settled around him,
With husbands and children and cares of their own;
His sons too had left him for business and college,
And he and his wife were now living alone.

Alone—yes, and lonely for lack of the children;
The house was so still it was fairly forlorn;
He found the hours heavy when weary of study,
When all chopped was the wood, and all hoed was the corn.

His wife had grown feeble, and seldom went with him
In the heavy-topped chaise to make calls on the sheep,
But in warm afternoons, when her house was in order,
Would retire to the bedroom, and there fall asleep.

The Elder, deserted, one day fell a-thinking
Of David of old, who, when *his* plans went wrong,
Could solace his sorrows, forget all his trials,
By the aid of sweet music, with harp and with song.

"Oh, could *I* but do likewise," the good man reflected,
"How swiftly, how smoothly, these moments would glide!
The complaints of my deacons, the lack of my children,
The advances of age, I could then well abide.

But alas for the harp! for I never yet saw one;
And alas for the songs! for I never could rhyme.
A jew's-harp I've mastered, but that can't content me.
O David, what *would* you have played in my time?

My people would laugh if I bought me a fiddle;
To flute and bass-viol I do not incline;
Too old are my fingers to play on a spinet,
Nor could I afford one. I must not repine."

So he stifled his longings, and almost forgot them,
Till one day to the city on business he went;
And while threading its mazes, confused by its tumult,
"What sweet sounds are these with its clamor now blent?"

Smile not at the rustical ear of the Elder.
"'Tis only a hand-organ," answered his son.
And the old man passed on, but his pulses were leaping,
And before he went home he had bought himself one

Of the best German make, with three separate barrels,
And each barrel played for him ten distinct airs
Just by turning the handle. O blessèd invention!
He felt it an answer direct to his prayers.

No day was now long, and no labor seemed tedious,
With this fountain of melody ever at hand
To pour forth its treasures of soothing refreshment,
An oasis of joy in a dull prosy land.

As it made his wife nervous, 'twas kept in the garret
(In the rose of his joy this had been the sole thorn);
And there, all alone in the brown-raftered chamber,
'Mid festoons of dried apple, of sage, and seed corn,

The Elder would sit, when his day's work was over,
With a smile on his face as he ground out the air,
While the long dusty sunbeams streamed in the west window,
Gently touched his broad shoulders and crowned his white hair.

'Twas thus he was seen unawares by Miss Kitty,
A sweet city maiden betrothed to his son,
Who, spending a week on the farm of his daughter,
Strolled over to call on the parents of John.

'Twas a day in mid-June, and the old-fashioned roses,

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Deep red and pure white, were in bloom round the door,
Which stood frankly open, the cat on the threshold,
And a gay braided mat to protect the white floor.
Most welcome the coolness and shade of the kitchen,
But where was the Elder, and where was the dame?
Profound was the stillness, save pussy's soft purring,
And a similar sound from the bedroom that came.
Light tiptoed the maiden through kitchen, past bedroom,
To the sitting-room, study. No Elder was there.
But hark! a sweet sound is now heard in the distance.
Bewildered, she follows it, climbs the steep stair,
Then gropes her way onward through darkened guest-chambers,
And climbs to the garret, still led by the sound.
'Tis her favorite waltz! "Now surely I'm dreaming?"
Exclaims pretty Kitty in wonder profound.
At the top of the stair she peeps cautiously round her,
Half screened by blue "comforters" hung on a line;
And there sat the blessèd old saint at his organ,
Grinding out dancing music in rapture divine.
Do you think Kitty laughed as she stood there beholding
The simple old man by his organ beguiled,
The foreground of blankets, herbs, andirons, and apples,
And the clumsy old cradle that held John, a child?
No; she listened in silence, bright tears on her lashes,
Till he ceased. Then she crept unsuspected away,
And a new love for John and his gentle old father
Seemed to grow in her heart from the scene of that day.

LAURA D. NICHOLS.

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THE BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

From a Painting by George H. Boughton, R.A.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXCIV.—MARCH, 1883.—Vol. LXVI.

ACROSS ARIZONA.

IF there be anything disrupting in mere topography, the section below the range which closes in the Los Angeles and Riverside country should also, in its turn, clamor to be admitted as a separate State. It should clamor at any rate to be joined to Arizona, with the climatic system of which it is inseparably connected. Arizona and the portion of California southeast of the low San Gorgonio Pass have the same seasons as Mexico, that is to say, the rains fall in the summer, while northward they fall in the winter and spring. The thunder-storms on each side of the mountains are plainly visible to the other, but never pass this limit. I myself have seen, from the Arizona side, in December, being under hot, clear sunshine at the time, the murky clouds billowing up above this range, and lightnings playing in them, and have found Los Angeles, on presently returning thither, drenched with its first showers.

There is but one reason why the inhabitants of the section described should not raise such a clamor, or rather there is this excellent reason, that it does not possess at present any inhabitants worth mentioning. For one hundred and fifty miles from the pass, to the Arizona frontier at Yuma, the railroad hardly knows what local traffic is. Its route is over the much-talked-of "Colorado Desert," in comparison with which the deserts we have seen hitherto, though by no means unimposing in their way, are of small dimensions. There are various stopping-places, with designations on the map, but these are rarely more than signal stations and points where the locomotive stops to drink at the artesian wells.

The plain is not of vast extent laterally. Black and purplish mountains are always in sight, and spurs of them cross the course. Bowlders and pebbles are scattered thickly on the surface at first, among patches of bunch-grass; then the jaws of the black and purple mountains open, near Seven Palms, and show the genuine white sand desert, strewn with bowlders still, but bare of vegetation, and varied with dunes and large hills of clean sand. One expects a glimpse of blue water between the dunes at every moment, as if riding to Coney Island or Long Branch. We traverse a singular depression, which is below the level of the sea for a hundred miles, at its lowest point nearly three hundred feet. At Dos Palmas, in the very bottom of the pit, a board shanty saloon, covered with inscriptions in an amateurish lettering, stands alone at a little distance from the track. Surely the keeper of it must consume his own drinks, and lead a melancholy existence unprecedented among barkeepers. No; a horseman in Mexican accoutrements dashes across the plain—though where he should dash from, and how he should be riding anything but the mummy of a dolphin or a sea-horse here in the very bottom of the sea itself, is a mystery—and pulls up there, and enters. And it further appears that from this place a stage starts every other day for points on the Colorado River, and for Prescott, the remote capital of Arizona Territory. This is but a faint survival of a bustle which once reigned before the day of the railroad, when the route of the southern overland mail was hither, and long trains of immigrant and freight wagons, carrying water in casks for two and three days' supply, passed continually over these wastes east and west.

Nothing would appear more depressing on general principles than such a country, but as a matter of fact it is entertaining instead. It is a stimulus to the curiosity, and ends by having a real fascination. One would not wish to be abandoned

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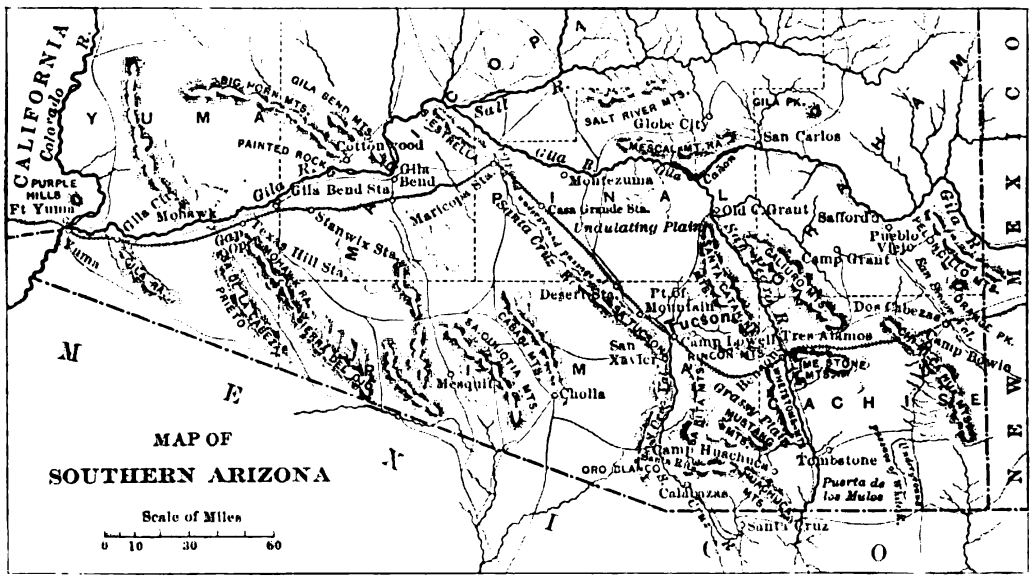
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alone in it without resources, it is true, but he does not tire of looking at it from a car window. Its blazing dryness is in its favor. It is disinfectant and preservative. Perhaps there can never be the most poignant extreme of sadness in scenes without the element of decay by dampness. It is chemical and not botanical processes that are principally going on. Wonders of almost any sort may be expected. Phantoms might flit about over it, hiding among the frequent mirages.

A considerable part of Arizona as well is of the same character, but it is estimated by competent authority that with irrigation thirty-seven per cent. can be redeemed for agriculture, and sixty per cent. for pasturage. It may be called to mind that even the apparently hopeless bottom of the Colorado Desert, below the level of the sea, is also below the level of the Colorado River, and that water from this copious stream might be spared for it, and spread over it with comparative ease. The truly patriotic resident of Arizona is by no means ashamed of his encompassing desert, and with reason. It is in reality a laboratory of useful products. Paper is made from the yucca, or Spanish-bayonet, which abounds in certain parts of it. More accessible, have given the Territory the fame it enjoys.

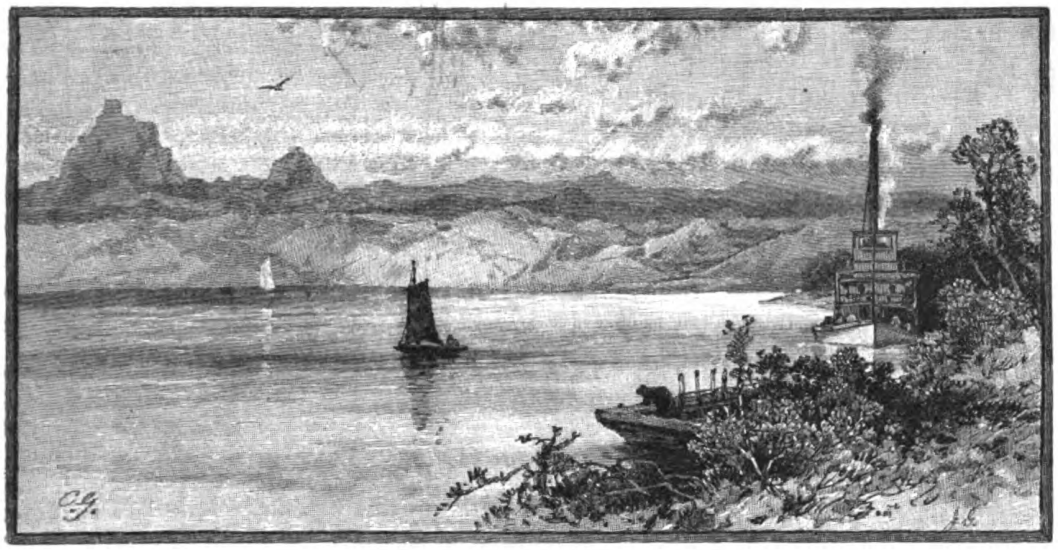
Our train runs out upon a long wooden draw-bridge, across the Colorado River, and we arrive at Yuma. The company has placed here the first of its series of hotels of uniform pattern. It is both station and hotel. Such provision on an equal scale of comfort would hardly have been judicious as an investment yet for private persons. These structures therefore become not only a typical feature of the scenery, but an indication as well of the extent to which the railroad has had to, and has been able to, by reason of its ample resources, take this bare new country in hand. They are of the usual reddish-brown, two stories in height, and surrounded by piazzas of generous width—an indispensable adjunct under the dazzling light and heat of the country.

The heat of Yuma has become traditional. Great heat, nevertheless, is not equally formidable everywhere. It is well attested that there is no sunstroke here, and no such suffering results as from a much lower degree of temperature in moister climates. Distinct sanitary properties are even claimed for this well-baked air. So



There are tracts of salt, borax, gypsum, sulphur, asbestos, and kaolin, and quarries of pumice-stone, only waiting for shipment. It is maintained also that it has deposits of the same precious metals which, mined in places where water is near the sea-level, it is said to be less rarefied, and to comprise, therefore, a greater quantity of oxygen to a given bulk than that of mountain districts which in purity and dryness it resembles. It is thought to be beneficial in lung troubles. Yuma

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NORTON'S LANDING, ON THE COLORADO RIVER.

among its arid sand-hills has aspirations to be a sanitarium, whither civilized people shall resort to engage in a sensible sort of sun-worship, to bask in the genial warmth, and then plunge into the river, as the resident Indians now do, making for themselves a kind of natural Turkish bath of it.

A transition state often has its disadvantages, even when it is a step toward something better. Yuma has now its railroad, and is to have a shipping port by the construction of another to Port Ysabel, on the Gulf of California; but it laments the decline of the greater activity it once enjoyed as the chief distributing point for the mines and the upper river towns. It expects the Port Ysabel Railroad, which is a portion of a through line chartered to Guaymas, in Mexico, to have the effect of doubling its population in two years. It will not be a stupendous population even then, as it is now only fifteen hundred.

The town is a collection of inferior adobes, but a few of the very best being altered from the natural mud-color by a coating of whitewash. The poorer part of it resembles more the tropical hamlets on the trail to Acapulco than even the ordinary villages of Mexico. The houses consist of a frame-work of cottonwood or ocotilla wattles, plastered with mud inside and out, so as to make a wall two or three inches thick. The roof is thatch, the floor the bare ground. Around them are generally high palisades of more ocotilla sticks, and, adjoining, corrals of the same.

The waiters in a Yuma hotel are of a highly miscellaneous character. We were served in the same dining-room by Mexicans, Chinamen, Irish, Americans, and a tame Apache Indian. One and all had a certain astounded air, ending in confirmed depression, on finding that we were to remain, and could dine somewhat at leisure, instead of having the dishes shot at us as if out of a catapult, as is done for the benefit of ordinary travellers who pause the allotted half-hour in passing through. But one does not expect too much of his waiter in Arizona.

The Colorado at Yuma makes about the same impression as to width as the Sacramento at the place of the same name, the Ohio at Pittsburgh, or the Connecticut at Hartford. It is a turbulent yellow stream. It cuts into high sand bluffs on the Arizona side, and spreads out their contents in wide bars on that of California. It is without wharves, the few light-draught, high-decked steamboats or barges visible, of those that ply up and down the interminable reaches of the much-celebrated river, being tied up to the banks. Mountains of a jagged eccentric formation follow its general course to the northward. Peaks impressively counterfeiting human design — Castle Dome, Chimney Peaks, Cargo Muchacho, or Freight Boy, and Picacho, simply the Peak—loom at various points around the horizon, a fitting fore-

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PASQUAL, THE YUMA CHIEF.

taste of the marvels naturally to be expected in Arizona.

It was immediately at the close of the late Indian war that our visit was made. It had been reported in rumors, which proved much exaggerated, that the whole white civilization of the Territory was in danger from the outbreak, and troops—who were but just now on their return—had been hastened hither from all sides. The first view of Indians, therefore, at Yuma was an event of double importance. They were not Apaches, it is true, but a subsequent acquaintance with the general field proved them to be even more picturesque. They are of that satisfactory type of savages who wear little clothing, and none of this European. They are to be seen in numbers about the railway station by the casual passenger on the train. The railroad is still new to them, and they have not satiated their curiosity. They take friends who visit them to see the draw-bridge, and describe how it swings, and how the cars are switched from one track to another.

They are met with coming across this bridge from the patch of river-bottom near the fort on the California side, where their principal settlement is. The young men run or stride at great speed, so as to throw out behind them a long red sash or band, depending from the breech-cloth, which makes an important part of their attire. Their costume for the rest, in winter, consists of a close-fitting gray or crimson under-shirt. They wear their thick coal-black hair "banged" low over their foreheads, and long and bushy upon their necks. The effect at a little distance is curiously "æsthetic," like that of the Boccaccio period at Florence, when men wore jerkins and hose fitting them like their skins, and just such bushy locks, except that instead of going bare-headed, they crowned them with jaunty velvet caps.

The fort is without guns, other than a howitzer for firing salutes, and has no strength, as it no longer needs to have, except from its position on a commanding bluff. The military policy of the government now is to station its troops along a railroad or other easy line of communication, where they can be quickly massed to one another's support. All the Arizona posts—Camp Lowell, with its grassy parade and fine avenue of cottonwoods, on the level; Camp Grant, on its elevated table-land (*mesa*); Camp Apache, at the junction of two charming trout streams, in the White River Cañon; and the others—have only this strategic importance instead of intrinsic strength. The barracks at Yuma consist of a series of comfortable, large, adobe houses, plastered and painted green, surrounding an oblong plaza. They have in front of them a peculiar screen-work of green blinds, which shuts out the glare from the yellow ground, and makes both a cool promenade and sleeping apartments for the summer.

The principal chief of the band upon whose habitations the fort looks down chooses his sub-chiefs, but is himself appointed by the military commandant. The last investiture with this distinction was made as long ago as 1852, by General, then Major, Heintzelman. He conferred it upon the now wrinkled and decrepit Pasqual, who was described at the time as a tall, fine-looking man, of an agreeable disposition. Pasqual's people cultivate little patches of vegetables and hay in the river-bottom after it has been fertilized by the annual overflow. Their principal sustenance, however, is a sweet bean resembling that of the locust, from a variety of the mesquit-tree. This they pound in mortars into a kind of flour. Sometimes, on the move, they float their hay across

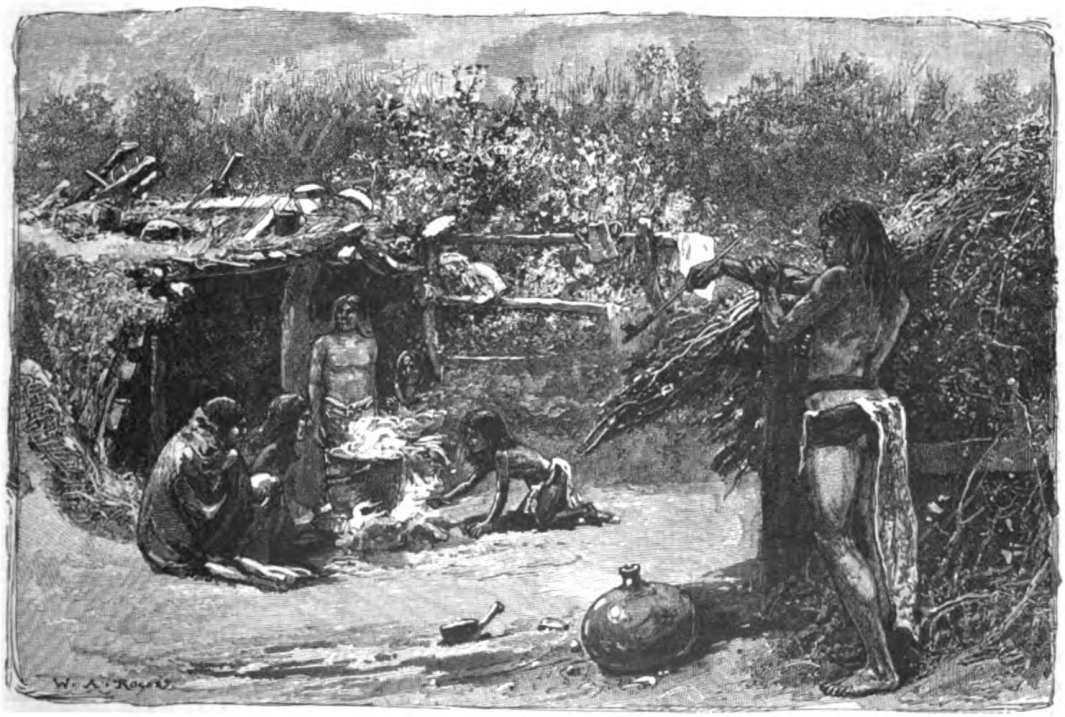
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the river on rafts, which they push before them, swimming; and they propel the small children in the same way, putting them into the large Egyptian-looking *ollas*, or water jars.

The crop of mesquit beans was so large one year as to be beyond their own unaided capacity of consumption. They therefore hospitably invited in their friends the Pimas, but with undesirable results. Old Pasqual describes with graphic gestures how haggard and lank these visitors were on their arrival, and what an unctuous corpulence they had attained when, after nearly eating their hosts themselves out of house and home, they were only got rid of at last by force.

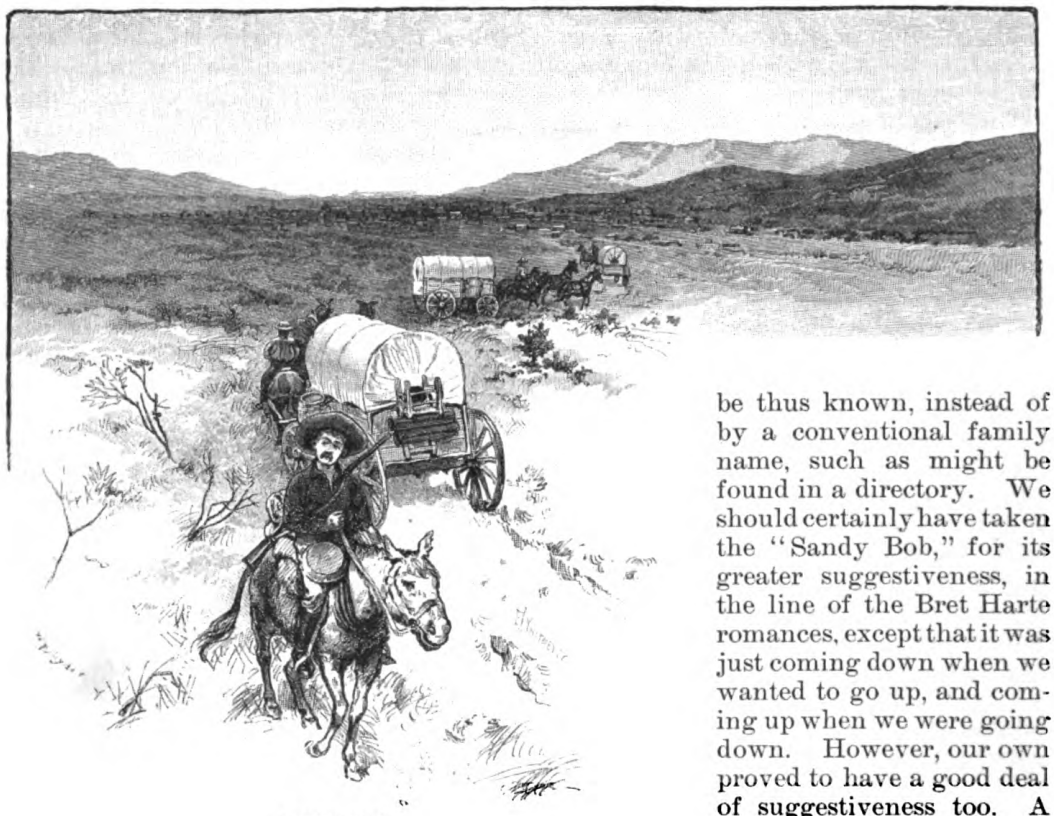
Well, we are bowling along that now actually constructed Southern Pacific Railroad which is discoursed of in the musty debates in the *Congressional Globe* for the year 1852 (and who knows how much earlier?) with a sagacity that greatly increases one's respect for ancestors he may have thought rather commonplace. We reach Stanwix with its lava beds, Painted Rock, named from its mysteriously decorated huge bowlders, Casa Grande, from its architectural ruins of the Toltecs, and Tucson. Adopting the policy of leaving this last to be examined on the return, we push on to the extreme end of the Territory, to the eccentrically named Tombstone silver district. Benson, the point of departure from the railroad for Tombstone, is 1024 miles from San Francisco.

Tombstone is the very latest and liveliest of those mushroom civilizations in unlikely places which have been so often seen to gather helter-skelter around a "find" of the precious metals. They live at a headlong pace while they go; draw around them wild and lawless spirits; confer great fortunes here, the suicide's grave or that of the victim of violence there. A school of literature, in Bret Harte and his followers, has arisen to celebrate their extraordinary doings. And with the rapid advance of population and conventional ideas they must shortly disappear from sight as absolutely as the dodo of tradition. While things go well with them, prices of commodities are hardly considered. Nobody haggles. The most expensive is that which is most wanted. "Diamonds—two-hundred-dollar watches and chains—Lord! we couldn't hand 'em out fast enough," says an ex-jeweller, describing his experience at one of these camps in its halcyon days. "Champagne wasn't good enough



YUMA INDIANS AT HOME.

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TOMBSTONE.

for me then," says a seedy customer, recalling his doings after his discovery and sale of a rich mine, and sighing for a repetition of the event, not to make provision for his old age, but that he may have one more such glorious "spree" before he dies. Sometimes this rush of life departs even more quickly than it came. One fine day the lead is exhausted, there is no more treasure in the mine, away fly the heterogeneous elements, and the town, be it never so well built, is left vacant and desolate as Tadmor of the Wilderness. In a Nevada mining town, once having some thousands of inhabitants, Indians are living in abandoned rows of good brick houses, which they have adapted to their purposes as far as possible by knocking out the doors and windows and punching holes in the roofs.

A six-horse Concord coach carried us, not too speedily, over the twenty-five miles of dusty road to Tombstone. It was called the "Grand Central," after a prosperous mine. A rival line was the "Sandy Bob," from its proprietor, who preferred to be thus known, instead of by a conventional family name, such as might be found in a directory. We should certainly have taken the "Sandy Bob," for its greater suggestiveness, in the line of the Bret Harte romances, except that it was just coming down when we wanted to go up, and coming up when we were going down. However, our own proved to have a good deal of suggestiveness too. A guard got up with a Winchester rifle, and posted himself by the Wells-Fargo Express box. The driver began to relate robber stories. This stage had been stopped and "gone through" twice within the past six months. The experience was enlivened on one occasion by a runaway and turnover, and on the other by the shooting and killing of the driver. Of this last feature his successor spoke with a disgust not unnatural. He would have the line drawn at drivers. He respected a person who took to the road and robbed those who could afford it. At least he considered it more honorable than borrowing money of a friend which you knew you could never repay, or gobbling up the earnings of the poor, received on deposit, like a certain large firm lately suspended in Pima County. But as to shooting a driver, even in mistake for somebody else, he had no words to express his sense of the meanness of it.

He threw stones at his horses, as is done in Mexico, that is, at the leaders, which were beyond the reach of his long lash. A single stone was made to "carom," such was his skill, and served for both. Long teams of mules or of Texas steers, sixteen

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to a team, drawing ore wagons—three usually tackled together—were strung interminably along the road. The Mexican-looking drivers trudged beside them in the deep yellow dust, cracking huge "blacksnakes" at the animals. Mesquit bushes, and a long grass dried to hay—said not to be as good as it looked—covered portions of the surface; the rest was stony and bare. We rode for a certain distance beside the branch railroad in course of construction between Benson and Tombstone. A series of lateral valleys along the tributaries branching from the Gila, both north and south, as the Santa Cruz, the Salt River, the San Carlos, San Pedro, and San Simon, not only afford excellent stock ranges, and promise of a flourishing agriculture in time, but easy routes for tributary railways. They have begun already to be utilized, as the San Pedro for the Southern Pacific branch mentioned, and the Santa Cruz for the Arizona Southern, from the centre of the Territory at Florence, on the Atlantic and Pacific, to connect with the Mexican system at Calabasas. The transcontinental road—or roads, when the Atlantic and Pacific shall be built—will draw trade through these tributary valleys as the Gila draws its waters, and particularly from the northern States of Mexico, where mining enterprise, in which Americans play conspicuous part, is making great headway.

The route began to be up-hill. We changed horses and lunched at Contention City. One naturally expected a certain belligerency of such a place, but none appeared on the surface during our stay. There were plenty of saloons—the "Dew-drop," the "Head-light," and the like—and at the door of one of them a Spanish señorita smoked her cigarette and showed her white teeth.

Contention City was the seat of stamp-mills for crushing ore brought to it from Tombstone, the latter place being without a water-power, though the defect has probably since been remedied. The stamps are rows of heavy beams dropping upon the mineral, on the mortar and pestle plan, with a continuous dull roar, by night as well as by day. The route grew steeper yet. On the few wayside fences were painted such announcements as, "Go To Bangley and Schlagenstein's. They Are The Bosses, You Bet." Then over the edge of bare hills appeared the outline of Tombstone itself.

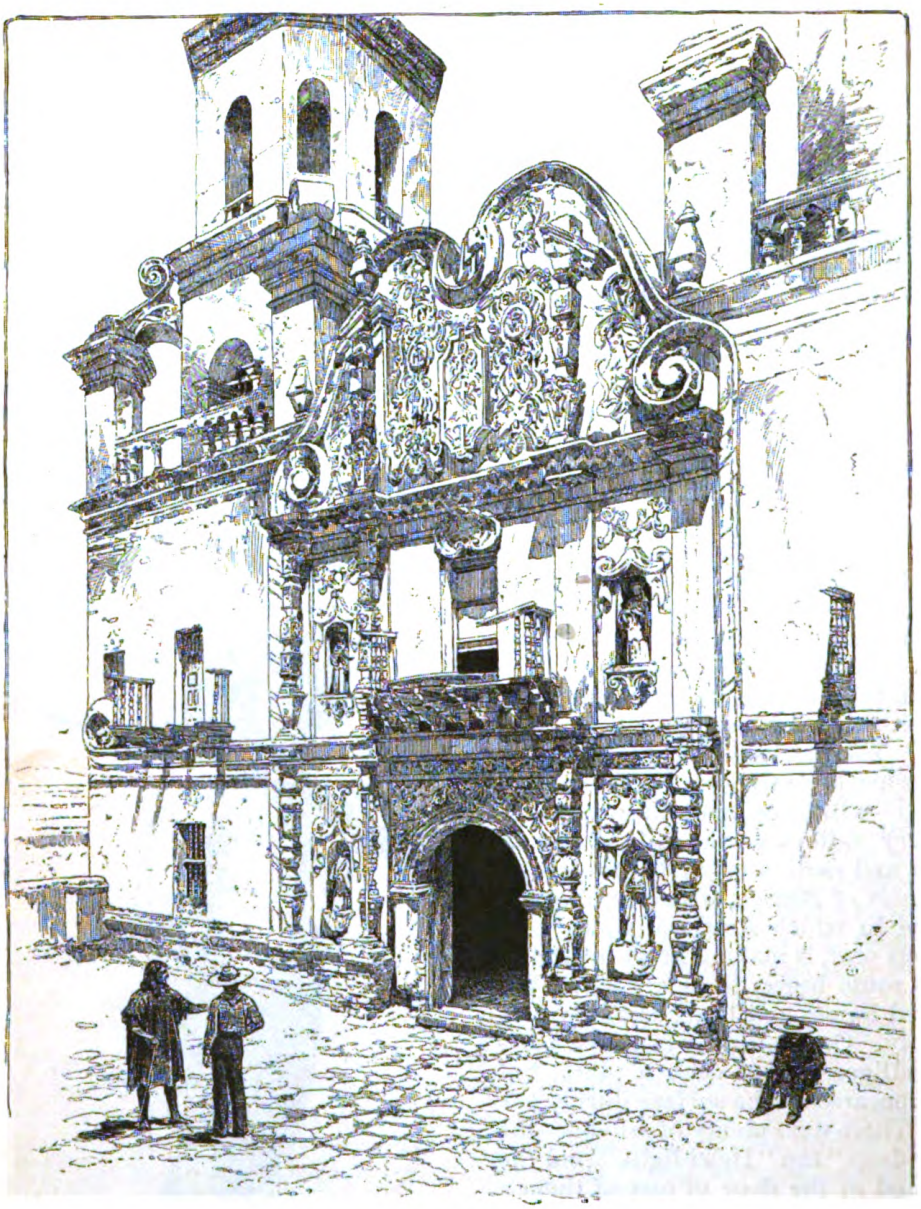
A large circular water-tank loomed up the most conspicuous object in front, recalling, except for being painted with a mammoth advertisement, one of the chain of bold round forts crowning the heights above Verona.

At the beginning of the year 1878 there was not so much as a tent at Tombstone. "Ed" Schieffelin and brother started thither prospecting. It was supposed to be an adventure full of dangers. At the Santa Rita silver mines, in the Santa Cruz Valley, for instance, by no means so far away, three superintendents had been murdered by Indians in rapid succession. Friends therefore said, "Better take your coffin with you, Ed; you will find your tombstone, and nothing else." But Ed Schieffelin—a young man yet, who has not discarded a picturesque way of dressing of which he was fond, nor greatly altered his habits otherwise—found instead the Tough Nut and Contention mines, made a great fortune out of them, and was so pleased with the difference between



"ED" SCHIEFFELIN.

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MISSION CHURCH OF SAN XAVIER DEL BAC, NEAR TUCSON.

what had really happened and the prediction that he conferred the name of Tombstone upon the place itself.

One of the two well-printed and very creditable daily papers now existing has assumed the correspondingly dismal title of the *Epitaph*. The unreliability of epitaphs—if the remark may be safely ventured at this distance—is proverbial. Nevertheless, they may occasionally tell the truth; and from appearances it would seem that this was one of those occasions, and that almost any laudation of its subject by this particular *Epitaph* was justifiable. The small city, two years old at the date of this journey, had attained to a population of 2000, and a property valuation, apart from the mines, of $1,050,980. A desirable lot of 30 by 80 feet, on Allen Street, between Fourth and Sixth—such was the business-like nomenclature used already in this settlement of yesterday—was worth $6000. A shanty that cost $50 to build rented for $15 a month. A nucleus of many blocks at the centre consisted of substantial, large-sized buildings—ho-

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tels, banks, Schieffelin Hall, for meetings and amusements, and stores stocked with goods of more than the average excellence for even older towns.

The mining claims run under the city itself. From the roof of the Grand Hotel you looked down at the shafts, the hoist works, and heaps of extracted ore of the Vizina, the Gilded Age (close by the Palace Lodging-House), the Mountain Maid, and other mines opening strangely in the very midst of the buildings. This circumstance has given rise to disputes of ownership, so that whoever would be safe purchases all the conflicting titles both above-ground and below. On a commanding hill close by, to the southward, were the Tough Nut and Contention, with above them many others discovered later. The larger mines have extensive buildings of wood, painted Indian red, with handsome draughting and assay rooms within, and regularly educated scientists, ex-college professors and the like, in charge. The lesser are fain to put up in the beginning with common sheds and poorer appliances of every kind. About them all lie heaps of a blackish material, resembling inferior coal mixed with slate, which is the silver ore in its native condition. A laborer above-ground earned $3 50, and below-ground $4, for a "shift" of eight hours' work; and the work went on night and day, Sundays and all.

The outskirts consisted still of huts and tents. A burly miner could be seen stretched upon his cot in his windowless cabin barely large enough to contain it. There were small tents provided with wooden doors and adobe chimneys. New as it was, the business portion of the place had been swept out of existence at one time. A devastating fire had originated from a characteristic incident—the explosion of a whiskey barrel at the Oriental Saloon. But in fourteen days all had been rebuilt much better than before. I took the pains to remark the number of establishments in a single short block of Allen Street at which intoxicating beverages could be

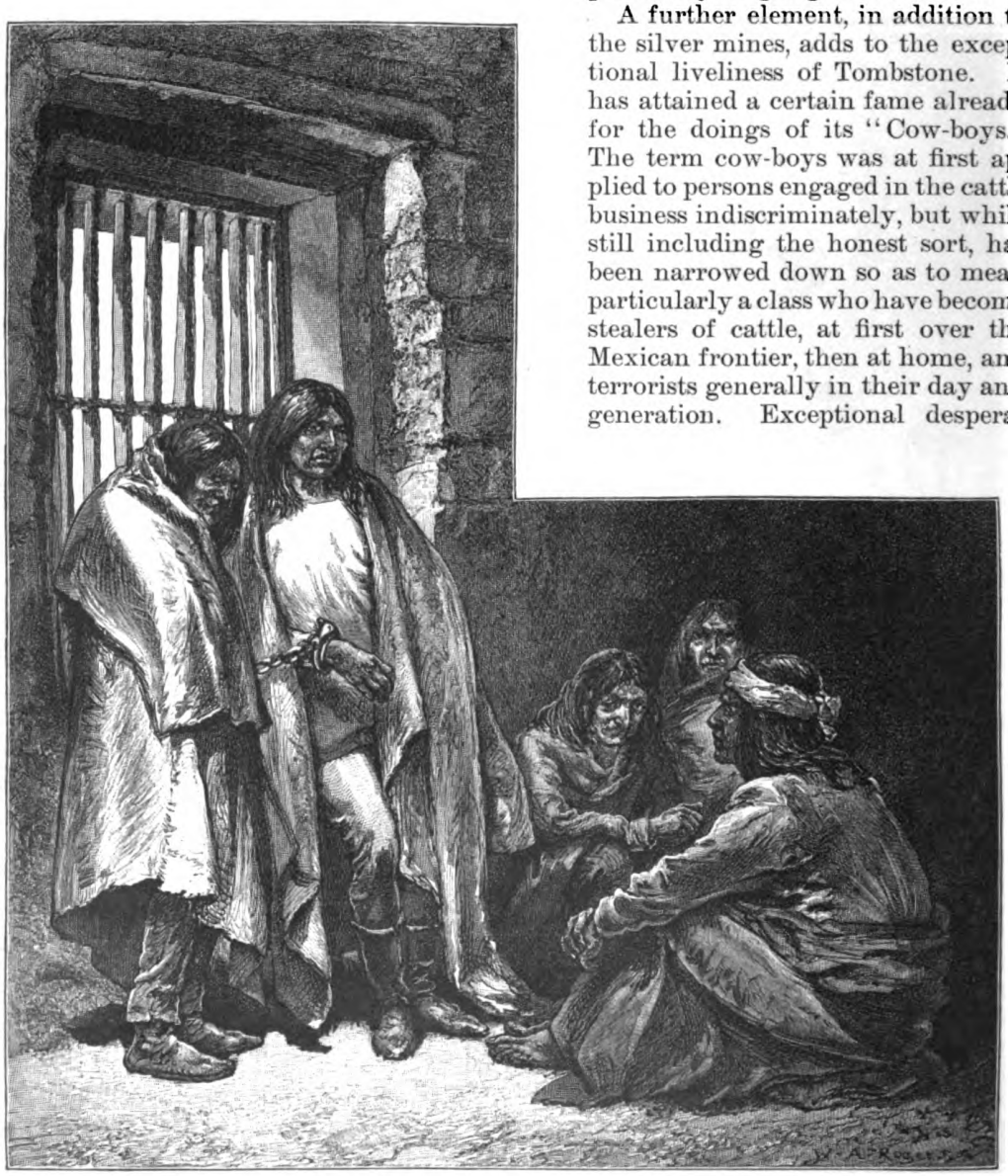


THE SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

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had. There were the bar-rooms of two principal hotels, the Eagle Brewery, Can-can Chop-House, French Rôtisserie, Alhambra, Maison Doré, City of Paris, Brown's Saloon, Fashion Saloon, Miners' Home, Kelly's Wine-House, the Grotto, the Tivoli, and two saloons besides apparently unnamed. At all these places gambling goes on without let or hinderance. The absence of savings-banks or of other opportunities for depositing money in these wild new communities, and the consequent temptation of having it always under the eye, no doubt has something to do with the general passion for gambling. From the hygienic point of view, whiskey and cold lead are mentioned as the leading diseases at Tombstone. What with the leisure that seems to prevail, the constant drinking and gambling at the saloons, and the universal practice of carrying deadly weapons, there is but one source of astonishment, and that is that the cold-lead disease should claim so few victims. Casualties are very infrequent considering the amount of vaporish talk indulged in, and the imminent risks that are constantly run; and the small cemetery over toward Contention Hill is still comparatively virgin ground.

A further element, in addition to the silver mines, adds to the exceptional liveliness of Tombstone. It has attained a certain fame already for the doings of its "Cow-boys." The term cow-boys was at first applied to persons engaged in the cattle business indiscriminately, but while still including the honest sort, has been narrowed down so as to mean particularly a class who have become stealers of cattle, at first over the Mexican frontier, then at home, and terrorists generally in their day and generation. Exceptional despera-



APACHE PRISONERS AT CAMP LOWELL.

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AN ARIZONA WATERING-PLACE.

does of this class, such as "Billy the Kid," "Curly Bill," and "Russian George," have been scourges of whole districts in Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, and have had their memories embalmed in yellow-covered literature. I bought on the train a crimson pamphlet purporting to contain an account of the exploits of Billy the Kid. He had committed a score at least of horrid murders. "So many cities have claimed the honor of giving him birth," my pamphlet began, "that it is difficult to locate with any accuracy the locality where he passed his youth." It appeared, however, to have been New York, and it was on the Bowery that his mates "learned to love him for his daring and prowess, and delighted to refer to him as Billy the Kid." This promising life was cut off at the age of twenty-two. Curly Bill was also young, and so was Man-killer Johnson. I remarked upon this peculiarity of their youth to a philosophic new acquaintance of the region. "Yes," said he, "they *don't* live to be very old; that's so."

The recipe for long life for persons of an active habit in this country, it appears, is to be very quick and to "get the drop" on an antagonist, that is to say, to be ready to shoot first. It is not the custom to shoot unless it is likely that this can be done, but even to put up with some ignominious abuse, and wait for another opportunity.

The cow-boys frequenting Tombstone at this time were generally from ranches in the San Pedro and San Simon valleys. There were said to be strongholds in the San Simon Valley for concealing stolen cattle, until rebranded and prepared for market, where no officer of the law ever ventured. The running off of stock from Mexico was possibly looked upon only as a more dashing form of smuggling, although it was marked by frequent tragedies on both sides. Not to fix upon all the

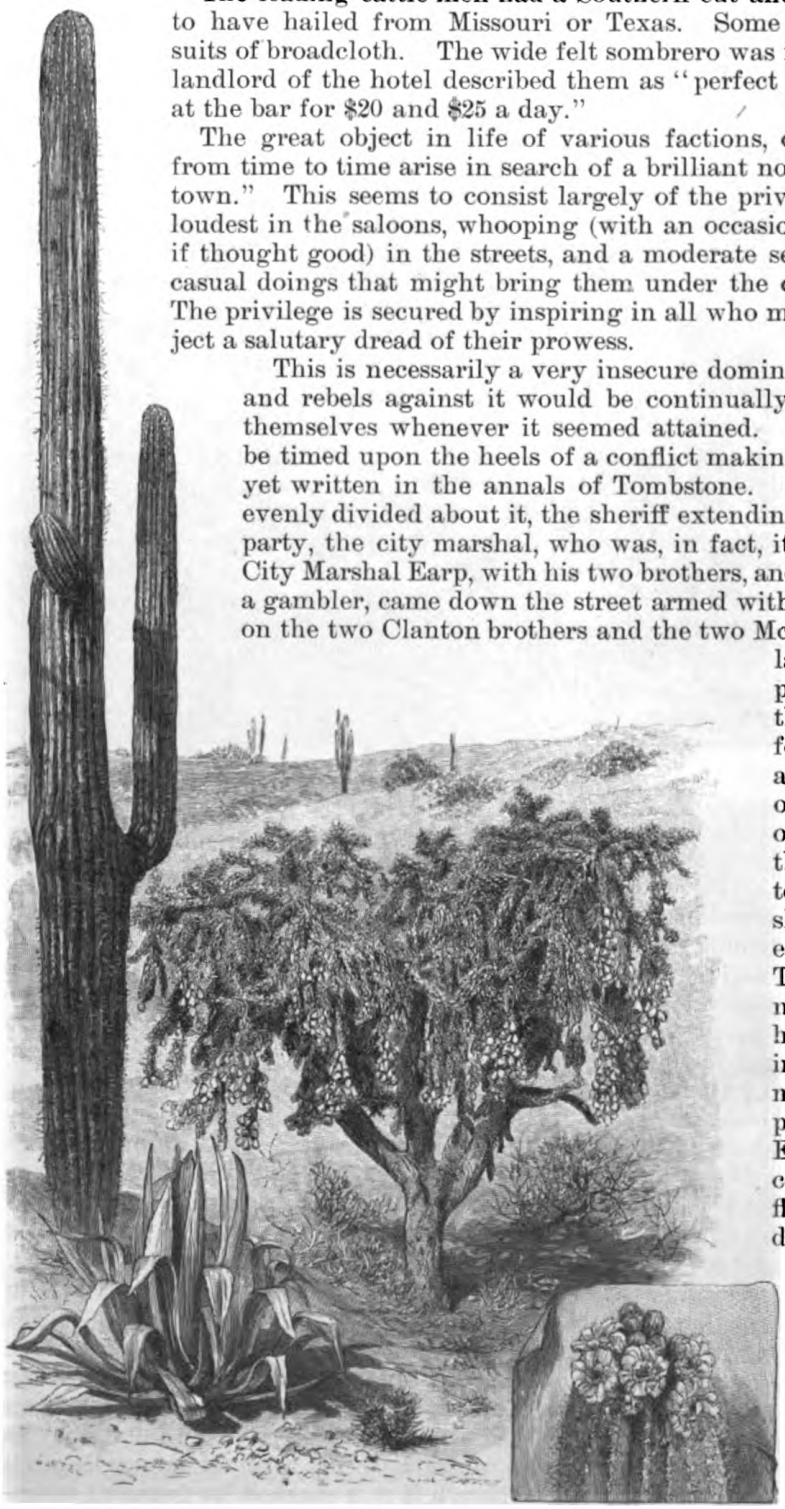
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wickedness of the few, we no doubt saw on Tombstone streets plenty of cow-boys of the legitimate sort, whose only faults were an occasional boisterousness and a too free throwing about of their money. There appeared to be something of a standing feud between the miners and the cow-boys. An irregular faction of "town cow-boys" besides was organized against the country cow-boys.

The leading cattle-men had a Southern cut and accent, and were apt to have hailed from Missouri or Texas. Some few appeared in full suits of broadcloth. The wide felt sombrero was invariably worn. The landlord of the hotel described them as "perfect gentlemen, some good at the bar for $20 and $25 a day."

The great object in life of various factions, or of individuals who from time to time arise in search of a brilliant notoriety, is to "run the town." This seems to consist largely of the privilege of blustering the loudest in the saloons, whooping (with an occasional pistol-shot or two, if thought good) in the streets, and a moderate security from arrest for casual doings that might bring them under the cognizance of the law. The privilege is secured by inspiring in all who might be disposed to object a salutary dread of their prowess.

This is necessarily a very insecure domination. New aspirants and rebels against it would be continually piqued into showing themselves whenever it seemed attained. Our visit happened to be timed upon the heels of a conflict making the most tragic page yet written in the annals of Tombstone. Official opinions were evenly divided about it, the sheriff extending his sympathy to one party, the city marshal, who was, in fact, its leader, to the other. City Marshal Earp, with his two brothers, and one "Doc" Holliday, a gambler, came down the street armed with rifles and opened fire on the two Clanton brothers and the two McLowry brothers. The latter party had been practically disarmed by the sheriff, who had feared such a meeting, and meant to disarm the others as well. Three of them fell, and died on the spot. "Ike" Clanton alone escaped. The slayers were imprisoned, but released on bail. The Grand Jury was now in session, and hearing the evidence in the case. It was rumored that the town party, for such were the Earps, would be able to command sufficient influence to go free of indictment. The country cow-boys, on the other hand, were flocking into town, and on one quiet Sunday in particular things wore an ominous look. It was said that should justice fail to be done, the re-



CACTI.

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STREET VIEW IN TUCSON.

vengeful, resolute-looking men conferring together darkly at the edges of the sidewalk would attempt to take the matter into their own hands.

The night journey on the return to Benson by the stage was whiled away with shooting stories. We heard especially of the doings of the late Brazelton of Tucson —a bugaboo indeed, as I saw his photograph presently, taken in his mask and general paraphernalia after death. He robbed stages unaided for years while apparently working quietly all the time as a hostler in a corral, and was finally tracked through some peculiar mark of the horse he rode. One of the narrators had himself just recovered sufficiently from wounds received in a fight with a Mexican—whom he had killed—over cards at Bisbee to be able, with the stimulus of frequent doses of morphine, to resume his journey toward New Mexico, where his home was. The train men at Benson were found chary of carrying the usual lanterns about the depot yard, a habit having arisen with the cow-boys of trying to snuff them out with revolvers from a distance.

There seemed a certain tameness even in the Apaches after this wild product of the higher civilization of the whites. The principal group of prisoners taken after the attempted massacre of General Carr's command was found in confinement at Camp Lowell, nine miles north of Tucson. There were forty-two of them, including Sanchez, their chief. They were of fairly regular features, and of expressions, now that the war-paint was off, almost amiable. They were handcuffed together in couples, and had manacles on their legs. They wore now gray army under-shirts and cotton drawers, the rags in which they came in having been taken from them. Their long black hair hung about their ears, not frowzy like that of the Yumas, but smoothly parted in the middle, and brushed back. A number had red bands or handkerchiefs around their heads. These figures, seen half-obscurely in the chief prison-room by the side light of a

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grated window, had a certain resemblance now to *sans culottes* of 1793, now to Greek insurgents, and now to the wild Vendean peasants who fought in 1793 also, under Rochejaquelein and Jean Chouan, for religion and the king. The captives were taken out by way of airing in the mornings, and allowed to squat on their blankets in the sun at the edge of the pleasant parade, with its avenue and shady row of officers' dwellings. Their rising, it appears, was the result of a delusion of fanaticism. One of their medicine-men had persuaded them that he had received the mission to drive all the whites from the land. As soon as the corn was ripe, he said, all their brethren long since dead would arise and take arms also to aid them in carrying out the decree of Heaven He had, as prophets often have not, the courage of his professions. Though taken in charge himself by the troops, he gave the signal for the massacre to begin, and called to his people not to be concerned for his fate, since he should come to life and join them again in three days.

The bluff Arizonians themselves are apt to indulge in a derisive way of speaking of the army and its relation to the savages. Judging from the short shrift they would possibly give these latter, if they took the business into their own hands, they imply that the army does not really wish to kill off, or even wholly put down, the Indians, but to preserve them as a gentle stimulus to public dread, in order to keep itself in occupation and quicken promotions, and for those interested in profitable supply contracts. However this may have been, it would seem that after the repression of the late revolt, and with the penetration of railroads into the Territory, Indians need no longer be a deterring influence with the intending settler in Arizona. This old historic source of apprehension is as good as abolished from its last stronghold.

Eight miles further to the northward brought us to a ranch called Fuller's Hot Springs, one of the few places where a beginning of systematic cultivation has been made, and interesting besides as a typical Arizona summer resort. There was a young orchard of twenty-five acres, sheltered by a wind-break of three rows of ash-trees, doing very well in an alkali soil. The buildings were a number of unpainted adobe houses, each consisting of a single large comfortable room, and roofed over with strips of cactus. A "summer dining-room" was made of ocotilla sticks, the intervals left open; a "winter dining-room" had tight walls, and a fire-place, in which a wood fire was burned mornings and evenings. The hot spring, a clear pleasant water said to resemble the English Harrowgate water, ran out from below a patched canvas tent, which was used as a bath-house. It became below a pretty brook, a pond for the cattle, and a source of supply for irrigating the orchard. The mountains behind the place, the Santa Catalinas, are like the Sierra Madres behind Los Angeles, of the same sharp fracture, and allurement to exploration, but higher yet and grander, and jutting up into as perfect castles, here and there, as Harlech, or the Trostberg, or Ehrenbreitstein. There are forests of pines of large dimensions among their summits. To the south and southwest across the wide plain show the Rincons and the silver-bearing Santa Ritas.

There was a fascination in the opportunity to at last examine the strange growths of the plain, and not merely to know of them flying past the windows. We made haste especially to cut down an example of the enormous saguaras, the organ-cactus, which, sometimes rising to a height of sixty feet, bristle over the landscape like masts or columns, and if with branches, like the seven-branched candlestick of the Mosaic law. Inside it consists of a white juicy pulp, imbedding as a skeleton long wands, which, when dried, serve a number of useful purposes. It has a palatable fruit, which the Indians collect in August with long forked sticks. The ocotilla is simply a wattle of sticks, fifteen and twenty together, waiting to be cut down and turned into palings. The bisnaga is a thorny cactus like an immense watermelon set on end. One need never die of thirst where it is found. The cholla is one mass of spines, barbed on the fish-hook principle. It is considered particularly funny to hear of somebody's having fallen into a cholla. The "deer brush" resembles horns. The palo verde ("green stick") grows as large as an apple-tree, but is more like a mammoth sea-weed. The "grease-wood" is a large bush which is said to burn just as well green as dry. Most of this vegetation is leafless, or rather the plant seems a leaf itself, having the usual chlorophyll and tender structure distributed throughout. There are homely legends and superstitions about these plants

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of the desert which it would be interesting to follow up. A certain kind poisons a white spot it may happen to touch in a horse, but has no effect on other colors. Another, if eaten by horses, renders them fat and imbecile; while the loco, or rattleweed, met with also in California, drives them raving crazy.

Tucson, seen from a distance in early morning or late afternoon, level, square-edged, and brown, with the mellow sunshine upon it and upon the castellated mountains behind it, and in the foreground some lazy ox-wains, a prospector with his pots and kettles, or a mounted Mexican towing a bull, which ducks its head in vain resistance, is thoroughly foreign, and of an attractive promise. There is something of a Dead Sea apple experience in the investigation of this promise. If the theory of Ruskin be correct, that a building should be of the general color of the soil on which it stands, Tucson has great merit. It is entirely made of adobe bricks, which are left to their natural mud-color, since violent storms occur, and paint and kalsomine can not be counted upon for long duration.

Tucson has great antiquity as a corporate existence, having been founded by some one of the Spanish expeditions that came up the Santa Cruz Valley in quest



INTERIOR OF MISSION CHURCH OF SAN XAVIER DEL BAC.

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of the reputed treasures of the Aztecs in "the land of Cibola," but this has left no visible trace upon it. If there were ever any monuments of importance, they have effectually vanished. Even the church is new. Such foreignness as there is is simply a provincial Mexican squalor. The items of interest about it are of a purely commonplace bearing, such as how it is to be paved, drained, lighted, provided with an adequate water-supply (instead of paying four cents a bucket for water, as at present); how it is to get rid of its malarial fevers and shabby rookeries, and prepare to become that seat of learning and that Alexandria of the desert of which prediction has been made.

It is the commercial centre of the Southern mining district, and has an eligible position for future development. It has derived profit in the past from supplying the army, and from smuggling into Mexico—the goods being taken out by teams, then packed over the passes to Altar and Magdalena on donkeys. That part of Sonora traversed both by stage line and the new railroad to Guaymas is cactus-covered and sterile. The traders at Tucson, as throughout the Southwest generally, are largely Jewish. A certain kind of "life" prevails here as at Tombstone. Roulette, faro, and the other games of chance are played openly in a large way in the leading saloons, while the poor Mexicans gamble for small stakes at their own *fondas* under the ægis of some wretched portrait of Hidalgo, or General Zaragoza, the hero of Puebla. There is lacking, however, the choleric, dangerous air of Tombstone. People make way for you to pass, and are not exclusively preoccupied with looking for somebody to tread on the tails of their coats.

If Tucson be without historic remains of its own, it has one of the loveliest possible in its immediate vicinity, in the old mission church of San Xavier del Bac. San Xavier del Bac, on the reservation of the Christian Papago Indians, in the Santa Cruz Valley, ten miles to the southward, creates a new sensation even for him who arrives from Mexico with an impression that he has thoroughly gone through everything belonging to the peculiar school. It is not surpassed either in Mexico or elsewhere for the kind of quaintness, the qualities of form and color, and the gentle sentiment of melancholy that appeal to the artistic sense. The tread of Father Time has fallen heavily on the wooden balconies of the front, broken out their floors, and left parts of them dangling, with bits of the railings. The old bells, of a sweet tone, still hang in one of the towers. The space, terminating in a scrolled gable, between, is enriched with escutcheons, rampant lions wreathed in foliage, niches containing broken statues, and complicated pilasters flanking the doorway—all formed in stucco upon a basis of moulded brick.

The designer, whoever he may have been, was inspired by Venetian-Byzantine traditions. The interior, with numerous simple domes and half domes, frescoed with angels and evangelists, especially the chancel end, almost covered with gilding, now stained and battered, and the painted and gilded lions on the chancel rails, recall to the least observant Saint Mark's at Venice. This style is not consistently carried out, however. A rococo decoration, so exuberant that it might be taken for the vagaries of East Indian work, mingles with and overrides it. A Henri II. faience candlestick might give a certain idea of the fashion of the interior columns. The date has disappeared from the church itself, but it is believed that it should be about 1768, and that the present edifice was built upon the ruins of a former one, going back much nearer to the year 1654, when the mission to the Papagos was begun. Large angels holding bannerets, with draperies formed in *papier-maché* or gummed muslin, are attached to the main chancel piers; and a painted and gilded Virgin, with a long face, and hair brushed back from a high forehead, in the manner of the French Jean Goujon, looks down from a high central niche.

All this, within, is of the true mediæval richness and obscurity. Without, in the broad sunshine, is the peaceful Papago hamlet, where a few old men trudge about their bake-ovens and water jars and strings of dried squash, and some women pass carrying tall loads of hay or other produce in a queer contrivance of sticks and netting fastened on their backs, which they call the *kijo*. Nobody concerns himself about the visitors, except the foolishly smiling boy Domingo, who has brought us the key. To be at San Xavier del Bac, and to have come to it from that spasm of aggressive modernism, Tombstone, could contrast further go?

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THE FRENCH VOYAGEURS.

WHEN Spain and Portugal undertook, in 1494, to divide the unexplored portions of the globe between them, under the Pope's two edicts of the previous year, that impertinent proposal was received by England and France in very characteristic ways. England met it with blunt contempt, and France with an epigram. he warned them that he should feel quite free to possess himself of all he could, upon the ocean.

France was not long content with laying claim to the sea, but extended her pretensions to the land also. The name of "New France" may still be seen on early maps and globes, sometimes covering all



JACQUES CARTIER.

"The King of France sent word to our great Emperor," says Bernal Diaz, describing the capture of some Spanish treasure ships by a French pirate, "that as he and the King of Portugal had divided the earth between themselves, without giving him a share of it, he should like them to show him our father Adam's will, in order to know if he had made them his sole heirs." (*Que mostrassen el testamento de nuestro padre Adan, si les dexò à ellos solamente por herederos.*) In the mean while that part of the Atlantic coast north of Florida, and sometimes — as in the map of Ortelius, made in 1572—the whole of North and South America. All this claim was based upon the explorations, first of Verrazzano (1524), and then of Cartier (1534–6). The first of these two voyagers sailed along the coast; the second penetrated into the interior, and the great river St. Lawrence was first known to Europeans through the graphic narrative of its earliest French explorer. Perhaps no

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two expeditions since Columbus have added more to the geographical knowledge of the world—or would have added it but for the doubt that still rests in some minds over the authenticity of Verrazzano's narrative. To such extremes has this doubt been carried that Mr. Bancroft, in the revised edition of his history, does not so much as mention the name of Verrazzano, though the general opinion of authorities now accepts his narrative as genuine.

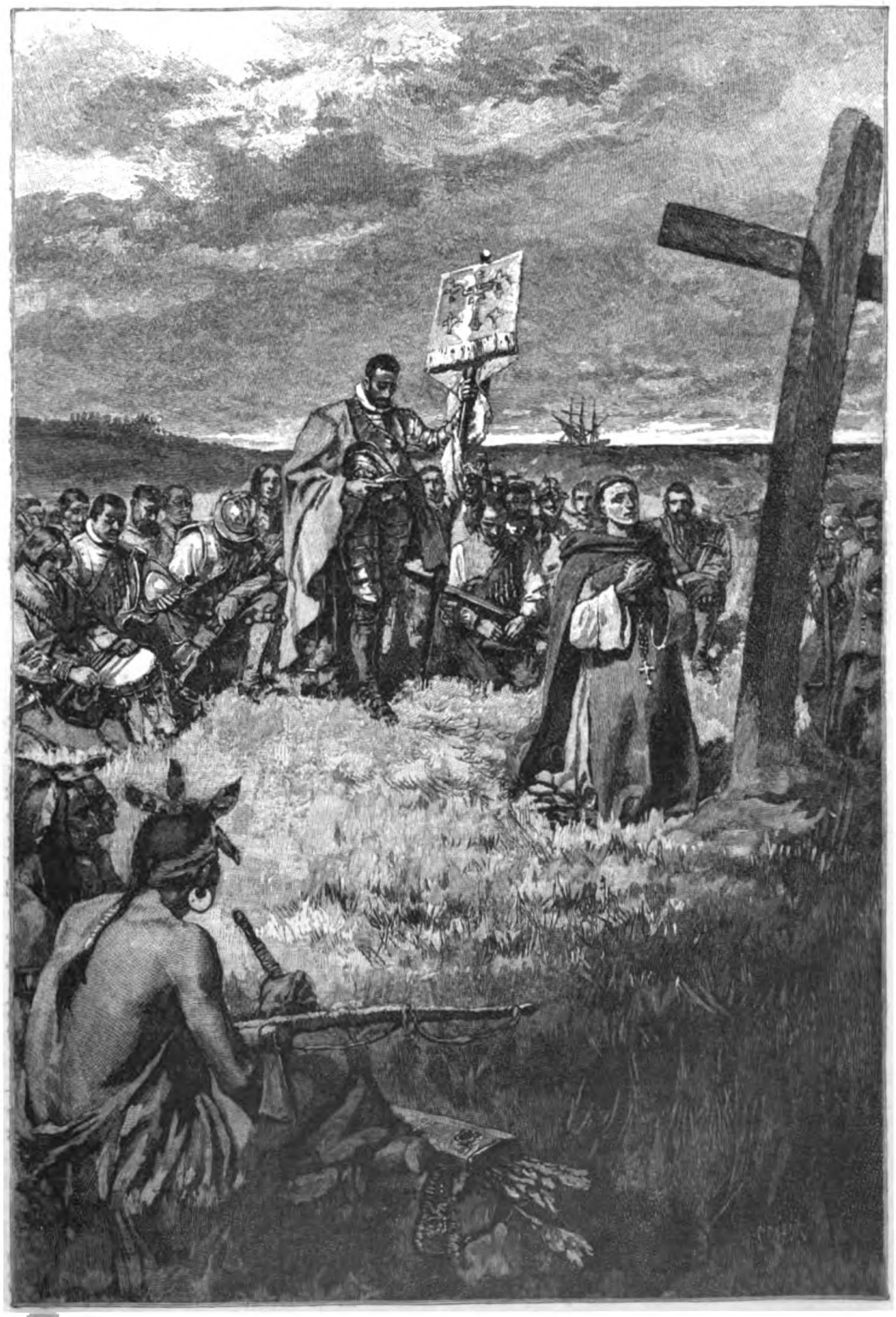
Like many Italian navigators of that age, he served other nations than his own, and sailed by order of Francis I., whose attention had just been called from royal festivals and combats of lions to take part in the exploration of the world. For this purpose he sent out Verrazzano with four ships "to discover new lands" (*a discoprir nuove terre*), and it was to describe these new regions that a letter was written by the explorer from Dieppe to the king, July 8, 1524. This letter was published by Ramusio about forty years later, and an English translation of it appeared in Hakluyt's famous collection. A manuscript copy of the letter was discovered by Professor George W. Greene at Florence about 1840, and the letter itself was reprinted from this copy by the New York Historical Society. If authentic, it is the earliest original account of the Atlantic coast of the United States. Verrazzano saw land first at what is now North Carolina—"a newe land never before seen by any man, either auncient or moderne"—and afterward sailed northward, putting in at many harbors. The natives everywhere received him kindly at first, and saved the life of a young sailor who was sent ashore with presents for them, and became exhausted with swimming. In return, the Frenchmen carried off a child, and attempted to carry off a young girl, tall and very beautiful (*di molta bellezza e d' alta statura*), whom they found hidden with an older woman near the shore, and whom they vainly tried to tempt by presents. Everything which they offered was thrown down by the Indian girl in great anger (*e con ira a terra gittava*), and when they attempted to seize her, she shrieked so loudly that they let her alone. After such a transaction, we can understand why Verrazzano in the latter part of his voyage found it impossible to command the confidence of the natives, so that on the northern coast of New England the Indians would not suffer him to land, but would only let down their furs and provisions into the boats from the rocks, insisting on instant payment, and making signs of disdain and contempt (*dispregio e verecondia*). In accordance with the usual logic of adventurers at that day, Verrazzano made up his mind that these poor creatures had no sense of religion.

This early explorer's observations on the natives have little value; but his descriptions of the coast, especially of the harbors of New York and Newport, have peculiar interest, and his charts, although not now preserved, had much influence upon contemporary geography. He sailed northward as far as Newfoundland, having explored the coast from 34° to 50° of north latitude, and left on record the earliest description of the whole region. As to the ultimate fate of Verrazzano reports differ, some asserting that he was killed and eaten by savages, and others that he was hanged by the Spaniards as a pirate. Somewhat the same shadowy uncertainty still attaches to his reputation.

A greater than Verrazzano followed him, aroused and stimulated by what he had done. The first explorer of the St. Lawrence was Jacques Cartier, who had sailed for years on fishing voyages from St. Malo, which was and is the nursery of the hardiest sailors of France. Having visited Labrador, he longed to penetrate farther; and sailing in April, 1534, he visited Newfoundland and the Bay of Chaleur, and set up a cross at Gaspé, telling the natives with pious fraud that it was only intended for a beacon. He then sailed up the St. Lawrence nearly to Anticosti, supposing that this great stream was the long-sought passage to Cathay and the Indies. The next year he sailed again, with three vessels, and for the first time describes what he calls "the river of Hochelaga" to the world. He applied the name of Canada to a certain part of the banks of the St. Lawrence, calling all below Saguenay, and all above Hochelaga, these being Indian names. There has been, however, much discussion about the word "Canada," which means "a town" in certain Indian dialects, and which means, curiously enough, "a lane" in the Portuguese language.

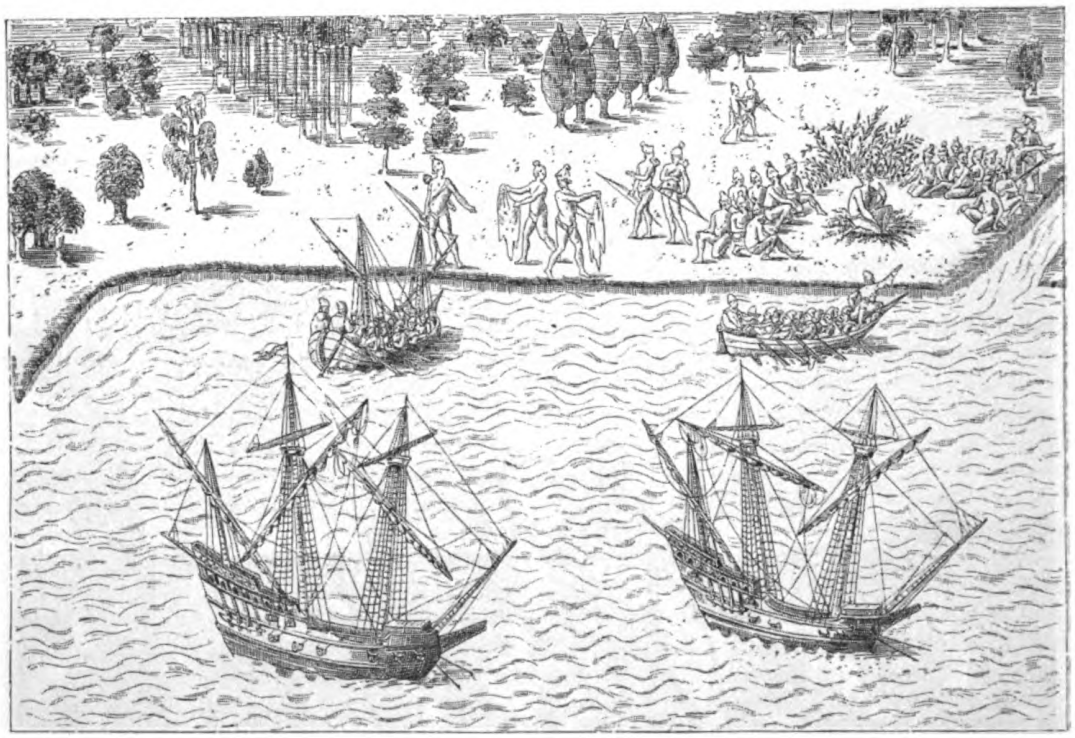
In the greatest delight over the beauty of the river, the Frenchmen sailed onward. They visited Stadaconé, the site of Quebec, and Hochelaga, the site of Montreal, Cartier having first given the name Mont Royal to the neighboring mountain. At

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JACQUES CARTIER SETTING UP A CROSS AT GASPÉ.

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THE LANDING OF JEAN RIBAUT.

Hochelaga they found the carefully built forts of the Indians, which Cartier minutely describes, and the large communal houses figured in a previous chapter of this series of papers. They met everywhere with a cordial reception, except that the Indians brought to bear strange pretenses to keep them from ascending the river too far. The chief device was the following.

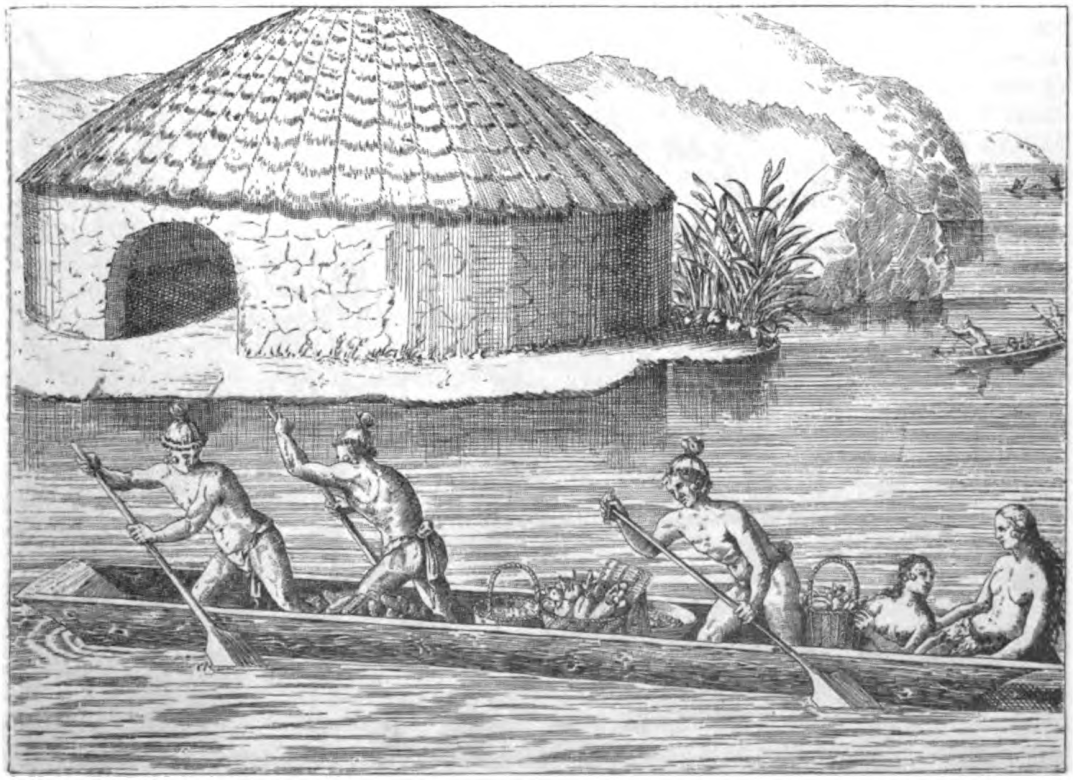
While the Frenchmen lay at Stadaconé they saw one morning a boat come forth from the woods bearing three men "dressed like devils, wrapped in dogs' skins, white and black, their faces besmeared as black as any coals, with horns on their heads more than a yard long," and as this passed the ships, one of the men made a long oration, neither of them looking toward the ships; then they all three fell flat in the boat, when the Indians came out to meet them, and guided them to the shore. It was afterward explained that these were messengers from the god Cudraigny, to tell the Frenchmen to go no farther lest they should perish with cold. The Frenchmen answered that the alleged god was but a fool—that Jesus Christ would protect his followers from cold. Then the Indians, dancing and shouting, accepted this interpretation, and made no farther objection. But when at a later period Cartier and his companions passed the dreary winter, first of all Europeans, in what he called the Harbor of the Holy Cross—somewhere on the banks of the St. Charles River, he learned by suffering that the threats of the god Cudraigny had some terror in them, after all. He returned to France the following summer, leaving no colony in the New World.

For the first French efforts at actual colonization we must look southward on the map of America again, and trace the career of a different class of Frenchmen. It would have needed but a few minor changes in the shifting scenes of history to have caused North America to have been colonized by French Protestants, instead of French Catholics. After Villegagnon and his Huguenots had vainly attempted a colony at Rio Janeiro in 1555, Jean Ribaut, with other Huguenots, actually made a settlement seven years later, upon what is now the South Carolina coast. At his first approach to land the Indians assembled on the shore, offering their own gar-

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ments to the French officers, and pointing out their chief, who remained sitting on boughs of laurel and palm. All the early experience of the Frenchmen with the natives was marked by this gentleness, and by a very ill requited hospitality. Then sailing to what is now the St. John's River, and arriving on May-day, they called it "River of May," and found in it that charm which it has held for all explorers, down to the successive military expeditions that occupied and abandoned it during our own civil war. Here they were again received by a picturesque crowd of savages, wading into the water up to their shoulders, and bringing little baskets of maize and of white and red mulberries, while others offered to help their visitors ashore. Other rivers also the Frenchmen visited, naming them after rivers of France —the Seine, the Loire—and then sailing farther north, they entered Port Royal Harbor, "finding the same one of the fayrest and greatest Havens of the worlde," says the quaint old translation of Thomas Hackit. Here they left behind a colony of thirty men, under Albert de la Pierria, to complete a fort called Charlesfort. It was the only Christian colony north of Mexico, and the site of the fort, though still disputed, was undoubtedly not far from Beaufort, South Carolina. The lonely colonists spent a winter of absolute poverty and wretchedness. They were fed by the Indians, and wronged them in return. They built for themselves vessels in which they sailed for France, reaching it after sufferings too great to tell.

Still another French Protestant colony followed in 1564, led by René de Laudonnière. He too sought the "River of May"; he too was cordially received by the Indians; and he built above what is now called St. John's Bluff, on the river of that name, a stronghold called Fort Caroline. "The place is so pleasant," wrote he, "that those which are melancholike would be enforced to change their humor." The adventures of this colony are told in the narrative of the artist Le Moyne —lately reproduced, with heliotypes of all his quaint illustrations, by J. R. Osgood and Co., Boston. These designs—some of which I am permitted by the publishers to copy—are so graphic that we seem in the midst of the scenes described. They



INDIAN DWELLING AND CANOE.

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set before us the very costumes of the Frenchmen, and the absence of costume among the Indians. We see the domestic habits, the religious sacrifices, the warlike contests, the Indian faces alone being conventionalized, and made far too European for strict fidelity. We see also the animals that excited the artist's wonder, and especially the alligator, which is rendered with wonderful accuracy, though exaggerated in size. We see here also the column which had been erected by Ribaut on his previous voyage, and how the Indians had decked it, after worshipping there as at an altar.

The career of the colony was a tragedy. Fort Caroline was built; the colonists mutinied, and sought to become buccaneers, "calling us cowards and greenhorns," says Le Moyne, "for not joining in the piracy." Failing miserably in this, and wearing out the patience of their generous Indian friends, they almost perished of famine. The very fact that they were a Protestant colony brought with it a certain disadvantage, so long as the colonists were French. Protestantism in England reached the lower classes, but never in France. The Huguenots belonged, as a rule, to the middle and higher classes, and the peasants, so essential to the foundation of a colony, would neither emigrate nor change their religion. There were plenty of adventurers, but no agriculturists. The English Hawkins visited and relieved them. Ribaut came from France and again relieved them, and their lives were prolonged only to meet cruel destruction from the energy and perfidy of a Spaniard, Don Pedro de Menendez. He came with a great squadron of thirty-four vessels—his flag-ship being nearly a thousand tons burden—to conquer and settle the vast continent, then known as Florida. Parkman has admirably told the story of Menendez's victory; suffice it to say that he suppressed the little colony, and then, after taking an oath upon the Bible, adding the sign of the cross, and giving a pledge, written and sealed, to spare their lives, he proceeded to massacre every man in cold blood, sparing only, as Le Moyne tells us, a drummer, a fifer, and a fiddler. It is the French tradition that he hanged



INDIANS DECORATING RIBAUT'S PILLAR.

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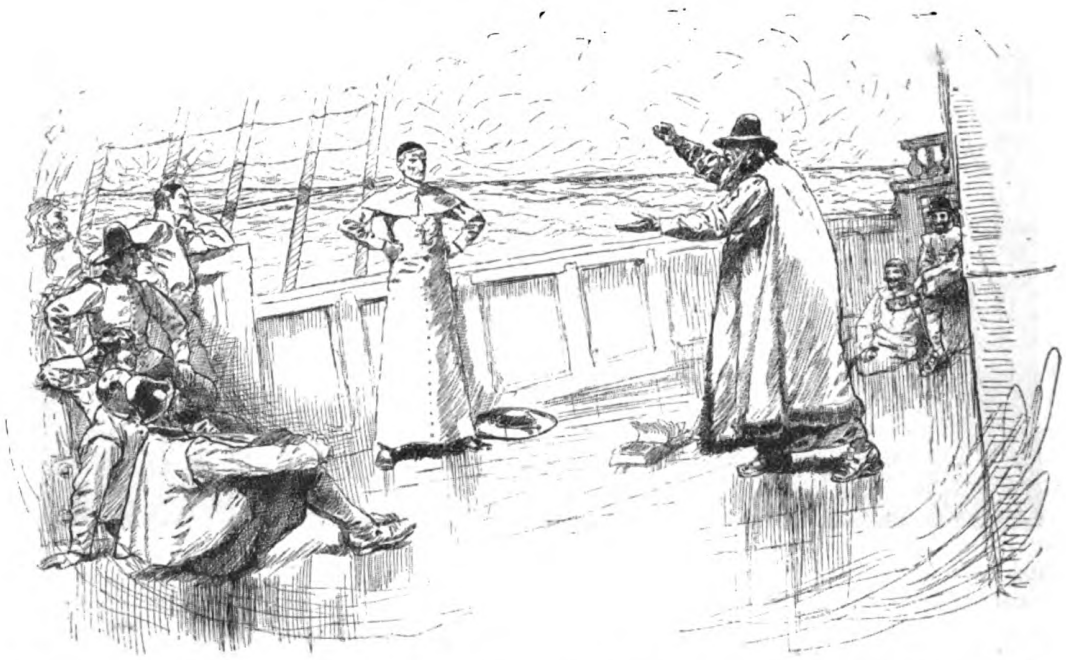
DOMINIQUE DE GOURGUES AVENGING THE MURDER OF THE HUGUENOT COLONY.

his prisoners on trees, with this inscription: "I do this not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." This was the same Menendez who in that same year (1565) had founded the Spanish colony of St. Augustine, employing for this purpose the negro slaves he had brought from Africa —the first introduction, probably, of slave labor upon the soil now included in the United States. Menendez was the true type of the Spanish conqueror of that day —a race of whom scarcely one in a thousand, as poor Le Moyne declares, was capable of a sensation of pity.

Menendez thanked God with tears for his victory over the little garrison. But his act aroused a terrible demand for vengeance in France, and this eager desire was satisfied by a Frenchman—this time by one who was probably not a Huguenot, but a Catholic. Dominique de Gourgues had been chained to the oar as a galley-slave, when a prisoner to the Spaniards, and finding his king unable or unwilling to avenge the insult given to his nation in America, De Gourgues sold his patrimony that he might organize an expedition of his own. It is enough to say that he absolutely annihilated, in 1568, the colony that Menendez had left behind him in Florida, and hanged the Spaniards to the same trees where they had hanged the French, nailing above them this inscription: "I do this not as to Spaniards or Moors (*Marannes*), but as to traitors, robbers, and murderers."

All these southern and Protestant colonies failed at last. It was farther north, among the most zealous of Roman Catholics, and in the regions explored long since by Cartier, that the brilliant career of French colonization in America was to have its course. Yet for many years the French voyages to the northeastern coasts of America were for fishing or trade, not religion: the rover went before the priest. The Cabots are said by Peter Martyr to have found in use on the Banks of Newfoundland the word *Baccalaos* as applied to cod-fish; and as this is a Basque word, the fact has led some writers to believe that the Basque fishermen had already reached there, though this argument is not now generally admitted. Cape Breton, which is supposed to be the oldest French name on the continent of North America, belongs to a region described on a Portuguese map of 1520 as "discovered by the Bretons." There were French fishing vessels off Newfoundland in 1517, and in 1578 there were 150 of these, all other nations furnishing but 200. Out of these voyages had grown temporary settlements, and the fur trade sprang up by degrees at Anticosti, at Sable Island, and especially at Tadousac. It became rapidly popular, so that when two nephews of Cartier obtained a monopoly of it for twelve years, it produced an uproar, and the patent was revoked. Through this trade Frenchmen learned the charm of the wilderness, and these charms attract-

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"HE BROUGHT BOTH CATHOLIC PRIESTS AND HUGUENOT MINISTERS, WHO DISPUTED HEARTILY ON THE WAY."

ed then, as always, a very questionable class of men. Cartier, in 1541, was authorized to ransack the prisons for malefactors. De la Roche, in 1598, brought a crew of convicts. De Monts, in 1604, was authorized to impress idlers and vagabonds for his colony. To keep them in order he brought both Catholic priests and Huguenot ministers, who disputed heartily on the way. "I have seen our curé and the minister," said Champlain, in Parkman's translation, "fall to with their fists on questions of faith. I can not say which had the more pluck, or which hit the harder, but I know that the minister sometimes complained to the Sieur de Monts that he had been beaten."

The Jesuits reached New France in 1611, and from that moment the religious phase of the emigration began. But their style of missionary effort was very unlike that formidable type of religion which had made the very name of Christian hated in the days when Christian meant Spaniard, and when the poor Florida Indians had exclaimed, in despair, "The devil is the best thing in the world: we adore him." The two bodies of invaders were of kindred blood and language, both being of the Latin race; they held the same religion, acknowledged the same spiritual chief; but here the resemblance ended. From the beginning the Spaniards came as cruel and merciless masters; the Frenchmen, with few exceptions, as kindly and genial companions. The Spanish were, to be sure, more liberal in the use of Scripture than any Puritan, but they were also much more formidable in the application of it. They maintained unequivocally that the earth belonged to the elect, and that they were the elect. The famous "Requisition," which was to be read by the Spanish commanders on entering each province for conquest, gave the full Bible narrative of the origin of the human race, announced the lordship of St. Peter, the gift of the New World to Spain by his successor the Pope; and deduced from all this the right to compel the natives to adopt the true religion. If they refused, they might rightfully be enslaved or killed. The learned Dr. Pedro Santander, addressing the king in 1557 in regard to De Soto's expedition, wrote thus:

"This is the land promised by the Eternal Father to the faithful, since we are commanded by God in the Holy Scriptures to take it from them, being idolaters, and by reason of their idolatry and sin to put them all to the knife, leaving no living thing save maidens and children, their cities robbed and sacked, their walls and houses levelled to the earth."

In another part of the same address the

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author describes Florida as "now in possession of the Demon," and the natives as "lost sheep which have been snatched away by the dragon, the Demon." There is no doubt that a genuine superstition entered into the gloomy fanaticism of the Spaniards. When Columbus brought back from one of his voyages some native chiefs whose garments and ornaments were embroidered with cats and owls, the curate Bernaldez announced without hesitation that these grotesque forms represented the deities they worshipped. It is astonishing how much easier it is to justify one's self in taking away a man's property or his life when one is thoroughly convinced that he worships the devil. At any rate, the Spaniards acted upon this principle. Twelve years after the first discovery of Hispaniola, as Columbus himself writes, six-sevenths of the natives were dead through ill treatment.

But the French pioneers were perfectly indifferent to these superstitions; embroidered cat or Scriptural malediction troubled them very little. They came for trade, for exploration, for peaceful adventure, and also for religion; but almost from the beginning they adapted themselves to the Indians, urged on them their religion only in a winning way; and as to their ways of living, were willing to be more Indian than the Indians themselves. The instances of the contrary were to be found, not among the Roman Catholic French, but among the Huguenots in Florida.

The spirit which was exceptional in the benevolent Spanish monk Las Casas was common among French priests. The more profoundly they felt that the Indians were by nature children of Satan, the more they gave soul and body for their conversion. Père Le Caron, travelling with the Hurons, writes frankly about his infinite miseries, and adds: "But I must needs tell you what abundant consolation I found under all my troubles, for, alas! when one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he feels an inexpressible ardor to labor for their conversion, and sacrifice to it his repose and his life." At times, no doubt, the Frenchmen would help one Indian tribe against another, and this especially against the Iroquois; but in general the French went as friendly associates, the Spaniards as brutal task-masters.

The first French colonists were rarely such in the English or even the Spanish sense. They were priests, or soldiers, or traders—the latter at first predominating. They did not offer to buy the lands of the Indians, as the English colonists afterward did, for an agricultural colony was not their aim. They wished to wander through the woods with the Indians, to join in their hunting and their wars, and, above all, to buy their furs. For this they were ready to live as the Indians lived, in all their discomforts; they addressed them as "brothers" or as "children"; they married Indian wives with full church ceremonies. No such freedom of intercourse marked the life of any English settlers. The Frenchmen apparently liked to have the Indians with them; the savages were always coming and going, in full glory, about the French settlements; they feasted and slept beside the French; they were greeted with military salutes. The stately and brilliant Comte de Frontenac, the favorite officer of Turenne, and the intimate friend of La Grande Mademoiselle, did not disdain, when Governor-General of Canada, to lead in person the war-dance of his Indians, singing and waving the hatchet, while a wigwam-full of braves, stripped and painted for war, went dancing and howling after him, shouting like men possessed, as the French narratives say. He himself admits that he did it deliberately, in order to adopt their ways. (*Je leur mis moy-mesme la hache à la main .... pour m'accommoder à leurs façons de faire.*) Perhaps no single act ever done by a Frenchman in America indicates so completely the temperament which won for them the hearts of the Indians.

The pageantry of the Roman Catholic Church had, moreover, its charm for native converts; the French officers taught them how to fight; the French priests taught them how to die. These heroic missionaries could bear torture like Indians, and could forgive their tormentors as Indians could not. This combination of gentleness with courage was something wholly new to the Indian philosophy of life. Père Brebeuf wrote to Rome from Canada, "That which above all things is demanded of laborers in this vineyard is an unfailing sweetness and a patience thoroughly tested." And when he died by torture in 1649 he so conducted himself that the Indians drank his blood, and the chief devoured his heart, in the hope that they might become as heroic as he was.

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But while the missionaries were thus gentle and patient with their converts, their modes of appeal included the whole range of spiritual terrors. Père Le Jeune wrote home earnestly for pictures of devils tormenting the soul with fire, serpents, and red-hot pincers; Père Garnier, in a manuscript letter copied by Mr. Parkman, asks for pictures of demons and dragons, and suggests that a single representation of a happy or beautiful soul will be enough. "The pictures must not be in profile, but in full face, looking squarely and with open eyes at the beholder, and all in bright colors, without flowers or animals, which only distract." But, after all, so essentially different was the French temperament from the Spanish that the worst French terrors seemed more kindly and enjoyable than the most cheerful form of Spanish devotion. The Spaniards offered only the threats of future torment, and the certainty of labor and suffering here. But the French won the Indians by precisely the allurements that to this day draw strangers from all the world to Paris—a joyous out-door life, and an unequalled cookery. "I remember," says Lescarbot, describing his winter in Canada, "that on the 14th of January (1607), of a Sunday afternoon, we amused ourselves with singing and music on the river Équille, and that in the same month we went to see the wheat fields two leagues from the fort, and dined merrily in the sunshine." At these feasts there was hardly a distinction between the courtly foreigner and the naked Indian, and even the coarse aboriginal palate felt that here was some one who would teach a new felicity. Mr. Parkman tells us of a convert who asked, when at the point of death, whether he might expect any pastry in heaven like that with which the French had regaled him.

In return for these blandishments it was not very hard for the Indians to accept the picturesque and accommodating faith of their guests. This was not at first done very reverently, to be sure. Sometimes when the early missionaries asked their converts for the proper words to translate the sacred phrases of the catechism, their mischievous proselytes would give them very improper words instead, and then would shout with delight whenever the priests began their lessons. Dr. George E. Ellis, in his late and valuable book *The Red Man and the White Man*, points out that no such trick was ever attempted, so far as we know, beneath the graver authority of the apostle Eliot, when his version of the Scriptures was in progress. In some cases the native criticisms took the form of more serious remonstrance. Membertou, one of the most influential of the early Indian converts, said frankly that he did not like the petition for daily bread in the Lord's Prayer, and thought that some distinct allusion to moose meat and fish would be far better.

To these roving and companionable Frenchmen, or rather to the native canoemen, who were often their half-breed posterity, was given at a later period the name *voyageurs*—a name still used for the same class in Canada, though it describes a race now vanishing. I have ventured to anticipate its date a little, and apply it to the French rovers of this early period, because it is one of those words which come spontaneously into use, tell their own story, and save much description. The character that afterward culminated in the class called *voyageurs* was the character which lay behind all the early French enterprises. It implied those roving qualities which made the French to be pioneers in the fisheries and the fur trade, and which, even after the arrival of the Jesuit missionaries, still prevailed under the blessing of the Church. The Spaniards were gloomy despots; the Dutch and Swedes were traders; the English, at least in New England, were religious enthusiasts; the French were *voyageurs*, and even under the narrative of the most heroic and saintly priest we see something of the same spirit. The best early type of the *voyageur* temperament combined with the courage of the Church militant is to be found in Samuel de Champlain.

After all, there is no earthly immortality more secure than to have stamped one's name on the map, and that of Champlain will be forever associated with the beautiful lake which he first described, and to which the French missionaries vainly attempted to attach another name. Champlain was a Frenchman of good family, who had served in the army, and had, indeed, been from his childhood familiar with scenes of war, because he had dwelt near the famous city of Rochelle, the very hot-bed of the civil strife between Catholics and Huguenots. Much curiosity existing in France in regard to the great successes of Spain in America, he obtained naval employment in the Spanish service,

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and visited, as commander of a ship, the Spanish-American colonies. This was in 1599, and he wrote a report on the condition of all these regions—a report probably fuller than anything else existing at that time, inasmuch as the Spaniards systematically concealed the details of their colonial wealth. Little did they know that they had in the humble French captain of the *Saint-Julian* an untiring observer, who would reveal to the acute mind of Henry the Fourth of France many of the secrets of Spanish domination; and would also disgust the French mind with pictures of the fanaticism of their rivals. In his report he denounced the cruelty of the Spaniards, described the way in which they converted Indians by the Inquisition, and made drawings of the burnings of heretics by priests. His observations on all commercial matters were of the greatest value, and he was the first, or one of the first, to suggest a ship-canal across the isthmus of Panama. Full of these vivid impressions of Spanish empire, he turned his attention toward the northern part of the continent, in regions unsettled by the Spaniards, visiting them first in 1603, under Pont-Gravé, and then in seven successive voyages. His narratives are minute, careful, and graphic; he explored river after river with the Indians, eating and sleeping with them, and recording laboriously their minutest habits. It is to his descriptions, beyond any others, that we must look for faithful pictures of the Indian absolutely unaffected by contact with white men, and his voyages, which have lately been translated by Dr. C. P. Otis, and published by the Prince Society, with annotations by Mr. E. L. Slafter, have a value almost unique.



SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

Champlain himself may be best described as a devout and high-minded *voyageur*. He was a good Catholic, and on some of his exploring expeditions he planted at short intervals crosses of white cedar in token of his faith; but we see the born rover through the proselyting Christian. Look, for instance, at the spirit in which he dedicates his voyage of 1604 to the Queen Regent:

"MADAME,—Of all the most useful and excellent arts, that of navigation has always seemed to me to occupy the first place. For the more hazardous it is and the more numerous the perils and losses by which it is attended, so much the more is it esteemed and exalted above all others, being wholly unsuited to the timid and irresolute. By this art we obtain knowledge of different countries, regions, and realms. By it we attract and bring to our own land all kinds of riches, by it the idolatry of paganism is overthrown and Christianity proclaimed throughout all the regions of the earth. This is the art which from my early age has won my love, and induced me to expose myself all my life to the impetuous waves of the ocean, and led me to explore the coasts of a part of America, especially of New France, where I have always desired to see the lily flourish, and also the only religion, catholic, apostolic, and Roman."

Here we have the French lilies and the holy Catholic religion at the end, but the spirit of the *voyageur* through all the rest. We see here the born wanderer, as full of eagerness as Tennyson's Ulysses,

"Always roaming with a hungry heart."

And when we compare this frank and sailor-like address with the devout diplomacy, already quoted, of the Spanish doctor, we see in how absolutely different a spirit the men of these two nations approached the American Indians.

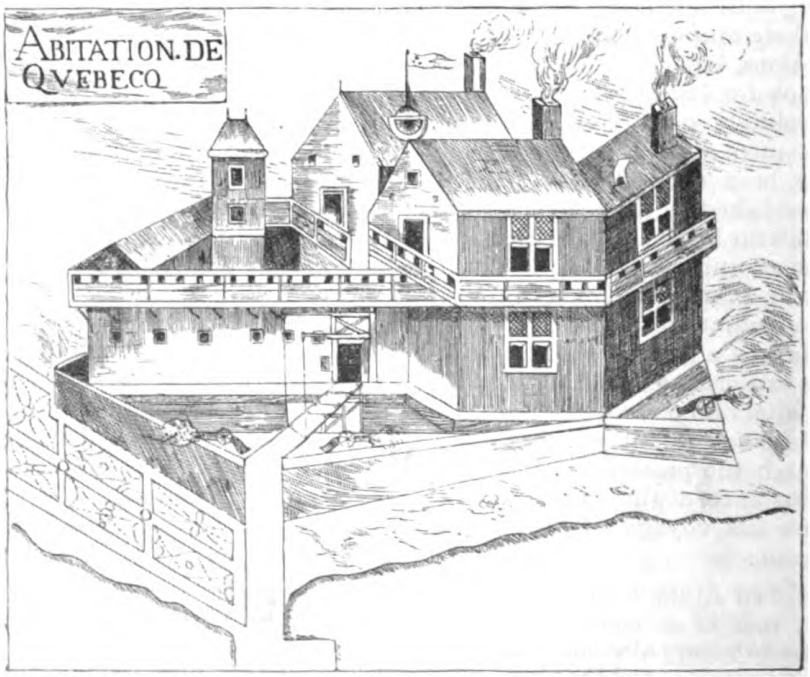
Champlain was an ardent lover of outdoor life, and an intelligent field naturalist, and the reader finds described or mentioned in his narratives many objects now familiar, but then strange. He fully describes, for instance, the gar-pike of Western lakes, he mentions the moose under the

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Algonquin name "orignac," the seal under the name of "sea-lion," the musk-rat, and the horseshoe-crab. He describes almost every point and harbor on the northeast coast, giving the names by which many of them are since known; for instance, Mount Desert, which he calls *Isle des Monts Déserts*, so that the accent should not be laid, as is now usual, on the second syllable. We know from him that when unvisited by white men, the Indians of the Lake Superior region not only mined for copper, but melted it into sheets and hammered it into shape, making bracelets and arrow-heads. Cartier in 1535 had mentioned the same thing, but not so fully. And all Champlain's descriptions, whether of places or people, have the value that comes of method and minuteness. When he ends a chapter with "This is precisely what I have seen of this northern shore," or, "This is what I have learned from those savages," we know definitely where his knowledge begins and ends, and whence he got his information.

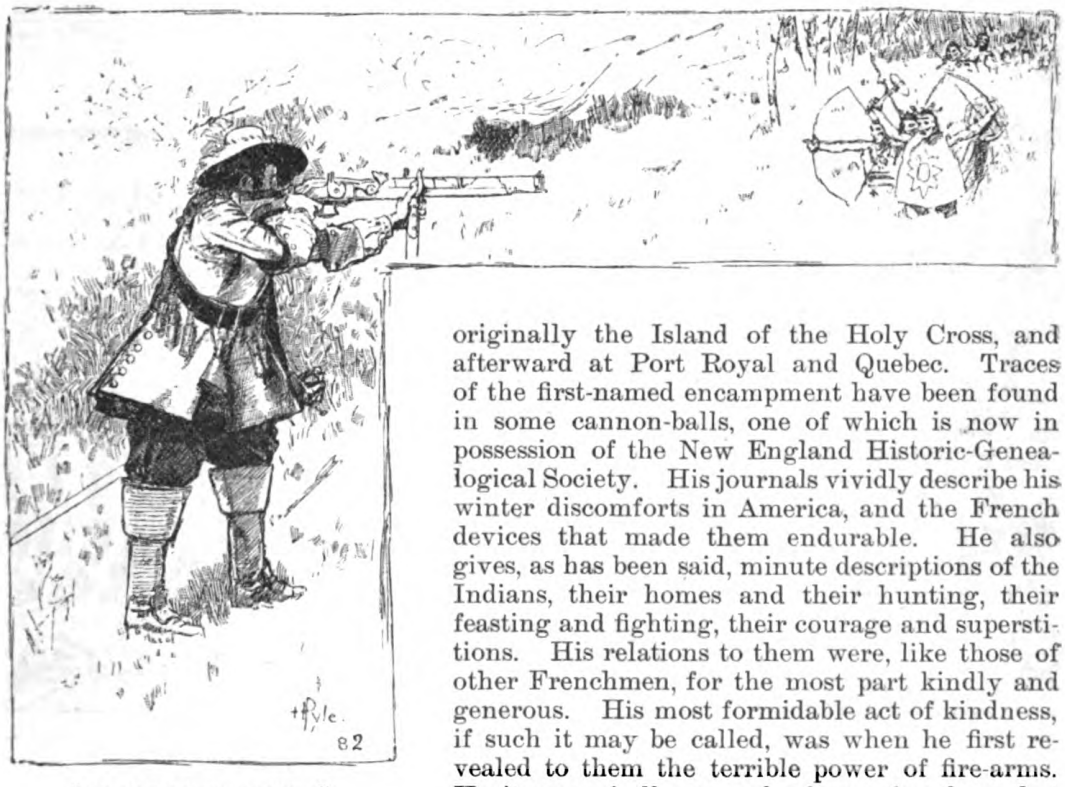
It is fortunate for the picturesqueness of his narrative that he fearlessly ventures into the regions of the supernatural, but always upon very definite and decided testimony. It would be a pity, for instance, to spare the Gougou from his pages. The Gougou was a terrible monster reported by the savages to reside on an island near the Bay of Chaleur. It was in the form of a woman, but very frightful, and so large that the masts of a tall vessel would not reach the waist. The Gougou possessed pockets, into which he —or she—used to put the Indians when caught; and those who had escaped said that a single pocket would hold a ship. From this receptacle the victims were only taken out to be eaten. Several savages assured Champlain that they had seen the creature; many had heard the horrible noises he made; and one French adventurer had sailed so near his dwelling-place as to hear a strange hissing from that quarter, upon which all his Indian companions hid themselves. "What makes me believe what they say," says Champlain, "is the fact that all the savages in general fear it, and tell such strange things about it that if I were to record all they say it would be regarded as a myth; but I hold that this is the dwelling-place of some devil that torments them in the above-mentioned manner. This is what I have learned about the Gougou."

Champlain has left a minute description, illustrated by his own pencil, of his successive fortified residences — first at what is now De Monts Island, named



CHAMPLAIN'S FORTIFIED RESIDENCE AT QUEBEC.

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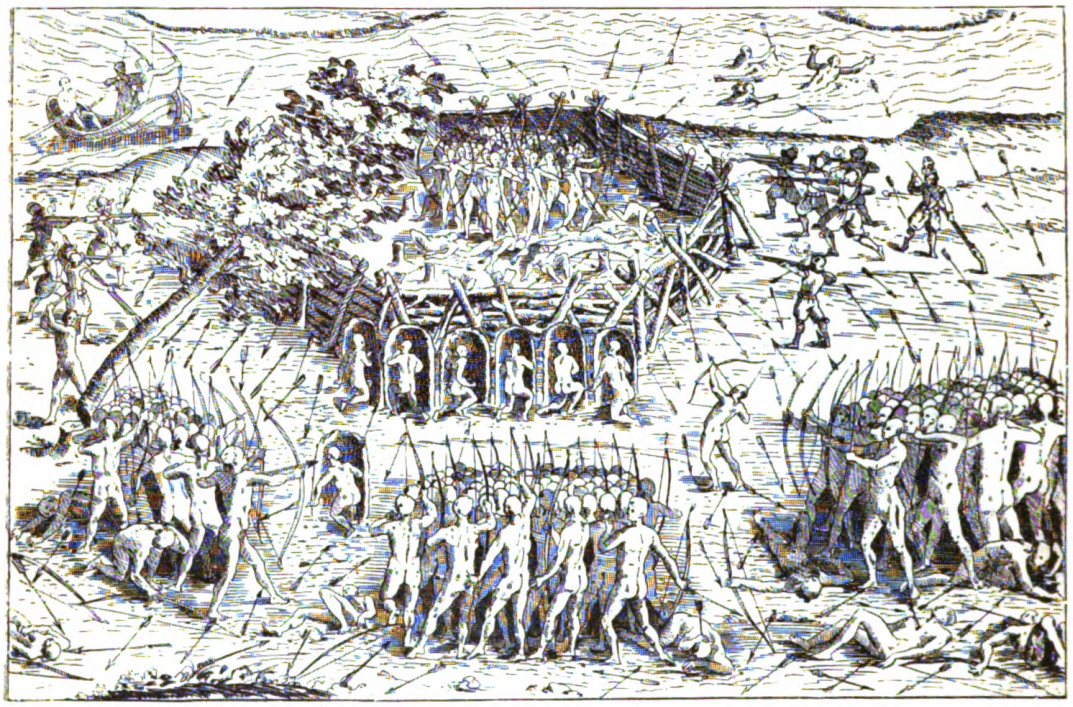


"HE RESTED HIS MUSKET."

originally the Island of the Holy Cross, and afterward at Port Royal and Quebec. Traces of the first-named encampment have been found in some cannon-balls, one of which is now in possession of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society. His journals vividly describe his winter discomforts in America, and the French devices that made them endurable. He also gives, as has been said, minute descriptions of the Indians, their homes and their hunting, their feasting and fighting, their courage and superstitions. His relations to them were, like those of other Frenchmen, for the most part kindly and generous. His most formidable act of kindness, if such it may be called, was when he first revealed to them the terrible power of fire-arms. He it was, of all men, who began for them that series of lessons in the military art by which the Frenchmen doubled the terrors of Indian warfare. Champlain has portrayed vividly for us with pen and pencil the early stages of that alliance which in later years made the phrase "French and Indian" the symbol of all that was most to be dreaded in the way of conflict. He describes picturesquely, for instance, an occasion when he and his Algonquin allies marched together against the Iroquois; and his Indians told him if he could only kill three particular chiefs for them they should win the day. Reaching a promontory which Mr. Slafter believes to have been Ticonderoga, they saw the Iroquois approaching, with the three chiefs in front, wearing plumes. Champlain then told his own allies that he was very sorry they could not understand his language better, for he could teach them such order and method in attacking their enemies that they would be sure of victory; but meanwhile he would do what he could. Then they called upon him with loud cries to stand forward; and so, putting him twenty paces in front, they advanced. Halting within thirty paces of the enemy, he rested his musket against his cheek and aimed at one of the chiefs. The musket—a short weapon, then called an arquebus—was loaded with four balls. Two chiefs fell dead, and another man was mortally wounded. The effect upon the Iroquois must have been like that of fire from heaven. These chiefs were dressed in armor made of cotton fibre, and arrow-proof, and yet they died in an instant! The courage of the whole band gave way, and when another Frenchman fired a shot from the woods, they all turned and fled precipitately, abandoning camp and provisions—a whole tribe, and that one of the bravest, routed by two shots from French muskets. This was in July, 1609.

On his voyage of the following year he also taught the same Indians how to attack a fortified place. Until that time their warlike training had taught them only how to track a single enemy or to elude him; or at most, gathered in solid masses, to pour in showers of arrows furnished with those sharp stone heads so familiar in our collections. We know from descriptions elsewhere given by Champlain that the chief strategy of the Indians lay in arranging and combin-

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ATTACK ON AN IROQUOIS FORT.

ing these masses of bowmen. This they planned in advance by means of bundles of sticks a foot long, each stick standing for a soldier, with larger sticks for chiefs. Going to some piece of level ground five or six feet square, the head chief stuck these sticks in the ground according to his own judgment. Then he called his companions, and they studied the arrangements. It was a plan of the battle—a sort of Indian *Kriegspiel*, like the German military game that has the same object. The warriors studied the sticks under the eye of the chief, and comprehended the position each should occupy. Then they rehearsed it in successive drills. We are thus able to understand—what would otherwise be difficult to explain—the compact and orderly array which Champlain's pictures represent.

It was with a band of warriors thus trained that Champlain set forth from Quebec in June, 1610, to search for a camp of Iroquois. The Indian guides went first, armed, painted, naked, light-footed, and five Frenchmen marched after them, arrayed in heavy corselets for defense, and bearing guns and ammunition. It was an alliance of hare and tortoise, but in this case the hare kept in front. Champlain describes their discomforts as they tramped in their heavy accoutrements through pathless swamps, with water reaching to their knees, far behind their impatient leaders, whose track they found it hard to trace. Suddenly they came upon the very scene where the fight had begun, and when the savages perceived them, "they began to shout so that one could not have heard it thunder." In the midst of this tumult Champlain and his four companions approached the Iroquois fortress—built solidly of large trees arranged in a circle—and coolly began to fire their muskets through the logs at the naked savages within. He thus describes the scene, which is also vividly depicted in one of his illustrations, here given:

"You could see the arrows fly on all sides as thick as hail. The Iroquois were astonished at the noise of our muskets, and especially that the balls penetrated better than their arrows. They were so frightened at the effect produced that, seeing several of their companions fall wounded and dead, they threw themselves on the ground whenever they heard a discharge, supposing that the shots were sure. We scarcely ever missed firing two or three balls at one

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shot, resting our muskets most of the time on the side of their barricade. But seeing that our ammunition began to fail, I said to all the savages that it was necessary to break down their barricades and capture them by storm, and that in order to accomplish this they must take their shields, cover themselves with them, and thus approach so near as to be able to fasten stout ropes to the posts that supported the barricades, and pull them down by main strength, in that way making an opening large enough to permit them to enter the fort. I told them that we would meanwhile by our musketry fire keep off the enemy as they endeavored to prevent them from accomplishing this; also that a number of them should get behind some large trees which were near the barricade, in order to throw them down upon the enemy, and that others should protect them with their shields, in order to keep the enemy from injuring them. All this they did very promptly."

Thus were the military lessons begun—not lessons in the use of fire-arms alone, but in strategy and offensive tactics, to which the same class of instructors were destined later to add an improved mode of fortification. So completely did Champlain and his four Frenchmen find themselves the masters of the situation, that when some young fellows, countrymen of their own, and still better types of the voyageur than they themselves were, came eagerly up the river in some trading barks to see what was going on, Champlain at once ordered the savages who were breaking down the fortress to stop, "so that the new-comers should have their share in the sport." He then gave the guns to the young French traders, and let them amuse themselves by shooting down a few defenseless Iroquois before the fort fell.

At last it fell. "This, then, is the victory obtained by God's grace," as Champlain proudly says. Out of a hundred defenders, only fifteen were found alive. All these were put to death by tortures except one, whom Champlain manfully claimed for his share, and saved; and he was perhaps the first to describe fully those frightful cruelties and that astonishing fortitude which have since been the theme of so much song and story, and to point out, moreover, that in these refinements of barbarity the women exceeded the men. Later they were joined on the war-path by a large force of friendly Indians, "who had never before seen Christians, for whom they conceived a great admiration." This admiration was not destined, as in case of the Spaniards and English, to undergo a stern reaction, but it lasted till the end of the French power on the American continent, and did a great deal to postpone that end. If the control of the New World had depended solely on the power to obtain the friendship and confidence of its native tribes, North America would have been wholly French and Roman Catholic today.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

We stood on the haunted island,
  We stood by the haunted bay;
The stars were all over the skyland,
  But the moon had loitered away.

The lights of fisher-boats glimmered,
  The beacon glowed steady and red,
The calm sea icily shimmered
  Like the eye of one who is dead.

Then, all alone on the ocean,
  The ghost of the island came—
The ghost of a vessel in motion,
  The ghost of a vessel of flame.

It shone with vaporous brightness—
  A glamour of tremulous rays;
It was not fire, but the whiteness
  Of a ghost of a perished blaze.

We watched it with all our vision,
  We watched it doubting and dumb;
We had heard of the thing with derision,
  But we surely beheld it come.

We saw it glide o'er the water,
  A phantom of pallid fire;
We saw it tumble and totter
  To ruin, and then flash higher.

Again and again to leeward
  Its ghastly rigging fell o'er;
At last, far away to seaward,
  It foundered, and rose no more.

We had watched it with all our vision,
  We had watched it with eye and glass;
And gone were doubt and derision,
  For surely we saw it pass.

Through many a winter and summer,
  As the sons of the island know,
The gleam of this ghostly comer
  Has prophesied storm and woe—

This ghost of a great three-master
  Which went in the days of yore
To fell and fiery disaster
  Right off the Block Island shore.

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ARTIST STROLLS IN HOLLAND.

III.

THE faithful Jacob, having probably noticed during his short experience with us a certain disposition on our part to leave things generally to Providence and himself, thought it well before bidding us good-night on the eve of our setting out for Friesland to offer us a few words of wisdom, and, so to speak, define his position.

"Now, gentlemans, I shall order your breakfast at a certain hour, and the carriage at a certain hour, and I will call you to the minute. Now if you will always *jump* as soon as I call you, there will never be any troubles."

These and many other injunctions, to which were added a number of worthy precepts more or less applicable to the subject, were prodded well into us with that solemn fat forefinger that seemed made for pointing morals and adorning tales.

Next morning bright and early everything was as ready to the minute as the worthy one could wish, and he was not only ready but gorgeous for the occasion. Noticing that our fascinated gaze seemed unable to get away from the blaze of a large old-fashioned diamond "breastpin" and chain nestling in the spacious folds of a black satin scarf, the Faithful proceeded to elucidate:

"I see dot you look at my pin. S'e is an *air loam.*"

"A what?"

Jacob tried another version: "An *ear loom.*"

We still looked puzzled—wanting a few more versions.

"A *heer loon.* S'e was left to me py my grandfather; s'e pelongs by my family; s'e is a present; s'e was left me in a *will.* Now you onderstand?"

"Oh yes—an heirloom."

"Dot's it."

"Aren't you afraid of being robbed or murdered?"

"Oh no; I never was hurt yet, and I always got him when I go on long scursions; I dink s'e is safer wiz me as s'e is at home, if de house purn down. Pesides," added he, with a fat, pleased smile, as he struggled to overcome his double chin, and get a glimpse of his treasure among the folds of his cravat, "I tink s'e looks *nice* —don't you?"

Of course we did; it was the very thing we wanted to give a proper *chic* to the party. It lent a certain air of truthfulness to Jacob's tales of our Brazilian nativity; for if our very guide and factotum could disport gems of antiquity and price like unto this, what could not *we* do if we thought it worth our while to care for such vanities! Then came to mind the playful advice of an old traveller and sketcher in Holland—advice half forgotten until we saw the blaze of Jacob's "buzzum pin."

"One thing bear in mind now," said the friend—"buy, beg, or borrow the biggest and most exasperating diamond ring or pin, or *both* if possible, that money or love can procure, and wear such blazery wherever you go." We thought this the usual *blague d'atelier*, and looked impervious. "No, no—*fact*, I assure you," insisted he. "I'll tell you why. The people there are awfully rich—even the poor. If they see you sketching in the street with a big diamond ring on, they will at once put you down as *somebody*, merely doing that sort o' thing for your amusement, and not some poor devil obliged to do it for a living." This was all very well for the friendly adviser, to whom diamond rings were a matter of mere "detail," and who would rather prefer to be looked upon as a swell amateur than to suffer the occasional winds of rough and ready criticism to visit his cheek too roughly; but for those who have gone through much thick and thin in the matter of sketching adventure, even the little diversions of the Scheveningen fish girls, who will sometimes (*on dit*) finish a sketch for you by rubbing a handful of wet sand into it, have not enough of the disagreeables to induce one to invest in any such costly talismans against the evil as he suggested. Besides, he was a known *farceur*. Anyhow, nonsense or not, we felt a goodly share of pride in "Jacob's dream," as we promptly christened the heirloom. Artful old boy! how he used to hold his double chin well up whenever he caught our eyes gazing on its splendors! Again it was the mourning coach and the Roman steeds of darkness that conveyed us to the steamer. Good speed too—I think that Jacob called it the funeral *return* pace. He had surely some side interest in the undertaking business.

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The steamer was not, after all, that soul of punctuality that we were led to believe the night before. It had even less of unseemly haste to get off than the ordinary Dutch express train. "Punctuality is the thief of time: have you heard that proverb before, Jacob?" "Yes, gentlemans, I *have* heard it; but at de same time s'e is well always to be to de minnet, as I have know dese tam steamer to go off just at de time dey say so." One soon gets used to this dignified way of getting about, but all the same one can not help wondering if Dutchmen travelling in strange lands do not find that trains and boats do not wait for them there as they do at home. Luckily we were never in a hurry. Once *on* the boat or train, there was no end of



IN FRIESLAND.

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amusing things to see; in fact, we were often taken away from just-begun sketches that we would have gladly stopped long-



FISHERMAN AND BOY.

er to finish. It was pleasant to take notes of the various little pictures made by the tangle of brown-sailed, broad-beamed craft. We had even time to observe the lightsome and free ways of the Dutch female sailor—not romantically disguised as a boy, but sporting a distinct (tarry more or less) costume of her own; not so very different either from the real boy—or rather, his dress, in one important particular, is a lame imitation of hers. He wears a pair of baggy breeches so very voluminous and petticoaty that one has to turn to other peculiarities of dress in order to be on the safe side of judgment.

There is one way of telling the boy from the girl, however, as far as you can see them, as *he* does a deal of vigorous looking on and smoking, while *she* does some very pretty pulling and hauling and poling the boat about, in harbor especially. We saw one athletic young maiden shy a coil of rope for a

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youth on another boat to catch. He did not get his hands out of his capacious pockets quickly enough, so the rope caught him playfully about the ears; whereupon ensued a rattling interchange of compliments (probably) between these two at first, and then the female sailor belonging to the lubber's boat "sailed in"—to use a strictly nautical term; and then it soon developed into a *partie carrée*, as the old man at the rudder of the rope-slinging maiden's boat opened fire. He was a master-hand at profanity, that aged mariner. It was just getting hot and deeply interesting to us on-lookers, when our boat drew out, with a well-directed broadside of invective from our crew, bestowed impartially and liberally on all concerned, for not getting out of the way.

The great locks of Schellingwoude that let you out into the Zuider Zee are worthy objects of interest to those of engineering tastes—huge piles of abstruse masonry, machinery, and iron, so solid and serious, so free from anything frivolous, that I feel tempted to assume scientific knowledge enough to weight this rambling article with a saving ballast of solid matter. Why shouldn't I? Thousands of people write about abstruser matters—art, for instance—of which they know infinitely less than an artist knows about engineering, and they manage to come off with éclat. Why should we not have the credit of making those great hulking locks feel small and humiliated? It would not be difficult. They really lack the elements of simplicity and quiet that mark the locks on the upper Thames. There are no flowers, no ginger-beer, no bending reeds or waving willows, no free gush of water here and there between the leaky wood-work, that lend such an air of picturesqueness to a fine old river lock. These comparisons skillfully brought to bear would pass for criticism very well, and we should escape the reproach of having gone through one of the most noble monuments of modern engineering skill without a word of appreciation.

These locks, the pride of Holland, that seem to hold two mighty floods by the throat with a gigantic stony grasp, and to keep the seas at bay, surely deserve more worthy comment than we know how to give them. It is not our purpose to introduce guide-book matter in the way of statistics; we had only about ten minutes' experience of those mighty works, and they were given mostly to things pictorial.



ON THE FRIESLAND BOAT.

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We own to being impressed, even dazed, by these splendid examples of Dutch engineering skill, to say nothing of courage and enterprise. And now we will pass out on to the broad swash of the rolling Zuider Zee. It is more in our line. Lest the ordinary reader be inclined to think lightly of that sea, which has been so often compared to the ambitious draught of a thirsty Dutchman, I will merely remark at the outset—at the first billow, in fact—that there was the prospect of a long eight hours' journey before us. I do not wish to say anything more disrespectful to this bit of water than that it looks for all the world like a temporary inundation on a large scale. The very distant spires and trees, rising above the level lines of dikes, seem to be, and in many instances are, in fact, below the water-level; and when we ran in near to land now and then, the chimneys and weather-cocks, and the tops of the willow-trees just peering over the rim of the dikes, gave one a very uncomfortable feeling, as if they must, according to every rule of perspective, be about twenty feet under water. We were not many passengers that day, and without any disrespect to the few, they were not interesting from the point of view of the seeker after types of costume or character. The partial exception was an old lady with the close-fitting gold helmet of Friesland—the only remnant of the national dress to which she had clung. The rest of the dress was strictly non-committal, so far as period, country, and fashion were concerned; except the bonnet. That was a thing to make angels weep. At the risk of being thought rude, it was important to find out all about that bonnet—and unless one did stare that was impossible. It had a singular fascination about it, not because of its own merits, but simply on account of its comical anachronism. It was a weird combination, that solid golden helmet with rosettes of gold filigree at each temple, and over this a cap of Brussels lace with flowing lappets, and perched high on this arrangement was this Paris bonnet of the fashion of a few years ago, brave with mauve ribbon and artificial flowers. She was a dear, motherly old lady, with a sad, benevolent face; but, for all that, as she leaned over the vessel's side, contemplating the distant shore and coming *mal de mer*, every ribbon of that wondrous bonnet streaming in the breeze, she was a picture. And even when the inevitable struggle with seasickness proved too much for her, and she sat with the steward's well-known bit of faience on her knee, the mauve ribbons waving over the golden head-gear, she was still a picture, but not for our purpose. Sadly devoid of adventure was that day. We only touched at a few of the grass-grown towns, and we saw little to note in the brief period it took to land or take on the few passengers. It was dusk when we landed at our final dock at Harlingen, and we had still to go on to Leeuwarden by train.

The station was across the dock and town, and as our guide was a stranger to the new order of things, he chartered a small boy with a pair of enormous white sabots to lead the way, and as a further badge upon him, he was given a white sketching bag, slung over his back, so that we should not lose sight of him in the thickening gloom. Small need of the bag, as the sight (and clang) of his wooden "shoon" would be sufficient guiding. How he did speed, that small boy, through narrow alleys, over narrow canal footways, stout Jacob wheezing after him, and we after Jacob! It was a good half-hour's race, with a few narrow escapes of getting overboard into dock or canal. How bright and cheery the railway station refreshment-room seemed after the gloom and cold drizzle of out-doors! By-the-way, a refreshment-room in a Dutch station is a thing so different from similar affairs on most railways that it is almost worthy of description. They are roomy and bright and clean, but the space given to the sale and consumption of refreshments is somewhat restricted, and the choice of things to sustain and refresh is to a stranger embarrassing. The pappy bun, like a loaf cut in half, and sandwiched with beef, ham, cheese, and sausage, is ever to the fore, safe and good enough. But the appetite in search of other luxuries will find more to bewilder than to tempt in the array of slabs and wedges of material that look like bits of tessellated pavement of a simple and severe pattern. Sometimes this is a section of sausage; sometimes it is a sort of sweet stuff; again it is a kind of flat cake; but in nearly every case the ambition is to get it as crisp, hard, and dotty as the remains of a Roman villa flooring. Tea and coffee are always there, and always good, besides a large assortment of most sorts of beverages. The

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young woman dispenser of these good things spoke most of the modern languages — English so very well that she seemed to be an English girl in fancy dress, with that gold head-gear.

It was a short run to Leeuwarden, and we soon were kindly welcomed (also in good English) by the host of its Doelen Hotel. As we had nursed our wolfish appetites past the blandishments of the station refreshment counter, the cozy dining-room, bright fire, and the pretty little dinner came to our eyes and appetites like a grateful balm. And when, over coffee and cigars, the landlord came in with that very week's *Punch*, *Graphic*, and *Illustrated News*, we began to remember that before starting something was said



FRISIAN FISHER GIRL.

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BUYING COSTUMES.

by the then croaking but now beaming Jacob about being prepared to "rough it" up in Friesland.

"Why, you solemn old bird of ill omen, what did you expect us to want? Do you call this rough? Was not the Burgundy like a solution of a rosy sunset in June?"

"Well, yes, I dinks she is," assented the faithful one, after a momentary struggle with the question. "You see dot op in dese old towns dey get some such old wine dot she don't get down in blaces like Amsterdam very often."

"And how about cigars?"

"Oh, de best cigars too you get here."

"And coffee and tea?"

"Yes—oh, de virst-rate tea and coffee."

"That is not much like roughing it, Jacob."

"Well, you see, dot depend on what you pe 'customed to. Some gentlemens I drafels wiz dey like to vloat about in kondolas in Venice, and some like de schnow moundain-dops in Schwizzerland; some like de picksher-kallery in Florence, and so on. Dem sort of gentlemens call dis op here 'roffing it.' Sure. Dot's all I know. But you will zee to-morrow."

On the morrow the dear old boy proposed to "rough it" by getting a carriage and driving a few miles out of town to show us a fine old château. This hardship we agreed to without a murmur. But beforehand why not drive all over town—up and down and around generally? We could then judge if it were worth a more careful investigation on foot.

Leeuwarden is not at all one of the so-called "dead cities of the Zuider Zee." On the contrary, it is a very lively, bright, modernized, flourishing sort of a town. The inhabitants evidently prefer a splendid Parisian-looking new store, with a vast expanse of plate-glass, and a goodly show of jewelry, confectionery, or drapery, to the small but picturesque show-windows of the olden time. A good idea of the ease and wealth of an old Dutch city may be formed from the number and magnificence of the goldsmiths' and pastry-cooks' shops, and in Leeuwarden they are as plentiful as gin-palaces and pawnbrokers

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in a poor quarter of London. In fact, these evidences of Frisian thrift were so numerous and overpowering that we fled for relief to the one poor little part of the town. It was down a very "Petticoat Lane" of a street that we turned. There were the usual kinds of shops that abound in such a neighborhood—chiefly of marine stores, slop clothes, refreshments, rattle-trappery, and even, in its more respectable form, that which might be called bric-à-brac of a certain kind. We halted before a better one of this sort of place. There were certain indications of nice bits of *old* blue —the nearly black old indigo tint—and in the far shadows of the back shop was a strong suspicion of some interesting old silver. Old brass things seemed to be "in the air," and things that looked like bits of good old wood-carving peeped out from among the ruck of the common modern gimcrackery that, because it had come to a premature state of dilapidation, tried to pass itself off as an honest *article de virtu*, or even as good bric-à-brac of a respectable ancestry. We found on nearer inspection but very few really tempting things, and we also found, as usual, that the frowzy woman in charge did not know their prices. She soon sent a fleet-footed little maiden in search of the husband, who returned as fast as his legs could carry him, in a high state of excitement, and ravenous for a bargain. "Only a pound" (he could speak a little English) seemed to be the smallest price he could think of, and for things not worth more than a florin. The ground had been pretty well raked over by the keen hunters from Amsterdam and the larger Dutch towns, and as in the larger towns we had found the same things cheaper, not to say



LEEUWARDEN GOSSIP.

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better, we were not recklessly lavish with our pounds in that stuffy little shop. When the excited husband had cooled down a little he began to listen to his wife's mild hints to abate. She had nervously followed at his heels, evidently appalled at the awful sums he was asking. Very soon the florin took the place of the pound, and he was glad to sell even at that. He had a few articles of old Frisian costume that we took at about twice the value. But, oh, the wild excitement in that lane! Our chariot had gone on to the end, where it got wide enough to let other things pass, and we walked on, headed by Jacob bearing the bundles. It was not enough for them to stand in the doorways and beckon to us. Some got into the roadway and tried to sell us every sort of thing the street dealt in, from carved bedsteads to smoked eels. It was that chariot and pair, and Jacob with diamond pin bearing away the plunder, that made the frenzy what it was.

There were a few side veins to this one poor artery of poverty. We glanced down them as we passed. They were mostly swarming with children. Between the windows of the houses were stretched lines of clothes out to dry; they were flapping in the air. It made a dusky grove of the narrow way; and these were not the balmy odors of an orange grove wafting as we passed by them. Even in these poor streets we saw fleeting glimpses of working-women scavenging, hanging out clothes, huckstering, and all wearing silver head-gear, and some with golden ornaments: they looked like great metallic-headed beetles flitting about in the dusky shadows.

We tried another little old shop down by the water's edge. It was the same tale —few things worth having, and those at fancy prices. (Five pounds for a fly-specked old engraving with a worm-eaten frame! Jacob translated for the ferrety old dame: "She zay he is very scarce, almost never now—dot picksher—nobody has got 'im now but she." We did not rob her of it. They were of little or no profit to either of us, these bric-à-brac hunts. Still, there was always the chance of a stray bit of good "color"—some bit of "azure," or "lemon," or "sang de bœuf" crackle. Vain quest!—it was not worth the soiled gloves one got in turning over the grimy rubbish.

We found all through Holland a most extravagant value attached to good old Delft-ware. The Delft imitations of Japanese ware were valued far more than the originals, while for old Delft pottery with Biblical subjects, or with the sets of the "Months" or the "Seasons," there would be no sum thought too much to ask.

I remember seeing a rather fine pair of old jars in the windows of a somewhat modern furniture shop; they were unusually good—a Dutch imitation of a kind of "Hawthorne" pattern. We went in to ask the price. They were not for sale. "Were they already sold?" "No." "Then why in the window?" "Oh, to attract customers." "But what is the sense of attracting customers for them if they won't sell them?" Jacob was translating back and forth, and was getting personally hot and resentful, far beyond our sentiments in the matter. The idea of the shop-man seemed to be that the customer for the vases, finding them not for sale, would then in desperation buy veneered wardrobes, four-post bedsteads, and kitchen chairs! Whether this had paid him in any way we did not seek to know. I know that we did not pay.

For their own personal tastes the very knowing Dutch collectors only buy and *keep* the very fine wee bits of delicate blue of that "sky after rain" tint—so rare—the white of that soft "creamy" tone that is almost unique. These little bits he will enshrine in morocco cases, velvet lined, and it is the correct thing to hold one's breath when the case is opened, for fear of accidents. It is not only in paste and color that these little jewel-cased specimens are so different from the ordinary run of blue and white—the art itself is of another kind almost. It is more individual, and not so conventional. These little pieces were not done by the workmen in some factory, but by the court painter of some great prince.

I might be inclined to apologize for this blue and white digression were it not for the fact that this particular craze is so much a thing of Holland, that it might almost be called part of its history. How many of the lucky ones went bric-à-brac hunting in the Netherlands with exceeding good "finds" a dozen or two years ago! And how many of the simple of faith go in these later days and come back wiser and sadder from the quest! I will not say, "alas!" as I belong to neither party.

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AN OLD GATEWAY.

We did not see much to impress us in the way of architecture as we drove about Leeuwarden. There were some superior modern houses—large club-house-looking places—and notable government buildings. Plate-glass and stone or stucco seemed the correct idea. The streets were wide and well paved—the boulevard had triumphed over the canal—and the gay Mansard roof was crowding out the old Dutch gable. There was a town-hall more or less interesting. The style was French of the rococo period; it had merely a slight Dutch accent. There was a very fine prison* too, that they were very vain of; it was supposed to be rather a favor to be locked up in it—according to Jacob.

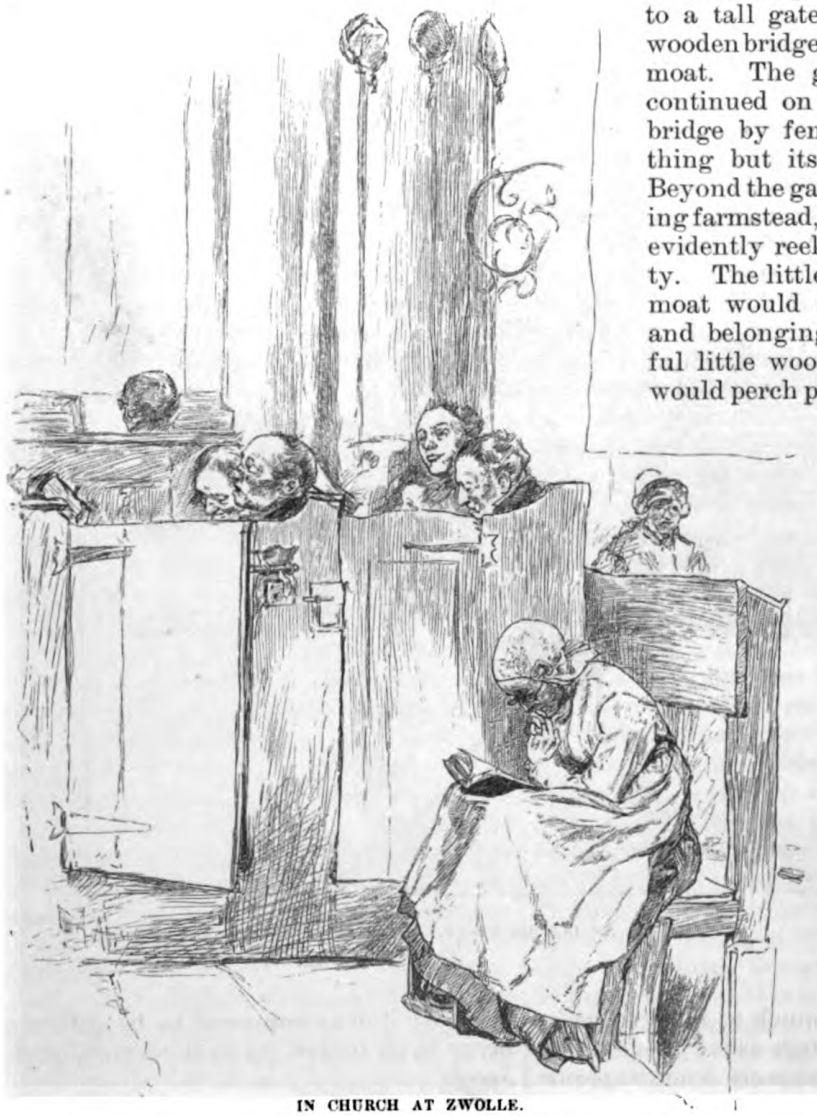
The costumes were not remarkable except the golden head-gear of the women. The Frisian women are generally very handsome, especially about Leeuwarden. The men were fine, sturdy, frank, kindly fellows, and every one seemed happy and good-tempered.

It was all delightful and bright, but when one expects to rough it, this degree of style and comfort bores one, and sends him in search of the unpleasant. Perhaps the country on the way to Jacob's famous "château" would be more to our taste. The first impressions of the coun-

* This was the "Chancellerie," built in 1504.

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try, as we saw it on either side of the well-paved, long, level stretch of road, were that it had never lost any spare time or ground in trying to be picturesque. There were none of the little accidents of hill, dale, or stream to mar its far-stretching simplicity. Fat black and white cows, and drowsy pale-eyed sheep, thin of leg and long of tail, but heavy and white in fleece, were pasturing in rich, fat, lush meadows as far as the eye could see—so far into the dim horizon that where the sky mingled its haze with the haze of the distant fields, it was difficult to say where white dots of kine left off and the little cloudlets of the sky began. On either side the road were willows or plane-trees planted with all the uniformity of the accompanying telegraph poles. Outside the rows of trees ran the green-mantled, rush-fringed ditches. There are very few fences or hedges in any part of Holland. Now and again we would come to a tall gate just over a little wooden bridge crossing the weedy moat. The gate would not be continued on either side of the bridge by fence or railing—nothing but itself above-ground. Beyond the gate would be a thriving farmstead, bright, orderly, and evidently reeking with prosperity. The little green duck-weedy moat would encircle the house and belongings; a sweet, peaceful little wooden summer-house would perch prettily over the verdant pool, and often in the afternoon might be seen contented rustics revelling therein in tea and "koecken," as if rheumatism had no terrors for them. I don't wish to be thought perverse, but I must say that after a few miles of these calm delights, this moving panorama of prosperity began to pall slightly. This was not the kind of thing, delightful as it was, that we came so far to see. When may we look forward to some interesting discomfort? Even a *little* acute misery would be a relief. "Jacob, awake! Where *is* this château?" In a few moments we actually went up a gentle hill, an elevation of about two feet to the hundred. It was something to wake one up in Holland. And soon the château came upon us with so delightful a surprise that we accepted without a murmur the promise of a charming visit, and a further dose of unmixed pleasure.



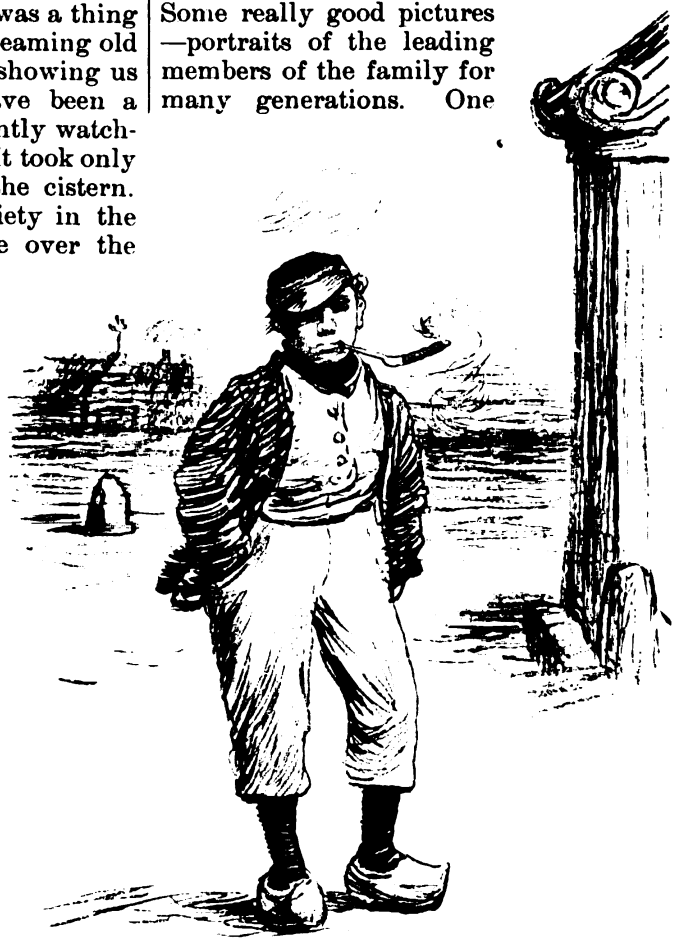
IN CHURCH AT ZWOLLE.

It was indeed a fine old place. The

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orders of architecture were somewhat mixed. It had a small portion of fifteenth century, and then it was added to largely and well in the seventeenth, and tinkered up here and there in the eighteenth, and all but made nonsensical in a few spots in the early nineteenth; but these bad places were few and not prominent, mostly showing in in-door decoration in a few rooms. There was a fine wide moat all round, and here and there steps leading to the water, a moss-stained gray stone wall, a stately carven gateway, stone seats on either side, many tall, shadowing trees within and without the grounds, and—delight of delights to the country round, far beyond the building itself—there was a tall rock-work fountain, of the kind that one so tepidly admires in the Bois de Boulogne. The rock-work was of stucco or cement, sea-shells were jammed into it, ferns were coaxed to grow over it, and when the water had been pumped up from the moat to a reservoir over the gateway, so as to get a fall, and then turned on, the effect was a thing of joy to all beholders. The beaming old housekeeper was so bent on showing us the cascade that it would have been a cruel blow if we had not patiently watched the exhibition to the end. It took only about ten minutes to empty the cistern. There was no surprise or variety in the display, only a steady dribble over the plaster rocks. We applauded to please the good dame, but did not cry encore, as we might have had to pump. It was painfully funny, too, to see this shoddy rock-work excrescence marring the whole effect of that grand old court-yard and house. Why could we not speak boldly out, and say, "Good vrouw, this base imposture is an eye-sore and a childish fraud, and you may say so to your good masters"? We smiled so unreservedly, however, instead of saying anything of the kind, that no doubt we shall be spoken of as two strange gentlemen from the far Americas, who came all across the ocean on purpose to admire that cascade. The old house itself, without having any real resemblance, somehow reminded us of Haddon Hall. Of course it is in better preservation. It belongs to three bachelor brothers living in Leeuwarden, who use it as a summer retreat, sometimes in turn, sometimes all together. Each has his own suite of rooms, and they all enjoy it in common. They share the revenues and pay the expenses equally. Sometimes the place would be nearly filled with the combined friends and the three hosts. We were shown all over the house unreservedly. Three unfurnished rooms were shown, and on the floors and shelves were piles of fragrant apples and pears equally divided—each brother his room and his fruit. There was the separate smoking-room of each, and the great general smoking-room, and the billiard and card room of all, besides.

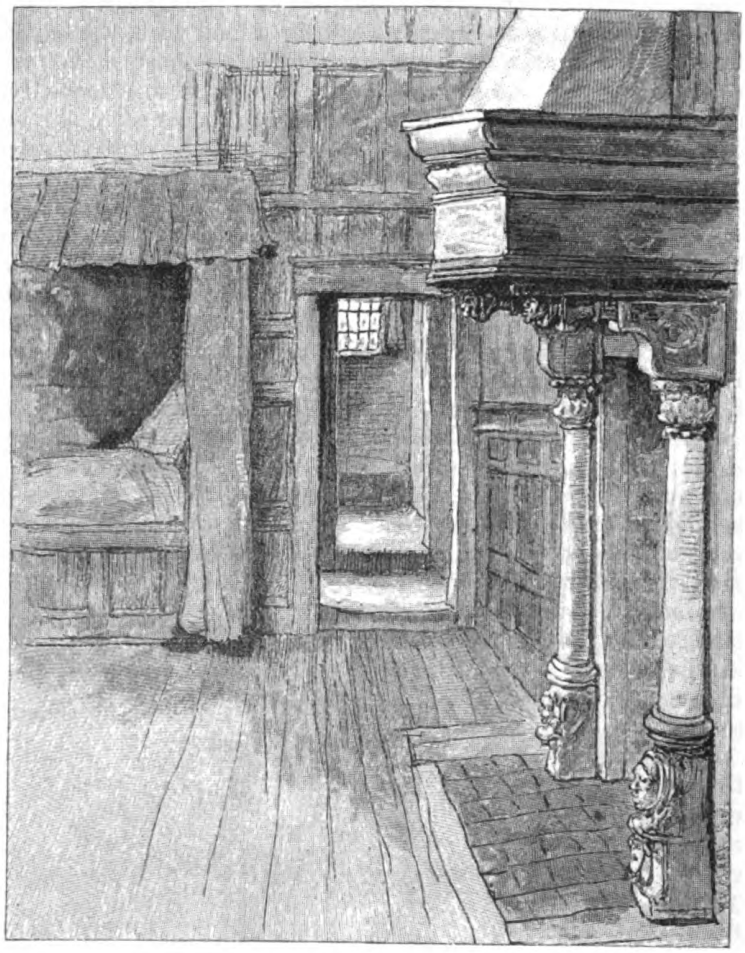
The dining-room was very perfect: high dado of oak panelling, walls covered with warm old golden Spanish leather, old oaken cabinets, some very finely carved—one or two of fifteenth century work, but mostly of seventeenth. Some really good pictures—portraits of the leading members of the family for many generations. One



STREET URCHIN. GHT

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large picture was a view of the house when it was in its prime. There was the grand old court-yard (long before the sham fountain). There were gay cavaliers with broidered cloaks, buff boots, laced doublets, blue and red ware—the indigo blue, and the red like bullock's blood—and the design harmonized with flowers in flat gold. The cabinets were garnished with great beakers and flagons of glass and various



BEDROOM IN THE OLD CHÂTEAU.

and jewelled rapiers; ladies with those wondrous satin gowns and Flemish ruffs that Terburgh knew so well how to paint; children with bunched-out gowns that came down to the rosettes of their embroidered buff shoes; a great regal-looking ark of a high-hung, painted-panelled coach, drawn by four dappled steeds—these and all the surroundings of bygone splendor were therein set forth. There was the same gateway, the same stone seats, the same steps leading to the moat. Besides the pictures were brass sconces for candles, mirrors in ebony frames, and many plates of old Japanese metals. The floor was of polished oak, and the chimney-piece of carved oak and tiles. One sees just such interiors again and again in Dutch pictures of the time. In fact, we seemed to have walked bodily into a large picture. There was a mellow tone over all; even the light that filtered in through parchment-colored stained glass seemed like the light in a De Hooge. The blacks were not the cold, harsh, chilling, modern blacks, but deep and warm, like the lowest notes on an old church organ. Every tint, every tone, was part of the one pervading golden harmony! How fortunate, too, that no vulgar ambition to im-

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prove and alter had led any one of the past generations to change the arrangement of a single thing in this one room! How many had been born to this room, lived with it all their lives, and left it as they happily found it! May they rest peacefully in their tombs for that one virtue alone!

In the common smoking-room were three separate racks of long clay and other pipes, three large jars of tobacco, and each had its attendant display of ash trays and pipe lights. Three sets of spirit bottles and wine-glasses, and three groups of tankards and mugs, were in three corner cupboards. What festive times they must have had, and still have now and then, this worthy trio!

We were shown an old panelled bedroom with the bed set in an alcove. There had been no re-arrangement here either; everything was of two hundred years ago in the way of furniture. There was no fading, or moth, or rust, or dust, to mark the passing years. The high carven chimney-place was as well kept; the brass firedogs and the tongs and shovel shone like gold. We were left a long time in it to ourselves to make sketches, and would gladly have staid longer.

We mounted the turret stair to the roof in the old part, to get a view of the country. It lay beneath us like a faintly tinted old map. Far in the distance was a faint streak of the Zuider Zee, and all between were long straight lines of glimmering canals and rivers. Little clusters of green trees, where toy-like spires peeped out, told where the little villages were nestled away. Little people and horses crawling along the straight interminable roads looked like ants. But all was movement, coming and going—no lonely or deserted spot anywhere. In the black spots where the turf pits were, little figures were digging and cutting and wheeling away like mad. The innumerable flocks and herds were ever shifting and creeping about the flat wastes of green pasture. Shepherds and cowherds and milkmaids and other pastoral figures were plodding picturesquely about in liberal proportions to the cattle; and as all the little sounds from the field labor came to us on the delicious breeze, we could not repress a quiet grin at Jacob. We did not say, "Do you call *this* roughing it?" but he knew what we were thinking of.

The old lady must have thought we had come to spend the day, so long did we linger, so often did we go back to certain things just to have another look. There was perhaps just the ghost of a hint in the *goed vroew's* suggestion that we would no doubt like to see the kitchen before we went. "By all means!"

It was no common, out-of-the-way, down-stairs back place, that kitchen, as we soon found. It was a roomy hall, opening on a sunny garden, bright, sweet, and spotless. That, too, had been left unmodernized. Jan Steen or De Hooge might have sat down and painted the entire place, old lady and all, without finding a single thing to surprise him, except, perhaps, a tiny little sewing-machine that looked homesick and lonely in a corner. No description without the actual color can do full justice to the perfect harmony of form and tone in this quiet arrangement in blue and white tiles, and gold, copper, and silver looking *batterie de cuisine*. The great black leopard of a cat uncoiled and stretched himself on the ample cushion of the broad armchair, and then rolling himself again into a ball, took no further note of us. When we arrived we had evidently called the good dame away from peeling onions and reading the Bible. There were her spectacles between the leaves to mark the place; there was the knife between the coats of the onion. Over all, like incense, seemed a mingled aroma of sweet peace, virtue, piety, and savory stew. She was glowingly proud of her kitchen. It was broad and ample and capable. She had shown us the rest of the château with a sense of being a *belonging* of the place, but this was her very own domain, and the rest of the house and grounds, even the cascade, was nothing to it in her eyes.

We wrote our names and addresses in the visitors' book, and if Jacob *had* been telling that dear old lady that we were Brazilians, he should have arranged with us accordingly.

Back again by another road to town. It might, however, have been the same one over again, so much did they resemble each other in placid uniformity of general features.

If those favored mortals who pride themselves on perfect regularity of their facial lines could only for once see how much they often resemble the monotonously perfect landscape in want of interest, they would court some happy accident in order to give their mask the charm of variety

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and expression. I know of one fine Greek-visaged youth who was immensely improved by the slight welt of a sabre cut on one cheek, just in the right place, and not overdone. Since then neither himself nor his fond family would have the cheek fair and unscarred again for anything: not that it showed well as a mark of valor—he did not need that—but for mere pictorial advantages. There are certain antiquities in Leeuwarden well worth seeing; among others, the surviving tower of the old Church of St. Vitus. All the rest of the once fine building is level with the ground. The tower is of brick and stone work, early fifteenth century. Judging by this fragment, the design of the rest must have been very rich and ornate. It seems that the sea once came up to the very water-gates of the church—centuries ago—according to old charts and documents; but the gates are dust, and the sea is miles away, across the far-stretching meadows, behind the high-banked dikes. There was an old Frisian church here on this spot long before the one was built to which the crumbling tower belonged. In fact, Friesland reaches back into remote antiquity, it having been, so to say, discovered by a certain Friso, seeking peace and relief from royal family disputes in the East somewhere about two centuries before the Christian era. He and his followers settled hereabouts, and gave the land the name it now bears. They built a temple to the worship of Stavo—or Jupiter—and the place was long called Stavora, now Stavoren. Friso's two brothers, Bruno and Saxo, went further afield, and founded what are now Brunswick and Saxony. But we will not digress. We merely mention these widely known facts to show that Friesland is not a place of last week, and that probably on this very spot, sacred to St. Vitus, there had been a few pagan altars, and then a remotely early Christian church or two, and then the series belonging to this leaning tower of brick, which, by-the-way, parted from its main body in 1500—as it were, only the day before yesterday. Friesland calls itself "Free Friesland" even to this day. It has never been very thoroughly mixed up and incorporated with Holland. The race type is quite different from that of North Holland, and the language is still a weariness to the other Dutchmen. We found many Frieslanders who spoke excellent English. They take to it as the Amsterdam people do to German, and those of the Hague to French, and those of Rotterdam to English again.

But we seem to have forgotten the tower, through "dropping into" history, like Mr. Wegg. We tried the erudition of Jacob on the subject. "How old? Well, I should zay dot she is ofer a honderd years. Maybe more. I won't be sure. Dis womans here she say she know dat tower when 'er grandmoder was a little girl." "It was long before that." "Well, den, dot's what I said to her. She must be t'ree honderd, perhaps a t'ousand." Jacob always had a very elastic kind of knowledge, that obligingly stretched itself to the full extent of any possibility. As we thought it might be of interest to see the inside of this tower, he secured a small and eager boy who delegated a little girl to bring the entire family who had the keys in charge. We did not find very much of interest on the main floor; the place seemed to be the chosen repository of all the ladders and trucks and old wheelbarrows of the neighborhood. The top story, where the "view" was to be had, must be attained by a series of these ladders, and they were in such numbers all about the place that it was difficult in the dim cobwebby obscurity to get started on the right ones. Jacob, having conceived a marked antipathy to the small but daring boy, chose his own ladder, and we toiled up after him, to find ourselves landed somewhere beneath the rafters, among the spiders, against a blank wall, it seemed in the gloom. So we came down again, and the boy got rated for leading us astray. Then arose the question, "What should we see, after all, if we did go to the top?" Well, we should see the new prison and the old prison, and the new boulevards where the old ramparts used to be, and where the old gates used to be before they were pulled down, and a lot more exciting things. It was tempting, but the spider webs were not; so we took the thing for granted, and went forth into the air again. The small boy received his modest nickel gratuity with noisy derision, and was thereupon denounced by Jacob as a dishonor to his parents; he was then cuffed by the various owners of the keys of the tower. He retired from the scene in tears, accompanied by the sympathizing little girl, to be consoled, and to divide the proceeds. The final settlement with the entire family of key-holders was not effected

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without much lively wrangling. We left the little strife, and took notes of the general effects of grouping from afar. Jacob soon came to us, reporting damages at something under sixpence, and vowing never to revisit the scene of extortion so long as he lives. He called them very severe names in various languages, and even spoke disparagingly of the tower. Such are the effects of oblique prejudices! And yet, after all, our dusty grope up those ladders, and our sudden introduction to the spiders and bats, were the only moments of any approach to "roughing it" that we had encountered in Friesland. The little altercation with the key-keepers was Jacob's own affair. He fairly trembled with indignation, and found it difficult to become calm again. We merely shook with merriment, and returned to seriousness with great difficulty.



THE RIGHTEOUS WRATH OF JACOB.

The next day we discovered some very interesting old Frisian houses after a little search. There was one that had evidently been an old book printer's and binder's, as the symbols of the craft were sculptured on a fine old stone tablet over the door. The costumes and appliances indicated the middle of the seventeenth century as the period which claimed this fine old specimen. Many of these old tablets are painted in lively colors over the carving, and some of them have bits of gilding where escutcheons and arms occur. They all have more or less a certain charm of decorative effect besides their historical interest. It is a fashion that in this æsthetic age is sure to revive, with good effect, as our habitations become more suggestive of an art-loving people, and less like great dull boxes of unlovely brick and mud-pie stucco. Havard, who has written so much and so well of the Netherlands of to-day, always has a kindly word for the new style of architecture he saw creeping in in Holland; he always speaks of the "*délicieuses maisonnettes, riantes, coquettes, pimpantes,*" etc., perhaps because they remind him of a French provincial town; but as every one is not so enamored of that kind of thing as he is, one does not always quite agree with him. However, the "maisonnettes" are increasing in such numbers, and the iconoclastic spirit is so ruthless among the Dutch, that if one cares to see the few relics of past architecture still remaining, he had better be quick about it, as they are fast disappearing.

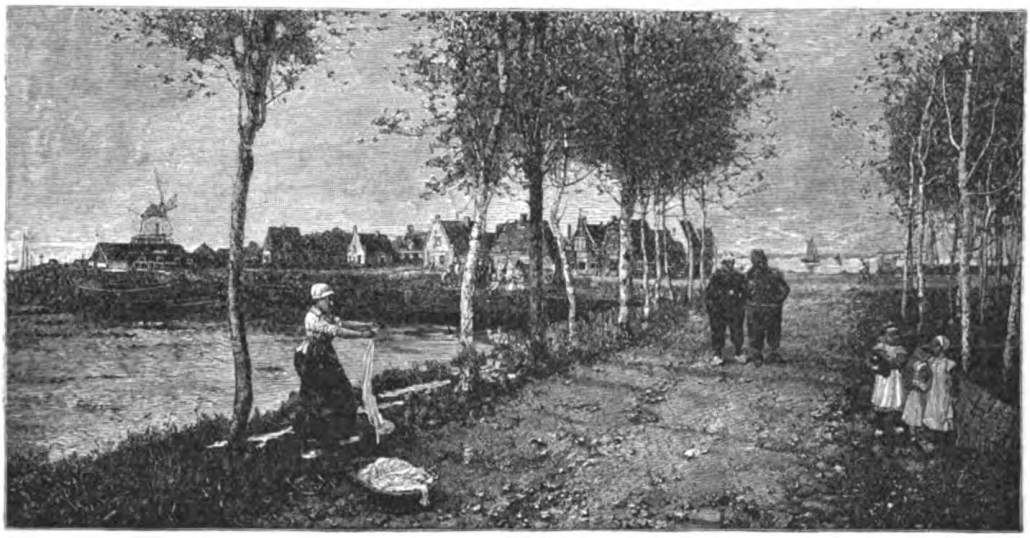
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Hearing much of the town of Zwolle and its many things of interest, we next turned our steps in that direction, innocently passing by places far better for us, as it afterward turned out—Hindeloopen, Stavoren, and the island of Urk. One generally is obliged to go to a country two or three times in order to know exactly where the places are that he wishes to see. We were told that, if we missed all else, we should see Zwolle, but no one mentioned Kampen, near by, and much better, so others say now. Of course if one's time has a certain limit, only a certain number of places can be seen, and if the vaunted towns fall flat, and the good but unheard-of places are ignorantly passed aside, experience and time only can teach one better, and we only knew better when too late. The ride from Leeuwarden to Zwolle is not a very cheering thing by rail. The country traversed is for the most part a desolate stretch of low swampy bog; it is not exactly a waste, as they get tons of peat and turf there. There are endless plantations of stunted pines and dwarf beech and puny birch, and fringes of sickly willow and trembling little aspens, trenches filled with rich black stagnant water, showing beneath the green slime upon it, here and



FRISIAN GIRL AND BABY.

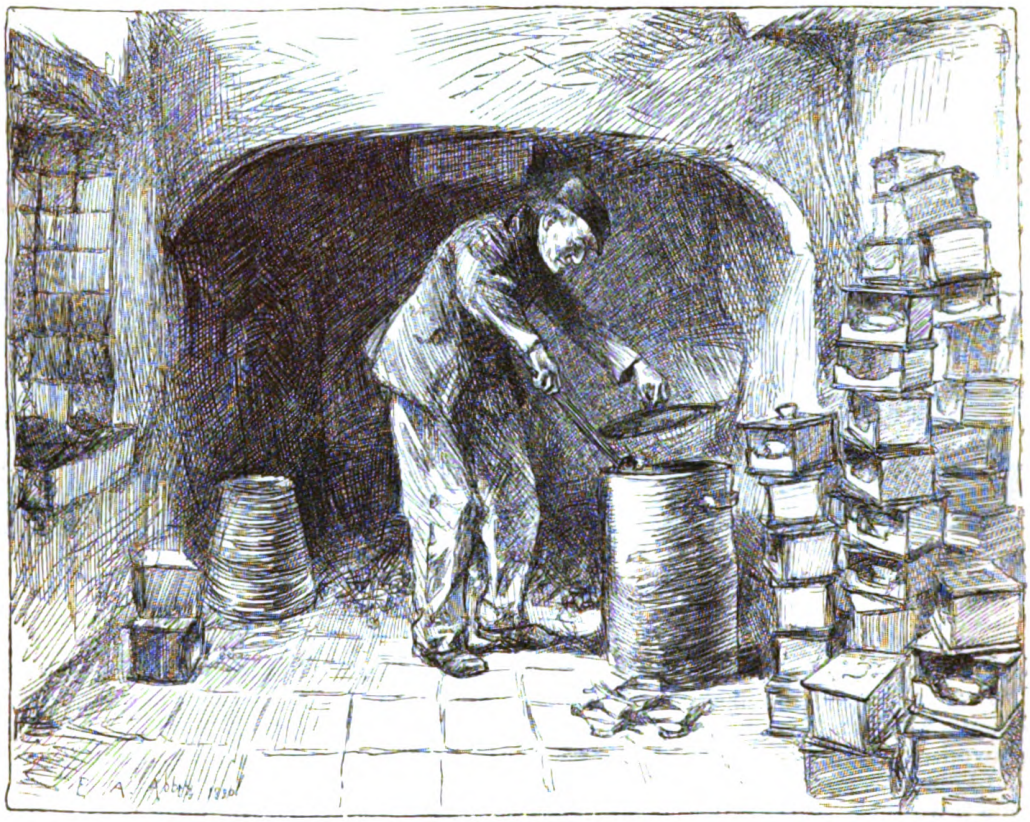
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ONE OF THE DEAD CITIES.

there, rich black or brown earth with a thin sprinkling of sand dusted upon it. When a way-side station occurred, however, even on this plain, it would be a good, well-kept place. The roads leading to and from it would be high and broad and solid. They were, in fact, the dikes between the miles of soppy plantations. The wood and peat farmers lived back upon these roads on higher grounds, and were rich and prosperous, like most people in Friesland. At the stations were great piles of peat and fagots, and vans full of the fatness of the back lands. There was nothing unusual to note at these way-side stopping-places in the way of costume or character; everything was serious and well-to-do and uninteresting. We had plenty of time to observe as we stopped at every little place, and there we would wait, and back and shunt and change, and toot horns and let off steam, and dawdle, as if we were merely trying to kill time. It was nearly night-fall as we ran into Zwolle, the swamps and ditches and desolation following us to the very gates. One moment the world seemed a weedy, frog-haunted waste, and the very next we ran into the bustle of a gas-lighted station, thankful for the transition. The omnibus soon clattered us over the stone-paved streets, past a shadowy, towering "groote kerke," and landed us at a very old inn, that seemed suffering the first pangs of being galvanized back to life and modernity. I wish they would let the outer shell alone, and only modernize some of the adjuncts of civilization within a little more. Just as the hardy traveller fared two hundred years ago, so do you fare to-day at certain old inns—the joys, the comforts, the disagreeables, are just about the same. The only thing almost universally added is a billiard table in the dining-room. Travellers are fewer than in the prosperous old days, and the well-to-do retired merchants come in to smoke and play. The commercial voyager likes to smoke and play. The diners are fewer and fewer, and when they come they may take a side table and the smoke of many pipes and cigars. They must take the chance of the butt of a cue helping down the "bite or sup," and when the long-legged man leans far across the table, and counterpoises the action by a backward stretch of boot-heel, then must the diners also have a certain care against tilting the head to meet it as they lean back to drain the goblet. As the alcoved bed in our large oak-panelled room was a mere detail not to be observed, we had our dinner to ourselves, and then sallied forth into the streets. We walked round the silent, shadowy old church, peering into a few of the little open shops about the square. There were now and then a few bits of "curios" left behind by the sharp Amsterdam dealer, almost, but not quite, good enough to want—mostly patched and mended things, and others past mending:

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THE OLD KOSTER PREPARING THE FOOT-WARMERS.

good little figures, but without heads, or hands, or feet, good little cups with a piece out, and the saucer a mismatch, good little vases without covers, and little covers without vases, and dull marks of cement painted over to hide breaks, and getting yellow and showing worse than before, about the lot more or less. "Five florins only; if it had not this or that, it would be fifty." Nothing to buy, and unwasted cash "burning holes in our pockets." Why is it that people *will* buy things abroad that they would not look at in London, and then go dragging them about the Continent with minds absorbed in their preservation?

The principal street of Zwolle was a large well-lighted wide thoroughfare with plate-glass windowed shops, and here too the goldsmith and the sweetmeat shops flourished apace. And here too was the solution of a certain mystery—"What becomes of all the veneered furniture and the arsenic wall-papers with wreaths of cabbage-roses, and the rugs with chromy landscapes, and life-sized poodles? Who were now buying the scrolly chiffoniers and the green rep parlor suites? Here they were in piles. The artistic craze had not affected Zwolle. Not a single hint of Morris, or Minton, or Eastlake, on any single thing in sight. The sale of mirrors with curly gold frames seemed to be enormous. Chromos were everywhere. Crowds were about shop windows looking at chromos and colored photos; crowds were walking in the middle of the roadway—merry and well-tempered—no male creature without a pipe or cigar; but we saw no interesting costume.

The next day we went to see the old church. We found it very vast and whited and dampish. There were some good old pews, and a rather fine pulpit. We were shown the room in which the marriage ceremonies are conducted—a very fine old room indeed, with furniture of early last century. We were then taken to the crypt to see some carved stone-work, but we found something else of more interest to us. There had the *koster* established a sort of furnace-room, where he dispensed

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glowing peat charcoal to put in the little foot-warmers still used by all womenkind in Dutch churches.

"How much do you put in for a penny?"

"Sometimes, if the sermon is going to be long, we give good measure, but if it is a short sermon we only give just enough to last." (The old boy spoke English.)

Hearing of a museum of antiquities, we soon found our way to it; but not so easily to the keeper. The old lady had to be sent for far and wide. She evidently had very few visitors, and seemed lost in wonder that she had us. The place was painfully clean; the walls were as ghastly as whitewash could make them, and the boards seemed wasting away under constant scrubbing; but oh, the long-pent-up agony of imprisoned smells that wafted by as the creaky doors opened! Wearied stuffiness that was almost enough to embalm the visitor if it was inhaled long enough. The arsenic seemed to radiate from the mangy stuffed wild-cats and other beasts. And "wild-cat" whiskey seemed to ooze from the bottled vipers and scorpions. I need not say that we piloted that old lady at a lively pace past those fearsome things, holding our breath meanwhile. Then reaching an upper room where there was nothing more deadly than South-sea Island war implements and dresses, we asked for the antiquities. They turned out to be the usual spear-heads of flint, and fragments of Roman pottery, and crumbling bronze daggers, and ornaments going to dust. These were the proceeds of local diggings, and locally interesting merely. Then there was a large, weird, rambling instrument of savage music (Borneo, or thereabouts); it was made of bamboo and straw, and when one thumped on it vigorously enough with a large club, it gave forth sounds to soothe the untutored breast, but to the ordinary ear it was enough to induce a return to savagery. The old lady was willing to oblige us with a fugue on it; but oh, that embalming smell! A few minutes more and all would have been over with us: a couple of lumps of camphor and a neat glass case, a couple of tickets in Frisian and German, and we should have been added to that collection. We led the way out while consciousness still remained.

"This smells something like a dead city, Jacob, just about here." When we were a safe distance from the museum, so that we had courage to sniff, we said this.

"Oh no," said that worthy, seriously. "Dose 'dead city,' she is very nice. You will *like* dose city; bot you got to go on de odder zide of de Zuider Zee. You must go back to Amsterdam, and take de Noord Holland Canal. Of course you *can* cross, but dere is no boat; and it dakes longer," etc.

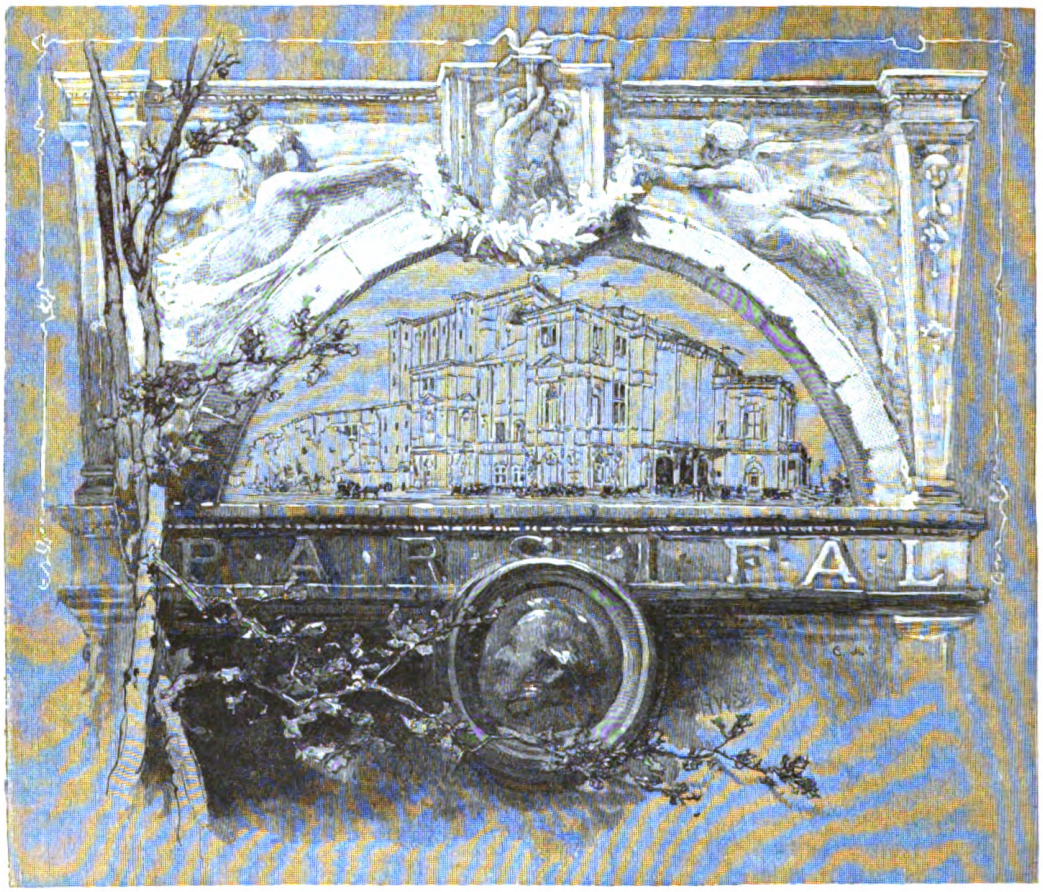
"Take us away, then; these places are too good and flourishing for the simple likes of us."

The fact is, we had been spoiled for this land of propriety and plenty by our previous revel in the glowing quaintness of the isle of Marken trip.



WAITING FOR THE FERRY-BOAT.

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THIS our nineteenth century is commonly esteemed a prosaic, a material, an unimaginative age. Compared with foregoing periods, it is called blind to beauty and careless of ideals. Its amusements are frivolous or sordid, and what mental activity it spares from the making of money it devotes to science and not to art. These strictures—of which Mr. Ruskin has been the golden-tongued but somewhat narrow-visioned preacher—have certainly much truth to back them. But leaving out of sight many minor facts which tell in the contrary direction, there is one great opposing fact of such importance that by itself alone it calls for at least a partial reversal of the verdict we pass upon ourselves as children of a non-artistic time. This fact is the place that music—most unpractical, most unprosaic, most ideal of the arts—has held in nineteenth-century life.

Each epoch of artistic production has its own peculiar form of art, most widely practiced and beloved because best able to express the ideals and the aspirations of the men by whom it works. Poetry has had more periods of flowering than any other art because it is more versatile than any. But we can point with decision to the years between Pericles and Attalus as the greatest epoch of the sculptor's art, and to the fifteenth and its two succeeding centuries as the greatest age of painting. And in quite the same way—with, if anything, even greater strictness of limitation—we can point to our own as the age of music. Before the days of Gluck and Haydn music was in a child-like, though not a childish, state of development. And it may seem doubtful to-day whether there will come men after Beethoven and Wagner to further develop either symphonic or dramatic composition. It is these facts which give to the recent festivals at Baireuth a significance and an interest beyond that which they possess as mere prominent contemporary happenings or mere tributes of admiration to a popular living artist. It is not a non-artistic world which has seen the

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full growth from small beginnings of both symphonic and dramatic forms in music. It is not a non-artistic generation which has gone by thousands to Wagner's isolated stage. Music is the æsthetic language in which our time has spoken, and the Baireuth festivals and the dramas there presented will, it is very sure, be looked back upon by future generations as the completest and most characteristic avatars of art our century can show. And this is what must make them interesting not only to musicians, but to every student of intellectual developments.

The oft-told tale of Wagner's life—that tale of early neglect, of following fierce opposal, of bitter struggle and still-existing cavil—need not be here repeated. But the battle is practically over, in Germany at least. Each year stragglers from the defeated camp come over by hundreds to the worship of the novel art, and each year its echoes are spreading more widely beyond the borders of its fatherland. But a few years back it was called very scornfully *of the future.* It is a very present thing to-day. Every young musician is to some extent Wagner's scholar. The people are thrilled by and respond to his music as they do to that of no other man. It is clearer, more easily comprehended, more germane to the public mind and sentiment, than the far simpler music of his predecessors. Older men have had to study it before comprehending and admiring. But the young generation thinks and feels and sees with Wagner by instinct and not by effort. And there could be, I think, no surer proof that his art is the natural, direct, unforced expression of the æsthetic feeling of his time and race—not a willful eccentricity, an abnormal development, attractive by its novelty, but destined to speedily decline and leave no trace behind.

It was Wagner's outspoken conviction from the very first that his work would never be quite understood till he should have a theatre under his own control, and built according to his own ideas. The determination to have such a stage was strong in days when the world thought him overambitious in hoping even to see his works on the repertories of existing houses. What the achievement of his wish implies is realized only if one knows the opposition of every kind—the rage, the scorn, the laughter, the abuse—with which he then contended. When, after a score of years, his dream seemed likely to be realized, many wondered that he should select a remote, neglected town like Baireuth for a still doubtful enterprise. But Wagner never showed his judgment and his artistic instinct with more clearness. Neither a smaller nor a larger, more important place would have done half so well. Baireuth seems as if designed by history for his purpose: in a central situation, yet off the great highway of casual travel; large enough to accommodate his audiences, and stately enough to give his art a fittingly artistic background, yet small enough and dead enough to leave him and his theatre as the paramount, nay, the exclusive, sources of attraction. There is nothing to offend the taste in Baireuth as the home of a great and splendid art; but there is nothing to compete with that art, to make us forget why we are there, to interfere, as the Master himself would say, with the *Stimmung* appropriate to our pilgrimage.

Baireuth is a city of some 20,000 inhabitants, which, though much older of course, received its present shape in the last century. When the sister of Frederick the Great married the Margrave of Baireuth, the town rose to its greatest importance, and from that period date its chief features of interest—the long, rather solemn-looking "New Palace," most of the public buildings, the once exquisite but now deserted and shabby little *rococo* theatre, and the summer châteaux outside the gates—the Eremitage and the Phantasie—which, set in their beautiful gardens, are among the most fantastically lovely eighteenth-century creations. But Baireuth's importance was soon upon the wane, and for many years it had been to all intents and purposes shelved and forgotten by the world, when Wagner came to make it the most living centre of the most living art we have. Naturally he is the patron saint of the modern Baireuther, whose civic pride and national importance and private revenues he has so greatly helped. Here is not only the Master's theatre, but his home, built for him by the King of Bavaria, and standing in a pleasant garden almost in the centre of the town. Here he lives during the summer months, not, it will be believed, in the seclusion of strictly local circles, but constantly surrounded by a host of friends and disciples, and visited by troops of curious pilgrims. In the winter he goes

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southward, of late to Sicily or Venice. But his head-quarters are at Baireuth—Munich, the scene of his first complete success, having been almost entirely abandoned. His house is built in the Renaissance style, square, and with little ornament save a large *sgraffito* painting by Robert Krausse over the doorway, surmounted in its turn by the name of the villa, Wahnfried. This, being freely translated, means "peace from illusions" or "aberrations," and typifies the rest which Wagner found when settled at last in his own home near his own theatre, his battles over and his dreams all realized. The painting typifies his art. In the centre is the figure of Wotan, who personifies German Mythology; on one side is Greek Tragedy, and on the other, Music. To this group looks up Siegfried as typical of the "art of the future," which has resulted from a mingling of the old tragic art, of music, and of the national mythology. Everything connected with Wagner's life in Baireuth has been made to suggest his work in a degree which seems odd to people less naïve than these artistic Germans, more keenly alive to the ridiculous, and less blindly wrapped in their enthusiasms. His dogs are called Wotan, Freia, and Fricka. His children, even, are named for his creations, the youngest being Siegfried. If ever a man is crushed beneath the weight of a doubly suggestive patronymic, it may well be young Siegfried Wagner when he shall come to man's estate! In his garden, which stretches back of the house to the little public park, the Master may be seen taking his morning constitutional in velvet dressing-gown and cap, and passing up and down before the tomb, lettered with his own name, which he has already built. We are reminded of Schliemann's home in Athens, with its Homeric frescoes, and the children named from heroes of the Iliad.



WAGNER'S HOME AT BAIREUTH.

Entering the house one finds a large hall running up to the roof, with a painted frieze showing scenes from the *Nibelungen*. Out of this hall opens a great square room containing the piano and many rows of book-shelves, filled for the greater part with works of Eastern philosophy, and with volumes relating to the old German themes that Wagner has adapted to new purposes. In a bay-window near the piano is the table at which he sits when working. Here during the summer season live Wagner and his strangely constituted family—his wife, who is the daughter of the Abbé Liszt, all her children by her divorced husband Hans von Bülow, and Wagner's own younger brood. Bülow's children seem to adore the Master as much as do his own, and to glory in his fame as though

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they had a legal share therein. His wife —"Cosima," as she is familiarly, even affectionately, called on every hand—is a tall, striking-looking woman of Italian type, with a fine face showing remains of great youthful beauty. I have rarely seen a more interesting and impressive looking woman; and while many who admire Wagner as an artist dislike him as a man, there seems to be but a single feeling of admiration for his wife. She is not only extremely clever, extremely well educated, and extremely artistic, but is endowed with social charm and business ability to a degree that has made her Wagner's right hand since the day of their union. Many believe, indeed, that without her energy and tact the passionate and rather intractable artist would not so soon have seen the realization of his dreams. Wagner excused himself for his elopement, it is said, by declaring that he could not do his work without her. And the same reason seems to hold her excused in the eyes of her acquaintances. Liszt, who still retains his early enthusiasm for the artist and affection for the man in spite of all domestic vagaries, is a frequent visitor at Wahnfried. He is still a striking and venerable figure, though his former stately gallantry of manner has got a touch of senile unctuousness with advancing years. His long silvery hair was conspicuous in Wagner's *loge* the night I heard *Parsifal*, and his appearance was watched for with almost as much eagerness as that of the man who was once his protégé, but is now called *Master* by Liszt as well as others.

Wagner himself, as has been often told, is short and rather angular, though powerful, in build, scarcely passing by half a head the shoulder of his stately wife. His head is too large for his body, and his features are roughly and strongly irregular. About the mouth there is a hint of weakness—the weakness of a sensuous, passionate, artistic temperament. But in the chin we see all the indomitable strength of will that has fought his long battle and won his great success. And the splendid brow and massive head are a fitting home for the most versatile and majestic artistic intellect of our time. Owing to his short stature, and want of grace or repose of manner and elegance of dress, Wagner may disappoint one at first sight. But his face is, I think, in wonderful accord with his character and genius.

Wagner is hospitality itself when the Baireuth season is in progress, when he is resting from all labor save that attendant upon the production of his work. Every night his house is crowded with a motley assemblage of dignitaries, social, political, literary, and musical, and with strangers of all sorts and conditions from every part of Germany and every country of the world. There is often music to be heard. There is always lively talk of the most variegated kind. The absence of formality, the effusive gayety of the Master, and the kindly dignity of his wife put the most insignificant at ease. It is never in the least difficult to get an invitation, provided one is an enthusiastic Wagnerite, or even an earnest investigator—and does not the mere fact of his presence in Baireuth imply that a visitor is the one thing or the other?

Leaving the town we drive for a mile or more through pleasant suburbs to the low elevation which is crowned by Wagner's theatre. The slope of the little hill is prettily planted, and a wide drive sweeps up to the doors on either side the building. Across the drive to the right as we approach is a restaurant, well appointed, and eagerly patronized during the long waits between the acts. The performance of *Parsifal* began at four in the afternoon and lasted till a quarter to ten, but with two intermissions of nearly an hour each. During these pauses we walked about in the garden or in the great portico of the theatre, or renewed our strength in the restaurant until summoned to our seats by the sound of a couple of trumpets giving the notes of the "Grail Motive." Thus the strain, both physical and emotional, of the long, intense performance is reduced to a minimum, and one is as fresh and appreciative for the third act as for the first.*

* For the encouragement of readers who may possibly wish to visit Baireuth at some future time, I will say that the extortions of the *Nibelungen* season of 1876 were not repeated in 1882. The performance lasted but one day instead of four, and was repeated many more times. So there was neither overcrowding nor overcharging. My companion and myself were assigned a very large room fronting on the market-place in the fine old house of a certain Kaufmann Bencker. For this room we paid $2 50 a day. The German breakfast of bread and butter with coffee, tea, or chocolate was served in our room at any hour we wished, at a charge of twenty-five cents for the two portions. Meals were not dear either at the hotels or at the smaller eating-houses; and a one-horse carriage to take three

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The theatre itself is plainly built both inside and out. It was an experiment, and money was none too plenty—so not a penny was expended on mere ornament. Passing through one of the many doors—through which the crowded house can be emptied in less than two minutes—we see a vast rectangular room with rows of seats rising so steeply toward the back that each spectator looks well over the heads of those in front. The time-honored amphitheatre hardly suggests itself, however, for the rows are but slightly curved. The first is just the width of the proscenium, from which it is separated by the hood that conceals the orchestra in its lowered space. The seats then expand gradually toward the rear of the house, where a long curtained *loge*, or balcony, receives the Master and his friends. The triangular space left on either side between the benches and the wall is filled in with great Corinthian columns rising quite to the plain flat ceiling. These columns are doubled and tripled as the unoccupied space grows wider toward the front, and their pedestals increase in height as the floor declines, so that their bases are always on a level. Between these pedestals are the many exits. If one has a side seat the eye is led along a contracting vista of columns until it reaches those which immediately flank the stage, and thus the effect as of a picture in its frame is never lost or interfered with. There are no proscenium boxes, no visible foot-lights or orchestra, no prompter's hood. My readers, accustomed only to the distracting architectural accessories of an ordinary theatre, will hardly conceive, perhaps, how greatly the effect of any scene is enhanced by its thus being, so to speak, the only thing in sight. And in a house so built no one can possibly do aught but look and listen to what is on the boards. It is not a show-place for the audience, but a darkened hall whither one has come for the drama's sake alone. The concealment of the orchestra is an equally fortunate arrangement. The power of the music is increased by its thus seeming the work of invisible agents instead of fiddling, piping, puffing gentlemen in non-dramatic garb. And the whole volume of sound comes to the ear with far more unity and precision of effect.

When a full rehearsal is in progress, Wagner takes his seat in the front row of the auditorium, just behind and above the *Capellmeister*, with whom he can communicate through an opening in the hood that conceals the players. Around him will be his wife and a group of musicians noting down, for future use in their various arrangements of the work, all the criticisms and directions which fall from the Master's lips. Every detail of the performance, dramatic as well as musical, is followed by his keen eye and directed and corrected by his sure artistic taste. The greatest singers are his ever-docile pupils, and their most highly prized reward is a word of praise from Wagner's lips. And whatever he may be with other men, to his artists Wagner never fails in gratitude or in its public acknowledgment.

Wagner's title to have originated an entirely new development in lyrico-dramatic art does not rest upon his music in itself considered. He has been a musical innovator to an extraordinary degree, a creator of novel expressional methods without the aid of which he could not have put his novel aims in shape. But he has been an innovator, a creator, in a wider sense than this. He is the first operatic composer who is above all things a *dramatist* in the highest, noblest meaning of the word. His point of departure is not the music, but the kernel of the drama properly so called—the main idea he wishes to express.* He conceives this with extreme clearness, and elaborates it with perfect singleness of aim by every means of expression at his command—words, music, action, and stage settings. No slightest musical ornament or motive, no dramatic situation or accessory, is planned or allowed without strict reference thereto. With a greater variety of expressional means than have ever before been used by any dramatist, Wagner secures a strength and unity of effect unapproached on the modern stage. And his conceptions, moreover, are of so large and deep a sort as to

people to the theatre and back cost but $1 75. Moreover, trains were run in connection with each performance, so that it was not a necessity even to stay overnight in the town.

* I do not forget, of course, that Wagner had predecessors in this new path; but they were predecessors in aim and intention chiefly, not to any vital extent in execution. Gluck announced, but Wagner has created. It is Gluck's and not Wagner's art which should properly be called *of the future*, though in a different sense from the one usually given to the words.

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put him in the very first rank among poetical creators. It is well known that he writes his own text-books. But it is not to their verbal structure that I would point to confirm these words. He conceives as do the greatest dramatic writers. But he elaborates, as I have said, in a novel fashion of his own—not with words only, but with words and music both. Therefore we find in his printed texts a finely impressive plan, admirably calculated developments and situations, clearly defined personalities, with only just so much dialogue, and dialogue of only just such a sort, as will give an outline of his intentions. The filling up which other poets do with words, he does with the plastic, thrilling, marvellously expressive language of sweet tones.



RICHARD WAGNER.

Planning for the musical drama, Wagner plans in the same broad way as did the Greeks when writing for their equally artificial mode of presentation — for the open-air theatre, the chorus, mask, and buskin. He simplifies and solidifies his story much more than do other modern dramatists, gives us but a few important figures, and avoids all sub-plots and minor threads of interest. And he does something still more important and still more Greek than this. Speaking through music chiefly, he must speak to the *feelings*, and not to the reasoning powers. So he must speak broadly, strongly, and plainly, and only of things which may be expressed by emotional appeals without the aid of intellectual definitions and subtle details. Therefore he avoids all even comparatively petty

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THE OPENING SCENE IN "PARSIFAL."

themes, all tales of transient interest or importance, all characters of local shape or flavor. He falls back upon the fundamental passions of humanity; deals with perennial facts and ever-living situations; typifies in his characters the main forces and the leading impulses, desires, and fatalities of our race. Such a broadly human theme is the struggle in man's heart between impure love and pure, which he has painted in *Tannhäuser*. Such is the lesson that innocence and love make shipwreck if unsupported by faith and trust, which he has taught in *Lohengrin*. For certain artistic reasons connected with scenery and costume, and with the advisability on the lyric stage of avoiding too close a comparison with every-day life, he puts his creations in the distant past, and sometimes outside of the natural world of prose. But not for these reasons only. Dealing with the realms of fable, legend, and mythology, he has at command the poetic atmosphere, the larger psychical types, the primitive passions, the variety of circumstance and catastrophe, his aims demand. He gets outside of conventionalities, of trivialities, of lesser laws—of all bounds and limitations save such as art prescribes. Yet with all this his characters are not unsubstantial myths, or typical abstractions, or puppets of any sort, allegorical or other. With all their fabulous environment, their superhuman stature, they are men and women like ourselves—only painted on a larger, bolder scale, to suit the large, bold nature of his art. They are warm with life and passion—not so much types as incarnations of good or evil; men of old time or of no time, but distinctly individualized kinsmen of our own, governed by the same impulses and swayed by the same influences that sway and govern us. To thus make a work of art broadly human instead of local or transient in its theme, to infuse it with a deep and vital meaning below its palpable story, and yet keep the outer form living, coherent, and artistically self-sufficient, is the noblest thing in art. And Wagner's power in this respect quite justifies the introduction of the figure of Greek Tragedy in the fresco above his door.

To his grasp of deep tragic motives Wagner adds a wonderfully dramatic instinct for situation, an instinct unparalleled, it has often been said with truth, since

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Shakspeare's day. Much more is left to be explained and emphasized by action than is usual on the contemporary stage, whether lyrical or not. Of course his demands upon his singers are proportionately great. Some of the finest pieces of acting I have ever seen have been in Wagner's dramas, though they differed from other acting as his text differs from the text of others. Lyric acting must be defined with larger, stronger touches, must rise and fall with the broad, deep waves of musical emotion—not be subtly modulated and delicately expressed as in the spoken drama to suit the delicate, crowding suggestions of a poet's words. The art of Bernhardt or of Got would be as out of place on Wagner's stage as the art of Niemann or Materna at the Théâtre Français. But each style is right in its own place, and this new lyrico-dramatic style, heroic in mood, with its large methods of interpretation, was almost unknown before Wagner's day. It is a creation of his own, or, rather, a complementary art which has sprung up in response to the demands of his.

Parsifal is of especial importance among Wagner's dramas, because while the latest in time, it is also the deepest in theme and the completest in execution, showing his musical methods in their highest development and his intellectual force in its greatest strength. In it we have a play typical not only of some of the most fundamental passions of humanity, but of some of the deadliest and divinest. Its music is more complicated yet more consistent, its symbolism more important and more clearly shown. In it Wagner approaches as near to allegory as is possible in work which is to keep its artistic balance and perfection.

For the crude material of the play he went, as so often before, to the old German epics, thus getting his wide scope and his supernatural machinery, while keeping his ideas and personages akin to the natures and the feelings of his countrymen of to-day. The legend of the Holy Grail*—the vessel in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood of Christ, and which was afterward put by heavenly messengers under the guard of a knightly company, who drew from it supernatural strength with which to subdue the enemies of right—was a property common to all Christendom long before the time of Eschenbach. But though it was thus common property, and though the scene of the story is still laid, indeed, in Spain and not in Germany, it was the version of Wolfram von Eschenbach, written in the thirteenth century, which gave it permanent shape and life, imbuing it at the same time with truly Teutonic feeling, and incorporating it with the hereditary treasures of German poetry. Of course Wagner has greatly altered the story to suit his dramatic ends. As ever, he has simplified it, changed and deepened its meaning, and divested it of all temporary or local sources of interest. It is no longer a mediæval romance—it is a purely ideal drama. It is no longer a legend of the fight of the Christian against the Turk, but a symbol of the ever-renewing conflict between purity and evil. The story as Wagner makes it is as follows:*

The sanctuary of the Grail and the home of its knights is at Monsalvat, in Spain. Their old king, Titurel, worn out with age and battles, has given over his headship to his son Amfortas, but still exists, kept alive by the supernatural strength conferred whenever the Grail is solemnly unveiled. On the hill opposite Monsalvat stands the castle of the enchanter Klingsor, who, having once sought admittance to the holy brotherhood, and having been rejected for his wickedness, is now vowed to its destruction. His garden is filled with sirens (the flower-maidens of the play), but his chief dependence is upon Kundry, whose extraordinary character will be explained a little further on. Amfortas had, before the drama opens, been seduced by her wiles, and losing his innocence, had lost to Klingsor the invincible holy spear—the spear which had pierced the side of Christ, and which, together with

* When the Crusaders took Cæsarea in the year 1101, the Genoese discovered a goblet which seemed to have been cut out of an immense emerald. They immediately decided it was the Grail, and attributed its lack of wonder-working power to their own unworthiness. For centuries it was preserved in Genoa as an undoubted relic. But when it was brought with the rest of his imperial loot to Paris by the first Napoleon, it was ruthlessly submitted to scientific tests, and proved to be of green glass only. It is now again in Genoa, revered by none, and the object of curiosity to very few.

* A clear history of the *Parsifal* legend, together with an analysis of Wolfram's epic and of Wagner's drama, may be found in a little pamphlet called *Parsifal*, by O. Eichberg. It is, I think, the best among the many similar treatises which appeared in Germany last summer.

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the Grail itself, was the source of the brotherhood's supernatural power. Amfortas was wounded in the side by the spear, and his wound can be healed only by a touch from the same weapon; but the weapon can only be recovered, according to a holy oracle, by a "spotless fool, wise through sympathy"—that is, by some one who knows not of Amfortas's sin and need, but who perceives them when himself tempted in the same way, and resisting the temptation. Parsifal is the destined savior, and the play begins when his advent is at hand.

As the curtain rises on the first act we see a broad woodland glade with a lake beyond. At the foot of a great tree in the centre of the scene are two sleeping pages, who, as the "Morning Call" sounds from distant trumpets, are awakened by Gurnemanz, one of the elder knights, and the special friend of the young king. He bids them pray for the king, who is approaching for his morning bath in the lake. Then follow short colloquies with the boys and with two knights who precede the king, and then, with a burst of wild accompanying music, Kundry comes upon the scene. This figure has been crystallized by Wagner from a multitude of varying legends which represent her under different forms, but always as a sort of female Wandering Jew. According to one old tale she is the daughter of Herodias, cursed for having laughed when the head of the Baptist lay before her, condemned to roam forever, to forever laugh when she may most wish to weep, and to be evil always though struggling to be good. Wagner, to insure greater force, makes her a woman who has laughed at Christ upon the cross. Condemned to evil, she is yet not entirely lost, for in her better moods she mourns the past and struggles blindly for redemption. But whenever she falls asleep she is in Klingsor's power, and obliged afterward to do as he commands. In her desire to break her bondage she has entered the service of the Grail as a wild, outcast, almost unacknowledged servant of its knights, who are far from recognizing in her repulsive form the fair enchantress she becomes in Klingsor's hands, and the corrupter of their king. Now as she enters with a mad rush, it is to bring the king a healing balsam that she and her enchanted horse have sought in far Arabia. Giving it to Gurnemanz, she falls exhausted at the foot of a great rock just as the long train of knights appear with the litter of Amfortas in their midst. This is set down while Amfortas speaks with Gurnemanz, who gives him Kundry's offering. Here the scene on the Baireuth stage was one of exceeding beauty. All the many knights and pages, including the picturesque figure of the suffering, pallid, youthful king himself, were costumed in the same colors—in grayish-blue gowns and long cloaks of a dull coral red. The grouping was extremely artistic as all clustered around the king, lamenting his sorrow and reciting the prophecy about his savior. Then the cortége moves again, and the king is carried to his bath. Gurnemanz remains behind with the two pages, to whom, in a long recitative, he pleads toleration for the savage but well-meaning Kundry; and then, in answer to

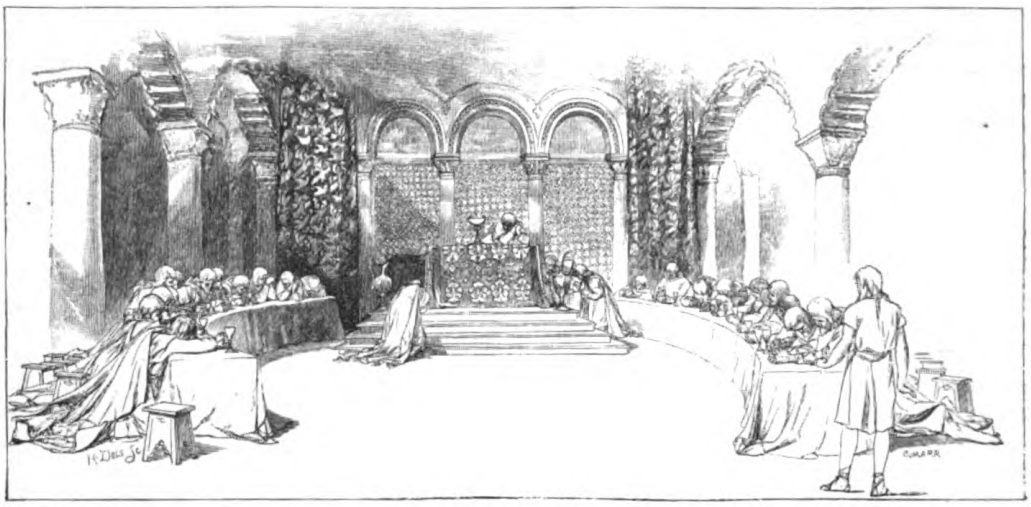
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their questions, recounts the story of the past, and of Amfortas's sin and penitence. As he again repeats the prophecy a wild clamor breaks in from outside. A wounded swan floats across the stage, and the startled pages drag in the boyish Parsifal, its slayer. He is reproached by Gurnemanz for killing the sacred, innocent bird within these holy precincts. But he knows nothing of what he has done, being a wild lad, nurtured in the forest by his mother, whom he left to follow a passing troop of knights. Gurnemanz's words awake his conscience. He breaks his bow with childish petulance and throws away his arrows. Then Gurnemanz questions him as to name and origin, but he replies, "I know not," to almost everything, only telling that his mother's name is Herzeleid. Kundry rises from her apparent stupor and tells him his mother is dead. At first the boy attacks her with childish fury, then falls back, half fainting with emotion, while Kundry, her savage spirit struggling with her desire to "serve," sullenly brings water to restore him. Then, overcome with fatigue, she sinks unwillingly, as fighting against her fate, into a deep sleep upon the ground, and thus subjects herself, as we shall see, once more to Klingsor's power. Now the cortége of the king again approaches, returning from the bath, and crosses the stage on its way to Monsalvat. Gurnemanz tells the wondering Parsifal that the sacred feast is about to occur, and bids him come, saying, "Thou art pure; to thee too will the Grail give strength." For, seeing the boy's innocence, he hopes he may be the promised savior.



Now Gurnemanz and Parsifal with slow steps appear to advance through the wood, but in reality it is the scenery which passes by, while they, moving amid its moving forms, are now in plain sight and now hidden behind rock or tree. It is a bold experiment in scenic art, and one that could not often be repeated. Indeed, Wagner seems to have felt as much; for when the same incident occurs again, in the third act, the curtains are kept closed, and only a repetition of the accompanying music reminds us of what we have seen before. But for once the innovation was worth making, as by its means we felt the same impressions that are supposed to have worked on Parsifal himself. The illusion was almost complete, and the scenery both beautiful and capitally imagined to reveal the supernatural character of Monsalvat. First the great green trees were replaced by rougher and more tangled shapes; then they assumed almost a rocky form; then came great contorted masses of rock and stone, suggesting columns and foundations; and then the base of the castle itself—all by gradual and not by sudden alterations. Then unexpectedly the walls burst open, and we saw the interior of a beautiful great hall, with Gurnemanz and Parsifal standing near the front of the scene. Here they remain while the long processions enter, the former bidding the boy watch with all attention all that he shall see. This interior of Monsalvat is the most splendid and artistic I have ever

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SILENT PRAYER OF THE KNIGHTS DURING THE UNVEILING OF THE GRAIL.

seen upon the stage. The Hispano-Moresque architecture is well conceived, and carried out with accurate beauty of line and color. In the front of the stage is a large vaulted space, and beyond it, in the centre, is a great circular open colonnade, supporting a galleried dome, which rises far out of view, and from which falls the light. On either side several long vaulted corridors run back, not in pictured but in actual far perspective. Within the columns and beneath the dome are semicircular tables prepared for the knights, a wide opening in front giving them admittance thereto, and to the altar of the Grail, which stands in the middle, and behind it the raised seat for the king. Troops of pages and children cross the scene from either side, and pass out of sight in different directions to take their places in the dome, whence their choruses shall sound. They too are all clothed in the colors of the Grail. Then the knights enter through the long passages from the back, with solemn tread and chant. Then a band of pages come carrying Amfortas on his litter, and preceded by others who bear the Grail in its shrine, and the great urns and baskets with the bread and wine that the glory of the Grail is to endow with supernatural strength. The king is lifted to his couch, and the Grail placed upon the altar, while the pages group themselves and their burdens on its steps. The singular beauty and impressiveness of this scene—so finely composed, so richly and harmoniously colored, so solemnly portrayed, and accompanied by music of such ravishing sweetness and such holiness of temper—can hardly be imagined by those who only know the ordinary spectacles of the ordinary stage. It seemed no spectacle at all, but an actual, deeply solemn scene. The spectator held his breath in awe, as did the bewildered Parsifal, allowed to gaze on mysteriously impressive rites. The knights place themselves at the tables, last of all Gurnemanz, after he has vainly motioned to a seat beside him the unheeding boy, who, until the whole ceremony is completed, stands quite still in the same spot, as though lost to all consciousness of self. Then we hear a voice from the invisible Titurel demanding the unveiling of the Grail, which shall renew his life. Amfortas breaks into agonized protests, telling of his sin, his suffering, his remorse, and his unworthiness to touch the sacred vessel. The children's voices from the dome repeat in sweet soprano notes the prophecy which promises him release and pardon. The knights call upon him to fulfill the duties of his office. And so at last he gives the signal. The pages take the goblet from its shrine, remove its coverings, and place it on the altar, while all bow their heads in silent prayer. Suddenly the room grows dark, and then the goblet flushes with a brilliant ruddy glow. Amfortas rises to his feet and lifts the shining vessel, while the pages hold the bread and wine within its rays,

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and the far-off soprano strains and tender orchestral harmonies become triumphant with holy ecstasy. Then the glow dies out; daylight re-appears; and the pages pass the food to the silent knights, who take it with reverent gestures, while from the vault above comes the interchange of boys' and children's voices repeating the prophecy, and singing strains of faith and comfort. Then the knights join in the strain; but the king, with a reaction from the momentary strength of his excitement, sinks back upon his litter, and the pages press about him to stanch the blood again flowing from his wounded side. Then the processions form once more, and pass out in the same solemn order, last of all the troops of children from the dome. Gurnemanz remains alone with Parsifal, whom he asks whether he comprehends what he has seen. But the boy shakes his head, and will not even ask a question, and Gurnemanz, disappointed in his hope, thrusts him from the door.

When the second act begins we are shown the interior of the magician's enchanted castle. Klingsor sees in his magic mirror the approach of Parsifal, whom he recognizes as the predicted savior, and whom he determines to overcome with Kundry's help. He calls the latter, and she rises, wrapped from head to foot in ghostly white draperies, through a smoking pit in the background, on the brink of which she remains, shrouded and immovable, through the dialogue which follows—a dialogue which consists of imprecations and commands on Klingsor's part, and of fierce, defiant taunts but ultimate submission to her fate on Kundry's. Her resistance to the sorcerer's wish is seen to be even more desperate than usual, as she too has guessed that Parsifal is the promised helper. But she disappears with a frantic, hopeless burst of her cursèd laughter, Klingsor and his room sink out of sight, and we find ourselves in the garden amid the troop of flower-maidens, who on Parsifal's approach surround him with playful appeals to be their comrade, and with jealous little quarrels for his favor. But Kundry enters, and the girls flee in simulated rage with the unresponsive boy. Kundry is now in the guise of the most beautiful of women. Making Parsifal sit at her feet, she tells him of his mother's death, and bids him believe that love alone can compensate him for her loss. Subtly blending the story of his mother's affection with her own, she stoops and kisses his not unwilling lips. But with the kiss a light breaks upon his mind. He starts to his feet in horror, exclaiming that he feels in his side the burning of Amfortas's wound, and sees in Kundry the king's betrayer. All her arts are of no avail to work upon the innocent boy, now "wise through sympathy." With a fine dramatic inspiration Wagner here weaves together the two contrasting strands of Kundry's character, making her use, under Klingsor's spell, her real remorse and her real longing for good as an argument to tempt Parsifal to what she knows must defeat this very aspiration. As though possessed by a spell beyond her force to break, she tells with pathetic accents of her sin, her curse, her unwilling slavery to evil, and she bids him love her, as only through his love can she be freed and



PARSIFAL AND THE FLOWER-MAIDENS.

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saved. But even this appeal, so genuine in its very falsity, and so dangerous because addressed to his noblest feelings, Parsifal is strong enough to resist. Then her evil nature gains the upper hand. She curses him with the curse of "wandering," and calls on Klingsor for assistance. The magician appears, and hurls the spear at Parsifal, but it remains poised over the head of innocence. Parsifal seizes it, and makes the sign of the cross. The magician and his enchanted realm disappear forever, and in their place we see a barren, rocky waste, through which Parsifal departs, bearing the spear, and leaving Kundry's unconscious form upon the ground. Thus is Kundry freed from Klingsor's power, but not yet from sin and suffering.

When the third act opens many years are supposed to have passed, during which Parsifal has been vainly seeking, hampered by Kundry's curse, the road to Monsalvat, and during which Kundry seems to have sought penance and purification in a pilgrim's life. Gurnemanz has grown to be a very old man. Worn with years and sorrow, he now leads a hermit's life on the edge of the Grail's domain, watching almost in despair for the helper's advent. As he sits in bitter reverie by his hut he recognizes Kundry in a fainting pilgrim who approaches. Taking her in his arms to a sacred spring near by, he brings her back to life, and asks her what she seeks. Humbly she replies, "To serve —to serve." But Gurnemanz tells her the knights need no help of hers. No messenger is wanted, for no labor is attempted by the wretched brotherhood, which has fallen year by year into greater discouragement and impotence since Amfortas, half mad with suffering and remorse, refuses to unveil the goblet. Titurel has died for want of its support, and Amfortas himself prays only for death as his deliverer. Then a man in armor approaches, carrying a spear, and with his visor closed. The old man chides him for bearing arms on holy ground, and during Good-Friday's solemn hours. He makes no reply, save to lay aside his casque and shield, plant his spear in the ground, and kneel before it. Gurnemanz now recognizes both Parsifal and the sacred weapon, and hails with joy the delivery so long delayed. Parsifal laments the long wanderings through which Kundry's curse has led him. But Gurnemanz tells him he is now at last unwittingly within the sacred boundaries. He too is exhausted by long wandering, and Gurnemanz seats him by the holy spring, bidding Kundry lave his feet while he removes his armor. Kundry humbly washes the feet of the man in whom she sees the savior who resisted her attempts to ruin himself and her, wipes them with her hair, and kneels with her face in the dust before him, while Gurnemanz acknowledges the new king of the Grail, and anoints him with the sacred water. In a strain of ineffable sweetness Parsifal says the first exercise of his new office must be to release Kundry from her curse. He baptizes her, and Gurnemanz leads them to Monsalvat. Now occurs behind closed curtains the transformation we saw in the first act. When the explanatory music is over, and the curtains part again, we see the great hall once more, and the opening doors, through which again approach the troops of knights. They were in sorrowful mood before, but now they are hopeless and despairing. The children do not ascend the dome, for they have no cheering prophecies to sing, but kneel in long rows across the front of the stage, their faces to the altar. The tables have been removed, as Amfortas persists in his refusal to unveil the Grail and beg for Heaven's blessing once again. One band of bearers bring in the king's litter, and one the bier of Titurel, which they set down before the altar. In passionate, heart-broken words Amfortas reproaches himself for his father's death and their common misery. Starting from his couch, with trembling tread and agonized body he descends the altar steps, and clings to his father's bier, praying in his despair to death as his only helper, and declaring that with his destruction a happier day might dawn for his companions. The knights call upon him in almost angry tones not to forsake his duty on account of his own suffering, but to unveil the Grail once more. He refuses, tears open his gown so his wound may bleed afresh, and bids his friends in mercy hasten death. But as they stand about him in horror and dismay, Parsifal enters in his white garment, bearing the spear, and followed by the joyful Gurnemanz, and by Kundry, with the light of peace at last upon her face. Parsifal touches the king's side with the spear, which suddenly glows with supernatural light, and declares him healed and pardoned, but deposed from the

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F. THERESE MALTEN, SOPRANO.

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headship of the Grail. With solemn step he then draws near the altar, and himself bids the goblet be unveiled. He takes it in his hand and falls upon her knees, while all are hushed in prayer. Suddenly the room again is darkened, the Grail again grows vivid with ruddy light. Parsifal rises and holds it aloft, the spear in his other hand, the crimson light falling on his white garments, and a dove descending from heaven and hovering above his head. All break into a soft cry of solemn gladness, and Kundry sinks in peaceful death upon the altar steps.

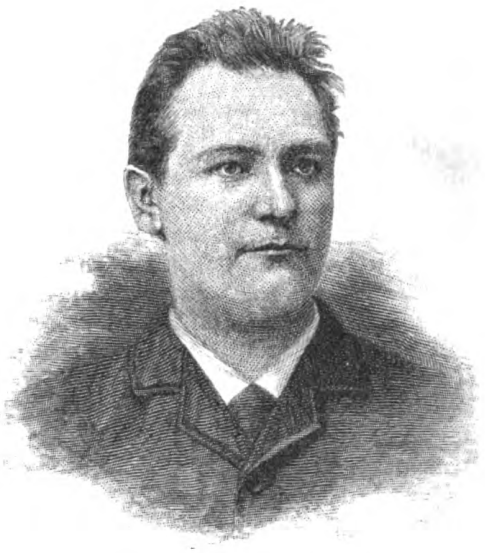
The best musical materials in Germany were at Wagner's side last summer. The orchestra was that of the Munich Opera, enlarged by the addition of a few players from Meiningen, Weimar, Dessau, and Berlin, and numbered in all one hundred and four performers, under the leadership of Capellmeister Levy of Munich. There were twenty-nine flower-maidens, six having solo parts to sing. The chorus was sixty in number, and there was, besides, the choir of fifty boys. Whether or no the chorus singers were paid, I can not say. At least the expenses of their long stay in Baireuth were probably made good to them. But the solo singers gave their help for nothing, and were glad to do so, their reward coming in the instruction they received and the pleasure in which they shared, and in the universal fame which can in no way be so quickly and completely gained as by Baireuth triumphs. As there were fourteen public performances, spreading over a period of four or five weeks, the different parts were intrusted to several singers each, with the exception of the barytone part of Amfortas, which was assumed throughout by Reichmann of Munich. The tenori who played Parsifal were Winkelmann of Hamburg, Gudehus of Dresden, and Jäger, formerly of Dresden and Vienna. Kundry, the soprano part, was given to Materna of Vienna, Brandt of Berlin, and Malten of Dresden. Fuchs of Munich, also a barytone, sang Klingsor, alternating with Hill. The minor basso part of Titurel was given to Kindermann of Munich, while the great basso rôle of Gurnemanz was sung by Scaria of Vienna and by Siehr. For the first performance Wagner selected Materna, Winkelmann, Scaria, and Hill. Materna was well entitled to the honor, in view of her world-wide reputation. But, as it proved, even her laurels shrank a little before those of Malten, a young singer who had never been heard out of Dresden until she won success in London during the season of last spring. Her art in singing is not quite so perfect as Materna's, but her voice is fresher, and magnificently powerful, and her acting shows the greatest dramatic ability. She is beautiful as well, and in the temptation scene must far have surpassed her rivals. Brandt is an older woman, devoid of beauty, but with great dramatic talent, and is said to have been finest in the first act. Reichmann has a marvellous voice, and his impersonation of the youthful king—suffering, desperate, and overwrought—was consummately artistic. He, with his common human experience, was the true centre of interest, even more than the saintly, superhuman Parsifal. Wagner's great reliance upon the dramatic capabilities of his singers was never more clearly shown than in the last act of *Parsifal*. Kundry is on the stage from beginning to end, yet has but two words to say. Her part is one of pantomime alone, yet of capital importance. Malten, whom I was fortunate enough to see, filled it so adequately that it was only afterward one realized she had not sung as well as acted. Great dramatic ability is indeed required to play this rôle, with its constant change and contrast of mood—the sullen uncouthness of the first act, the frantic defiance of the colloquy with Klingsor, the temptation scene with Parsifal; and then this last pathetic act, the whole meaning of which depends upon appropriate action and facial expressiveness. That three women were found to fill it so adequately that its honors were almost equally divided between them proves the vitality and strength of the new dramatic school we owe to Wagner.

Scaria is perhaps the greatest basso of our time, and he, too, is equally good dramatically considered. His magnificent voice rolls out like an organ with perfect ease and sureness, giving every word as distinctly as though it had been spoken and not sung. Jäger sang the evening of my visit, and though his voice has lost a trifle of its freshness, his acting was superb all through. The saintly dignity of his conception, the solemn ecstasy of his bearing, in the last act, will not easily be forgotten, nor the beauty of his white-robed figure and noble attitude as the cur-

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THEODORE REICHMANN, BARYTONE.



HERRMAN WINKELMANN, TENOR.

tain fell for the last time upon the shining Grail and the floating dove. But the other tenori were said to be as adequate, and Winkelmann's voice is finer. I might easily go on to praise, with much of detail, all who took part in a wonderfully perfect representation. Yet the most remarkable thing of all—more admirable than the power of any individual singer—was the unity of the whole performance, the way in which the transcendental mood of the drama was preserved in every detail, the spirit of solemn absorption in a sacred scene which seemed to animate the least performer. The briefest lapse into commonplace, even, would have marred the impression. The slightest failure to seize and keep the exalted tone and temper of the work would have resulted most disastrously to the emotions of the audience. But no such lapse occurred. From Parsifal down to the smallest page-boy, every movement, every note, every facial expression, was in accord. Words and music seemed but to interpret with greater force emotions we saw clearly in each character upon the boards. But one point in the whole performance could be noted for criticism. The decorations in the garden scene were unfortunately gaudy in effect and bad in color, making a poor background both for the flower-maidens in their graceful evolutions, and for Parsifal and Kundry in their passionate dialogue.

The deeply moral symbolism of *Parsifal* will now be apprehended. The history of Christ is never referred to during the drama, for Wagner writes no such inartistic things as "allegories." But it is, of course, suggested—as are certain ceremonies of the Christian religion—by various scenes which occur quite naturally in the dramatic evolution of the visible characters. But the work has a still deeper intention than to suggest the facts and beliefs of any one creed. The visible Parsifal, the suggested Christ, are alike types of redeeming love and goodness; the visible Kundry, the suggested Magdalen, of sin, suffering, and salvation. All are used as means of impressing the eternal law—felt through all religions or in spite of none—the law that evil brings a curse behind it; that remorse alone will not undo its work; that love and good deeds are the only salvation of a sinful world. The lesson is a deep one—deeper than any Wagner had taught before. His thought has never been so profound, his music never so divine, as in this last drama. With a versatility and freshness almost inconceivable in a man of seventy, he has tuned his music to an entirely new mood. The passionate, exciting, sometimes sensuous, sometimes

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wild, though always magnificent, strains that were appropriate to such themes as *Tristan* and *Tannhäuser*, the earthlier grace and purity which matched with the ideas of *Lohengrin*, have given way to music which is rapt and religious in spirit from end to end. Even the music of the second act does not disturb the impression, but serves merely as a foil to the more important phases of the work. The songs of the flower-maidens are not—as has so often been affirmed by those who did *not* hear them—sensuous in mood, but playful, delicate, and dainty. Even Kundry's temptation music is weird and powerful rather than sensuous in effect. This is not the place—even if there were space to spare—in which to give an analysis of the strictly musical features of this great drama. Be it only said that in its elaboration Wagner has carried out with more perfect skill and fullness than ever before, his theory with regard to *Leitmotiven*, or "leading motives," which illustrate and explain, by their recurrence and their constant variations, the nature of his characters, and the ideas which lie behind their words or find expression in their silent actions. Every line of the score is so instinct with subtle meaning that many hearings and long study would not reveal them all. But the absolute beauty of the music does not depend upon their being completely apprehended. It becomes, of course, both more beautiful and more impressive when fully understood in its least note and inflection. But it has an outer, quite complete, and radiant charm even for a non-musical hearer, who may not be able to follow a single *Leitmotive*, or understand a single symbolic chord.

If I were asked to cite the most beautiful musical compositions I had ever heard, paying no regard to their meaning as possibly connected with the drama, one of the first would surely be the great choral scene in the first act of *Parsifal*. Needless to say, therefore, that in connection with its dramatic meaning it becomes one of the grandest of musical creations. From the nature of the subject no parts of the *Parsifal* music are as striking, as emotionally exciting, as some passages in Wagner's other works. But there is more of pure and delicate beauty in this than in any other. From the first notes of the exquisite introduction, through the dainty choruses of the flower-girls, the splendid harmonies of the feast scenes, and the pastoral charm of the "Good-Friday music" in the third act, to the last rich notes as the curtain closes, there are a hundred passages which might be cited to refute the old accusation of the ignorant, that whatever Wagner *may* do, he can not write "beautiful music."

Whether or no religious themes are considered suitable for dramatic presentation will depend upon individual ideas and feelings. The question need not here be entered into, for it has nothing to do with art in and for itself considered. One thing is, however, certain. A performance of this kind, religious throughout in intention and in execution, must by all minds be held less objectionable than one where religious incidents are interspersed in a fabric of alien temper. Wagner himself calls this a "sacred play," and the question is being debated whether he means ever to let it be given on an ordinary stage, amid less unique and impressive surroundings than here at Baireuth.



BAIREUTH.

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CONSOLA.

THE worldling oft in curious wonder glances
At the meek air of quiet Quakeress,
But ne'er divines the rebel thoughts and fancies
That riot 'neath that placid mien and dress.

Consola, reared with tender supervision,
In strict conformance to the Quaker rules,
Confessed to many a treacherous intuition
Never yet learned or unlearned in the schools.

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Forbidden longings, innocent and human,
She, secretly impenitent, repressed;
For, hovering still between the child and woman,
She had not found the courage to protest.

An eye had she for all the alluring graces
Of air and dress by pretty worldlings worn—
The flowing fall of ribbons, robes, and laces,
The tints that mock the sunset and the dawn.

She was content to enjoy this decoration—
Or tried to be—in others' dress alone,
But ventured on one little innovation
To mitigate the primness of her own.

Deftly a silken pocket she embroidered,
To don, or doff if elders thought it sin;
And lovingly she o'er the labor loitered,
Weaving her fancies and her hopes therein.

Would Luther notice it, and think it pretty?
Would he like rose, or blue, or lilac best?
Or would he criticise, and think—Oh, pity!—
Her heart by foolish vanity possessed?

Luther at meeting waited her arrival,
Knew the old bay, and helped her to alight;
But what he saw was not the embroidered trifle,
Had it been twenty times as fair and bright.

He saw the blue eyes with long lashes shaded,
Whose speaking power enhanced the charm of words
That seemed to sweetest music modulated,
Dearer to him than morning song of birds.

He saw the roseate glow that, coming, going,
Unconsciously revealed each varying mood,
The ruling one an artless overflowing
Of loving-kindness and solicitude.

Long had he sought in vain for an occasion
To tell his love, and this day he had planned
To leave a simple written declaration
Safely within her little greeting hand.

But watchful eyes in close approximation
Thwarted his dear design, and, sorely tried,
On entering church, with sudden desperation,
He dropped it in the pocket at her side.

She, all unconscious of its intervention,
To serious things devoutly turned her thought,
And soon commanded her enwrapt attention
The ministration of Lucretia Mott.

With eloquent, persuasive exhortation
She pictured slavery, its woe and sin,
And roused the conscience of the congregation
To feel its own complicity therein.

Consola, with the gentle sect to screen her,
Had little known of suffering, wrong, or thrall,
And all the woman dormant yet within her
Rose in response to that resistless call.

It lent new force to long-accepted teaching,
To life and love a larger meaning gave;
And leaving church she said, with eyes beseeching,
"Oh, Luther, let us labor for the slave!"

At home, her former mood severely scorning,
The embroidered bauble far away she tossed,
And, gathered up with refuse of the morning,
By accident 'twas carried off and lost.

Luther, endeavoring to frame excuses
That might explain a silence so remiss,
Forgiving, said, "The tender heart refuses
To answer no, yet can not answer yes."

But with his grief he manfully contended,
And all his youthful force and fervor threw
Into the larger struggle which impended—
The cause of Freedom, and Consola's too.

Together, with indomitable ardor,
They breasted prejudice, they laughed at scorn,
While he, solicitous to guide and guard her,
Smoothed the rough path, intent to help or warn.

To this enlarging labor dedicated,
They daily grew in a diviner grace,
And into words far-reaching he translated
The appealing pity of her speaking face.

The sudden vision of a sweeter blessing
Would sometimes gleam athwart them and above,
While in each other's friendship still confessing
A dearer charm than any other's love,

Until, in an old chest by chance neglected,
After four years of earnest effort passed,
Its precious contents safe and unsuspected,
The long-lost pocket came to light at last.

And then the past rose clear and plain before her—
His oft-revealed but ne'er-intruded love,
His fending foresight like an ægis o'er her,
His ready sympathy even help above.

She sought him soon, confusedly explaining
How on that day the pocket went astray,
And now was found; but here her courage waning,
She paused, and turned her tell-tale face away.

He flushed, then paled, with doubt and longing rifted,
And while hope wavering still seemed afar,
Her tearful tender eyes to his she lifted,
Revealing heaven—with the gates ajar.

PHILIP WOUVERMANS.

WOUVERMANS was the painter *par excellence* of châteaux and huntsmen, of battles, of the exercises and amusements of the old-time nobility who liked to pass their time in the saddle, at the chase, or in the armory, and to whom the whole duty of life consisted in drinking largely, sleeping but little; in knowing and following the footing of the deer; in being a good shot, being able to put a horse on his mettle, and in giving and receiving hard blows in battle. Strong and healthy, they led a happy animal existence. They had their hunting dogs for the chase, their falcons for heronry, and as painted by Wouvermans in their picturesque dress—the plumed Bassompierre hat, lace collaret, embroidered cravat, and wide-topped boots allowing the lace of the top of the stockings to be seen—they have long outlived their castles, and will continue to be admired when nobility no longer exists.

Gay cavalcades, encampments, cavalry charges, riding journeys, stables, forges, ridings at the ring, halts of huntsmen in

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"THE HAY MERCHANT."

the wood—these are Wouvermans's familiar subjects. Wherever a horse is found, there the artist follows, pencil in hand, and observes and draws him in all his varying paces and postures. The horse, in truth, is almost the most interesting personage in his paintings, and though among the inexhaustible variety of attitudes in which he portrays his hero we find him at times under the hands of the groom, or stopping at the way-side watering trough, or bringing in the hay, still Wouvermans evidently had a strong predilection for the horse's nobler uses, and does not like to depict him only as a beast of burden—the patient servant of man.

From his pictures one might be tempted to believe that Wouvermans himself led the life of a château dweller, he shows such an intimate acquaintance with it; was rich, a man of leisure, or rather busy idleness, a huntsman, and lord of vassals. But though he painted the favored ones of earth, he himself led a laborious life; was a patient, hard-working artist, modest and retiring; for many years was but little known, and never ventured beyond the neighborhood of his native city, Haarlem, save on the occasion of his marriage.

He was born at Haarlem in 1619 according to a memorandum by Vincent van der Vine, who, writing a note to a friend on the 19th of May, 1668, announces the death of Wouvermans, and states that he was forty-nine years old. When about nineteen he fell in love with a young Catholic girl, and it is presumable that some objections were made to the marriage (perhaps on the score of the bride's religion, for as stress is always laid on the fact that she was a Catholic, it may be, though it is not definitely asserted, that Wouvermans was a Protestant), for the young couple ran away to Hamburg, were there married, and then returned to Haarlem, which the painter never again quitted. His teachers in painting were first his father, Paul Wouvermans, an artist of less than mediocre talent, and afterward the fine landscapist Johan Wynants, whose influence we can trace in his works, as he appropriated to himself some of Wynants's best characteristics (his finished execution, his fine, firm, spirited touch), which enabled him faithfully to reproduce

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the most trifling inequalities in nature—the sandy, gravelly hillocks, stones, trees, the ruts made by the ponderous farm wagon, and the grassy borders by the wayside, so that from his pictures we can form accurate ideas of the environs of Haarlem. Wynants, however, could only teach him how to paint landscapes, and Wouvermans's master-passion was horses. Whether he was himself able to ride with the grace and ease of his cavaliers we do not know, the accounts of his life being meagre to the last degree; but one thing is certain, he painted more horses than he could ever have had in his stable, provided he owned one. Kugler declares: "In spite of his admirable qualities, the majority of his pictures weary by the too frequent repetition of unimportant incidents. He always introduces a white horse for the chief mass of light; but his horses have a certain monotony."

"Philip Wouvermans loved the artistic element in the horse; he studied him from his picturesque side, and portrays him for us in every possible combination of form and light, and naught save the most patient and persistent study of the postures and characteristics of his model could have enabled him to make so many pictures of horses always interesting yet never alike," says Blanc, thus diametrically opposed to Kugler. Blanc is enthusiastic on the subject of Wouvermans's horses. "How well he understood anatomy and proportions! how perfectly he portrayed the grace, the spirit, and the coquetry of the horse! A treatise on equitation could tell no more than do the *manéges* of Wouvermans, and the eloquent pages of Buffon on this most noble animal are not more instructive than are the eighty-eight engravings by Moyreau after the Haarlem painter. Motionless in the stall or free and bounding on the plain, with bent head over the stone water-trough or harnessed to a fish-cart, Wouvermans's horse is always true, always looked at and painted from his noble side, without leanness, without bloatedness, without vulgarity. The artist neglects nothing which tends to illustrate the character of the horse, nor anything which serves as his equipments. He shows careful, attentive examination of all the details of the harness. He knows by heart the habitual creases of the portmanteau, the cut and forms of the saddle, and the proper length of the stirrups, the place of the girths, the reins, the bit, the curb; the smallest buckles of the leathern headstall, the proper shape of the saddle-bow, and the curve of the pistols in their holsters. With this knowledge, acquired by a labor which was to him likewise a pleasure, Wouvermans, uniting with the talent for painting horses an intense love of nature, set himself to work to create a new 'genre'—what might be called a gentleman's life on horseback. Of course before his day good Dutch painters had introduced horses into their pictures, particularly in battle scenes, when the treatment of the subject demanded them, but Wouvermans was the first who gave to the light the gracefulness of equitation, who, painting from genuine love exquisite country scenes, with courtly knights and gallant horsemen, yet made the horse, not the rider, nor yet his surroundings, the central point in the picture."

This dominant trait of Wouvermans even showed itself in his so-called hunting scenes, where, unlike Oudry, Snyders, or Rubens, who would represent the hunting dogs eagerly seizing on their prey, or else in full pursuit, he only indicates the chase from a distance, or recalls it to mind by painting the cavalcade setting forth, just on the plain, or else sallying from the yard, attended by huntsmen and dogs, halting, or solacing themselves by feasting by the way, or on the return; he will not even run the risk of sharing the interest inspired by his horses with that of any other animal in motion.

Had Wouvermans received for his pictures during his life a tithe of what they commanded after his death, he too could have had his horses, his hunting dogs, his pages, for the chase and heronry; but unfortunately the painter's lack of assurance militated against his acquiring both money and fame. His natural modesty led him to undervalue his works, we are told (though, to judge from his portrait, his face is not that of a self-depreciating man), and he took without remonstrance the small sums the dealers offered him for his charming pictures. In addition to his own want of self-assertion, he had a formidable rival in Haarlem in Peter van Laer, whose nickname was Bamboccio. If Wouvermans "struck the key-note with clearness, Bamboccio was able to make more sound"; for in painting the scenes he daily saw, Wouvermans portrayed them so naturally, so

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PHILIP WOUVERMANS.

true to life, that it was apparent he had imagined nothing, added nothing to reality, whilst Bamboccio astonished the ordinary observer by his representations of small tragedies on the highways, robberies, pictures full of unforeseen accidents, in which the actors were not as ordinary persons, as grooms, squires, or chiefs of the hounds.

Wouvermans continued to paint his

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inimitable pictures, and sell them for little or nothing, until one day a rich merchant of Haarlem named Witte, desiring a picture of cavalry, tried to make a bargain with Bamboccio for it. The artist asked 200 florins for such a work as the patron demanded, but the merchant, "being of a saving mind," was not willing to pay so much for a pleasure; the artist would not abate, the buyer would not advance, so the negotiation came to an untimely end. Witte determined to have his picture, and applied to Wouvermans, offering the price that Bamboccio had refused. Wouvermans gladly accepted the offer, the sum being more than he had been in the habit of receiving, and painted for Witte a *chef-d'œuvre*, which so perfectly satisfied the merchant that he sung the artist's praises far and wide, and invited all the amateurs in Haarlem to come and see his prize, and learn to appreciate the genius he had discovered. Contemporaries insinuate it was not wholly unmixed admiration for Wouvermans, but there was added the spice of a desire for revenge on Bamboccio, that led Witte, though entirely satisfied with his picture, to so extol the painter; but whatever may have been the motive, Wouvermans reaped substantial benefits from his laudation, and orders poured in upon him; and speaking of this event, Houbraken writes: "He was surrounded by Mæcenases, who both extolled and paid." Houbraken also declares that now that Wouvermans had become the fashion, he began to make money, in proof of which he says that when his daughter married the artist Henri de Fromantjou, he was able to give her 20,000 florins as dowry, which certainly would not now be considered a fortune, if it was in those days.

"But how can one compare the estimation in which Wouvermans's works were held by his contemporaries with the almost fabulous value which was assigned to them after his death by the potentates of Europe, as when the Elector of Bavaria, Maximilian Emanuel, and the Dauphin quarrelled over the possession of a picture, each trying to outbid the other?"

This contention, particularly on the side of the Dauphin, is not so much to be wondered at when the style of Wouvermans's pictures is remembered. Not so much the execution or the coloring as the subjects and treatment of such in his pictures render him an artist peculiarly acceptable to the French, for his representations of feudal life, of the cavaliers, are more allied to the spirit of the French court in the seventeenth century than to that of the burgher in the time of the republican Stadtholder. It may be remembered that Louis XIV., when he saw the pictures by Teniers with which his gallery was adorned, exclaimed, "Qu'on enlève tous ces magots!" when, assuredly, if the offending works had been by Wouvermans, he would have been charmed to see all the habits and customs of his old French nobility so faithfully reproduced. Blanc writes, on this point: "It would be impossible to imagine anything more conformable to the habits of the old French nobility than these delicious pictures of Wouvermans. 'La Buvette des Chasseurs' recalls vividly the times and manners of Bassompierre, and is an exact portrayal of scenes from one of Tallemant's tales. 'La Course de la Bague,' 'L'Arrivée des Chasseurs'—do not they recall certain scenes in the life of the gallant Béarnais King Henry IV.? 'La Halte d'Officiers'—is it not such a picture as those given to us by the Seigneur Brantôme or Rabutin, Count of Bussy? Only there is no suggestion of love-making in Wouvermans's pictures as in those word-pictures of the French *raconteurs:* his cavaliers indulged for pastime in hard drinking and rough riding."

Another point to be noticed in Wouvermans's pictures is that there is rarely ever any trace of that melancholy which is apt to characterize the landscapes of the Dutch artists. He does not care to paint the dunes so loved by Wynants, nor Nature in her solitudes, as did Ruysdael. He loved to reproduce life, enjoyment, "that real happiness, so easy for the rich, full of comfort and dignity, which depends on health of body, and presupposes ease of mind." He preferred to paint châteaux rather than cottages, rich knights rather than poor peasants or artisans, the horse destined to bear the cavalier, well groomed, well saddled and fed, rather than the one whose daily duty consisted in bearing sacks to and from the mill, or peat for the fireside. His battles are real conflicts between the Protestants and the Catholics, the relics of the Thirty Years' War. The old veterans he paints were not drawn from his imagination; he knew and saw them daily; and among their weapons we find not only those used in hunting, but the heavy army musket.

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Kugler considers that his pictures differ greatly according to the epochs to which they belong. "In those of his earlier manner (time extending to 1646) the general brown tone, somewhat heavy race of horse, and more angular drawing of the figures remind us of Peter van Laer. No gallery is so rich in specimens of this period as that of Dresden. In his second manner, from '46 to '60, Wouvermans acquires a warmer and at the same time generally clearer and more brilliant coloring. His horses are of slenderer proportions; his touch firmer, and peculiarly melting." One of the best specimens of this time is the celebrated "Stable," at Dresden. "In his third manner, which he did not adopt until after 1660, he changes his warm tone for a cool and silvery effect, which, being carried out with a wonderful feeling for keeping, has a peculiar charm. At this time his touch was remarkable for its tenderness." The well-known "Hawking Scene," at Amsterdam, is a noticeable example of this third period —though perhaps it is a trifle overstrained to speak as though Wouvermans had three distinct styles of painting, the difference being not so much a change in style as of development and maturity.

Kugler also speaks highly of Wouvermans's scriptural picture "John the Baptist," at Dresden—that in energy of tone it is nearly allied to Isaac van Ostade; while Blanc thinks "it is difficult not to smile at this pretended preaching of John the Baptist, where a poor devil, badly painted and ill clothed, preaches the Gospel to these Protestants, who, now seated by the side of their wives on drums or beer casks, are listening apathetically to the preacher, but all alike ready on the instant, should occasion make it necessary, to rush furiously into the mêlée."

Gersaint, one of the best connoisseurs of his day, writes of Wouvermans: "Teniers and Wouvermans are the two most industrious artists of their time, but their styles are very different. The one paints easily and swiftly, the other, by the beauty of his work and the rare blending of his colors, seems to have bestowed more time and labor on his works. But Wouvermans, from long practice, has no difficulty in giving this 'great finish' to his pictures, for on careful examination one easily recognizes a skillful brush, *gras et nourri*, far removed from hardness and stiffness. Wouvermans has sometimes carried this 'finish' too far, and this is most apparent in his painting of terraces, which are apt to have a more velvety look than is generally seen on nature's grass."

This same criticism was made by Gessner in his "Letter on Landscapes": "I must refer to Wouvermans for those charming soft tints of tender green, which have no other defect save that of being a trifle too velvety."

Kugler's opinion is: "His composition invariably evinces a delicate feeling for the picturesque; his figures and animals are well drawn and full of animation; his general keeping is singularly tender; his touch unites great finish with equal delicacy and spirit."

There is a story, apparently well founded, that Wouvermans a short time before his death burned up many sketches and studies from nature, and in trying to give a reason for this cremation, there have been three explanations furnished, all equally derogatory to the painter, no one of which rests on a more solid basis than conjecture, and all can be refuted. The first is that the sketches, etc., were destroyed in order that his son might not find in them an excuse for a lazy life, as they would probably be eagerly sought after and bought; whereas the fact is that the son after his father's death entered the Carthusian convent, which would seem to disprove his having a strong bias toward a self-indulgent life.

The second story is that he desired to prevent his brother and rival, Pierre, from passing off the works as his own. As there is no reason to conclude, from anything positively known, that there was any ill feeling between the brothers, this version is not entitled to credence, for Pierre was so vastly inferior to Philip as an artist, having a much heavier tone of coloring and less freedom of spirit and handling, that the art amateurs of that day probably well knew the difference between the brothers' pictures.

The third account is given on the authority of Roestraten, a *friend* of Wouvermans, to this effect. Jean de Witte, a friend of Wouvermans and Bamboccio, on the death of the latter bought a chest (among the artist's effects) full of studies, sketches, etc., which he gave to Wouvermans, who, after profiting by Bamboccio's brains and works in getting designs for his pictures, determined that no one else should so profit, and accordingly burned

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the contents of the chest privately. That this is pure invention and not a friendly statement of Roestraten is apparent from an examination of dates, for Bamboccio did not die until 1673 or 1674, some five or six years after Wouvermans, who could not have inherited from a rival who outlived him. The most probable reason for the destruction is that Wouvermans, who is acknowledged to be not only one of the most industrious but also one of the most prolific of the Dutch artists—Smith estimating, in his *Catalogue Raisonné*, his pictures at nearly eight hundred (though Blanc asserts that only three hundred can be identified), and he died when forty-nine years old—destroyed his sketches and studies which he considered as immature, and did not care to leave as specimens of his work, for he had a high estimate of the dignity of his profession, and knew if he did not destroy his crude unfinished designs, no one else would after his death.

There is but one etching of Wouvermans known—a horse in profile, executed in 1643, and of extreme rarity. Bartsch has a copy in his work on painters and engravers. The Dresden Gallery is the richest of all the galleries in Wouvermans's pictures, it owning sixty-two of his works. At the Hermitage, St. Petersburg, in common with Rubens, Rembrandt, and Teniers, our artist has a room consecrated to him, wherein are forty of his pictures, the greater number of superior excellence.

FOR THE MAJOR.

CHAPTER VI.

FAR EDGERLEY was deprived of its rector. Mr. Owen had gone to the coast to attend the Diocesan Convention. But as he had started a week before the time of opening, and had remained a week after its sessions were ended, Mrs. General Hibbard was of the opinion that he was attending to other things as well. She had, indeed, heard a rumor before he came that there was some one—elsewhere. Now it is well known that there is nothing more depressing for a parish than a rector with an interest "elsewhere." St. John in the Wilderness was therefore much relieved when its rector returned with no signs of having left any portion of himself behind him. And Mrs. Hibbard lost ground.

Mr. Owen had started eastward on the day after his interview with the two ladies of Carroll Farms; he had started westward on the day after the arrival of a letter from his junior warden. This letter, written in a clear old-fashioned hand, decorated with much underscoring, was a mixture of the formal phraseology of the warden's youth and that too modern lightness which he had learned in his later years, and of which Miss Honoria so justly disapproved. He was supposed to be writing about church business. Having finished that (in six lines), he added an epitome of the news of the whole village, from the slippers which Miss Sophy Greer, at the north end of Edgerley Street, was working for him (the rector), ecclesiastical symbols, and the motto "Quo pax et gloria ducunt," down to the last new duck at Chapultepec, the south end of it. Among the items was this: "That amusing fellow Dupont is, I am sorry to say, ill, and I suspect seriously. It is a return of the fever he had in New York, I am told. He is at the Cove, and the Walleys are taking care of him. It has leaked out" ("leaked out"—oh, poor Miss Honoria!) "that he has no money, not even enough to pay for his medicines—those musicians are always an improvident lot, you know. But our lovely Madam Carroll, ministering angel that she is, has supplied everything that has been necessary. I have just heard, as I write these lines, that the poor fellow is no better."

The rector, upon his return, busied himself in attending to the many duties which had accumulated during his absence. He did not go to the Farms, but as he was making no calls at present—owing to the accumulation—the omission was not noticed. The musician was very ill, and every one was sorry. His poverty was now generally known, but Madam Carroll was doing all that was needful, and the poor wanderer lacked nothing. That was what they called him now—the "poor wanderer"; it was a delicate way of phrasing the fact that he was without means. Far Edgerley people were as far as possible from being mercenary; they had no in-

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"THE LAST LOOK ON EARTH."—[SEE PAGE 568.]

tention of turning their backs upon Dupont because he was poor. They were poor themselves, and, besides, that had never been the Southern way. They would gladly have helped him now, had there been opportunity, and they looked forward to helping him as far as they were able so soon as he should have recovered his health. But at present Madam Carroll was doing the whole, and the

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whole was only—could be only—a doctor and medicines. In all this there was nothing of Sara. There was nothing, too, of the story the rector knew. But he had been aware that if he himself should be silent it was probable that nothing of it would reach Far Edgerley: the mission station was remote, and the mountain people were very proud in their way, proud and reticent. They had, too, an opinion of Far Edgerley which was not unlike the opinion Far Edgerley had of the lower town: pride in the mountains seemed to be a matter of altitudes. Owen knew that he was glad to have it as it was. That at least was clear in the battle of his conflicting feelings.

He had returned on Monday evening; Sunday dawned without his having seen any of the Carrolls. They came to church as usual; that is, the Major came with his wife and little Scar; Miss Carroll was absent. After service the Major waited. The Major always waited. He waited to speak to his rector: it was a little attention he paid. Owen knew that he was waiting, knew that he was standing there at the head of the aisle in his military attitude, with his prayer-book under his arm; yet, although he knew it, it was some minutes before he came forth. When at length he did appear, the Major advanced, shook hands with him, and asked how he was. The rector replied that he was quite well.

"Mr. Owen is probably the better for his journey," said Madam Carroll, joining her husband in the open space at the foot of the chancel steps, where the two men were standing. "A journey is always so pleasant, and especially a journey to the coast."

"Ah, yes," said the Major; "your journey. I hope you enjoyed it?"

"The coast is considered so beneficial," continued Madam Carroll. "For my own part, however, I prefer our mountain air; it seems to me more bracing. And the Major thinks so too."

"Certainly," said the Major; "I have often made the observation." He said a few words more, shook hands with the rector a second time, bowed, and then offered his arm to his wife. She took it, with a farewell smile to the rector, and they went down the aisle together through the empty church. Scar was waiting for them outside, sitting on a little tombstone in the sunshine, and a number of Far Edgerley people were standing about the gate. The Major bowed to these with much courtesy, and Madam Carroll with much grace; they entered their carriage, Inches folded up the steps, climbed to his perch, the mules started, and "the equipage" rolled away.

They reached home; but, in getting out, the bearing of the Major was not quite so military as it had been at the church door. Inches came to his assistance, and he took his wife's arm, and kept it until he was in his own easy-chair again in the library. There he sat all the afternoon. His wife—for she did not leave him—read aloud to Scar, and heard him recite his little Sunday lessons. Then she took him on her lap and told him Bible stories, speaking in a low tone, as the Major was now asleep. They were close beside him, mother and little son. The child's face was a curious mixture of her delicate rose-tinted prettiness and the bold outlines of his father.

The sun, which had been journeying down the western sky, now touched the top of Lonely Mountain, and immediately all its side was robed in purple velvet, and its long summit tipped with gold. Still further sank the monarch; and now he was out of sight. Then rose such a splendor of color in the west that it flooded even this quiet room across the valley, turning the old paper on the walls into cloth of gold, and Scar's flaxen hair into a little halo. The Major was now awake; he moved his easy-chair to the open window in order to see the sunset. Scar got another chair, climbed up, and sat down beside him. "I think, papa," he said, after some moments of silence, during which he had meditatively watched the glow—"I think it very probable that the little children who have to die young live over in that particular part of heaven. For those beautiful colors would amuse them, you know; and they must be very lonely without their fathers and mothers."

"Fathers and mothers die too sometimes, my boy," answered the Major, his eyes turning misty. He took Scar's little hand, and held it in his own.

His wife came up behind him and laid her hand on his shoulder. The old Major looked up at her as she stood by his chair, with a great trust and affection in his dim glance. For of late the Major had been growing older rapidly; his eyes were losing their clearness of vision; there were now many sounds he could not hear. But he always heard every intonation of her voice; always saw the hue of her dress,

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and any little change in its arrangement. Where she was concerned, his dulled senses were young again.

"My sister Sara is coming," announced Scar. "I can see her. I can see the top of her bonnet above the hedge because she is so tall." And soon the girl's figure appeared in sight. She opened the gate, and came up the path toward the front door. Scar leaned forward and waved his hand. She returned his greeting, looking at the group of three in the window—father, mother, and child.

The Major could not see his daughter, but he turned his face in the direction of the path and gave a little bow and smile. "She has been gone a long time," he said to his wife; "almost all day."

His wife did not reply; she had left the room. She met Sara in the hall. "I have came back for you, mamma," whispered the girl. "I think the time has come."

"I will go immediately," said Madam Carroll, walking quickly toward the stairs. Then she stopped. "But how can I? You would have to go with me. And at this hour the Major would notice it. He would notice it if we should both leave him. It would trouble him." She looked at Sara as she stood uttering these sentences. Though quite calm, the suffering in her eyes was pitiable to see.

"Go, mamma. For this one time do not mind that. Judith will be here."

"No," answered Madam Carroll, in the same quiet tone; "the Major must not be troubled. But as he is always tired on Sunday evening, perhaps he will go to bed early. We must wait until he is asleep." She went back to the library door.

"Mamma, you can not bear it," said Sara, following her.

"Instead of saying that, you should tell me if there is hope—hope that I may not be too late," said Madam Carroll, almost sternly, putting aside the girl's outstretched hands.

"I think he may not—they said he would not—Mrs. Walley said, 'He will pass at the dawning,'" answered Sara, using the mountain phrase.

"Thank God, I shall then be in time," said Madam Carroll, turning the handle of the door. "You had better join us soon. Your father has been asking for you." She went in, closing the door behind her.

When Sara entered, fifteen minutes later, she found her singing the evening hymn to the Major. The Major liked to have her sing that hymn on Sunday evenings, and Scar liked it too, because he could join in with his soft little alto.

"The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near,"

sang the wife, in her sweet voice, sitting close to her husband's chair, so that he could hear the words.

Not long afterward the Major said he was tired; it was not often that he was tired so early in the evening, but to-night, for some reason, he felt quite weary; he thought he would go to bed. It was half past eight; at nine he and Scar were both asleep, and the two women left the house together. Walley's Cove was not far from the Farms, but it was further up the mountain, where there was no road, only paths; they could not therefore go in the carriage. They could have taken Caleb Inches with them, but in that peaceful neighborhood escort for mere safety's sake was not necessary, and they preferred to be alone.

"Take my arm, mamma," said Sara, as they began to ascend.

But Madam Carroll would not. She walked on unaided. Her step was firm. She was perfectly silent.

In the small room under the roof, which he had occupied since his return, lay the young man who was now dying; for it needed but one glance to show that the summons had come: he was passing away. The farmer's wife, much affected, knelt beside him; the doctor had gone, she said, but a short time before; there was nothing more that he could do, and he was needed elsewhere. The farmer himself was fanning the unconscious face. Madam Carroll took the fan.

"Let me do that," she said. "I know you feel as if your children were needing you down-stairs."

For the three little children had been left alone in the room below, and, disturbed by the absence of father and mother, were not asleep; one of them had begun to cry a little at intervals. The farmer went down, his clumsy boots making no sound on the uncarpeted stairway, so careful was his tread. Madam Carroll sat down on the edge of the poor bed, and fanned the sleeping face; the eyes were

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closed, the long dark lashes lay on the thin cheeks, the breath came slowly through the slightly parted lips. The farmer's wife began to pray in a low voice: she was a devout Methodist, and she had had her pastor there in the afternoon, and had fancied that the dying man was conscious for a time, and that he had listened and responded. She had grown fond of the poor musician in taking care of him, and the tears rolled down her sunburned cheeks as she prayed. Madam Carroll remained quite calm; she moved the fan with even sweep to and fro. She had taken off her bonnet, as the night was warm, and with her golden curls, her pink-tinted complexion, and the same pretty dress she had worn to church in the morning, she was a contrast to the rough bare room, to the farmer's wife in her coarse homespun gown, and even to her own daughter, who in her plain black dress, her face pale and sad, was standing near.

An hour passed. The child's wail below had now in it the unmistakable sound of suffering. "Pray go down," said Madam Carroll; "I am sure your baby needs you."

"But I don't like to leave you, Madam Carroll; it doesn't seem right," the woman answered, yet listening, too, at the same time to the baby's wail below.

"You need have no hesitation. I have had experience of this kind before; and, besides, I do not easily lose my self-possession."

"Yes, you *have* got a strong hold on yourself," said Mrs. Walley, admiringly, "for I know you do care for the poor young man; you care as much as I do. For yer see he ain't got no mother to be sorry for him, poor fellow," she continued, laying her rough hand tenderly on his head; "and you and me knows, Madam Carroll, how his mother'd feel. There ain't nothing like the way a mother cares for her boy."

Sara had risen. "I am sure your child needs you, Mrs. Walley," she said; "please go down at once. I promise to call you if anything should be needed."

The child was crying again, and the mother went. Sara softly closed the door. It had not been closed until then.

A little before midnight, Dupont, who had been for six hours in a lethargic sleep, stirred and woke. Madam Carroll bent over him. He knew her; he turned his head toward her and lay looking at her, his large eyes strangely solemn in their unmoving gaze. Sara came and stood on the other side of the bed, fanning him with the fan which her mother had relinquished. Thus he remained, looking at Madam Carroll with his slow, partially comprehending stare. Then gradually the stare grew conscious and intelligent. And then it grew full of expression. It was wonderful to see the mind come back and look once more from the windows of its deserted house of clay—the last look on earth. Madam Carroll, bending toward him, returned his gaze; she had laid one hand on his forehead, the other on his breast, her fair hair touched his shoulder. She said nothing, she did not move, but all her being was concentrated in her eyes. The dying man also was silent: probably he had passed beyond the power of speech. Thus, motionless, they continued to look at each other for a number of minutes. Then consciousness faded, the light left the windows; a few seconds more and the soul was gone. Madam Carroll, still in silence, laid her hand upon the heart and the temples; all was still. Then she gently closed the eyes.

Sara, weeping, came to her side. "Do not, Sara; some one might come in," said her mother. Then after a moment, during which she had stood beside the couch, silently looking at the face on the pillow, "You must go down and tell them," she continued, in the same composed tone. "Farmer Walley must go immediately for Sabrina Barnes and her sister. You can say that the funeral will be from this house, and that they had better ask their own minister—the one who was here this afternoon—to officiate."

"Oh, mamma, do not try to think of everything; it is not necessary now," said Sara, beseechingly.

"Do as I tell you, Sara," answered Madam Carroll. And Sara obeyed her.

When she returned, Madam Carroll was arranging the pillows and straightening the coarse sheet. She had folded the musician's thin hands over his breast and smoothed his disordered hair.

"The child has been in pain all this time," said the daughter, "and they are frightened; Farmer Walley will go for Sabrina Barnes and for the doctor at the same time. I told Mrs. Walley that she need not come up, that we would stay. In any case she could hardly leave her baby now."

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Madam Carroll took a chair, placed it beside the bed, so that it faced the figure lying there, and sat down; she put her feet on a footstool and folded her hands.

"Dear mamma, do not sit there looking like that; do not try to be so quiet. No one will be here for half an hour: cry, mamma; let yourself cry. Do whatever you want to do. You have this little time, and—and it will be your last, mamma."

"I will not cry," answered Madam Carroll; "I have not cried at all; tears I can keep back. But I should like to kiss him once, Sara, if you will keep watch. He would like to have his mother kiss him once before he goes away." And bending forward as she sat, she kissed tenderly the forehead and the closed eyes. The touch overcame her: she did not weep, but putting her arms round him, she sat looking at him piteously. "He was such a dear little baby!" she murmured. "I was so proud of him! He was always so handsome and so brave—such a sturdy little fellow! When he was only six years old he said, 'I want to grow up quick and be big, so that I can take care of you, mamma.'" She stroked back his dark hair. "You meant no harm; none of it was your fault, Julian. Do not think your mother has any blame for you, my darling boy. But you know now that I have not." She passed her hand over his wasted cheeks. "May I put him in our—in your—lot in the church-yard, Sara? It will only take a little space, and the lot is so large: there isn't any other place where I should like to have him lying. People would think it was our kindness; and in that way it could be done. And do not put me too far from him, when my time comes; not *too* far. For you know he was, Sara, my dear boy, my first-born son." She murmured this over and over, her arms round him. Then, "He is not lying quite straight," she said. And she tried to move his head a little. But already it had the strange heaviness of death, it was like a weight of stone in her small hands. Her face was convulsed for a moment, her frame shaken with her grief.

Footsteps were now audible coming up the mountain path outside. "Mamma, they are here," said Sara from her post at the window.

But Madam Carroll had already controlled herself. She rose, pressed one long kiss on the still face, then went to the door and opened it. When Sabrina Barnes and her sister, the two old women who in that rural neighborhood filled the office of watching by the dead, came up the stairs, she was waiting for them. In a clear low voice she gave them all her directions: the expenses of the funeral she should herself assume. Then she passed down the stairs with Sara on her way home, and stopped to speak to the mother of the sick child in the lower room, and suggest some new remedy.

Mrs. Walley was distressed at the idea of their going home alone; but her husband had not yet returned, and the ladies did not wish to wait. The path was safe enough; it was only the loneliness of it. But the ladies said that they did not mind the loneliness. They went down the mountain by the light of the stars, reaching the Farms a little after two o'clock. Dupont had died at midnight.

The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon. The Methodist minister officiated, but all the congregation of St. John's were also present. The farm-house was full, and people stood also in the garden outside bare-headed and reverent. Then the little procession was formed, and went down the mountain toward St. John's, where the Carrolls, with their usual goodness, had given a place for the poor stranger in their own lot. The coffin was borne on men's shoulders in the old-fashioned way. It was covered with flowers. Every one had sent some, for they all remembered how fond he had been of their flower gardens. They recalled his sweet voice and his songs, his merry ways with children. There was a pathos, too, in his poverty, because they had not suspected it. And so they all thought of him kindly as he was borne by on his way to his last rest.

Madam Carroll and Sara had not been at the farm-house. But they were at the grave. They were in waiting there when the procession entered the church-yard gate. They stood at the head of the coffin as it rested on the bier during the prayer. They stood there while it was lowered, and while the grave was being filled. This was the custom in Far Edgerley: everybody staid. But when this task was completed the people dispersed: the services were considered at an end.

Flower had begun to shape the mound, and Madam Carroll still waited. Seeing

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this, several persons came back, and a little group gathered.

"Ah, well, poor friendless young man, his life here is over," said Mrs. Greer. "It is not quite straight, Flower; if you come here and look you can see for yourself."

"I suppose he was a foreigner," said Miss Sophy; "he looked like one. Didn't you say that you thought he was a foreigner, Madam Carroll?"

"He came from Martinique," answered the Major's wife; "he had lived there, I believe, or on one of the neighboring islands, almost all his life."

"Well, I call that foreign; I call all the West India Islands very foreign," said Miss Sophy. "They don't seem to me civilized. They are principally inhabited by blacks."

"It was so sad that he had no money," remarked Mrs. Rendlesham. "We never dreamed of that, you know. Though I remember now that his clothes, when you came to really look at them, were a little —a little worn, perhaps."

"They were shabby," said Miss Corinna, not with unkindness, but historically, as it were.

"Is it true, Madam Carroll, that he was really a Methodist?" asked Miss Bolt, thoughtfully looking at the mound.

"The Walleys are Methodists, you know," answered the lady of the Farms. "They had their own pastor there several times, and on the last day Mrs. Walley was sure that—that Mr. Dupont was conscious, and that he joined in their prayers, and assented to what was said."

"I don't believe he was *anything*—I mean, anything in particular," said Mrs. General Hibbard, decisively. "He hadn't that air."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Hibbard, surely we should be charitable," said little Miss Tappen, who was waiting with a wreath of her best chrysanthemums to place upon the completed mound.

"Well, Amelia, can you say he *had*?" said the General's widow, in an argumentative tone, with her forefinger extended.

"I suppose he had neither father nor mother, poor fellow, as he never spoke of them," observed Miss Dalley; "that is, I never heard that he did. But perhaps he talked more freely to you, Madam Carroll. Did he ever mention his parents?"

"Mamma, I think we had better go now," said Sara Carroll. "You are very tired, I know."

"Oh yes," said all the ladies, "do go, dear Madam Carroll. "You have had so much to do lately." "You are looking quite fatigued, really." "Pray take care of yourself for all our sakes."

Madam Carroll looked at the mound, which was now nearly completed. Then she made a little gesture of farewell to the group, and turned with her daughter toward the gate. All the ladies wore black dresses: it was the custom at Far Edgerley to wear black at funerals. Madam Carroll not only wore a black dress, but she had put a black ribbon on her little straw bonnet.

"Isn't it sweet of her to do that?" said Miss Dalley. "It makes it a sort of mourning. And I like to think that the poor lonely fellow had one real mourner, you know."

The path took the two ladies past the study; its door stood open. The rector saw them, and came out. He offered his arm to Madam Carroll.

She took it; she was trembling a little. "I am excessively tired," she said, as if apologizing.

"Yes; I noticed it during the services."

"Then you were there?" she asked. She spoke mechanically, as if to fill the pause, and not as though she cared for his reply.

"I was both at the house and the grave," answered Owen.

He did not look at Sara, who was on the other side. Their carriage was waiting at the gate; he assisted them in, bowed, and they drove away.

Scar and the Major were sitting at the open window of the library as the two ladies alighted at the door. "Mamma, it seems a *very* long time since you and sister Sara went away," said the child, leaning out to speak to them. "Papa and I have taken a walk, and looked at all our pictures, and told all our stories; and now we are sitting here waiting for you."

"I will come in a few minutes, my pet," said Madam Carroll.

Sara went directly to the library, and sat down beside her father's chair. He wished to hear all about the funeral of "that poor young man," and she answered his questions at length, and told him everything she could think of in connection with it. The Major had known Dupont but vaguely; he had seen him once at the reception, but the face had faded from his memory, and he should not have known

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him had they met again. He was a musical genius who had appeared among them. He was glad that he had appeared; it was a variety, and they had so little variety in Far Edgerley. Good music was always an addition, and Marion was very fond of music, very; he was glad she could have this little enjoyment. He had said this to Sara several times.

After a short delay Madam Carroll came in. She had taken off her black dress and put on a bright little gown of blue; her hair had been recurled, and there was a lovely color in her cheeks, and some sprays of cream-colored honeysuckle in her blue belt. As she came nearer, the Major's old eyes dwelt upon her with child-like pleasure and pride. "You are looking very charming this evening, Madam Carroll," he said, with his old-fashioned gallantry.

She sat down beside him. "Sara has been telling me about the funeral of that unfortunate young musician," he continued. "It was like you, Marion, to show so much kindness to the poor fellow, whoever he was, and I am glad you did it. Kindness to the unfortunate and the stranger has always been an especial characteristic of the Carroll family, and you have merely represented me in this matter, done what I of course should have done had I been well—had I quite recovered from my illness of last winter, you know. But I am much improved—much improved. This poor young man seems to have been utterly alone in the world, since even when he was dying, and knew that he was, he told no one, as I understand it, anything of his parentage, or life, or history, and left no letters or even a message for friends. It is really quite remarkable."

"Papa," said Sara, "now that we are all here, wouldn't it be a good time to try the magic lantern for an hour or so?"

The magic lantern was a new one; she had ordered it from Baltimore.

"Certainly," said the Major, interested immediately. "Scar, get the boxes."

Scar brought the boxes, and gave one of them to his mother; as he did so his hand touched hers. "Why, mamma, are you so cold?" he said, in surprise. "It is still summer, mamma, and quite warm."

"It is nothing," answered Madam Carroll; "a mere passing chill. It is over now."

MRS. CLAXTON'S SKELETON.

SHE always carried it about with her; but it was not her bones. And as this is not a conundrum, I may as well say at once that it was—well, it was connected with her domestic difficulties.

Nobody, casually observing Mrs. Claxton, would have dreamed her to be the possessor of so disagreeable an article, least of all one that was constantly a companion, and that could not be locked up in a closet, and left behind when she went where folks were gay and happy.

For my own part, understanding how unreasonable it would be to expect any lot to be a perfect thing, and inclining toward the old saw about a skeleton in every closet, I sometimes used to wonder what earthly material there was from which Mrs. Claxton could get one up, yet felt tolerably sure, for all her smiles and her pleasant manners, for all her fineries and luxuries, that there must be something to make her resigned to the necessity of one day surrendering her hold upon those desirable things surrounding her at present in such abundance. For why should Mrs. Claxton be an exception? Look up and down the hills, with the familiar sight that neighbors have, and you could have seen trouble in too many houses to be able to believe the Claxton house exempt. For in this house bitter, grinding poverty and pride had their perpetual battle-ground; that house death had robbed of its sunshine; in the next house the disgrace of a defalcation had made life a burden; still beyond, a cloud of insanity hung, ready to fall; here a drunken son, there an unfaithful husband; in such a house a frivolous wife, in such another idiotic children: up and down the streets, in every house, something; no matter what the compensations were, no matter how much happiness otherwise; yet always some one bitter thing, perhaps to give a better relish with its tang to all the sweet.

So what could Mrs. Claxton's be? She lived in the finest place in the town, her handsome house upon a sightly knoll, a shaven lawn dotted with noble trees sloping away from it on all sides. Within, it seemed to our rustic eyes a witch-land of beauty and of all the cunning appliances of art for comfort. She had her open lan-

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dau and her span for summer driving, her sleighs full of costly robes for winter, her servants, her overflowing purse, her husband and children, her dresses. Yes, her dresses; no one in Claxtonberg had any to compare with them. She had the glory of setting the fashion, and of holding a lofty pre-eminence in it, and the bliss of knowing that the last new wrinkle in her pouf, or her sleeve, or her back hair, was being studied every Sunday with an assiduity that put the prayer-book to open shame. And besides all this Mrs. Claxton was very pretty: everybody admired her; everybody else loved her. She had company when she pleased, so far as we knew; she went on journeys when she chose; and when the bishop came he always staid with her. What was there out of which Mrs. Claxton's skeleton could be made?

It could not be that this skeleton had found existence because her husband was not a distinguished man in politics, for no woman who had any regard for her own happiness, or his either, would want her husband in politics; and Mrs. Claxton had the greatest regard for the happiness of both. It could not be because she had no children, for she had four, fine ones. It could not be because her children were not boys or were not girls, for there were two sisters and two brothers among them. It couldn't be because her husband was still in business, since his mills brought him in a royal revenue every year, and he would be lost without the business. It could not be because her husband was tired of her, for everybody in Claxtonberg knew to the contrary, knew that he surrounded his wife with everything heart could wish, knew that the breath of scandal had never approached him. It could not be because of any impending disease that was to darken her house, for they were all in a state of notorious health. What in the world could it be?

I had just as lief tell you as not—if you will listen.

When this lady first met the gentleman who became her husband, his high-bred courtesy, his knightly manner, rivalled that of the great dignitaries around them; he, not any of them, seemed to her the true nobleman; and, not to weary you, she accepted him the moment he asked her. She was the governess of a friend's children, and the family were staying at some wonderful foreign baths where the marble basins were more than a mile about, and where the court came to bathe. Every morning the Majesties and Sublimities and high and mighty Excellencies went into the bath, king and queen and chamberlains, grand duchesses and princes and ladies-in-waiting, and from unobserved chinks the commonalty watched the shoal of nobility disporting itself. And what a scene it was to watch! For the flannel bathing suits were under water, but out of water what elaborate hairdressing, what a blaze of jewelled tiaras and coronets, what flashing diamond necklaces upon white throats, what point-lace fichus and berthas overlaid with strings of resplendent gems to the water's edge, what loading of bracelets on bare arms, what glancing of rings on fingers! for the court was in full dress in the presence of the sovereign.

As Mr. Claxton looked from the window of his room upon the brilliant scene he felt a lofty republican contempt—indeed, contempt was Mr. Claxton's forte—which was not lessened when the crowd of commoners went in, in their turn, aping the bediamonded ways of those who went before. One young girl among the throng, who wore only the dress suitable to the occasion, and was without any other ornament than the shrouding veil of her own long hair, attracted him—in the first place by her simplicity, and in the next place by a manner that seemed to be at once sweet and stately: there was a sort of shy and startled look in her great soft brown eyes if one addressed her; there was so rich a color on her cheek too; and the features of her lovely face were so finely in keeping with that half-defiant carriage of the perfect head. In such a pack of frippery her plain attire was pre-eminence to Mr. Claxton, whose feelings were exceedingly ruffled; for he was accustomed to obsequious consideration at home, and here he was less than a cipher; and revenging himself by despising the whole affair, he knew no better way of proclaiming it than by passing over all the titled and spangled beauties, and devoting himself to this simple young girl. If, meanwhile, the titled beauties did not know of his existence, he never suspected *that*, and he lost no time in making the young girl's acquaintance. It mattered not to him that she was a governess, as it would not if she had been a beggar and had attracted him. He was one of those men who consider their ac-

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tions their own justification; his desires were a law to themselves. After he married her she would be Mrs. Claxton—a glory which every Claxton that had ever married felt to be quite capable of blotting out all that might ever have gone before in the lives and histories of the poor brides. As for the young girl, treated kindly by her friend but not wont to have the attention or even the pleasant notice of young men, and with that vague longing for it natural to girls, somewhat lonely, and altogether dependent, her heart leaped up in gratitude to this stranger, with whose family and antecedents her friend was well acquainted. People said he was like a young prince: she never remembered to think, in liking to hear them, that princes are the masters of slaves, and that for a plain private to be a young prince simply meant that he was a person who would have his own way if he had to be a tyrant to do it. When he proposed she accepted him, as I said; she already loved him with devotion; she married him in all haste—to repent in all leisure.

And Mr. Claxton, making the tour of Europe like a good American, was suddenly summoned home by an event which left him the possessor of the great mills and the great business, and he installed his wife in his great house, and he felt that he had done more for her than she had a right to ask, and for himself he expected thenceforward a slavish obedience.

To tell the whole truth, though, Mr. Claxton did not know that he expected a slavish obedience. His intention was to do right exactly, and perhaps lean to mercy's side. He had been reared in a school that held the wife to be, so to say, a chattel, and he would have been as much surprised to find his wife differing from him as he would have been to hear his wooden dining-table speak up and complain of the dinner: he looked for absolute agreement. If you had asked him if he believed that a man had a right to beat his wife, he would have indignantly answered no, and demanded of you, furthermore, as to what it was you took him for; but if he himself had chanced to strike his wife he would not have felt it an act to be questioned by anybody. His wife was his. That he did not put a rope round her neck and sell her in open market was out of his abounding condescension. He allowed her many favors, such, for instance, as the liberty to breathe. For her to reward him by having an opinion of her own on any subject would have astounded him. If he had chosen to take her children away from her he would have thought her complaint monstrous; if he had knocked down her own mother and trodden on her, he would have thought her remonstrance culpable, and would have punished her for it to the best of his ability, not by whips and stocks, not by imprisonment or deprivation, but by withholding his royal favor in some signal manner. In fact, in Mr. Claxton's ideal household there was but one will, one mind, one identity, and that was Mr. Claxton's. And that household was a not at all uncommon instance of an unrecognized tyranny worse than Diocletian's own.

In spite of all this, if you can believe me, Mr. Claxton loved his wife—not as he did his own soul, indeed, but next to that, one might say. She had only to ask—but ask she must—to have her wish gratified. If she were ill, he knew no peace, and let no one else know any, till she were well again. He admired her beauty, her lovely manner, her stately air; he did not object to that *soupçon* of spirit when directed toward other people; he felt that she added a lustre to his station. He was, in short, very proud of her; but he would not for the world have had her know it. For where would discipline be then?

Well, it might perhaps have answered with somebody else, but it did not answer at all with Mrs. Claxton. In truth, Mr. Claxton had been married hardly a year before he began to suspect that he had a rebel in his house, or, as he phrased it, a viper in his bosom; and he prepared to take extraordinary measures.

As for Mrs. Claxton, her feeling for her husband was of the tenderest; she regarded him for a long time as the best and greatest man alive, and by far the handsomest. She knew he had faults, but understood that all men abounded in faults, and presumed that other men's faults were very much worse than his. She thought it likely that he could not have written the Iliad, but then she didn't know that it was desirable to have written the Iliad; yet she was sure he could have written Tillotson's *Sermons*, or Macaulay's *Essays*, or Mill's *Logic*, and that he could be President of the United States on any day he wished it, and have conferred new dignity upon the office. There was only one thing she would have liked different about

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him: she would have liked him to consider her more on an equality with himself.

And yet at first she used to doubt if that were not an unreasonable exaction on her part—she who had been nothing but a poor little governess, to demand so much, and he the owner of the vast Claxtonberg mills, the descendant of the old Claxtons of Claxtonberg, a castle across the water that had defied assault for generations, and in which monarchs had held state, if the Claxtonberg legends could be trusted. Though, between ourselves, I always imagined that the person whom Mr. Claxton's grandfather employed, after he had acquired wealth, to hunt up his family traditions for him, his coat of arms and crest, found only and exactly what his employer wanted him to find.

However that might be, Mrs. Claxton's eyes used to follow her husband with an adoring look in them. His noble figure, his lofty bearing, the large fair comeliness of his fresh face and its aquiline contour, his great gray eyes and his bright curling hair, seemed to her a representation of the noblest type of manhood; the sound of his voice was music, the sound of his footfall was something she always ran to meet. That is, in the first year.

It was an odd little circumstance that caused Mrs. Claxton's cloudy suspicion of her husband's injustice to settle into an absolute curd of sourness. Odd, because so slight: it was the naming of their first child.

"You are looking peculiarly well, my love," said Mr. Claxton, condescendingly, happening to see his wife in the glass as he drew his razor over the hone. "Like a flower in full bloom," jocosely.

Mrs. Claxton blushed and looked lovelier yet. "I am so glad you think so," said she. "I was really afraid I was falling off. And that would be such a shame, for I want the baby to remember me when I look my best."

"Let me hear him," said Mr. Claxton, gayly, "expressing any opinion other than my own on that subject, if he thinks best!" And he kissed his wife as she came and stood beside him while looking for something in the dressing-case drawer, and then he plunged into the business on hand.

"I think," said Mrs. Claxton, after a few moments, looking up timidly from the seat she had taken to the spot where her husband stood holding the tip of his nose with one hand while he flourished his razor beneath it with the other—for Mr. Claxton never risked his greatness sufficiently to have a *valet de chambre*—"I think Henry would really be the fit name, after all, being yours, and your father's—and your grandfather's too, wasn't it? And then, do you know, it was my father's also. And I should so like to unite them all in one!"

I doubt if Mrs. Claxton would have ventured to re-open this subject, after a previous conversation, but for the little compliment she had received, and for the fact that when a man stands holding the tip of his nose in one hand, with his upper lip stretched like an apron beneath it, he is not altogether an object of awe.

But Mr. Claxton did not give an immediate answer; he seldom did; whether to signify that he was on such an altitude above common mortals that it took some time for the sound of their voices to reach him, or whether it cost him an effort to acknowledge the independent existence, and therefore the voluntary remarks, of anybody else in the universe, though just now he had the excuse of a delicate use of his razor. When he sought his shaving paper, however, he turned and looked at his wife in some displeasure, reminiscent of that previous conversation.

"This is quite unnecessary, my love," he said. "I told you I intended to revive an old family name sunk in desuetude."

"But, my dear," persisted Mrs. Claxton, "it would be so nice to continue the one name for four generations; it is a sort of immortality in itself—as if Henry Claxton never died."

"Never died!" cried Mr. Claxton, nettled, since this very thing had been a temptation to him before resolving to rekindle the ancient family grandeur with one of the legendary names—"Never died! What blasphemy is this!" And he made himself livid with fresh lather.

"Blasphemy? How you talk! Why, you know what I mean, dear."

"Pray how should I know what you mean? I know what you say. And it shocks me."

"Well, never mind; it's of no consequence."

"Of no consequence that you shock me?" began the young prince.

"Oh, no, no, indeed!" said the trembling subject, shocked herself at offending him. "I mean it is of no consequence

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what I say. I talk so heedlessly, you know."

"Indeed, I have reason to know it," was the severe ejaculatory.

"And I am really sorry about it. I try to think twice before I speak, but—

"I wish you found more success in the trial. A year ago it would have been less matter, but now Mrs. Claxton should never forget the dignity of her station, and that inconsiderate babbling detracts—"

"Oh, I don't think I do anything like that!"

"When you say that it is of no consequence whether you shock me or not, you do."

"But I didn't say anything of the sort."

"Don't contradict me again, if you please."

"Don't you allow people to defend themselves?" said Mrs. Claxton, opening her brown eyes in a spirited way.

"I don't allow people to insult me."

"Insult you! What nonsense!" cried the wife at last. "But that is neither here nor there. We were speaking of the baby's name. I am sure I had no intention, no idea, of offending you by suggesting a choice in the matter. It would give me such pleasure to remember my father in the name, and unite yours with it—Henry Claxton, Fourth," said Mrs. Claxton, musingly, her thimble on her lip.

"We have had enough of that," said Mr. Claxton, firmly, and quite vexed with her persistency. "The child's name is Reginald."

Mrs. Claxton stood up a moment in one of her sudden little angers that she was always under the necessity of humiliating herself about afterward, and looked at the man as he engaged himself just then with his chin in a manner that made silence imperative, and she took advantage of the opportunity.

"I never heard of anything so outrageous in my life!" she exclaimed, passionately. "Anybody would suppose your wife was a mere bondwoman, the mother of your child a nonentity, that it was not as much mine as yours, more mine than yours! It is an odious piece of tyranny!"

Mr. Claxton gathered his mug and materials with one sweep of his hand, and faced her. "When you apologize to me for your utterly inexcusable language," said he, "I shall re-enter this room, but not before." And he intrenched himself in a spare chamber.

And after a couple of days of blank silence and loneliness and misery, of course Mrs. Claxton gave in, and apologized with tears for her utterly inexcusable language. But the peculiarity of the dialogue was that at the time of its occurrence the child to whom reference was made was not born, and when it was born it was a girl!

But Mr. Claxton was made of flesh like the rest of us, and when he was called into his wife's darkened room, and the little bundle of flannel was put into his arms, and declared to be his daughter, he kissed it fondly, and laid it on the pillow beside his wife; and as he saw her so pale and faint, so starry-eyed and beautiful, looking as if she might vanish out of his sight at any moment, he bent and hid his face beside her own.

"My dear love," said he, in magnanimous concession, some little while afterward, "we will call this baby Henrietta."

Now of all the names in or out of the calendar the one that Mrs. Claxton the most detested was Henrietta. Mrs. Claxton, however, accepted the concession in the spirit in which it was made, offering, indeed, on her part, an exchange of Henrietta for Regina, which offer was not listened to for a moment; and during her convalescence her husband so invested her with kindness that she looked forward to a happiness of which she had begun to despair in the midst of that wilderness of rebellion and altercation where she had almost lost herself.

But it was an easy thing for Mr. Claxton to be kind to a sick person, since it is the part of an invalid to have no will, to receive favors, and obey orders; and if Mrs. Claxton had been an invalid all her life, paradoxical as it sounds, she would have had no skeleton. But, on the contrary, she was a healthy young thing, and in a few weeks was as rosy and vigorous as ever, as spirited, and perhaps as willful. The presence of her baby, though, turned her thoughts more from herself, and she anticipated in her absorption less opportunity for strife than before. Accordingly she was very much discomposed when one day her husband being present, accidentally and for the first time, at Miss Baby's toilet—which the mother found as much pleasure in attending to for herself as she used to find in playing dolls—he insisted that everything should be done precisely the other way: that the water should be cold and not tepid, that the soap

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should be Castile and not scented, that the towel should be a crash and not a damask one.

"I never heard of such a thing!" cried the young mother.

"There are probably many things of which you have not heard, my love," replied the young father.

"But a rough towel on this little soft flesh!"

"It will make it the firmer and healthier."

"It will take the skin off. And Castile soap—why, the doctor says it should never be used except for healing; it is too drying for a healthy skin."

"My mother used it invariably."

"Now don't begin to quote your mother—the way men always do; don't imagine your mother knew more than the doctor."

"I imagine," said Mr. Claxton, feeling it worth while to control his vexation for the child's sake, "that her experience was as good as his books."

"Well, your mother did as she chose, and this child's mother will do as she chooses. Crash towels, Castile soap, and cold water! Cold water, indeed!"

"Certainly. And don't repeat my words in that offensive manner, if you please. Any moderate intellect would understand that if the child is to be strong, it is to be early inured—"

"I never shall use it—never!"

"Indeed, my darling, you are mistaken. You always will use it in the future."

"Well, we will see," said Mrs. Claxton, laughing and shaking her head. "Cold water on such a mite of a baby! That is all men know."

"Decidedly we *shall* see. For I shall make it a point to be present until it has become an established custom."

"Then I shall take my baby and run away. The law gives every woman her child, at least till she has weaned it."

"I don't think I shall have recourse to the law for possession of my own child."

"Take it!" cried Mrs. Claxton, in a passion; and she dumped the little naked morsel into its father's arms, and was running from the room.

"You are a wicked and unnatural woman!" cried Mr. Claxton in his absolute bewilderment, not considering such remark at all in the light of inexcusable language when used by himself, and completely at a loss what to do with the thing that he found himself as free to handle as if it had been a jelly-fish. And in another moment she was running back, snatching her baby, hugging it to her throat, and crying over it.

"You are making yourself sick with your temper, and will hurt the child accordingly," said Mr. Claxton, calmly now, for a person can very well be calm after having wrought the opposite party to a fever.

"It is your temper," she retorted. "As if a mother didn't know how to dress her own baby without a man around!"

"I shall not be moved by anything you say in such a mood," said the husband. "But as the child is mine, I claim the right to see it properly attended to. And to resume: I want, in the first place, all the pins abolished that I observe you using in its flannels."

"Pins! Why, everybody uses them. They are every one shield-pins, and couldn't prick her if they tried. Why, Queen Victoria herself invented them."

"I don't care who invented them," said Mr. Claxton, possibly regarding royalty rather in the light of rivalry; "I want them abolished. Strings are equally as good."

"Oh, no, indeed," said Mrs. Claxton, quite forgetting her temper; "they make knots, and the knots are so hard for the little soft body to lie on."

"Then sew the things on when you dress her. The needle is likely to prick only in the sewing, the pins all day and all night."

"It is sheer nonsense, Henry. I assure you the pins couldn't prick if they were alive. Do you suppose I want to hurt my own baby?"

"That is nothing to the purpose."

"Well, I will compromise with you," she said, laughing now as easily as she had cried before. "I declare, if you're not perfectly ridiculous! Come, I will sew on her flannels and things every day, trouble as it is, if you will forego the cold water."

"I shall make no compromise as to my rights. I insist on the cold water, on the Castile soap, the rough towels, and that no pins shall be used."

"I should like to see you hinder it!" said Mrs. Claxton, stoutly.

"Very well," said Mr. Claxton, and he took up the pincushion to show her; and as at the same instant his wife darted for

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it, he began to strip it of its pins in a haste very disagreeable to a man of his deliberate dignity. But unable to retain the accumulating pins in his unhandy hands, he suddenly turned away from her and slipped a few of them into his mouth—for great men can be driven to desperate expedients; and just as suddenly swallowing his breath, perhaps in amazement at himself, he found himself obliged to cough or to strangle, when nature took the matter into her own charge, and the pins flew in every direction, so wildly and so instantaneously that one of them, he was morally sure, had lodged in his throat. "Help! help!" he gurgled; "I have swallowed a pin."

Mrs. Claxton tossed the baby into the cradle and ran to slap his back, in a terrible alarm; and Jane, answering her screams, burst into the room with a dish of crusts and a pitcher of water; and only after the coughing fit was over, and he had examined his throat with a hand-glass and a powerful light, did he convince himself that there was no pin there, and become as grand and majestic once more as he could be with shoulders that were nearly black and blue from the pounding that Jane had perhaps been only too glad to administer in the effort of dislodging the suspected pin.

But Mr. Claxton was very sore. His wife had contradicted him, had resisted him, had threatened him with the law, had threatened him with desertion, had thrown the baby in his face, had all but said, "Bother your mother!" had hazarded his life with that pin, and worse than all, had made him ridiculous to himself, to her, and to a servant—he, the great Mr. Claxton! A fish bone would have been bad enough, but a pin! He felt as if there were nothing nobler in the world than he, when, seeing that he could not spend another moment from the business that had been waiting, he started to go, and turned at the door to say: "Your conduct has been, this morning, of the most reprehensible description. But you are the mother of my child, and I will not leave you in anger, and as such I forgive you."

"I don't want any of your forgiveness," said the sinner. "I shall do just as I please with my own baby, for all the men in the world. So!" And then she ran and sprang upon the seat of a chair, and threw an arm round his neck, and turned his chin up and his great sulky face, and laughed at him, and kissed him. "Oh, I'm a little wretch!" she cried. "But, indeed, you mustn't ask me to use the cold water. It would break my heart to do it." And somehow Mr. Claxton felt his august demeanor of no sort of consequence beside this little hysterical creature hanging about his neck, and—well, he kissed her.

"Why didn't you say so in the beginning, then?" he said. "I will overlook the cold water, but I insist about the pins!"

Poor Mrs. Claxton! If she thought she had reached the end of her troubles in her happy convalescence, she was sadly mistaken. Previously she and her husband had really nothing material to dispute about; now they had the baby; and it was an unfailing source. If the baby had the colic, and she wanted to use anise-seed, Mr. Claxton's mother had used gin; and as anise was innocent and gin deleterious, of course the struggle was to the knife. If it had the croup, and she wanted homœopathic treatment, it was altogether certain that Mr. Claxton's mother had used the allopathic, and of course in their mutual opinion the difference involved life and death. If it were ill through teething, and she wanted to administer a remedy, Mr. Claxton would have the child go into fits, though his own heart ached, rather than have anything done before the doctor came. If she wished to rock it, Mr. Claxton was strenuously opposed, and she might declare till she was tired that the process had not injured Daniel Webster or Martha Washington, he would declare in return that at any rate his child should not have its brains addled on a pair of rockers, though I do not think he said "addled"—he said "undergo tabefaction." In fact there was no aspect of the child's existence, from its being sung to sleep to its being kissed by strangers, that they did not differ about. And when the twins came, the differing was not merely doubled but tripled. After that, too, Mr. Claxton in some way became haunted by the fear that his wife's beauty would be impaired by care and illness. He fancied he might have been neglectful of her in his concern for his children, and experienced a sensation as near remorse as became a Claxton, and then a new cause of dispute arose: he undertook to separate her from her children, he insisted that their perpetual presence occasioned a feverish nervous solicitude, and he contrived one or anoth-

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er method of isolating her from them in the daytime; and let them cry their little hearts away at night, he would not allow her to go to them; they had a nurse apiece, the very best to be had; Jane and he himself were to be called if the matter were serious, and that must answer; for his wife, he assured her, was worth more to him than all the children in Christendom, and if she wouldn't take care of herself he must take care of her—which, of course, made Mrs. Claxton as happy as he thought it should, and kept her from wearing herself to a white shadow!

Mrs. Claxton had by this time divined that one way to have your will was to submit in pale patience. Sometimes she was able to practice it, and sometimes, as Paul says, she kicked against the pricks; generally, indeed, she kicked, and in this affair she kicked to such purpose that after one of the twins had had a night of convulsions in her absence, Mr. Claxton found that a strait-jacket would conquer the mother's instinct sooner than he would, and the household was allowed to resume its normal condition.

Its normal condition was a wrangle. Should baby-talk be addressed to the babies, or sound English? Should the milk be boiled in the coffee or not, when cream was not to be had, and should the coffee be settled with an egg or with fish-skin? Should the crusts be given to the poor, or should money be given to the poor and the crusts saved for a bread pudding? Should the new wall-paper be plain or gilded, the new carriage-lining green or claret, the old sideboard put up garret or sent to auction?—each day brought its fresh point of debate. If Mrs. Claxton had expressed the first opinion, Mr. Claxton's natural tendency was to differ, both because she had no right to the first opinion, and because he wished her to understand that her judgment was unsound; but having expressed that opinion, Mrs. Claxton was bound to maintain it till the sky fell; and there it was. If she wanted the horses, she must mention it at breakfast, and go over the matter with statement and question and answer till she wished she had gone afoot without speaking of the thing; but if she did go afoot, then woe betide her!—she had thrown a shadow on the Claxton name which it took a day and night of Claxton severity to brighten. And what else could be expected of a man in a place, as Mrs. Claxton sometimes thought, where a thousand men hung on his will for a livelihood, where the doctor kowtowed to him, and where the minister would have lain down and let him walk over him?

If on one day Mrs. Claxton wanted to send the children to walk in the mill-stream woods, then Mr. Claxton was sure they would be kidnapped; and if on another day Mr. Claxton suggested their picnicking with the nurses up on the lovely reservoir grounds, then Mrs. Claxton was sure they would be drowned.

"Drowned!" cried the husband, indignantly—for the reservoir was his especial plaything, having been constructed under his supervision to turn the mill-wheels by damming into one basin the course of two small streams, and insult to that was felt like insult to himself. "Drowned! Pray what should drown them?"

"Water," was the short reply. "I've heard that it could."

"I really don't know how it could in this instance," replied Mr. Claxton, with great disdain.

"By bursting that absurd dam!" cried the mother, out of patience. "It will burst some day, and it may as easily be to-day as another, and sweep them away in a breath. I'm sure I wake with every tap of the vine on the pane all night, sure that now it's going!"

"Let me hear no more talk of the sort," said Mr. Claxton. "It is enough to demoralize the whole valley. If such things were known to be uttered by my wife I could not keep a hand. There is no more likelihood of that dam's bursting than of the mill's falling. On the whole, though, I don't know that it *is* a good place for the children to visit. They might, as you say, be drowned, and without waiting for the dam to burst."

"What under the sun can drown them, I should like to know, if the dam does not burst?"

"Water," replied Mr. Claxton, in his turn.

"Water! As if they could tumble in with all that slope of the green banks a mile above them, and the nurses with them too! I should as soon think of fire."

"I presume that would be quite possible to an inconsequential mind," said the lofty party of the first part.

"I never pretended to any sort of a mind. If I had— But I know how to

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take care of my children," she cried, suddenly. "And certainly neither of the twins could climb if the carriage left them at the foot of the hill itself, and Retta always obeys."

"Henrietta, my dear. Understand that I will not have any abbreviations used in my family. The names given in baptism are their only names, and are those by which my children must and shall be known."

"Well, you can call her what you please, and I'll call her what I please."

"You seem entirely to forget, Caroline, that I am the head of this house."

"I don't know how I can forget it. You reiterate it often enough."

"I reiterate it!" he cried, in a blaze; for his magnanimity was one of his darling virtues, and though he might taunt till he was tired concerning the benefits he conferred, he not only wished it held that he never taunted, but believed himself that he never did, probably because his unused capabilities of taunting were so much greater than those he used.

"Yes, you do," she responded. "And I don't care anything about the house. The family, at all events, is as much my family as yours, and if I choose I shall use pet names there to the end of time. So!"

"Is it possible that I comprehend you—that under my own roof you defy me in this manner, and dare to say you will do this or you won't do that?"

"Yes, it is," cried Mrs. Claxton, with a burning face and a trembling voice. "I wonder if I sha'n't have to ask you next if I may breathe through my nose or my lips. Let me tell you, sir, you married the wrong person when you thought you would have an abject slave in your wife. I had rather have staid a governess all my days than endure the life you lead me, and I rue the hour I ever set my eyes on you," she cried, in her passion. And then, to give confirmation to her words, her lips began to quiver and her breath began to catch, and she sank in a little heap in the arm-chair, sobbing fit to dissolve herself in tears.

As for Mr. Claxton, he dared not trust himself to reply. He felt as if he must shake her, and if he shook her he was very much afraid he should do something worse, and so the *noblesse oblige* of the Claxton dignity took him from the room speechless, but glaring.

"I wish I was dead," sobbed Mrs. Claxton, growing more hysterical with every sob. "Or else I wish—" But she did not finish the sentence.

By this time you have doubtless become quite well aware of the nature of Mrs. Claxton's skeleton, and see how it was that it walked abroad when she did, and always ran before and opened the door for her when she came home; and she was slowly growing to see its likeness in her face every time she looked in the glass—that pretty, gracious face, where the lines had yet hardly deepened into settled frowns. She felt herself stripped of identity and all personal importance, made a mere puppet; she was not sure of peace from one moment to the next; she had no fixed happiness in life but the love of her children; and she was convinced that the moment they were old enough to exercise intelligence, the habit of contempt would be caught, and they too would despise her. Every day of her life she wished herself free, and she began to recognize the phantom of a perception that the only escape from her skeleton was through the door of death—death for one or the other of them; sometimes she could not have been sure that she was altogether unready to say which one, and it would not be herself. She thought that she was the victim of a wicked injustice on the part of fate, for she realized what it might be to have the love of a husband who regarded her as an individual, as a mate, who, far from tyrannizing over her as an odalisque and a piece of acquired property a little more valuable than Towser or Dash, wooed her still with kind observances and unfailing respect. She loved her husband, but her temper and his vainglory were always crossing swords in the way of the love; she loved him, and she hated him; she was harassed by opposing forces and feelings night and day. For all her sweet smiles and her tranquil manners outdoors, she was an exceedingly wretched woman in.

As for Mr. Claxton— But words fail to convey the emotion of that good man when convinced of the rebellion in his household — the cockatrice upon his hearth!

Mr. Claxton was indeed at a loss in his own thoughts. He was so much aghast at his wife's outbreak that he did not know how to formulate the statement of affairs to himself. He felt unable to

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reach a solution of the problem as to what could have caused such a state of mind in her, and his powers were inadequate to devise a fit punishment till he should have looked the matter over more coolly. He staid in his counting-room that afternoon a good while beyond business hours, partly to reflect on these matters, and partly because a thunder-cloud had burst over the valley and among the hills, and he knew that his wife was apt to be utterly prostrated by fear of thunder, and thought it best to give her a more realizing sense of her dependence on him through his absence at such a crisis.

However, he would not have been able to say what contradictory impulse it was that made him at last, while the heavens were still pouring a thick suffocating sheet of rain, throw over his shoulders an old pilot-cloth coat hanging in the place, and sally forth for home. Certainly he had reason to regret it directly afterward, for in three minutes the rain had penetrated his umbrella, and it was only a sodden rag, and he shut it to find that in three minutes more he should be wet to the skin, if not to the bone. Then the question was, should he return? No, "returning were as tedious as go o'er"; to retrace one's steps was to acknowledge one's error. Then should he run? Run? Mr. Claxton run? Well, let him run never so swiftly, the rain was swifter yet; he would be just as surely wet, since it was some distance. If he could not retain his comfort, he might retain his dignity, he might solace himself with the reflection that either Plato, or Pericles, or Aristotle presented a much more preposterous appearance with the tail of his gown turned up over his head in a shower; and accordingly he stalked along in great strides, his hat ruined, his clothes too heavy to carry, the rain running a cold river down his back and into his boots, blinding his eyes, and streaming off a hundred little points of his hair, and most humiliatingly off the end of his nose and chin, feeling ignominiously like Lot's wife in a rain-storm, and hearing an ignorant little boy in the distance hoot at him. Certainly he was not at all a dignified object; no clod-hopper ever presented a more abject appearance. Of what value to him at that moment was his money? Of what value were his horses and carriages? He was as wet as the nakedest man that ever swam. And as he had really, after all his anger with her, been hastening home on Mrs. Claxton's account, he transferred to that account all the chagrin arising from the situation, the more readily that it was of no use to be angry with the elements, and he was very angry with something, with the indignity practiced upon him by the weather, with his wetness, his general discomfort, and with the little boy.

And of course, when at length he reached the house, the rain still raining a deluge, and the lightning falling round him every step of the way, he expected doors to be thrown open before him, and a tumultuary welcome to make itself heard, in which all the disagreements of many days would be forgotten; he expected the house-servants to run this way and the nurses that, and the children to shout and prance about him, and his wife to fall on his neck, and hot flannels and toddy and dry clothes to appear by magic. Instead of all which not a soul was to be seen, not even the dogs; the servants had the children in some remote part of the house, where they were telling of dreadful deaths by lightning, and awful apparitions in the heavens; and he marched along to his room solitary and unheard, his feet squelching his soft French boots like pulp, conscious of every separate toe, and the water dripping from his clothes in puddles upon the bright carpets as he stepped. He saw himself in this plight in a long mirror of the hall, and surely for one instant the starch was taken out of Mr. Claxton—a limp and helpless filter of rain-water. Possibly if anybody other than that thing in the glass had seen him, he would have dropped on the floor and resolved into a dew; but nobody did, and the moment he had closed his bedroom door he was all buckram again. For there was Mrs. Claxton in bed, with the room darkened, utterly oblivious of his coming or staying, her head wrapped about with the blankets, deaf to the bubble and squeak of his boots, deaf to the thunder too, blind to the image he presented, blind to the lightning, totally unaware of his return, and indifferent to his condition. This was what a man got for exposing himself in a thunder-gust! Mr. Claxton did not swear: the Claxtons never swore; possibly because if they had sworn it would have been seen that they could not have things all their own way, or else they would not swear about it: but he slipped himself out of that entanglement of dripping garments and into dry ones

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with as much desperate haste as became him; and without uttering a word save a muttered vow that there should not be a feather-bed left in his house by to-morrow, he went down to the dining-room. There dinner, in spite of the delay, had not yet been served, partly because it had waited for him in the first place, and partly because the storm was so tremendous that all minor interests had been forgotten in it, and partly because Mrs. Claxton had been lost to the household in the sheltering recesses of that feather-bed. Dinner, however, after his exertions, was not a minor interest to Mr. Claxton, and he forthwith proceeded to raise— Those readers whose faulty housekeeping may have discovered to them the possibilities of the hungry and infuriate animal can supply the hiatus.

So Mr. Claxton ate his dinner in what Thomas afterward called "single cussedness," having declined the proffered company of Miss Henrietta—which he would not have, for the sake of feeling like the forsaken merman—and having refused to let Mrs. Claxton be disturbed, goading himself with every mouthful into a completer sense of the outrageous way in which he was being rewarded for his magnanimity in overlooking the morning's occurrences, in getting wet through for his wife's relief, in making himself a ridiculous spectacle, in enduring the hootings of that little boy in the distance. He read his evening paper, and turned over the evening mail; wrote a few letters, in which I am afraid he wreaked a poor sort of vengeance on his correspondents, for want of other opportunity to relieve his surcharged spleen; and finally went to bed, to be greeted by the pleasant sight of Mrs. Claxton enjoying a peaceful sleep after the weariness of her day's emotions.

For Mrs. Claxton had had her headache that always attended a thunder-storm, had cried herself into a worse one with her fear of the storm, and with the fact that, for the first time, her husband had failed to appear and to sustain her through the thunderous trial, and when, later, one of the nurses happening into the room, had mentioned Mr. Claxton's return, and she saw that he had designedly left her to suffer alone, indignation dried her tears; and having satisfied herself that the children were safely upon their pillows, she made her own toilet for the night, and went to bed with her wrath, to fall asleep instantly with her fatigue.

But Mr. Claxton was tired himself—a man is not hooted at by little boys without some wear and tear of the sensibilities; he did not attempt to wake his wife, but followed her example, and slept soundly till just before daybreak, when, in the gray dawn, he was disturbed by one of those little noises that disturb nobody but a householder. It was only a faint and rather pleasant murmur—an incessant drip, drip, drip; but there was no occasion for such a murmur, since it was not raining then, and he listened anxiously to discover the cause of it. It was not long before he surmised that it came from the overflow of the tank in the roof. That was a matter easily remedied by opening the pipes, though some slight damage had already been done, and he rose to investigate the matter with some inward grumbling about there never being anybody but himself to see to such things. Having concluded his investigation, and having done all there was to be done at present, he was so thoroughly awakened that it did not seem worth while to go back to bed again; so he dressed himself for the day noiselessly, and went out to the stables for his horse. The overflow of the tank had suggested to him the advisability of a visit to the great reservoir between the hills and an inspection of the state in which the thunder-storm had left it. It occurred to him, too, that thus early he might surprise the keeper off duty, which idea had an alluring relish to him; and then it would be a pleasant morning ride, and he would be back to find breakfast ready, and his wife perhaps amiable, and the domestic storm as well blown over as the thunder-storm.

As Mr. Claxton rode forth the sun had just sent a blush over all the skies in advance of his coming, and the world was at that heavenly hour before the full yellow lustre pours over the edge when all the softer shades of color—the pure pale roses and grays and purples—seem striving to convince you how much lovelier they are than the brilliant gold and azure of broad day; the birds were warbling full-throated still, and all the boughs were glittering with dew and with the last drops of the night's shower, till the whole earth looked as if it had been freshly made that morning. I don't know that Mr. Claxton thought precisely that it was a special demonstration on the part of Nature in honor of his early ride, when the colors

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grew more and more gorgeous and the grand transformation scene finally sublimated itself into one central spot of ruby fire, out of which the sun came rolling up in majesty; but he certainly had an idea that the common people turning out to their work did not have such sunrises every morning, and he rode forward briskly, with a gratified sense of being in a species of partnership with Nature—if she got up the show, he got up the appreciation, and if the sunrise was the greatest thing in that valley, he, at any rate, was the next greatest.

It was a pretty path, in its steep ascent, up which he rode, a bridle-path where the velvet sward, with its sparkling cobwebs, only half disclosed the traces of old footprints, every here and there turning out of its way to wind round some huge mossy bowlder. Overhead the young birches and maples were waving their boughs, as if groping for the light that fell on the tree-tops far above, now tossing the dew down on him from the brink of some sheer face of rock, now shaking in the sweet wind in cranny and crevice of the cool wet wall upon the other side, and yet in shadow. At one point the path descended into a little hollow—a green dimple of fern and brake—then it rose rapidly, and passed beneath a group of gigantic oaks that had braved the storms of centuries, the Century Oaks they were called, indeed, their roots twisting into the ribs of the solid rock itself, and at length it came out beside the brook that went leaping down the hill from the gateway on the east side of the reservoir, fuller that morning than he remembered to have seen it—now dark and strong, and now, where a sunbeam touched it, a swift sheet of foam and rainbows. "It takes such a storm as yesterday's to swell a brook like this," said Mr. Claxton to himself, as his horse's feet left the velvet sward and began to clatter over the pebbles, and the great face of the reservoir, with the green sod of its bank, rose over the wood like the vast base of some mighty unbuilt tower. "We must have an immense backwater now," he said; "enough to run the mills if there should be a drought till the fall. I'll take one good look at the dam before I go, if it does spoil the waffles."

It was just as Mr. Claxton uttered these words, half aloud, that a shiver ran from head to hoof through the good beast that bore him, and which stood still with planted feet and head erect so suddenly as nearly to dismount his rider. Mr. Claxton looked on this side and on that for the object of alarm, saw nothing, and sprang to the ground. The shiver was in the ground, a thrill, a slow and terrible thrill, was pulsing through the earth, that seemed to shake like a shaking breast, that was rising to meet him—to meet him who was trembling like a reed himself. For what was this? The end of the world? He gave one look at the awful glory up there at the crest of the hill, the awful deathly glory of the bristling rushing monstrous thing smitten with the full splendor of the risen sun, and then threw himself into the saddle again, wheeled about, and spurred his horse down the valley like a madman. But the muffled thunder of his horse's hoofs in his ears was drowned by a louder sound, a dull growl, a hollow roar, a whistling of all the winds that blow in heaven, and fast as he fled a fierce foe followed faster.

In the great Claxton house upon its knoll, with the trees softly bending and bowing below it, the morning light had gently entered, and it fell upon the portrait of Mr. Claxton just as Mrs. Claxton was opening her eyes. It was a handsome portrait of him, with all that bright and ruddy comeliness that made his youth so imposing to her. It seemed to her at that moment that the face was smiling on her as it used to do at the time when she hung the picture at the foot of her bed, that it might be the first object on which her eyes should open. In a forgetful recurrence of the old emotion she did not immediately call up the events of later days, and was smiling back at it, when all at once memory resumed its play, and she turned to behold the other pillow vacant.

It was something like dismay that overcame Mrs. Claxton, for seldom had Mr. Claxton's displeasure survived a night's sleep. "He has gone away in anger, then!" she exclaimed. But directly her own anger ran to the rescue. "If I had shown a proper spirit in the first place," she said, "he would never have presumed to abuse me so. I had rather be a kitchen girl than such a slave as he makes me. The sport of all the kitchen girls! I had rather die than live so any more! I don't care what happens if I can only get out of this. Nothing can be worse!" And with such ejaculations hovering round her like

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Venus's doves, Mrs. Claxton bathed and dressed, and fresh and fair as any flower, for all her troubles, went to find her babies.

But the babies were lovely enough to distract her thoughts for the time, and it was only after a frolic with them, in all their dimpling rosiness and laughter, that, somewhat softened, she went down with them clinging about her, Henrietta ushering the procession, and the baby astride her shoulder, to find breakfast on the table, and Mr. Claxton she knew not where. He had saddled the red horse himself, the man said, to get a plumber, maybe, for the pipes had been leaking from the pressure.

From the pressure. Mrs. Claxton glanced up at the window, half startled, yet her 'face bright with a hovering triumph on the point of pouncing. Then he had probably gone up to see after the reservoir, she thought—not so sure of the dam after all! And she went to the window to look up the valley road. Yes, there was an object discernible against the bare face of rock, moving far up the hill, just beyond the Century Oaks; it was going up—no, it was standing still; now it had just turned about. A horse and rider. Yes, without doubt, that was Mr. Claxton: he had been up there to see his pet construction, but hunger was recalling him to breakfast: he hardly deserved that she should keep it hot for him. Now she could see plainer. Oh yes, that was Mr. Claxton and the red horse. But why were they coming so fast? Was there a gust up there? It looked as though a thick whirlwind were behind him. Mrs. Claxton lifted her eyes to the sky, looking for clouds; as she did so, they rested one second on the top of the hill. In that second—great God in heaven!—in that second she saw the whole east side of the reservoir move out in one mass, and a flood, a stupendous volume of water, pouring in one prodigious leap, this instant transfigured in the sunshine like a supernal apparition, and the next instant precipitating itself, a dark and horrible torrent of clay and water and stone and tree, tumbling and boiling down the valley, stripping bare the rock behind it, driving the earth before!

One shrill cry from Mrs. Claxton's lips, "It has come at last!" one bewildered look for somebody to lean on, and that was all the weakness she allowed herself. Immediately she had summoned the servants, and had the outside hands all rushing into the kitchens from garden and stable, two of them sent back to bring the long ladder into the main hall, and the others hurrying to bolt doors and drop windows and put up shutters.

"Upstairs now!" cried Mrs. Claxton, seizing her baby, just as the alarm-bell of the mills began to ring. "If the water comes so high, we can retreat to the roof. No, no"—as the girls began to cry and show hysterical tendencies—"we are safe. The house must stand. It is stone. The walls are thick; and the force will be partly spent before the flood reaches us. It isn't we who will suffer; it is your master, who is out in the way somewhere; it is our neighbors whose houses stand in the plain. Plant the ladder beneath a second-story window, Thomas—quick, I say!—that they may see the wisdom of running here. You simpletons! Can water run up the ladder?"

"She's the right stuff," said Thomas to Jane. And she was hardly obeyed when the neighbors were seen running for the knoll, and springing up the terraces, men with their mothers, and women with their children, people saving themselves wherever they chanced to be, tripping and falling and fainting and dragged along, unable to make for the hills on the valley sides, and seeking the nearest security as it was offered by the great Claxton house upon its terraced knoll, thronging at last into the great doorway which Thomas stood ready to close, and scattering through the upper rooms, these in a dumb horror, with wringing hands, and those with sobs and screams and cries for one another.

They were still running for the house when some were seen to fall as if prostrated by a furious wind behind them. There was a moment of intense stillness in the house, as the gazing groups beheld it, and into that stillness crept the whisper, the muffled rumble and roll, the wide roar of the open flood-gates. Thomas slammed the door, and sprang up the stairway after his mistress and the rest. "Say your prayers," said he, putting his arms round Jane, who hid her head in them, "for here it comes!" And with the word they saw a wall of water pushing down the valley, too swift to break and fall—yellow and polished as a jewel through all its burnished front, its crest curling in a terrible foam of ruin, where toppled uprooted trees,

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struggling drowning men, crashed roof and rafter, and capsized dwelling—and in another heart-beat the whole wide valley was afloat, and the flood was upon them, billowing and bellowing and surging on over the main road, over the hay field, across the gardens, up the knoll, the waters piling themselves like light from terrace to terrace. Would they rise higher? Would the house go too? There was not time to ask it before they were foaming up the lawns, were rushing round the doorsteps, were carrying away the ladder, were pouring through the windows. A shock—it was a long beam swirling in the torrent and grazing the house. Another shock—the ground vibrating to it—and they saw the great mills swing and totter and fall in a cloud of wreck, and wash away. And then one long tremor that made the hair stand on end: the shoulder of the great water was pressing full on them. One dizzy, swimming moment—they felt the strong stones and timbers quiver, felt them lift and strain and rise and settle, and then, with a great cry of joy, they saw that the house, opposing its angle to the tide, had divided its volume, and the waters flowed on either side and left it safe.

It was not a half-hour since Mrs. Claxton had seen the bursting of the reservoir before she gathered her children into her own room and shut the door, leaving the rest of the house to its sudden guests and the watchers of the passing and subsiding flood, that she might betake herself to her knees. She and her children were safe; but her husband—God alone knew where he was! She did not fall on her knees, though; she walked up and down the room like a wild woman, stopping at every turn to embrace one child or another, to exclaim in misery with a storm of tears. A half-hour ago she had seen him turn about, dashing homeward with that horror behind him—dashing homeward to save himself perhaps, perhaps to save her and the children. Now the waters must have gone over him; he must have fallen before them; and the terror and agony he had endured in that dreadful moment when he saw there was no help for him rose before her like clouds of darkness and enveloped her. One hour passed, and another; the nurses had come in and taken the frightened twins; the baby fell asleep, and little Henrietta kept awe-struck guard over him. But Mrs. Claxton saw nothing that occurred. She was realizing what her bereavement would be; she was seeing all the mistakes of her life suddenly, as if lightning had stamped the whole thing on her; she was suffering a torture of remorse; she was thinking how her husband might possibly have escaped, wondering about him, contriving for him; she was crying out that she should never see his face again; she was falling upon the bed and hiding her face in his pillow, and wetting it with scalding tears. Yes, she had told him she rued the hour she ever laid eyes on him—well, perhaps she would never lay eyes on him again!—and then a striking clock seemed to be tolling a knell. The baby awoke and cried, little Henrietta tugged and pulled it off the bed, and, clasping it in her chubby arms, lugged it, in a fashion, from the room: her mother never noticed her. She had sat down to listen for the clock again. Clang, clang, clang, it measured out noon: now it was impossible that he should have escaped and not be there. Yes, she was free—free from all her troubles; she was no longer a slave; the mistress of her own house at last. But oh, to what purpose! There was no more a skeleton in that house, only in its stead a fearful phantom to rise and shake its gory locks at her. For it was she who had caused her husband's death, if he were dead; and she started up to walk the floor again in a suspense that was worse than certainty. It was her sharp anger—yes, yes, it was her contentious tongue of yesterday—that drove him forth this morning. Ah, great Heaven! but for her wicked words he would have been at home when the reservoir burst; he would be safe and thankful now. She had murdered him, and she had murdered her own peace forever—her own words were the flaming swords that shut her out of hope and happiness forever. She loved him. And she had lost him. Oh, what was a little matter of every day to contend about, beside the great love of a life, the praise, the encouragement, the sympathy, the tenderness!—and she remembered how he had seemed to adore her once; how she had leaned on him and believed in him once; what warmth there used to be in his smile, what comfort in his presence. And she should never have it again. She had shut him out from the light of day, from home, from children, from life. He had left her, too, in anger; he had gone out

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without kissing her; he was unreconciled with her in death!

"Oh, do not let it be death!" she cried. "Spare him, Lord! save him! Do not let it be too late! Give me back my husband!" And she flung herself down in wild supplication, yearning and agonized, praying for him in a passion of prayer, and growing still and silent in that ecstasy as if she were turning to stone.

There was going and coming now about the house, for the waters had passed, leaving only their slime behind them, thick mud on carpet and floor, ropy filth on wall and wainscot, and the people had left shelter, and were wading through the knee-deep mud in search of the spot that had been home. The servants were already beginning to see if there were any possibility of setting things to rights where the tide had flowed through below-stairs, crushing partitions and sweeping doors before it, and wondering where to find the shovels, when in the going and coming a poor creature staggered into the door, and just as Thomas came picking his way along in high boots, fell on the floor at his feet—a poor creature, bruised and bleeding and in rags, caked with the ooze and mire, a noisome and disgusting wretch more vile than anything else on earth.

"Look here, you!" said Thomas, touching him with the end of his stick. "Get out of this, will you? It's no place for to be lying about drunk, and no day neither. Get out, I say, or I'll set the mastiffs on you. Here, Towser! here, Dash!" And in a moment the snarl of the dogs was heard as they made for the despicable object.

"Thomas—" cried a feeble voice as the poor creature rose on one elbow.

"Oh, good Lord above us, Thomas!" cried Jane, on the stairs. "Don't you know who it is?"

And in a moment the other men had been called, and among them they got that sorry fusion of humanity and alluvial deposit up the stairs and into the bath-room.

But nothing of all this stir did Mrs. Claxton hear. In that ecstasy of petitioning she was lost to all that went on; listening for some voice out of heaven, she heard no earthly sound. There was a chorus from the children outside, but she did not hear it; the door opened again, but she did not know it; and then two arms were about her, two tired and trembling arms, and a face over which the tears were pouring was beside her own. She started back quaking as if it were an apparition; and then she flung herself upon her husband's neck.

"Oh, He has heard me! He has heard me!" she cried.

"My darling," he was murmuring, "can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, my dear one," she was sobbing, "how are you and God ever going to forgive me?"

"I saw it all," he said presently, as she sat on the bedside where he lay, "while I was buffeting that water, and just as I had given up and was swept into the arms of the old Century Oak—the only one of them that stands now, Caroline. I was nothing but a mote, a speck, in that great surge, and all my arrogance and evil pride, all my abuse of you, seemed to be bearing me down into the flood. Oh, my child, I prayed to Heaven to save me that I might be a better husband to you! And when I came to the door my own dogs didn't know me." And Mr. Claxton cried again.

It was some mornings after that, when things were in a degree restored to place, and the family breakfasting together alone for the first time, that Mr. Claxton gazed smilingly at his wife, and thought, with a little self-congratulation, that he really was a better husband to her than he had been, as she beamed back at him all smiles and velvet blushes. He had never seen himself as he was, he thought, before that calamity overtook him; it had needed what they call an act of God to open his eyes. And now— Between ourselves, I don't believe he became an angel all at once, for that despotic principle was bred in his bone, and Noah's flood itself could not have washed it out. I should not be surprised if he were still apt to be found a very aggravating man, and I imagine that she was always liable to the reproach of the vixens, though if that temper of hers ever struck fire again, remembrance of one morning's agony could not but quench the spark.

"How happy we are!" said he. "I don't feel prepared to call the accident a calamity, after all—that is, so far as we are concerned," said Mr. Claxton, checking himself. "People have supposed us enviable beings for a good while, Caroline, never dreaming of the skeleton in

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our closet. But in the future we shall be enviable indeed."

"Why, so we are now!" exclaimed Mrs. Claxton.

"That old bickering of ours was a sad skeleton to carry about—it was like a babe in the arms to you, wasn't it?"

"I made as much of it!" she said.

"Well, let us thank God that there is nothing to hold its bones together; let us thank God, my love, that there is no longer a skeleton in the house, and that we have buried it—"

"Fathoms deep," she cried.

"—in the mire of the flood."

And at that Mrs. Claxton looked at him, and her lips began to tremble and her eyes to fill, and she forsook her chair and ran to her husband, who, once ready to be shocked at such an indecorum, now clasped her in his arms with tender whispers, stroked her hair a moment as her head rested on his breast, and then led her back to her seat with a lofty sort of courtesy, but paused to kiss the tears off her cheek.

And Miss Henrietta, recalling the scene in after-years, wondered what in the world her father and mother were making such an ado for over the burial of a parcel of old bones!

SIR CHRISTOPHER GARDINER, KNIGHT.

A PAGE FROM EARLIEST COLONIAL HISTORY.*

THERE is in the early history of New England no more singular episode than that of Sir Christopher Gardiner. Who the man was, and why or whence he came, or whither he subsequently went, are mysteries unlikely now to be ever wholly solved; but he none the less stands out in picturesque incongruity against the monotonous background of colonial life. It is somewhat as if one were suddenly to come across the portrait of a Cavalier by Vandyck in the vestibule of a New England village church. As he passes across the stage and mingles with the prosaic life of the sea-board settlements, while the sea-board was still the frontier, there is about the man a suggestion of the Spaniard and the Jesuit. Accompanied always by his equally mysterious female companion, he seems to wear a slouched hat and heavy cloak, beneath the folds of which last appears the long Spanish rapier. Such melodramatic personages are not common in Massachusetts history, and accordingly Sir Christopher long since attracted the notice of the writers of fiction. Here were great possibilities. And so as early as 1827 Miss Sedgwick introduced him, under the name of Sir Philip Gardiner, into her novel of *Hope Leslie*. He is the walking villain of that now-forgotten tale. The historian Motley next tried his hand upon him in his story of *Merrymount*, published in 1849. Then, in 1856, Mr. John T. Adams, the writer of several historical romances, went over the ground once more in his *Knight of the Golden Melice*. Finally, in 1873, Longfellow put the "Rhyme of Sir Christopher Gardiner" in the mouth of the Landlord as the last of the *Tales of a Way-side Inn*. Both Motley and Adams, as well as Longfellow, present the knight under his own name, and, so to speak, in his proper person. They adhere more or less to the record; which Miss Sedgwick does not. They have all, however, made somewhat droll work with the facts of history; and as the historians themselves have in this respect not greatly bettered matters, it is the object of the present paper to put accurately in shape the little that is really known of Gardiner, and what more may fairly be surmised.

He himself, it would seem, claimed to be descended of a Gloucester family, and that his father was a brother of the famous Stephen Gardiner, the reactionist Chancellor of Queen Mary, whom Shakspeare makes Henry VIII. describe as a man of "a cruel nature, and a bloody." Though the Bishop and Sir Christopher may well have been of the same family, the relationship certainly was not so close as that of uncle and nephew, inasmuch as the latter could hardly have been born earlier than 1580, and was probably born much later, while the latter had died twenty-five years before that date, a man of seventy-two. However related, Gardiner was evidently a man of education

* The substance of this paper was prepared originally for the Massachusetts Historical Society, and will appear in the Proceedings of the Society for the current year. The notes and a detailed reference to authorities are, therefore, now omitted.

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and culture, who had seen a great deal of the world and of men. Indeed, the story was that before his coming to America he had been disinherited by his father because of twenty-six years of absence in France, Italy, Germany, and Turkey. If such was the case, he must in 1630 have been hard on fifty years of age. During his wanderings he seems to have picked up degrees of some kind at a university, and although originally a Protestant, he had formally renounced his faith and become a member of the Church of Rome. His title was of a doubtful character, for in one place he is spoken of as a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, having received the honor at Jerusalem, while in another it is as a Knight of the Golden Melice. But that he had a right to some title would seem to be established by the fact that at a later day he was referred to in official proceedings in England as Sir Christopher Gardiner, Knight.

Whencesoever he may have received the title, he first suddenly appeared bearing it in America in the month of April, 1630, a few weeks before the arrival of Winthrop and his company, and just six months before Boston was founded. Why he came must be matter of surmise. He made a pretense that he was weary of life in the Old World, and sought now to hide himself in the wilderness, finding a subsistence as best he might. In reality, there can be little if any doubt that he was an emissary, or confidential agent rather, of Sir Ferdinando Gorges. At this time, it will be remembered, the relations of Gorges and the Massachusetts Company were far from friendly, and the latter had just then stolen a distinct march on the former.

It had come about in this way. In 1623, seven years before the events now to be described took place, Gorges, as the directing spirit of the Council for New England, had sent his son, Captain Robert Gorges, out to the Massachusetts Bay in charge of a company which was to settle there. He had then secured for this son the grant of a domain. This grant, like all those made at that time in America, was royal in its magnitude; it covered, as nearly as its limits can now be fixed, a tract just north of Boston, including the whole shore, from the mouth of the Charles to Lynn, and the interior as far back as Concord and Sudbury. Captain Robert Gorges never himself took possession of his grant, but he had not abandoned his claim to it. Subsequently, in 1628, the Council for New England, with the assent of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, granted to the Massachusetts Company the whole region between the Merrimack and the Charles. The Robert Gorges concession lay wholly within these limits, but Sir Ferdinando insisted that the subsequent grant was made with a distinct saving of all rights vested under the prior one. A question of title involving some three hundred square miles in the heart of the company's territory was thus raised.

Robert Gorges had died some years before, and the title to his grant had passed to his brother John. In January, 1629, while Winthrop was in the midst of his preparations for going out to Massachusetts, John Gorges executed two conveyances covering large portions of the Robert Gorges claim—one to Sir William Brereton, and the other to John Oldham. The validity of these conveyances the Massachusetts Company did not recognize; on the contrary, it secured the opinion of counsel that the original concession to Robert Gorges was void, and, besides this, went directly to the throne, and thence obtained, in the form of the great charter of 1629, a royal confirmation of its own grant.

It now became a question of actual possession. Gorges claimed that he already had it through the presence on the spot of Blackstone, Jeffreys, and others, "undertakers and tenants," left there in 1624 by Captain Robert. The Massachusetts Company, on the other hand, proceeded to get it, by hurrying out instructions to Endicott, who was at Salem, to forthwith "send forty or fifty persons to Mattachusetts Bay, to inhabit there." He did as he was charged, and the settlement of Charlestown in June, 1630, was the consequence. While this was doing, the Gorges party, fully alive to the necessities of the situation, had not been idle. The difficulty with them was that they had no means. Their grantee, Oldham, was giving the company all the trouble he could, negotiating with them one day and threatening them the next, but he was wholly unable to raise the money necessary to enable him to fit out an expedition of his own. Under these circumstances, with the current of events running heavily against him, it was obviously of great importance to Gorges that there should be some one on the spot in New England competent to represent his interests. Sir Christopher Gardi-

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ner would seem to have been fixed upon as the best person available. This is fairly to be inferred from those letters which Gorges subsequently wrote to him explaining the course it was proposed to take in the matter of the disputed title.

Having been selected as the Gorges representative in New England, it remained for Sir Christopher to find his way out there. He did not go alone, but was accompanied by a servant or two, and also, as Bradford informs us, by "a comly yonge woman, whom he caled his cousin, but it was suspected she (after the Italian maner) was his concubine." In other words, Sir Christopher committed the folly of bringing a mistress out to New England with him, as part of his following. The woman's name was Mary Grove, and of her more will be heard presently.

As Gardiner and his party arrived in Massachusetts about a month before Winthrop—that is, during the last of April or early in May, 1630—they must have left England in January or February preceding. As no vessel then sailed for Massachusetts, they probably went out in some of the fishing fleet which always started at that season of the year or a little earlier for the stations on the coast of Maine. This was the way Phinehas Pratt was sent out by Weston in 1622; and it was by way of these stations that Robert Gorges had gone back to England in 1624. Arriving at Damariscove or Monhegan in March or April, it would have taken Sir Christopher some little time to get to Massachusetts, and he probably arrived there early in May.

He seems to have gone at once to Boston Bay, on the shores of which he knew that Blackstone and Jeffreys, as well as Thomas Morton, were living. With Morton, who had then recently found his way back to Mount Wollaston, Gardiner, if he was, indeed, an agent of Gorges, must have been acquainted, for Morton was another agent of Gorges. The two could hardly have failed to meet in England in the summer of 1629, when both must have been in constant intercourse with Sir Ferdinando as to his New England projects. During the next year they were certainly in correspondence with him. When he reached his destination, therefore, Gardiner would seem to have found himself among friends.

The place where he established himself can not be identified. Dudley simply says that it was seven miles from Boston, and on a river. Savage infers that it was on the south side of the Neponset, and in this he was probably correct. If Sir Christopher did build a habitation on the south side of that river, it was necessarily near its mouth, as he certainly would not have gone far into the interior, and Dudley particularly says that his house was so situated that he could easily discover any one crossing the river half a mile away. A short distance only from its mouth the Neponset becomes narrow, and its banks were in 1630, as they yet are, heavily wooded. The probabilities, therefore, are that Sir Christopher established himself on the borders of the old Massachusetts Fields in what is now North Quincy, within easy sight of the Neponset, and separated from it only by the salt marshes which there skirt the river line. If he did so fix himself, he was in close proximity not only to Morton, a mile and a half away at Merrymount, but he was yet nearer to David Thompson's widow, who, with her infant son and farm servants, lived close by at Squantum, or on the island in the harbor which still bears her husband's name.

If Gardiner thus took up his abode in May, it was some nine or ten months before he was disturbed. Winthrop arrived in June, and Morton of Merrymount was not arrested and brought before the magistrates until September; and it was the end of the year before he was shipped away to England in the *Handmaid*. Meanwhile the presence of Gardiner could not but have attracted the notice of Winthrop and his associates. He was clearly a gentleman and man of the world, who claimed to be a knight, and here he was living in the wilderness with a young woman whom he called his cousin. He evidently felt that it was incumbent upon him to give some account of himself. Then it was, as Bradford says, that he made "pretense of forsaking the world," and professed his desire "to live a private life in a godly course, not unwilling to put him selfe upon any meane imployments, and take any paines for his living; and some time offered him selfe to joyne to the churchs in sundry places." Neither his account of himself nor his professions could have been very satisfactory to the magistrates; but they had nothing against him, and would seem to have left him alone, though they probably sent out to England

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for information. That information soon came, and in a very surprising shape. As Governor Dudley, with a delightful *non sequitur*, expressed it, they learned that Mr. Gardiner, as he called him, "all this while was no Knight, but instead thereof had two wives, now living at a house in London."

Saving the knighthood, this, according to the evidence, seemed to be the case. The facts had come to light in the following manner. One of the company's ships, the *Lion*, of which Captain William Pierce was master, had returned to England from Salem in August, 1630. Captain Pierce may have carried back inquiries about Sir Christopher; whether he did or not, however, while in London he got news of him through Isaac Allerton, the agent of the Plymouth Colony in England. It was to the effect that there were then two women in London, each of whom claimed to be the mysterious knight's lawfully married wife. Pierce and Allerton then saw the two women together and heard their stories. They were of a somewhat startling character. The original wife, the senior Lady Gardiner, so to speak, claimed to have been married and deserted by her husband in Paris years before. Hearing that he had again married in England, she had in September, 1630, come over to London in search of him. He, however, had already taken himself off, and she found only the junior Lady Gardiner inquiring anxiously as to his whereabouts. The story of the junior Lady Gardiner was even more lamentable. She had not only been betrayed and deserted, but robbed, and she produced an inventory, "comprising therein many rich jewels, much plate, and costly service," which she alleged Sir Christopher had made way with. While they are represented as condoling with each other over their sad estate, these two wives were in very different frames of mind in respect to their husband. They both wanted to have him sent back incontinently to England; but while the first wife desired this only to the end that he might be converted from his evil life, the second was disposed to be satisfied with nothing less than his destruction, and not his only, for her wrath extended to the companion of Sir Christopher's flight. Her she denounced by name and in very unsavory language as one "whose sending back into Old England she also desired, together with her husband." All this, at the request of Captain Pierce and Mr. Allerton, the two ladies reduced to writing in the form of letters to Governor Winthrop, which Captain Pierce undertook to deliver when he next went to New England.

The *Lion* set sail some time apparently in December, and anchored in the Nantasket Roads on the 5th of February. On the 8th she had gotten up into the harbor as far as Long Island, and Governor Winthrop went on board. Among the letters which he doubtless then received from Captain Pierce were those from the Ladies Gardiner.

No immediate action was taken in the matter. Meanwhile, besides Mr. Roger Williams, a "godly minister," and his wife, there had come over in the *Lion* some score of passengers, among whom the Gardiner scandal would seem to have been more or less discussed. It did not take long, therefore, for rumors of impending trouble to reach Sir Christopher, who to a degree made a confession of guilt by taking his measures accordingly. He prepared for flight. Meanwhile no formal session of the magistrates was held until the 1st of March, when at last the letters in relation to Gardiner were brought up for action. The records of Massachusetts then contain the following entry:

> "It is ordered that Sir Christopher Gardiner and Mr. Wright shall be sent as prisoners into England by the shipp *Lyon*, nowe returning thither."

Though this order was passed on what is now the 11th of March, no steps seem to have been immediately taken toward securing Gardiner. The *Lion* was not then to sail for several weeks, and it was apparently the middle of the month at least, if not the latter end of it, before officers were sent to take him and his female companion.

Forewarned was fore-armed with Sir Christopher. If he had not himself seen Morton in the stocks, he must have watched the sky red with the flames of the burning house at Merrymount, just south of where he lived, beyond the woods and creek, and the harsh and summary disposition made of its owner was fresh in his memory. So he was now keeping a sharp lookout; and when he saw those in search of him crossing the Neponset and yet half a mile away, he put his compass in his pocket, slung his gun over his back, and disappeared in the woods.

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When the messengers reached the house, only Mary Grove and the servants were to be found there. The former was taken in charge and carried off to Boston, where she was presently brought before the magistrates. She proved a very unwilling witness, "impenitent and close," as Dudley expresses it, "confessing no more than was wrested from her by her own contradictions." She acknowledged that her name was Mary Grove, and told where her mother lived; but while she admitted that she and Sir Christopher had formerly been Catholics, she insisted that they were now Protestants. As to the two wives, she said that Gardiner "had [as he told her] married a wife in his travels, from whom he was divorced, and the woman long since dead," while as to his title, she took "him to be a knight, but never heard where he was knighted." This was all that could be gotten from her, and this did not amount to much. "So," as Dudley humorously adds, "we have taken order to send her to the two wives in Old England, to search her further." Mary Grove, however, as will presently be seen, was not destined to return to England.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher had disappeared in the forests, from the depths of which no tidings of him came. That even now he was shrewdly suspected of being an emissary of Gorges may fairly be inferred from Dudley's remark in his letter to the Countess of Lincoln, which was written while Gardiner's whereabout was yet unknown. In that letter he says that Sir Christopher "went his way, as most men think, northwards, hoping to find some English there like to himself." In other words, it was assumed, as a matter of course, that he would aim for the Gorges and Mason settlement at Piscataqua, near what is now Portsmouth, New Hampshire. where he would find a refuge among sympathizers. It was, however, further and characteristically added by the grim, harsh old Puritan that in all human probability, "with hunger and cold [the fugitive] will perish before he find the place he seeks."

Though there was considerable probability of such an ending of the whole affair, it did not so result. Sir Christopher did not shape his course toward the New Hampshire line. On the contrary, his plan was to penetrate the wilderness in a southwesterly direction, and reach the Dutch settlement at Manhattan. The attempt was a desperate one. The distance to be traversed was over two hundred miles, and his way was to be through a pathless wilderness, intersected by rivers both broad and deep, and full of well-nigh impassable swamps. As far as the Taunton River, some twenty or thirty miles from his starting-point on the Neponset, he had little to fear from the Indians, for this was the country of the Massachusetts and the Pokanokets, and those two once powerful tribes had a few years before been almost literally exterminated by the great pestilence of 1616. Scarcely a skulking remnant of them remained. Beyond the Taunton River, however, were the Narragansetts, yet numerous and warlike; and beyond the Narragansetts were the still fiercer Pequots and Mohegans. Sir Christopher, it is clear, soon realized the difficulties of his undertaking. He seems to have made his way some twenty miles, or two days' journey, and then given up all idea of going further. He had not yet got to the Taunton River, and was among the Pokanokets, within the Plymouth jurisdiction. Hereabouts, in the region now known as Middleborough and Taunton, some dozen miles from Plymouth, he seems for a whole month to have lived aimlessly in the woods, not knowing what to do. As it was April, and the inclemency of the winter was over, he had discomfort only to fear from exposure. He was well armed and a good sportsman, so that in those wilds alive with game he could have had no difficulty in procuring food. As to his safety, he must have had anxious moments on that score, but the Indians thereabouts were few in number and broken in spirit, while he, as the event showed, was a man of desperate courage. Yet, though his situation may have been in no way unbearable for the moment, it plainly could not last. It was a mere question of time how long he could hold out. Neither his ammunition nor his clothing would suffice forever. At last, early in May as we now reckon the months, the Indians saved him the trouble of further considering the course he should pursue.

Of what now befell Sir Christopher we have two accounts, which differ only in their details. One is given by William Wood in his *New England's Prospect*, the other by Governor Bradford in his *Plimoth Plantation;* and Bradford, at least, is a writer on whose simple sinewy English it is scarcely less dangerous to try

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to improve than it would be to try to improve on the English of John Bunyan. He therefore must tell the story in his own words:

"The Indians came to the Governor here, and tould wher he [Sir Christopher] was, and asked if they might kill him; he tould them no, by no means, but if they could take him and bring him hither [to Plymouth] they should be payed for their paines. They said he had a gune and a rapier, and he would kill them if they went aboute it; and the Massachuset Indians said they might kille him. But the Governor [Bradford himself] tould them no, they should nôt kill him, but watch their opportunitie, and take him. And so they did, for when they light of him by a river-side, he got into a canowe to get from them, and when they came nere him, whilst he presented his peece at them to keep them of, the streame carried the canowe against a rock, and tumbled both him and his peece and rapier into the water; yet he got out, and having a litle dagger by his side, they durst not close with him, but getting longe pols, they soone beat his dagger out of his hand, so he was glad to yeeld; and they brought him to the Governor. But his hands and arms were swolen and very sore with the blowes they had given him. So he [Bradford] used him kindly, and sent him to a lodging wher his armes were bathed and anoynted, and he was quickly well again, and blamed the Indeans for beating him so much. They said that they did but a litle whip him with sticks."

Brave as he unquestionably was, Gardiner must have drawn a deep breath of relief at this outcome of his desperate adventure. His escape, in truth, was an almost miraculous one, for when, after his desperate struggle for life as he supposed, the dagger was knocked out of his hand, he could have looked forward to nothing but a death by torture at the hands of the savages. Then to find himself safe at Plymouth, kindly received and comfortably lodged, must have seemed the queerest freak of fortune in the checkered life of even a seventeenth-century wanderer.

Governor Bradford at once notified Winthrop that Gardiner was in custody, and Captain John Underhill and his lieutenant, a son of Governor Dudley, were dispatched by Winthrop to bring him back to Boston. This they did on what is now the 14th of May. Meanwhile Sir Christopher had been very closely watched at Plymouth, and among other things a little note-book of his, "that by accidente had slipt out of his pockett," was picked up and examined. It only confirmed Mary Grove's statement that they had both been Catholics, for in it was a memorandum of the day when the knight had formally returned to the Romish Church. Besides this, it contained references to the university in which he had graduated, and the degrees he had received. Information on all these points Bradford communicated to Winthrop, "who tooke it very thankfuly."

The 14th of May, therefore, found Sir Christopher back in Boston, and virtually a prisoner there. But now that they had him, the magistrates evidently did not know what to do with him. The *Lion* had sailed for England on the 1st of April. In sending him back to Boston, Bradford evidently had expressed a hope that he would be treated with leniency, and Winthrop made haste to assure his brother Governor in reply that he had "never intended any hard measure." The fact was that Gardiner had in America committed no crime, unless, perchance, that of living with a woman not his wife; and, though there were loose accusations of some criminal conduct on his part in England, they were wholly unsustained by proof, and the magistrates had no evidence that any proceedings had been begun, or that any English warrant was out against him. Certainly no such warrant had reached them. Nevertheless Sir Christopher was a mysterious personage, whose presence in the Massachusetts colony at that time was well calculated to excite suspicion. The evidence that he was a Catholic was regarded as very significant of something; though exactly what, the magistrates could not make out. He was "a snake which Lay Latent in the Tender Grass," as the half-crazy Scottow phrased it sixty years later, and Winthrop and the rest were evidently inclined to believe that there was some deep plot afoot against the "poore churches here." Accordingly, with finger on lip and air of profoundest mystery, they went prying about in all directions.

Meanwhile there seems to have been no lack of courtesy in their treatment of the knight. They used him "according to his qualitie," and that he was a man of quality, as the term then went, and not a mere jackdaw in peacocks' feathers, their treatment of him seems to establish. The early settlers of Massachusetts—the Winthrops, Endicotts, and Saltonstalls—knew a gentleman well enough when they met him, for they were gentlemen themselves. And

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now, though doubtless Sir Christopher had to submit to long examinations and rigid questioning before the council-board, not only was he allowed to remain at large, but he was even treated with marked consideration.

For instance, about six weeks after he was brought back to Boston, in what was then the middle of June, a very severe sentence was imposed on a man named Philip Ratcliff. The case affords a good illustration of Puritan criminal methods. Ratcliff was a servant of Matthew Cradock, who had been Governor of the Company in England, but never came out to America. Having a grant and interests here, however, Cradock had also persons in his employ to look after them; and among these was Ratcliff—probably an ugly-tempered, half-crazy fellow of unbridled speech. In any event, he seems to have got into trouble with his neighbors at Salem, and especially with Endicott. Winthrop says that he was convicted, *ore tenus*, of "most foul, scandalous invectives against our churches and government." His own account of the matter was very different, and we get it through Thomas Morton, who was afterward associated with him in London. He asserted that certain members of the Salem church in prominent standing tried to cozen Ratcliff in trade, and refused to pay their just debts; that thereupon he, being sick at the time, and in sore need, impatiently exclaimed: "Are these your members? If they be all like these, I believe the devil was the setter-up of their Church." Whether this was or was not the whole extent of his offending, Ratcliff was in June arraigned before the magistrates, and the record is that he was sentenced to "be whipped, have his ears cut off, fined forty shillings, and banished out of the limits of the jurisdiction." Winthrop adds that this barbarous sentence, which subsequently occasioned much scandal in England, "was presently executed." If, however, Morton is any authority on the point—and here it may be presumed he spoke for Ratcliff—the punishment "was stopped in part by Sir Christopher Gardiner (then present at the execution), by expostulating with Master Temperwell [Winthrop], who was content (with that whipping, and the cutting of part of his ears) to send Innocence [Ratcliff] going, with the loss of all his goods to pay the fine imposed, and perpetual banishment out of their lands of New Canaan, *in terrorem populi*." The incident, whether wholly true or not, rests upon the authority of Gardiner, who had read Morton's book in manuscript, and shows at least that he could not complain of any lack of consideration shown him at this period in Boston.

Exactly how long Sir Christopher now remained in Massachusetts does not appear, but it was until toward the end of the summer of 1631. Nothing new was developed against him, and apparently the two wives in London took no further steps toward securing his return. Their sudden disappearance from the case has a very suspicious bearing; and, indeed, their former appearance in it begins to call for explanation. Not a word more is heard from them. Meanwhile Gardiner made no pretense of friendliness to the Massachusetts Bay Company; on the contrary, he openly declared himself an ill-willer to their government. It was during this period probably that, "to solace himself," or, in other words, to relieve his pent-up feelings on this score, he composed and wrote down in his "table-book" that sonnet, as Morton calls it, which has been preserved to us in the *New English Canaan*. Morton further says that he composed it "as a testimony of his love toward them that were so ill affected towards him," by "them" having reference to the Massachusetts Bay colony in general. "The sonnet" in question reads as follows, and is indicative of a queer sort of "love":

"Wolves in sheep's clothing, why will ye
Think to deceive God that doth see
Your simulated sanctity?
For my part, I do wish you could
Your own infirmities behold,
For then you would not be so bold.
Like Sophists, why will you dispute
With wisdom so?—You do confute
None but yourselves. For shame, be mute!
Lest great Jehovah, with his power,
Do come upon you in an hour
When you least think, and you devour."

Not only had Gardiner frankly confessed himself, in the full spirit of this performance, to be no friend to the colony, but toward the end of June all doubt as to his connection with Gorges was dispelled, if indeed any doubt as to it had before existed. At that time a boat made its appearance from Piscataqua, bringing from Captain Neal, the Governor there, a packet of letters for Sir Christopher, which was placed in Winthrop's hands. These, being "directed to one who

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was our prisoner," the Governor did not hesitate to open, and from them he learned that Sir Ferdinando was still maturing plans to maintain his claim to the Robert Gorges grant, and that Gardiner was his confidential agent.

Whether the letters thus made free with ever reached the person for whom they were intended does not appear. Whether they did or not made, however, little difference. The significance of Sir Christopher's presence in New England was now apparent, and long before it must have become clear to him that nothing was to be gained by his remaining here. Yet he seems to have been in no haste to return. And now Mary Grove appears once more upon the scene.

This personage, no less than Sir Christopher himself, has been a veritable treasure-trove to the New England novelist. In *Hope Leslie* she is the natural child of an English nobleman by a distinguished French actress, brought up under the protection of her aunt, Lady Lunford. She is called Roslin in her male and Rosa in her female attire, and finally, in a paroxysm of jealous despair, sets fire to a barrel of gunpowder in a ship in Boston Harbor, and instantaneously "the hapless girl, her guilty destroyer, his victim, the crew, the vessel, sent to fragments, were hurled into the air, and soon engulfed in the waves." Motley next, after elaborately working her up through many chapters of *Merrymount* as the youthful Jasper, Sir Christopher's cousin, finally presents her as Magdalen Groves, the beautiful daughter of an English clergyman. As such she was betrothed to William Blackstone, "a worthy but eccentric young man," and falls a victim to Sir Fulk de Gorges, for such it seems was Gardiner's original name. She comes to New England with him, and is there at last brought before the magistrates in the manner described by Dudley. After being questioned, she is put in friendly hands for a not unkindly detention; but, overwhelmed with despair, she escapes from her guardians, and wandering aimlessly forth into a December snow-storm, she perishes miserably in the drifts:—so "the driving hurricane wrapped her as she slept in an icy winding-sheet, and the wintry wind sounded her requiem in the tossing pine branches." Mr. Adams, even more ambitious than Motley, causes her, in his *Knight of the Golden Melice*, to masquerade in the wilderness under the names of the Lady Geraldine and Sister Celestina, a secret emissary of the Pope of Rome. Kinder, however, than Motley or Miss Sedgwick, he sends her at last back to Europe in noble company, and leaves her comfortably installed for life as the abbess of St. Idlewhim, of the exact locality of which convent we are left uninformed. Finally, Mr. Longfellow, after speaking with a poet's glorious indifference to dates of the "Prince Rupert hat" worn by Sir Christopher in 1630, refers to Mary Grove as

> "A little lady with golden hair,
> Who was gathering in the bright sunshine,
> The sweet alyssum and columbine."

And this "little lady," he goes on to tell, was by the magistrates subsequently

> "sent away in a ship that sailed
> For merry England over the sea,
> To the other two wives in the old countree."

But, while Mary Grove has thus been foolishness to the novelist and the poet, to the historian both she and Sir Christopher have proved a stumbling-block. Savage and Palfrey, for instance, not to speak of others, though decidedly less imaginative than Motley and Longfellow, are only in degree less incorrect. Savage, in his notes to Winthrop, says: "Having extorted confession from this paramour, [the magistrates] sent her for examination to London, in the same ship with Saltonstall, Coddington, and Wilson." They did nothing of the kind. In making this statement Savage carelessly followed the remark of Dudley, already quoted from his letter to the Countess of Lincoln, to the effect that order had been taken to send the woman back to the two wives in Old England. But this order, if ever made, certainly was not carried out. Saltonstall and the others went out in the *Lion*, which sailed from Salem on the 1st of April, while Gardiner was still lying concealed in the Plymouth woods, but Mary Grove did not go in her. Palfrey is even more unfortunate in dealing with Sir Christopher than Savage with Mary Grove. When it comes to petty details it is impossible for the historian on the large scale to be always accurate. Dr. Palfrey was a most careful, conscientious writer, sparing himself no pains; yet in disposing of Sir Christopher Gardiner he says: "The master of the *Lion* could not be persuaded to take charge of him, and it was some months longer before he could be gotten rid of." Here are four errors in less than

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three lines. The case of Gardiner is confounded with that of Morton, and the master of the *Gift* with the master of the *Lion;* the *Lion* was five weeks on her voyage before Sir Christopher was brought back to Boston, and we have Winthrop's authority for saying that he never was "gotten rid of" at all, but went away of his own free will.

As a matter of history the fate of "this Gardiner's wench," as another contemporaneous writer most disrespectfully calls Mary Grove, is of no great moment. Nevertheless, for the benefit of the future poet and novelist, it may be well once for all to state the facts about her and Sir Christopher in all their realistic hardness. There was little, so far as they are known, of poetry or romance about them. If these facts are beneath the notice of the future historian, he can leave them alone; but, if he does refer to them, he will at least have no excuse for not referring to them correctly. For the actual facts we are indebted to a letter from Thomas Wiggin, of Piscataqua, to Emanuel Downing, of the Inner Temple, London, Governor Winthrop's brother-in-law. This letter was written at Bristol, "the last of August, 1632." In it Wiggin says that during the summer of 1631 Thomas Purchase, who had come over from England in 1624, and in 1628 had settled on the Androscoggin, within the limits of what is now the town of Brunswick, had occasion to be in Boston. A man of good standing, it is possible that he came to Massachusetts in search of a wife; for, as will presently be seen, marriageable women were then much sought after in Maine. But whether he came on purpose to find a wife or not, he seems to have fallen in with Mary Grove, and she, notwithstanding the scandalous charges concerning her and the unexplained relations she had maintained with Sir Christopher, found favor in his eyes. Presently they were married, and then he took her back to his home in Maine; and not her only, but Gardiner also. Either there was a very clear understanding all round, or Thomas Purchase had a soul above suspicion. In any event Sir Christopher freely went his way to Maine, "professing much engagement for the great courtesy" with which he had been treated in Boston. This seems to have been in August, 1631.

Of him during the months which now succeeded I find but one trace, and that, it must be admitted, not a very knightly one; but then a companion of the brotherhood of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre must in those early days have found himself somewhat out of place on the Androscoggin. It was winter, too, and the nights, as well as the knight, were doubtless very cold. This single foot-print of Sir Christopher as a sojourner in Maine is preserved in the records of the first General Court of that province, held at Saco, by "the Worshipful Thomas Gorges," in 1640. The record reads as follows:

"Richard Tucker cometh into this Court and declareth that nine years since, or thereabouts, there came one Sir Christopher Gardiner to the plaintiff in the name of the defendant, Thomas Purchase, and borrowed of him a warming-pan, which cost here in this country 12*s.* 6*d.*, which the defendant hath all this time and still doth wrongfully detain from the plaintiff. And also the said Sir Christopher did six months after, or thereabouts, buy of the plaintiff a new fowling-piece for 40*s.*, which he promised to pay within a month after, which money both for the warming-pan and the piece the plaintiff hath oftentimes demanded of the defendant, who doth still refuse to pay the same, to the damage of the plaintiff at least 5*l.* sterling, for which the plaintiff commenceth his action of trespass in the case, against the defendant in this court, and humbly desireth a legal hearing according to law. T. Purchase denies ever authorizing Sir C. Gardiner to buy any warming-pan or fowling-piece for him, etc. Verdict for the plaintiff, £2 12*s.* 6*d.* for the two articles. 2*d.* damages. 12*s.* 6*d.* costs of court."

It would thus appear that the court held Thomas Purchase responsible for the contracts of Sir Christopher during the sojourn of the latter with him. Considering all the circumstances of the case—the inclemency of the season, and the place, and the single condition of Sir Christopher—the intrinsic justice of the finding is apparent. This episode of the warming-pan has, however, up to this time, inexplicably escaped the notice of both poet and novelist. It will, of course, have due prominence given to it hereafter. Meanwhile it is of interest to further note that, upon the death of Thomas Purchase, thirty-seven years later, a warming-pan—in all human probability the historical Gardiner warming-pan—was found among his effects, and to this day stands duly inventoried as part thereof.

Gardiner appears to have remained at Brunswick all through the winter of 1631–2, and far into the succeeding sum-

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mer, for it was not until the 15th of the following August that we again hear of him. On that day he landed at last at Bristol, having been absent from England some eighteen months or more. He returned just in time to take part in a most formidable attack on the Massachusetts Bay Company; in fact, he may have been recalled for the very purpose of having him take part in it. Morton and Ratcliff had preceded him to England, and had there for some time been in close communication with Gorges and Captain John Mason, who directed the assault. It was to be made before the Privy Council, and looked to nothing less than the revocation of the company's charter. Whether recalled for the purpose of taking part in it or not, Gardiner signalized his arrival in Bristol by at once indulging in unstinted denunciation of Governor Winthrop, the magistrates, and the people generally of Massachusetts. He declared that they were "traitors and rebels against his Majesty, with divers other most scandalous and opprobrious speeches," dilating freely on the wrongs he had himself suffered at their hands, even to the extent of being "driven to swim for his life." Thomas Wiggin, it has been seen, was then at Bristol, and though himself living at Gorges's plantation of Piscataqua, Wiggin was most friendly to the Massachusetts colony. Accordingly he at once wrote to Downing the letter already referred to, advising him of what Gardiner was saying, and suggesting that some means should be found "to stop this fellow's mouth." The story of Gardiner's two wives was revived, and Downing was advised to inform himself as to their whereabouts, with a view to proceeding against him for the crime of bigamy. Either the women had never existed, or they could no longer be found, or the evidence somehow broke down; for though Sir Christopher was the head and front of the proceedings which now took place, nothing more seems to have been heard of his marriages, either of that with her who wished to convert him, or that with her who wished to destroy him.

The attack on the Massachusetts colony was made on the 19th of December, 1632, and it was a formidable one. The charter of 1629—King Charles's charter, as it is called—was the *Magna Charta* of Massachusetts. As such it is still jealously preserved as the most precious archive of the Commonwealth. The Lords of the Privy Council were now called upon to inquire into the methods through which the charter had been obtained; and grave abuses had, it was alleged, been practiced under it. Besides many injuries inflicted on individuals in their property and persons, the company was charged with seditious and rebellious designs, subversive alike of sound principles whether in church or in state. The various allegations were based on the affidavits of three witnesses—Thomas Morton, Philip Ratcliff, and Sir Christopher Gardiner.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the alarm occasioned by this move among the friends of the company in England. It was only exceeded by the alarm felt in New England when, four months later, news of it reached there. The petition was referred to a committee of twelve Lords of the Council for investigation and report, and this committee was authorized to send for persons and papers. A long and apparently angry hearing ensued before it, in which it may safely be assumed that Sir Christopher Gardiner took a prominent part. Doubtless he told to eager ears the story of his encounter with the savages; while Morton described how he was set in the stocks, and had his house burned down before his eyes; and Ratcliff excited murmurs of sympathy by showing on his person the deep scars of lash and of knife. On the other side, exerting themselves in the defense of their associates, were Cradock and Saltonstall and Humfrey, potently aided by Downing.

The last-named, Winthrop says, was especially serviceable in this emergency. It may well have been that he had access to influential personages at court. It may also well be that he knew exactly where to place those bribes which were then freely taken by every one about the King. Only a little while before, Isaac Allerton, representing the poor Plymouth colony, had found that at Whitehall "many riddles must be resolved, and many locks must be opened with the silver—nay, with the golden—key." Emanuel Downing may have understood the skillful use of these keys; but whether he did or not, this hearing before the committee of the Privy Council was made to result disastrously for the complainants. That it should have so resulted astonished every one at the time, and now is not easily to

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be explained. Gorges was no mean antagonist, and thereafter he never failed to carry his every point at court. This time, however, he did fail, and failed conspicuously. The committee presently reported against any interference with the Massachusetts Company. Nor was that all. King Charles himself had evidently been labored with, and not without effect. Not only did he give his approval to the report of the committee, but he further threatened condign punishment upon those "who did abuse his Governor and the plantation."

It was a great victory for the company. And when in May, 1633, information of it reached Governor Winthrop, he at once sat down to communicate the glad tidings to Governor Bradford, and he invited him to join "in a day of thanksgiving to our merciful God, who, as he hath humbled us by his late correction, so he hath lifted us up by an abundant rejoicing in our deliverance out of so desperate a danger." The result, he added, had fallen out "against all men's expectations"; and Bradford in his turn wrote that "God had prevented him"—meaning by "him," Sir Christopher Gardiner.

At this point Gardiner finally disappears from sight. Like so many others, he owes his mention in history to the fact that he came out to America in those very early times when every individual counted; and the moment he returned to Europe he was merged again in the larger volume of human life. All trace of him is lost. That he was still in London in 1634 may be inferred from the fact that Morton then wrote his *New English Canaan*, the manuscript of which was seen by Sir Christopher, who liked it so much that he composed for it another little poem —this time of a prefatory character—"in laudem autoris." When a few years later the *New Canaan* was printed at Amsterdam, this poem, in company with all the rest of the copy, suffered unmerciful treatment at the hands of Stem the printer's Dutch compositors. Repunctuated and emended, it would seem to read as follows:

"This work a matchless mirror is, that shows
The humors of the Separatist, and those
So truly personated by thy pen.
I was amaz'd to see 't; herein all men
May plainly see, as in an interlude,
Each actor figure: and the scene well view'd
In comic, tragic, and in pastoral strife,
For tyth of mint and cummin, shows their life,
Nothing but opposition 'gainst the right
Of sacred Majesty: men full of spite,
Goodness abusing, turning virtue out
Of doors to whipping, stocking, and full bent
To plotting mischief 'gainst the innocent,
Burning their houses, as if ordained by fate,
In spite of law, to be made ruinate.
This task is well performed, and patience be
Thy present comfort, and thy constancy
Thine honor; and this glass, where it shall come,
Shall sing thy praises to the day of doom."

These verses show that Gardiner when he wrote them was acting in close sympathy with Morton and Gorges, and they were then preparing their second and more carefully devised assault on the Massachusetts charter. Into the details of this assault it is not necessary to enter here; they have been recounted elsewhere, and they fill a prominent page in the early annals of New England. There can be little doubt that in February, 1634, Gardiner, again in company with Morton and Ratcliff, appeared before the Lords of the Privy Council, and repeated the story of his wrongs. Archbishop Laud now sat at the head of the Council table, and it is unnecessary to say that he lent a ready ear to all complaints against Puritans. It was certainly so on this occasion, upon which, if we can believe Thomas Morton, who alone has given us any account of what took place, he soundly rated Cradock and Humfrey, who again appeared for the company. Indeed, when Cradock told him that the charter had gone to America, the Archbishop did not hesitate to call the former Governor of the company "an imposterous knave," and to sharply bid him to send for it back at once. As for Ratcliff, he did not now lack sympathizers, to all appearances not less able than they were eager to do him justice. On the spot he was "comforted with the cropping of Mr. Winthrop's ears." Morton, however, in his rambling account nowhere mentions Gardiner's name, and it can not be positively asserted that he took any part in the proceedings. He may have died in the interval between the time when he wrote the verses in praise of the author of the *New Canaan* and the time of the hearing before the Council; or he may again have wandered away to Jerusalem or to Rome. At any rate, it is not certain that he was present in the Council-chamber on February 28, 1634, and no further record of him has yet come to light. He simply fades from view.

It only remains to say a word of the subsequent fate of the companion of his

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earlier sojourn in Massachusetts, Mrs. Thomas Purchase, formerly Mary Grove, from Boirdly, in Salopshire, England. It would seem—for nothing certainly is known of her—that having safely outlived the dangerous period of youthful life, she settled down to the somewhat hard-faring every-day existence common to all those who at that early time were fated to subdue the rugged coast of Maine. Thomas Purchase, her husband, is described by Savage as "an adventurer of good discretion and perseverance." Some three or four localities in the town of Brunswick contend for the honor of having been the place of his abode; but wherever he lived, he was all his life engaged in the fur trade and the salmon fishery. Josselyn also, in his *Two Voyages*, makes mention of him as having undergone a somewhat remarkable course of medical treatment, inasmuch as he "cured himself of the sciatica with Bears-grease, keeping some of it continually in his groin." He was twice married, his second wife surviving him, though he is said to have arrived at the age of 101 years. His first wife, Mary, is recorded as having died in Boston on the 7th of January, 1656, and it is not definitely known that by this marriage there were any children.

It is fair to presume that the Mary Purchase who thus died in Boston was identical with the Mary Grove who had been married there to Thomas Purchase twenty-five years before. It is also to be hoped that her husband never had occasion to repent the choice he had made. He certainly entered into the married state with his eyes open; but beggars proverbially can not be choosers, and in those days the hardy settlers of Maine were sorely put to it for helpmates. There were scandalous stories afloat about other matrons in that neighborhood as well as Mistress Purchase, and the husband of that lady, if he ever experienced any misgivings as to her past life, would certainly have found a sympathetic spiritual adviser in the Rev. Richard Gibson, the settled minister of his former home of Saco. That gentleman also took unto himself a wife in 1638, and shortly after, under date of January 14, 1639, I find him writing as follows to Governor Winthrop at Boston; and it is the Christian spirit of the last lines of the extract which might have been commended to Thomas Purchase, if he ever felt a regret that he had interfered with Sir Christopher's domestic arrangements. Of his wife the Rev. Richard Gibson wrote thus:

"By the providence of God and the counsel of friends, I have lately married Mary, daughter of Mr. Thomas Lewis, of Saco.....Howbeit, so it is for the present that some troublous spirits out of misaffection, others, as is supposed, for hire, have cast an aspersion upon her, and generally avouch that she so behaved herself in the ship which brought her from England hither some two years ago that the block was reeved at the mainyard to have ducked her, and that she was kept close in the ship's cabin forty-eight hours for shelter and rescue, which tends to her utter infamy, the grief of her friends, and my very great infamy and hinderance.....

"My humble suit unto your Worship is that you would please to call before you [certain persons named] which came over in the ship with her, and examine them of these things whereof she is accused, and I humbly entreat that you would give a testimonial of these examinations. I married the maid upon long demurs by advice of friends, and if these imputations be justly charged upon her, I shall reverence God's afflicting hand, and possess myself in patience under God's chastising."

FROST.

THE pane is etched with wondrous tracery;
Curve interlaced with curve and line with line,
Like subtle measures of sweet harmony
Transformed to shapes of beauty crystalline.

Slim, graceful vines and tendrils of such sort
As never grew save in some fairy world
Wind up from roots of misted silver wrought
Through tulip flowers and lilies half unfurled.

Shag firs and hemlocks blend with plumy palms,
Spiked cacti spring from feathery ferns and weeds,
And sea-blooms such as rock in Southern calms
Mingle their foamy fronds with sedge and reeds.

And there are flights of birds with iris wings
That shed in mid-air many a brilliant plume,
And scintillating shoals of swimming things
That seem to float in clear green ocean gloom.

And there are diamond-crusted diadems,
And orbs of pearl and sceptres of pale gold,
Stored up in crystal grottoes, lit with gems
And paved with emeralds of price untold.

And marvellous architecture of no name,
Façades and shafts of loveliest form and hue,
Keen pinnacles and turrets tipped with flame,
And fretted domes of purest sapphire blue.

All these the genii of the Frost last night
Wrought through the still cold hours by charm and rune;
And now, like dreams dispelled before the light,
They float away in vapor on the noon.

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TORRICELLI.

MY old friends Jack and Helen Burbank left me mistress of their elegant mansion on the Hudson while they took one of their unexpected flights to Europe. This time it was for Birdie's eyes. Birdie, their idolized daughter, was then a "sweet girl graduate," and a fine type of the frail American beauty. She had been abroad several times already, but no climate gave roses permanently to her cheeks. Jack was a big handsome fellow, who for some years had been doing business in Wall Street. What business precisely I never found out. When he entertained his male friends they always talked of "margins," and "puts," and "calls," and "straddles," and made me think of what St. Augustine says: "The trifling of adults is called business." Once I ventured to quote this. One of the heavy men present looked at me for a long time, debating whether it were worth the while to pay any attention to me, and then he said, ponderously, "Madam, we brokers are the Atlases that bear the world upon our shoulders. All business is supported by and through us." I did not know how to answer him, but all the same I felt that he could and should have been silenced instead of me. Subsequently I learned a good deal about those Atlases.

A few words will give an idea of Torricelli, the costly home of the Burbanks. Jack, somewhere in his travels abroad, had been greatly charmed by an old pile with sugar-loaf towers—quaint, picturesque, dreamy. Helen shared his admiration, and Torricelli was the result. The towers, already ivy-clung, were wonderfully beautiful, especially in the moonlight, overlooking the lovely terraces, decked with fountains, statues, and shrubbery, that separated the mansion from the river.

One summer afternoon I sat with Helen on one of the broad piazzas. Lovely trailing vines curtained us from a too glaring light, and cast their shadows upon the floor of real mosaic. Birds sang in the shrubbery or bathed themselves in the fountain basins ; bees hummed above the cups of luxuriant flowers of every kind that an extravagant professional florist could make grow in the open or in his greenhouses. Helen, fanning herself languidly as she sat in a luxuriant armchair, said: "How are you ever going to amuse yourself in this barrack while we are away?"

"You call this a barrack, and yet the drapery of a single window has cost a thousand dollars!" I spoke reproachfully, for I felt that Helen was an ungrateful woman. I did not understand then what became very clear to me afterward.

"Oh, well, cousin. You know the alpha and omega of Jack's business creed is 'visible opulence.' He says nobody is rich only so long as people believe him to be so. We have two houses full of costly things that we can not use and really do not want, and all the world envies us our grand fortune. Do you know I never think of us as fortunate?" And with this Helen rose, made a turn across the veranda, and then dropped back into her seat with a sigh.

"Helen Burbank!" I cried. "Do you mean to tell me you are not a happy woman? Is not Jack the best of husbands?"

"Oh yes. I suppose I am a happy woman, and of course Jack is a good husband, but— Come, Cousin Jane, let us ride around the grounds. The carriage has been waiting an age." And Helen dragged on her hat and gloves and her costly Dolman. As we descended the broad steps of the mansion a footman in blue and cream-colored livery ceremoniously opened the carriage door, shut it when we were seated, and then mounted his seat behind the elegant barouche, where he sat like a statue with folded arms.

The park of Torricelli was beautiful; the day magnificent; yet as the luxurious carriage rolled noiselessly over the graded roads, I could see that Helen was ill at ease. I thought it was that gorgeous footman, and told her so. She smiled, and said: "Jack thinks we must have everything, and that includes a coachman and footman in livery. I hate the whole thing, and I know he does; and now, Cousin Jane, never mention the subject again."

My cousin Helen had changed wonderfully since she became a fine lady, indifferent to all the pleasures in the world. She was a buxom, rosy minx at twelve, as I remembered her. Then fortune separated us for years. I visited her once in the city of Philadelphia, when Jack was a "struggling writer." She wore a ten-

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cent calico dress then, and did all her own work. After that they bought a little farm some thirty miles from that city, and there they lived some ten years. I used to think that those must have been Helen's dark days—cooped up in a dismal country cottage, working like a slave from morning till night. I often thought of it when I saw her lolling in her blue satin-lined landau, too listless almost to hold up her dainty parasol.

But this sudden trip to Italy. It was "apropos of nothing," Helen said, for Birdie could not endure the sea, and no foreign country ever agreed with her. A day or two before they sailed I remarked to Jack that it would forever remain a mystery to me why people who had delightful homes like Torricelli could ever leave them, unless absolutely obliged to do so, and especially that they could leave them to roam over the world without any specific object, sleeping in the dingy crypts of steamers, and paying double for food that must make them sigh for their French cook at home.

Jack looked at me. I think he was going to say something serious, but instead he declared that I was envious of their prospect of enjoyment, and then pressed me to join them. Helen and Birdie also urged me. I told her I would not relinquish the fun of running Torricelli a couple of months for anything, and that I would wager her ladyship's idle servants would not have quite so much leisure when once I was in charge.

The family left at noon. The next morning I sent for Hobson, the butler. I told him that during my management I would have all tradesmen's bills sent directly to me when goods were delivered. There would be no dinners—Hobson looked aghast—no dinners, I repeated, only a little lunch at one o'clock for me and any friend who might call. Then I went over the larder with him, and took note of what supplies there were, locked the wine-cellar, and kept the key. By that time I no doubt had the reputation, from butler to scullion, of being an "awful screw." It always seemed as if neither Jack nor Helen cared how much was ordered, nor how enormous the bills were. I could not endure such lack of system, and told Helen so. "Oh, well," she replied, "you don't suppose I could hint to that butler, for example, that he is not going all right? I know we pay for wine enough for a large family. We use very little at our dinners, you know. But what can be done? Jack won't interfere with Hobson's management, and as for me, I'm quite afraid of the creature. You can overhaul his works if you dare. Better let him alone, though. Take everything easy, and enjoy this Eden, as you call it, as best you may." And then she told me to use her room and her writing-desk, and if the house should get on fire, to save a big ledger in the under-closet of it. "It is an old journal, cousin. You might like to look at it; but it would probably bore you. Perhaps it wouldn't, though. You are a little sentimental." I thought the speech rather strange, and often thought of it afterward.

Days passed before I had leisure to rummage in the closet of Helen's beautiful ormolu desk. Her journal was written in a cumbrous old ledger covering several years of Helen's early life, but not one word after her installation as mistress of Torricelli. For three days I spent every spare moment upon that journal. I think nothing ever so astonished me. It was a revelation.

EXTRACTS FROM HELEN'S JOURNAL.

"*Philadelphia, March* —, 186–.—Jack has decided that we are to leave the city. How, or exactly when, we don't know. We have such a hard struggle to live. We never know from month to month what our income is going to be from Jack's writings. I live in daily apprehension of the time when we shall have to use the little sum so carefully hoarded for Birdie's education. Birdie is having great trouble with her teething, and Jack looks at times almost haggard. We *must* get out of these little stuffy rooms before another heated term. Oh, for the sight of God's green earth, and for one long breath of balmy air! Jack says, 'Yes, we must go, dear, but it is a leap in the dark.' I don't feel so. I believe in the country. God seems nearer there. I lived in the country till I was twelve years old. I know how to take care of chickens, make butter, and cultivate flowers. He smiles incredulously when I tell him this, and sighing, kisses me and Birdie. I too have had misgivings, but not now, for the doctor hints that Birdie is in danger, and Jack, he says, needs a change. When I think of my treasures in danger I feel as if I had the strength of an army.

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"*Plainville, New Jersey, March* 10.—Birdie seemed worse, and Jack made me bring her down here to stay with the Hodges till he packs up our things. It is too bad that the dear boy has to do all the work alone. I hope he won't forget to bring pussy. We are to stay here while we look around for a cottage and an acre of ground. The land here is too high, and I feel sure there is malaria, though the residents of the place all deny it. I feel it in the damp air, and smell it in this nasty, sticky, clayey soil. Coming down to the ferry, I bought a bagful of seeds. Oh, how I long to begin farming! I'm not a bit blue over the prospect, though we must take Birdie's money to buy our cottage and land. Jack is a little dubious about this leap in the dark, though he won't admit it. I know, though, by the way he plays his violin. I never hinted this to him, and so his precious old friend is my secret ally.

"*Jersey Pine Barrens, April* 5, 186–.—Here we are actually settled in our new home almost a month. Birdie has learned to walk, and is already much better. Jack and I can not express our joy over the change, nor sufficiently censure our folly in living so long cooped up in the city. We are half a mile from a little settlement that is sure to grow rapidly, for it has a railroad just opened. A nice cottage of seven rooms, a chicken yard and house, and a big wood-shed over the back door. There is no well, though, and Jack has to bring all the water in a keg placed on a wheelbarrow from a lake almost a quarter of a mile away, for that is only a little further than our nearest neighbor's, and Jack prefers to get it there. We must have a well by-and-by. We put all our savings, except a few dollars, into this place. The poor man who built it could not pay his mortgage, and was on the point of losing it for $300. As it is, he got $200 to go West with, for we gave $500. The place, if anywhere else, could sell for $1000 easily. There is ever so much land all around, with little pines and oaks, and the huckleberry bushes are just a tangle. How I long for them to get ripe!

"There is a big garden spot cleared. The little trees come quite up to the end of our veranda on the north side. Oh! it is delightful to sit on our little veranda and listen to the mocking-birds in the woods. Jack can imitate them on his violin. To-day I did all my washing and ironing. Jack helped me. Washing is not hard, and ironing is really artistic work.

"*April* 10.—Yesterday Jack got our neighbor's horse, and ploughed for the first time. Oh, such crooked furrows! I led the horse at first, but he soon sent me into the house, that he might be free to express his feelings, I think. While I was there he said: 'I know the *science* of ploughing. I know what you do to make the plough go right or left, deep or shallow, but really, you don't plough by science, but by instinct.' I stopped the horse, and looked squarely at Jack and said, 'Jack, I know you can plough. Why, any *common* man can learn to plough. Just have patience.' Then he made me come in, and I got him a nice dinner. When he came in at sunset he looked triumphant, and tired as he was, his face all begrimed, he seized me and waltzed me around the little dining-room till he nearly upset Birdie's cradle. He had got the 'knack,' he said. I never saw him look so handsome.

"*April* 12.—To-day I made my first loaf of real raised bread. It was another grand triumph. I set the sponge late last night with half a yeast cake. It was cold, and I did not know how to keep the sponge warm. Finally I set my boiler upon the kitchen table, poised on four bottles, and with a tiny lamp underneath. Then I put on the cover of the boiler, and went to bed. I got up before Jack. My sponge was ready to run over. I mixed my bread, and set it in the boiler turned on its side before the stove, the dough covered with a cloth. Jack had not seen it, and it was finely baked and cold at dinner-time, when Jack had finished ploughing and harrowing his ground. What a surprise it was! for Jack is particularly fond of good bread. He asked where I got that splendid loaf, supposing some neighbor had sent it to me. I did not answer him directly, and Jack turned to Birdie, seated in her high chair, and gravely asked her where that loaf came from. '*Mamma—tobe*,' she replied, pounding her plate with her spoon. I thought Jack would not understand her word for 'stove,' but he did, and expressed great pride in my skill. I don't think he is as proud as I am of his learning to plough, and told him so. Last night a big empty house in the village was burned down—set on fire accidentally by tramps, it is said. We must be dou-

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bly careful of fire—no fire-engines owned here.

"*April* 16.—The *Daily Proteus* sent Jack twenty dollars last week for two editorials. Oh, how rich we felt! We immediately bought and set out a lot of fruit trees and shrubs, also some evergreens and shade trees. I made Jack hire a man a week to help him. There is an old neglected strawberry patch near the cottage, and three rows of raspberry bushes. I have spent hours on my hands and knees pulling out old grass roots and last year's weeds from these poor strawberries. Then I sprinkled ashes over them, and from the first I have poured all my dish-water and soap-suds on them: I wonder if I *shall* have one strawberry?

"*April* 17.—I have such trouble to make my pretty little white Leghorn hens sit. They lay all the time, and every few days one of them will excite my hopes by pretending to sit. I give her a nest of eggs, and that seems to banish the last vestige of seriousness in her intentions, and in a day or two I find her laying again. I am told that this is a 'feature' of the Leghorn fowl: a very bad one, I think.

"My good neighbors the Wormleys moved to the city to-day. We are sorry enough to lose them. Jack spent nearly a whole day helping Mr. W. pack up his 'lares and penates,' as he said. Mrs. W. gave him some old chicken-coops, some much-needed farming tools, and a really good bedstead—old-fashioned, but solid, and what I much want. This will be nice in our guest-chamber, and by-and-by we will get a mattress and some bedding. With all our poverty, though, we are able, thank God, to help others. Jack has helped another neighbor, Mr. Hall, two or three times, when pressed with his work, and I have several times gone over and helped Mrs. Hall with her washing, for she is not well this spring, and she has a baby two months old.

"*April* 20.—Our new neighbors the Pillsburys moved into the Wormley house to-day. I had some fresh bread baked, and I kept thinking I ought to carry a loaf to Mrs. Pillsbury. It seemed absurd too, but while Birdie slept I put a loaf in a basket, covered it with a snowy napkin, and started. Mrs. P. came to the door. She had a towel on her head, and looked very tired. I told her I was her nearest neighbor, and though by no means a spiritualist, I had been possessed with the idea that she wanted a loaf of bread. Her face beamed with pleasure. She said she *was* a spiritualist, and that bread was just what she most needed, as, in the confusion of getting ready, the staff of life was forgotten. She came out and chatted with me, and we agreed to lose no time in getting acquainted. She is almost as young as I am, but has no children yet. While talking in the shed a hen with feathers all ruffled up came in and settled herself in a corner behind a saw-horse. Mrs. P. threw her out-of-doors. She told me that that hen had preserved her mania for sitting all through the journey. She was incorrigible. I timidly asked if I might borrow her, not dreaming of anything but a refusal to such an odd request. Mrs. Pillsbury said I was welcome to her services. 'But will she sit,' I asked, 'if taken to my place?' 'Sit!' exclaimed Mrs. P. 'That hen will sit in a pail of water, I do believe.' In less than ten minutes that Brahma hen was comfortably sitting on my twelve duck eggs in the corner of my wood-shed. How nice if they hatch! Jack says they may be last year's eggs for aught I know. 'Commend me to you, Muggins,* for faith!' he exclaimed, and then he had to play bear, and disarrange my collar and my back hair. He is always behaving like a big boy.

"*April* 21.—Our pease, planted some three weeks ago, are looking lovely. Can it be possible that I am to enjoy the delight of preparing fresh, delicious green pease from my own place? Dear me! I do not get time to put down the tenth of what we do here. How the blessed time flies! When we first came we spent almost a whole day raking up leaves in the woods and packing them down in a big square hole two feet deep, with the dirt removed piled up in a bank along the north side. We danced on the leaves to pack them down, drove down stakes around it, and this was our hot-bed. Two old sheets sewed together served in place of sashes. Our neighbor Hall (Old *Cassy*, Jack and I call him—short for Cassandra, because he is always predicting evil) came by as we were adding the final touches. He asked what manure we used, for the leaves

* One of Jack's old names for Helen, I suppose, in those idyllic days.—*Note by Cousin Jane.*

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were all covered with earth. We told him leaves, soap-suds, garbage, and a boiler or two of boiling water. 'Oh, you can't get any heat without stable manure,' said Old Cassy. Some days later, when Jack's seeds were all in the bed, Cassy went by, and Jack pulled a thermometer out of his hot-bed, and showed it standing at 80°. He looked incredulous. Never did plants grow better in a hot-bed. We shall have lots of plants to sell. All one end we devoted to sweet-potatoes—planting a whole bushel as close together as they could lie.

"*May* 1.—We have christened our place Mount Hope, because it is on a hill, and Hope is one of our watch-words. We do not wish to be rich; but please God that our honest, hard work may give us the means to continue as happy as we now are! I never was so happy before. That ogre, the landlord's agent, who used to come with such merciless promptitude every month and take away our painfully saved-up earnings, can not enter here. A poor tramp came to our door to-day. He wanted to work, and we gave him some clothes.

"*May* 2.—All day by 'spells' I have been out helping Jack make the garden. I never worked out-of-doors before we came here. It is inspiriting. The day was delicious. Birdie toddled about, falling down every other minute, but always crowing with delight. She is the dearest little cherub in the world. Yesterday Jack lay down on the lounge and fell asleep. He had been up long before sunrise, and was tired. I was doing my work and watching her. She went about very softly, so as not to wake papa. She was struggling with all her little might, placing the chairs carefully in a row before the lounge so that papa might not fall off.

"*May* 10.—Jack's hard work, instead of hurting him, as I feared, is making a new man of him. He will not wear a broad-brimmed hat. He wants to get brown, he says.

"*May* 17.—Eureka! My ducks have hatched!—at least seven of the twelve eggs. Almost all our planting is done. The tramp that came to us last month returned some days ago, and asked to stay and work for his board. He seemed honest, and we could not refuse. I took Mrs. Pillsbury into my confidence, and she lent me some things to fix up a room for this new-comer. We call him our G. G. (good genius), because he is so handy and so helpful. He took some big crates, which he made himself, filled them with sweet-potato plants, and carried them down to our one grocery store and to our meat market. He expects that they will sell at forty-five cents a hundred.

"*May* 18.—Our garden grows apace. We have lettuce from our hot-bed, and also radishes. We undertake everything, Jack and I. When we first came we read how to plant asparagus, and made a bed, dug a trench two feet deep, filled the bottom with old boots, rubbers, straw, weeds, and every rubbish that could decay. Above this a load of stable manure bought of Cassy; then the earth, and the plants we set down deep into this the other day. Jack says we are capable of 'staggering' into anything. At last one of my Leghorns did seriously sit, and I gave her nine turkey-eggs, bought of a person in town who wanted Leghorn eggs. G. G. made the exchange. He finds out everything.

"*May* 26.—We have got a well. Oh, what a treasure! For weeks Jack and I have been calculating the possibility of paying for a well at the rate of one dollar a foot for the labor, and on this hill we should have to dig at least forty feet. It did seem a herculean task. It must be that Providence has special charge of such babes in the woods as Jack and I. The other day at table I said to Jack, 'Are not we three grown people competent to dig a hole?' 'There are the bricks, you know. It will take about three thousand;' and the dear boy looked melancholy. G. G. said he could dig a well, he believed. The next day I left Birdie with Mrs. Pillsbury while I went to find the owner of the house that lately burned down; found him, and went with him to look at the bricks of the fallen chimneys. I bought them all for three dollars, and arranged for their delivery at Mount Hope. Jack laid nearly all the bricks. The well was finished yesterday. It is close to the kitchen door, in the shed. G. G. made the curb, and hung the buckets over the wheel.

"*June* 9.—To-day we had green pease, eggs in an omelet, and a lettuce salad for dinner, all from our own place, and the work of our own hands.

"*June* 16.—Memorable day. Jack went to the post-office this morning as usual.

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I was out sweeping out and refilling my duck-pond. Some one was leading a cow up the road that goes by our house. I kept on my work, dreaming of the time when Jack and I would own a cow, and have cream with our strawberries, which are ripe now, and we have more than we can eat. I felt that Birdie must have milk before she can become robust. I had scarcely got into the house when I heard Jack calling—'Muggins!' I went out, and there stood Jack with a little clock under his arm, and holding a pretty brown short-horned cow by a chain which rested on his arm in folds. His face was radiant. It fairly took my breath away, for I felt that it was *our* cow. Her udder was large and of a lovely cream-color. She gave milk, then! Birdie toddled out clinging to me. She had never been so near a cow before. 'Who shall say we are not rich?' exclaimed Jack—'rich beyond the dreams of avarice. *We own a cow*—four years old, three-fourths Alderney, and gentler than a kitten.' I screamed with delight, and then Jack told me he had bought the cow of Mrs. Wayland, who was selling out, preparatory to moving back to the city. She wanted a good home for this pet cow, and happened to need a watch, so there was a 'swap' made—the cow and twenty dollars for the watch. Jack went and bought a two-dollar Connecticut clock at once, for we have none. How fortunate we are to secure this lovely cow! We call her Brownie.

"*June* 18.—Jack got me a dozen milk pans. Everything in the house was full of milk. Such heavenly cream and strawberries! We just live on Graham bread and cream and strawberries.

"Aunt Judy, who sometimes does work for me, came by yesterday morning and evening and milked for me. My hands were very stiff; they are getting used to milking now. Jack curries Brownie carefully every morning. If I could only milk like black Aunt Judy! How willingly I would exchange what I know of the piano for such a useful accomplishment!

"*June* 22.—To-day I churned the second time, and sold again two pounds of butter for eighty cents. My churn is a tall, little, yellow, earthen crock. Jack made me a cover to fit it, and a little dasher. The butter comes in five minutes. The man who owns the saw-mill says my butter is the best he has ever tasted, and wants all I can spare. I can, with a little economy, spare at least a dollar's worth every week, and so in this way we can get some lumber for Brownie's house—at least I can *help* pay for it. We have now a temporary shed for her, about six feet square. It is quite touching to see the aristocratic blooded creature stand under it chewing her cud.

"*July* 2.—We had new potatoes, green pease, and lettuce for dinner—all from our own place, also strawberries and cream. We buy very little meat, for it is expensive; and since we have milk and butter we don't seem to need it. Sometimes we have a can of corned beef. I cut it in delicate slices and make it last a week! Jack says my one idea of economy is starving him. I answer by showing him his bonny face and form in the glass. He weighs fifteen pounds more than when we left the city. G. G. has cleared more ground and set out shade trees and evergreens. This is the beginning of our lawn. Our florist and nurseryman came to Jack for help in making his catalogue. He wanted to say a good deal to his customers, but had no literary culture. He was glad to pay in shrubs and flowers. It does seem as if everything is turning to gold in our hands—not that we have any gold or money in any form, but I feel all the time that I am rich, and certainly we are wonderfully happy.

"*July* 5.—Another source of wealth. I had so much bonny-clabber, or curdled milk, that I did not know what to do with it. Experiment developed a nice cottage-cheese, which Jack says is a little like the famous Neufchâtel. He believed they would sell, and carried down a dozen to our grocer. Now I can not supply the demand for 'Mount Hope Cheese.' Every day I send from ten to twenty, and get three cents each. Of course they are very small. We are feasting now upon blueberries; they grow all over our woods. Oh, how delicious they are with corn cakes and cream!

"*August* 8.—Brownie's house is finished. It is a little barn with two stalls, quite a loft for hay, three bins for grains, two little windows, a compartment to keep a supply of leaves or other bedding for Brownie, and quite a little room for a workshop.

"*August* 20.—I am writing my journal in an old ledger which has very little

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writing in it—I mean besides my own. I always had a pleasure in keeping a record of what I do. This is for Birdie when she grows up. I want her always to remember her home with papa and mamma with pleasure, and I trust she will. With all my work and multiform cares, I try to keep the cottage very tidy. I never set my table without putting on it a bouquet of flowers, if there is anywhere a flower to be found. The blessed flowers! How many people have I known who 'adore flowers,' are always exclaiming about their loveliness, yet will not give five minutes a day to their care and culture! These persons only think they love flowers. When flowers do really give them great satisfaction, their lives will require them, and they will make sacrifices to obtain them. After tea Jack always reads to me while I sew—mend usually, for we have few new things. I am become expert at mending, and this evening hour is one of the most delightful of the day.

"*October* 20.—Jack's old college chum, James Norton, just home from Europe, has made us a visit of three days, and we much enjoyed it. Luckily, I knew he was coming, and prepared as best I could. How fortunate that we had an extra bedstead! Some old sacking stuffed with pine needles made a very fair bed for our room, while our one good mattress did service in the guest-room. One chamber set of stone-china the cottage affords, and this also had to go to keep company with our best bed. When I showed the guest his room I hypocritically apologized for not having had time to make him as comfortable as I wished. He noted the pictures in rustic frames, the white muslin curtains parted in the centre where hung a cocoa-nut shell hanging-basket, in which grew a beautiful trailing plant, the lovely flowers upon his table, and seemed charmed with his quarters. The next day after he came I made my first chicken pie. Two chickens had to be sacrificed the day before for this luxury. G. G. offered to kill the chickens. 'No,' said Jack; 'it is so disagreeable that I must do it myself.' Now that shows just what Jack is—noble in every thought.

"This friend of Jack's is a broker, and very rich. He asked me if I would not like a hot-air furnace in the cellar, and a little flower-room with double sashes for winter flowers. My eyes opened wide. The thought flashed upon me that something like these were to be my Christmas present."

Here ended my copying from Helen Burbank's journal. My idea was to give it to the world as an example of happiness independent of outward circumstances. I knew my cousin would give me ready permission, so that I substituted other names for hers and her husband's. There was not much more recorded. On the winter following the last date there was a dreadful snow-storm and fearful cold. The struggle was rather hard that winter, but the next saw a marvellous change. Jack's friend, the broker, lent him money, with which he made additions to his buildings, improved his grounds, and generally added luxuries to that simple and blissful home; moreover, he invested in stocks through the advice of Norton. From that hour there was a shadow upon Mount Hope. Finally Jack decided to move to New York and go into business with Norton. Helen protested, but Jack was quite heavily in debt, and he saw a way to retrieve himself. He became rich, spent money lavishly, travelled abroad, built Torricelli, gratified every whim of his, or Helen's, or Birdie's, but—happiness had forever fled.

On the day I made my last extract from Helen's journal I received a letter from her. She was in Rome. Birdie was alarmingly ill of malarial fever, and the worst was feared, though Helen had great faith in the physician attending her. The letter disturbed me greatly. I felt anxious and nervous. All my expected pleasure in running Torricelli had proved an illusion. Hobson got mad, corrupted all the servants and left. I was glad when he was gone, and got along far better without him, despite the insolence of some of the servants and the laziness of all of them. The care of the place was a burden to me, and I longed for the return of its owners. Besides, there was something depressing about the place, despite its beauty. This I had not perceived at first, but now it grew upon me. One day the cook, whose salary was two thousand dollars a year, threatened to leave. Mercy! Jack would certainly starve, though it had not been very long since he found a dinner of corn bread and milk with a few huckleberries all-sufficient.

Another letter from Helen, a few days after the first, I will quote entire:

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"HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE, ROME, *August* 20, 187–.

"MY DEAR JANE,—I am the most wretched of women. Birdie is dreadfully ill. The doctor and the nurse send me from the room. It matters little, for my precious child does not know me. They urge me to ride, send carriages for me continually, but I must stay near her. The doctor has just ordered me to write to some friend. He scolds me for my distracted state, as if I could be less overcome by this affliction than I am. I will open my heart to you, my dear old friend. Jane, God is punishing me for my sins. Jack will not admit it, but I know it well. The finger of God could not write it plainer upon my heart. We were happy—oh, so happy!—in our dear old Mount Hope cottage, for we were serving God by labor for our own and all those around us. The wilderness about our home we made blossom like the rose. Birdie grew strong and beautiful every day. Oh, those days when we were really rich! for all we had was ours by honest right, not gained by some trick of speculation. Our simple food was sweeter than all the banquets of our grander state. Jack was tempted by his old friend to go into what he called and the world calls legitimate business. They were finally two of eight men who bought up all the flour in the market, or enough of it, Jane, to make every starving child's loaf of bread cost its wretched parents a penny more; for they held on to this flour until it went up and up. Then they sold, and Jack became a rich man. Jane, the grand Torricelli you so much admire was built with such money as that. I *felt* that Jack's business was an unrighteous one, but I allowed my instincts to be argued down. There was my great sin; but, O God, my punishment seems greater than I can bear. Be witness, you, my cousin Jane, for here I solemnly swear that if my Heavenly Father will spare my beloved child I will retrace my steps, and go back to my simpler and nobler life. But I can write no more.

"Ever yours, dear cousin,

"HELEN BURBANK."

This letter explained a great deal. I saw just why Helen had not appreciated (as I thought) her lovely home. During these lonely weeks as mistress of Torricelli I reflected deeply upon the vanity of riches, the coveting of which had always been my besetting sin. It was a discipline I needed, and it taught me to distinguish between real and apparent wealth. Helen in her poverty had almost every blessing: in her wealth, a beggar might have pitied her could he have read her heart. It was plain that the great love once existing between her and Jack had become as cool as that of the most worldly husbands and wives. Then I saw by this letter that Helen had forgotten how to be a Christian, else she would not have made a conditional vow to God. She would have simply bowed her head and promised to return to a better life.

My suspense was soon relieved by a telegram, or cablegram as some say. Simply the words, "God be praised; Birdie is saved." A month afterward Helen wrote gay letters from Paris, and spoke of soon returning home. She had bought some wonderful pictures, and some old carvings, "worth their weight in gold." She wrote of certain changes she was contemplating in the decorations of Torricelli, and gave me directions which she had not done before. I was terrified. Had she utterly forgotten her solemn vow? There was a sense of unrest continually with me, and when a dispatch came that the family had taken passage on the *City of Lyons*, my first thought was, "There is a Jonah on that steamer." Still, it was only an idle thought, which did not occur again when weeks and months passed and there came no news of the vessel. It has always been supposed that she foundered in mid-ocean, and that every soul perished. Jack left no will, and when his estate came to be settled there was not one dollar for any of his heirs, though he had passed for a very wealthy man. Everybody presented claims. I thought of Jack's watch-word, "Visible opulence." He had known, then, upon what frail foundations his wealth had rested. Even the stately Torricelli with its ivy-crowned towers must have been to him a veritable castle in the air.

LETHE.

I HAVE brought poppies for thee, weary Heart,
White poppies steeped in sleep;
Ask Love if he will give thee, ere we part,
One happy dream to keep.
Then sleep, sleep, sleep.
Why shouldst thou wake to weep?

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THE MORNING STAR.

AN INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

A FABLE led to the discovery of Florida. In 1512 Ponce de Leon sailed from Porto Rico with three ships, fitted out at his own expense, in search of a famous fountain which, according to the story of the aborigines, could restore youth and beauty. He expected to find it among the Bahamas. One of the group, the Bemini, was said to contain the marvellous fountain. Island after island was visited in search of it. And the voyage led him to the peninsula of Florida, which he discovered on Easter-Sunday, April 8, 1512, giving it its name because of the beauty and magnificence of its flowers and vegetation. If his exploration had led him to that remarkable fountain, the Silver Spring, at the head-waters of the Ocklawaha, he might easily have supposed he had there reached the object of his search.

It is difficult to say, in reflecting upon the persistent search for the fountain of youth, who evinced the firmest faith, the Indians who gave the story to the newcomers, or the Spaniards who received it, and for long years showed the reality of their faith by their brave and persevering efforts to discover it.

As we propose to give an example of the faith of the Indians in the power of conjuration, it is well thus to preface it by showing that the white race of that age, whether in Spain or elsewhere, can not plume itself upon its vast superiority to the red men in this respect. In England during the reign of Henry VIII., in 1542, witchcraft or sorcery was declared "felony without benefit of clergy." During the reign of James I. an act of Parliament assigned the death penalty for "invoking any evil spirit, or for killing or otherwise hurting any person by such infernal arts." In 1698, in Salem, Massachusetts, witches were punished under the above-mentioned law. Not until the reign of George II., in 1728 (a century after the death of Shakspeare), was prosecution for sorcery or enchantment prohibited by law. Forty years after that even Blackstone (Book IV., p. 61) says: "It seems to be the most eligible way, to conclude with an ingenious writer of our own (Addison in No. 117 of the *Spectator*, published in 1711), "that in general there has been such a thing as witchcraft, though one can not give credit to any particular modern instance of it." This was published by Blackstone in 1769, eighty years after the witches were burned at Salem.

I shall give a narration of a Seminole superstition which I obtained from the lips of an Indian chief in Florida, illustrating their firm faith in the distinct existence of soul and body, and which gives a beautiful and remarkable office to the morning star. First let me give a description of the scene and surroundings of this communication.

In December, 1841, I was on a scout with a large command in the Big Cypress Swamp, bordering on the Everglades of Southern Florida. The guide was Halatoochee, nephew of Micanopy, head chief of the whole Seminole nation. He had emigrated to Arkansas, was anxious to compel all the remaining Indians to go there, and his band had been at war with the hostiles (Mickasukies), whose chief in that region was called "the Prophet." He was a marked character, for to the office of priest and prophet he added that of war chief and commander in the field. Indians are superstitious, and apt to put easy faith in the personal power and prestige of such a chief. And we shall see that such influence extended not only to his own followers, but even to his enemies, and haunted the imagination of our guide.

Our scout was in the Big Cypress, a swamp fifty miles in diameter, through which, guided by Halatoochee, we threaded our labyrinthine course in pursuit of the hostiles under the Prophet. We waded all day in the water, encamping at night on pine islands. The most lovely flora was brought to view, especially the numerous and varied air-plants and orchids, with blossoms of vivid and brilliant colors festooning the cypress-trees, and lilies, callas, and other water-plants of every kind and description.

We finally reached the island called "the Prophet's Town," and as this spot will figure in our story, it is incumbent on me to give a picture of the Prophet's hut and vicinity. Near it we found a ponderous vine of luxuriant growth, the *Ficus indica*, often met with on the island of Cuba. It clasped and entwined in its elephantine folds three large trees —one a live-oak, one a palmetto, and the other a cypress. Fit spot for the incantations of a sorcerer!

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Before entering the swamp Halatoochee complained of being sick in our camps at night; and when he said he was made sick by the conjurations of the Prophet (the hostile chief), the officers laughed at him and ridiculed his fears. For there he was, safe in the centre of a command of four hundred men. But one evening a brother officer and myself took him aside with an interpreter, determined to treat him with respect, to draw him out, and ask him to describe how it was that he was made sick by the machinations of the Prophet, who was far distant from us.

Halatoochee, encouraged by our kind and respectful language, said, in effect: "You whites have your faith, your creed, and your philosophy; you must permit us of the red race to have also our peculiar ideas and philosophy." To this we assented, and he went on: "When an Indian sleeps, his body alone sleeps, his spirit is moving around over the face of the earth, but the instant the morning star rises, it returns to its body. If a hostile conjurer or medicine-man wishes to injure him—or make him sick, he makes an image* of the victim. On the heart he places a tobacco leaf and a splinter from a tree riven by lightning. In a large kettle of water on the camp fire are placed, from time to time, herbs and malign filters having necromantic power. The image is placed at a distance, and at three separate periods during the night it is advanced nearer and nearer toward the fire, the intervals being occupied by weird dances, drumming, and incantations, sufficient of themselves to 'make the night hideous.' If before the completion of the third stage of the incantation the morning star has not yet risen, the victim may be within the power of the sorcerer. But if the morning star arises, lo! instantly the troubled spirit rushes back to the body, and is saved from the power of the enchanter."

This was the story of Halatoochee. But his morbid fancies did not affect his energy or his fidelity. He guided us in our week's campaign into the centre of the swamp, and into contact with the enemy, with whom we had a fight, and whom we drove from his cherished hiding-places. This alone exhilarated Halatoochee, and a few days after we came out of the swamp we noticed that he was in much improved health and spirits, especially after the arrival of the "Old Doctor," a friend and medicine-man of his own tribe. He said that the "Old Doctor" had gotten up counter-conjurations, talismans, and fascinations to attract his spirit at night to our own camp-fires, and thus keep him from the clutches of the Prophet.

Let us return to the camp fire of the Prophet and his attempted incantation. I have given (so far as the interpreter succeeded in conveying his meaning) the very ideas of Halatoochee; but they instantly suggest the scene of the witches in *Macbeth* and their chorus:

> "Double, double toil and trouble;
> Fire, burn, and caldron, bubble."

From such evil influences the Indian found relief in the powers and magnetism of the friendly conjurer in his own camp.

In classic mythology, Aurora, the goddess of morn, preceded a train of fairies and malign deities: Nox, the goddess of night, represented as veiled in mourning, crowned with poppies, and carried on a chariot drawn by owls and bats; Erebus, son of Chaos and Darkness; Pluto, god of the inferno; Eris, goddess of discord; Parcæ, or Fates; Hecate and Circe, goddesses of magic, and celebrated for their knowledge of poisonous herbs; Ate, the spirit of evil; Somnus, the god of doleful dreams, his home a dark cave where the sun never penetrates. Over all these demons bright Aurora triumphs—the glorious harbinger of day, drawn in a golden chariot, opening the gates of the east, pouring the dew upon the earth, and causing the flowers to spring up over its surface.

An Indian always anticipates harm, and not good. Fear and suspicion put double guard upon his unresting soul. His happiness consists in freedom from harm—is therefore negative rather than positive. He believes in the existence of two ruling principles of evil and of good. The Iroquois called them the evil mind and the good mind. The former is buried in darkness, the latter is absorbed in light. The Aztecs worshipped the sun, the symbol of the beneficent Creator, imparting light and warmth for the benefit of mankind.

Our earliest records of the Natchez tribes describe them as worshippers of the sun.

* Sir John Lubbock, in his *Prehistoric Times*, page 581, says: "Nor is the belief in sorcery easily shaken off, even by the most civilized nations. James the First [1566–1625] was under the impression that by melting little images of wax 'the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted or dried away by continual sickness.'"

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Their mythology gave animation and personality to the stars, and they called the Pleiades "Dancers," and the morning star "Day-Bringer." Star souls and star angels were mixed up with their delusions in astrology. Giving a potent personality to the sun, they called sunrise "The Sun slaying the Darkness"; and the natives of New Zealand said (with more force than elegance) "it was done by the blood-stained jaw-bone of morning."*

The Apalaches had cave-temples looking east, and within stood the priests on festival days at dawn, waiting until the first rays entered to begin the appointed rites of chanting and incense and offering.

Living much in the open air (especially the Florida Indians), the sun, moon, stars, and clouds are minutely observed, and they have (like the shepherds who came near to keep vigil at the birth of our Saviour) every inducement to watch the heavens. Darkness and the black orgies of midnight are the horror of the Indian. The approaching dawn raises his hopes; the cheerful and mellow sunshine, in full-orbed effulgence, is his heaven, his delight. Thus naturally their traditions attribute magic power to the morning star as a triumph over darkness and evil.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S VALENTINE.

WERE I not in the faded and sere
Yellow leaf of my fiftieth year,
Katie dear,
Or could I recall the sunshine
Of youth to this dull heart of mine,
I would pen thee a gay valentine,
Katie mine.

In the morning of life, when the clear
Vistas show us no prospect to fear,
Katie dear,
Ere yet we have learned to repine,
We joyously bend at the shrine
Of the lover's good saint, Valentine,
Katie mine.

When we know that our sunset is near,
And our sky is o'erclouded and drear,
Katie dear,
It's a strife to feel jaunty and fine,
And our fancy can hardly incline
Us to homage to St. Valentine,
Katie mine.

And yet, if I had thee right near,
I would whisper a word in thy ear,
Katie dear,
And beg thee to open the shrine
Of thy heart to this poor one of mine,
Instead of a gay valentine,
Katie mine.

* Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, vol. i., p. 339.

THE EAGLE TREES.

TO J. G. W.

GREAT pines that watch the river go
Down to the sea all night, all day,
Firm-rooted near its ebb and flow,
Bowing their heads to winds at play,
Strong-limbed and proud, they silent stand,
And watch the mountains far away,
And watch the miles of farming land,
And hear the church bells tolling slow.

They see the men in distant fields
Follow the furrows of the plough;
They count the loads the harvest yields,
And fight the storms with every bough,
Beating the wild winds back again.
The April sunshine cheers them now;
They eager drink the warm spring rain,
Nor dread the spear the lightning wields.

High in the branches clings the nest
The great birds build from year to year;
And though they fly from east to west,
Some instinct keeps this eyrie dear
To their fierce hearts; and now their eyes
Glare down at me with rage and fear;
They stare at me with wild surprise,
Where high in air they strong-winged rest.

Companionship of birds and trees!
The years have proved your friendship strong,
You share each other's memories,
The river's secret and its song,
And legends of the country-side:
The eagles take their journeys long,
The great trees wait in noble pride
For messages from hills and seas.

I hear a story that you tell
In idleness of summer days:
A singer that the world knows well
To you again in boyhood strays;
Within the stillness of your shade
He rests where flickering sunlight plays,
And sees the nests the eagles made,
And wonders at the distant bell.

His keen eyes watch the forest growth,
The rabbits' fear, the thrushes' flight;
He loiters gladly, nothing loath
To be alone at fall of night.
The woodland things around him taught
Their secrets in the evening light,
Whispering some wisdom to his thought
Known to the pines and eagles both.

Was it the birds who early told
The dreaming boy that he would win
A poet's crown instead of gold?
That he would fight a nation's sin?—
On eagle wings of song would gain
A place that few might enter in,
And keep his life without a stain
Through many years, yet not grow old?

And he shall be what few men are,
Said all the pine-trees, whispering low;
His thought shall find an unseen star;
He shall our treasured legends know;
His words will give the way-worn rest
Like this cool shade our branches throw;
He, lifted like our loftiest crest,
Shall watch his country near and far.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

PLANS AND DREAMS.

"NOW, auntie dear," said Mary Chetwynd, as she put her hat on the hall table, and smoothed her hair, and went into the room, "I know you are going to scold me."

"Indeed I am," said the old lady, with some astonishment and indignation. "Where have you been? To Limerick? To Queenstown? Scold you, indeed!—no wonder!"

"Oh, but I don't mean about that," her niece said. "That was unavoidable. We have been close by all the time—stuck fast. I dare say you were afraid of the bull, and came straight home; but if you had only climbed up the hill high enough, you might have had the pleasure of contemplating us for the last five hours. Only another little adventure: one gets used to them on board the *Black Swan*."

"How provoking, now!" Mrs. Chetwynd exclaimed. "The very first time that Mr. Fitzgerald goes to try the yacht! Of course he will think she is always getting into trouble—"

"Isn't she, auntie dear?"

"What was Sheil Glanny about?" said the old lady, angrily.

"Now, auntie, you need not quarrel with Sheil Glanny. The real cause of the accident was yourself. You kept pretending you wished to go, just to assure Mr. Fitzgerald that nothing could be more delightful than a trip in the *Coalscuttle;* and so we were late in starting, and at the Narrows the current came after Sheil Glanny as if it wanted to swallow him; and then we found ourselves quietly shelved. Now, auntie, tell me, as I have been talking to Mr. Fitzgerald for these five mortal hours, haven't I done my best to make up for the silence he must have endured here? And what will he think about women's tongues after that?"

"I have not the least doubt," said the old lady, peevishly, "that you were all the time trying to make him discontented with Boat of Garry."

"No, not quite so bad as that," said the young lady. She was seated with her back to the window, and the afternoon sun touched the outline of the prettily shaped head, leaving the face in shadow. "But still bad enough to merit a scolding. I am quite prepared for it. For indeed, auntie, Mr. Fitzgerald seemed quite surprised when I told him what a stir these writings of his had made; and naturally he wishes to get back to London, which is the proper place for a literary man; and no doubt he is ambitious—"

"Yes, and no doubt," said her aunt, "you encouraged him in thinking of leaving Boat of Garry, the very place where he found just such things as he could write about, and you urged him to go to London, where he will have no specialty at all."

"Auntie," said Mary Chetwynd, "a man who can write like that can write about anything; it is not a question of place or opportunity. Why, you know," she continued, "that all that description of the sea, or of the night-time, or salmon-fishing, or any occupation of the moment, is only an excuse. Surely you can feel that there is something that is behind all that—something that gets hold of people though they can scarcely tell how. I will undertake to say he could make a description of daybreak in Whitechapel as mysterious and wonderful and interesting as a description of daybreak at Killarney. Do you think he is going to lose his eyes because he goes to London?"

Miss Chetwynd glanced outside to make sure there was no one there.

"What the secret of it is I don't know," she said, "only he seems to give you the sensation that all the inanimate things in the world are alive, and watching you, and patiently sympathetic. Don't you remember, auntie, Mrs. Sims's solemn vow that never again would she put on her table flowers that had been forced white in cellars? I told that to Mr. Fitzgerald to-day, and he laughed and said it was nonsense; but I thought it was a very pretty compliment. I want to show him what we are doing in the East End; I think he would understand quick enough, and not misjudge us. Mind, I will confess this; for a long time I thought he was merely a sentimental sort of person, like—"

"Like me: go on," said the old lady, with a gracious smile.

"No, not like you at all, but like the people who are delighted to read pathetic stories of the poor, and who admire kindness in the abstract, but who wouldn't

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forfeit their own dinner to keep a whole household from starvation, and who would shudder with horror if they were asked to put a sponge to a child's dirty face. Well, we all make mistakes, I suppose. Those papers showed me I was mistaken about him, anyway. There is something deeper than sentiment in his nature. And—and—" continued the young lady, with a certain embarrassment, for she seemed to become conscious that she had been talking very frankly "—and I am glad he is going away from here—if only for a time; for I was uneasy about my share in his coming; and if he were once away, don't you see, dear auntie, he could decide about coming back or not just as he pleased, and that would be his own doing. Now I am ready to be scolded."

"For what, then?"

"Oh, perhaps I have not come to the worst," said the penitent. "You know you said I might tell him of your kind intentions, auntie; and he was very grateful—no wonder; and even astonished, for he asked why you should be so kind, whereupon I referred him to the philosophers who can explain why the sky is blue. But did I tell you how interested he seemed when I told him all that is going on down there in the East End? Did I? Very well; when he began to talk about his literary prospects, and of the chance of his gaining an independent position that way, what do you think he proposed?—to give me a contribution!"

"After five hours' talking, what less could he do? I think you deserved it."

"But his contribution, auntie dear—always with your consent, mind—he said he should like to be Boat of Garry."

"I don't understand you."

"He meant that—that, if you didn't mind, auntie—he would give us Boat of Garry, or what it might fetch, rather."

"He shall not; he shall not," said the old lady, with decision. "You may play ducks and drakes with your own money, Mary; but no one shall go and throw away my poor Frank's place on Shadwell or Stepney. I won't hear of it."

"But if you say not, then not it must be," remarked the young lady, good-naturedly. "Of course he could not do such a thing without your consent."

"I shall not allow it. Why, the idea! Is that all he cares for the place?"

But here Miss Chetwynd grew alarmed. She knew not what mischief she might not have done.

"Auntie dear," she said, with some eagerness, "there is no use to say another word about it. It was only a suggestion. I think he deserves credit for entertaining such a generous fancy, if only for a moment. Would you find many young men—fond of riding and shooting and all that—willing to part with such a place? And the idea that he does not appreciate it, or recognize its beauties! But I am sure, auntie dear, you would not be the one to stand in the way of a young man making a great reputation for himself? And that is why I think he ought to go away—at least for a time—and establish himself in London. Give him Boat of Garry, by all means, auntie, and the frame of the picture too; but you would not make the conditions too rigorous; you could not expect him to remain here always; no doubt he would be glad enough to come here from time to time—the winter shooting he says is excellent."

"Mary Chetwynd," said her aunt, with a severity that was in great part assumed, "you are trying to throw me off the scent. I can see what you are after. You wish me to put Mr. Fitzgerald in the position of having independent means, with no occupation—"

"I? Was it you or I who proposed that?" said the young lady, with some warmth.

"Wait a moment: I see your scheme. You don't impose upon me, miss. Here you have a young man who is quick, intelligent, of a generous disposition; and of course when he has a fair allowance of money, and absolutely nothing to do, isn't he the very person—even supposing that he is not allowed to sell Boat of Garry—to be carried off and added to your Whitechapel gang? Oh, I see the whole thing clearly enough, though my eyes are not as good as they once were. Here you have a clever young man for your lectures, and Whitechapel swallows him up; no one ever sees him again; literature loses him, and Boat of Garry is left empty and useless. So that is why we go and run a valuable steam-yacht on to a rock; and that is why we talk for five hours; and no doubt Whitechapel looks rather a pretty sort of place—in a distant way—when you have a smooth blue sea and picturesque mountains round you?"

The young lady flushed slightly; but she retained her accustomed good-humor.

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"You are quite mistaken, auntie," said she; but now she spoke in a lower tone, for Fitzgerald was standing on the lawn outside, putting the pieces of his rod together. "Mr. Fitzgerald has his own plans. He is not likely to be led by either you or me. If either, it would be you, naturally; for he is greatly indebted to you; whereas he and I are practically strangers. And I know he is anxious to acquire a position in literature; and I should not wonder if, when this book of his comes to be published, it were to make him quite famous. No, auntie," she continued, in a lighter way, for Fitzgerald had started off, "I know what will happen. Your kindness will enable Mr. Fitzgerald to write just in the way that suits his own bent; he will be under no anxiety except to do his best work; and of course he will be grateful to you; and you will be able to produce him at your dinner table as your own author. Think of that! You will have him all to yourself; you alone will know what he is working at; a real, live, distinguished author constantly on the premises. For no doubt you will ask him to come and live in Hyde Park Gardens; and then you can get a study for him by turning me and my nine-inch telescope out-of-doors. Then his lordship, when he pleases, will come over here to shoot wild-duck; and perhaps, auntie dear, you won't mind sending me a brace now and again to my lodgings in the Mile-end Road, where I shall most likely be starving, after having sold my telescope and my last pair of boots."

"Go away and tell them to bring tea," said her aunt, sharply; and so this discussion came to an end.

Meanwhile the object of all this diverse speculation was making his way down through the meadows to the stream, his long rod swaying over his shoulder. There was a contented look on his face on this warm and pleasant afternoon. The neighborhood of Boat of Garry seemed much more cheerful since the arrival of these visitors. And yet he was not paying much attention to the things around him; rather he was amusing himself by drawing an imaginary picture of what his life would have been had he been content to accept Mrs. Chetwynd's munificent offer in its simplicity. He was thinking of himself as owner of Boat of Garry; living a quiet, solitary, resigned life; taking what care of the place he could, no matter into whose hands it was destined ultimately to fall; perhaps, through industrious stewardship, being able to save something to send to Miss Chetwynd's charities; and then from time to time, in this peaceful and uneventful existence, jotting down the impressions of these silent hours, and so maintaining a sort of relationship with the unknown friends over there in England whom he should never see. He looked ahead, and beheld himself as another person. A sensation of being middle-aged came over him. It was in that character, indeed, that he had written the "Occupations of a Recluse." There was a tone in them as of the thinking of one for whom the eager interests of life were over. He had arrived at the stage of contemplation; the phenomena of the earth around him were not of much importance, except in so far as they suggested strange fancies, or became the secret friends and confidants of his solitary walks by sea and shore.

He was amusing himself with this fancy of what his life might be. There was the possibility offered him. There was no need for him to hand over Boat of Garry to Miss Chetwynd's charities; more than that, it was extremely doubtful whether Mrs. Chetwynd would allow him. Indeed, so busy was he with this dream of the future that when he sat down on a low boundary wall, and placed his rod beside him against the stones, and took out his fly-book, he kept mechanically turning over the leaves and straightening here and there a bit of feather or fur, and did not hear the footsteps behind him.

It was the boy that helped Murtough in the stables; and he brought two letters. He glanced at the basket; but did not venture to ask his honor whether he had caught anything; then he reluctantly left.

These two letters made Fitzgerald's heart beat, and caused his imagination to be fired with far other dreams than that of spending an idle contemplative life out of the world. The first was from the publisher who had already proposed to issue the "Occupations" in a volume; and who now put his offer in definite terms; a considerable sum—a sum that Fitzgerald had not dreamed of—to be paid down, with a royalty on each copy after a certain number had been sold. If Mr. Fitzgerald agreed, would he proceed with the

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revision of the papers forthwith? And did he happen to know of some capable artist who, in his opinion, would be a fit person to illustrate the book?

"I think John Ross and I will have a little talk about this," he said to himself.

But it was the second letter that he read and re-read with far greater gratification. That was about money; this was a personal triumph. It ran as follows:

"SLOANE STREET, *Wednesday.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—You may remember that I had the pleasure of meeting you one evening at Mr. Hilton Clarke's, when Mr. Scobell, who has obligingly given me your address, was also present. I had heard a rumor to the effect that the papers, 'The Occupations of a Recluse,' were by a Mr. Fitzgerald; but I did not identify the name with yourself until I accidentally met Mr. Scobell, who put me right. It has since occurred to me that you might find greater freedom as to choice of subject in the columns of a weekly paper; although I must confess that Noel appears to have give you a very wide discretion. His boldness has been justified; the papers are well spoken of; they are unusual; they have the touch of a new hand. Of course I do not say, Leave the *Mirror* and come to the *Liberal Review;* I do not consider that fair journalism; but many of the writers on the daily papers also contribute to the weeklies; and I merely say that if you happen to have an occasional article (you might find yourself, for example, with a subject which would be somewhat too subtle and out-of-the-way for the hurry of daily newspaper reading) that you chose to send to us, I should be glad to have it; and as we have two rates of payment for different kinds of matter, I should be happy to put you on the most-favored-nation scale. Yours faithfully,

"G. GIFFORD.

"To William Fitzgerald, Esq.,
"Boat of Garry, by Bantry, Ireland."

His first, quick, proud thought was that he would walk straight to the house and show this letter to Mary Chetwynd.

But why to her? She did not know the story. There was no one now who knew the story; and his triumph was useless.

He regarded these letters. There could be no doubt that they shadowed forth prospects that ought to have been alluring enough to a young man of literary tendencies and aspirations. Indeed, as he looked at them, and guessed at all they hinted at, that career seemed to him a more noble and useful one than hiding himself away from the world in this solitary place, and avoiding the cares and anxieties and victories of life altogether. And so he was to become an author at last—perhaps even one who might win in some small measure the affection of the great many-eyed, and many-hearted, and not ungrateful public? And to write for the *Liberal Review*—that seemed almost as great a wonder: not standing, as of old, at the foot of the little stair, and anxiously awaiting the fate of a timid essay about some one else's work; but allowed to mount into his own small pulpit, as it were, and deliver forth his own utterances, if haply one here or there cared to listen to a whisper from the hills or a murmur from the wide seas amid the jangle of political life. It seemed a wonderful thing. He could scarcely rest. He wanted to be away and begin at once. The great world was calling him from these still solitudes; the picture was opening out before him; to what possible goal might he not attain?

And then somehow—as a sudden sob breaks the silence of the night, and the hushed and hidden grief reveals itself and all the darkness is shuddering with the old and ceaseless pain—just as quickly and terribly flashed across his consciousness the words "Too late! too late!" The time for these brave dreams was over now. A man does not strive but toward an end; does not fight without hope of reward; does not strike for a great future if it is for himself alone. "Too late! too late!" And he had pretty well schooled himself by this time; and knew when it was time to give up thinking; and was as well aware as any one of the stupidity of idle regret. So he deliberately and calmly put in his pocket the letters, and chose with patient care the flies he wanted; and went down among the tall weeds by the side of the river. It was a pleasant afternoon; the water was in good condition; he must not return to the house without a sea-trout for dinner.

For a long time he had exceeding bad luck. The stream abounded with small river-trout that would keep playing with the big sea-trout flies, occasionally suffer-

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ing for their folly by finding themselves twitched into the air and then floundering on the grass. This necessitated his fixing the rod upright, and going and getting the diminutive beast off the hook, while there was every probability that in flopping about it had caught one of the other flies in the weeds. And then again he had to be careful about restoring the captive to its native element, for the flash and shoot of it might alarm some more noble fish. But he worked away, whipping industriously and mechanically, not thinking of anything in particular except as to how to get the flies lightly on the water, himself unseen, and how to recover them without catching up on the bank.

At last there was a sudden "flop" that well he knew the sound of; but he struck too quickly or too sharply. Again and again he dexterously dropped the flies over the same bit of water, but there was no response: perhaps the fish had been touched, and had learned caution. He was beginning to think that he must return to the house empty-handed, when, lower down, there was another "flop," instantly followed by a sharp whir of the reel; then again by a deliberate "sulk," during which time he rapidly got in his line again, keeping on all the strain he dared. He was now in an excellent position, for the fish had taken refuge in a narrow deep little pool beyond some gravelly shallows, and as it was at a bend in the river, he, standing on the neck of land, could have fair command of the fish whichever way he went. However, he now knew pretty well how many and how various were the accidents possible on this little stream, where there was no chance for that fine, leisurely playing of the fish that can be indulged in on an open loch with impunity; and so he kept on the full strain of his tackle, ready for whatever might happen.

He had very little trouble, however. The fish made one long rush up stream, but fortunately kept almost in mid-channel. Then it leaped out of the water twice, but without doing damage. Then it sulked again; but it was evidently growing weaker. Finally, after one or two slow, quiet sailings up and down, it allowed itself to be gently guided into the side, where a cautious and then quick swoop of the landing-net speedily deposited it on the grass--a beauty of a sea-trout of apparently about three pounds weight.

Well, he thought that was quite enough, seeing it was getting near dinner-time; and Mrs. Chetwynd could not bear unpunctuality; while of course he had to exchange his jacket and knickerbockers for a more suitable costume. So he popped the fish into the basket, and was striding home through the meadows that led up to the house, when he saw Miss Chetwynd coming to him through the trees. She had evidently been expecting him.

"Have you caught anything?" she said, pleasantly.

"A fairish sea-trout," he said, "about three pounds. I am afraid it won't be in time for dinner."

"It won't," she said. "It is near dinner-time now. Mr. Fitzgerald," she added, "I wanted to say a word to you before going in. You hinted something about handing over Boat of Garry to me, to help these various things of mine. It was kind of you. But please don't even mention such a project to auntie. She will not hear of it; when I spoke of it she was very nearly being angry in earnest; and that does not often happen. No; you must take Boat of Garry, and keep to her wishes; you will find them considerate and reasonable enough."

"But what kind of use could I put it to?" said he, rather bewildered at the moment.

They had reached the corner of the avenue, and the house was visible. She regarded him for a second.

"That is hardly for me to say," she said, slowly. "But I think if you were to take Boat of Garry, as my aunt wishes to give it to you, you would be in a position in which you could do a great deal of good to many, many people."

He could not stay to ask her to explain, even if she were willing to explain; for he had but little time in which to get ready for dinner. During that brief operation, however, some odd fancies occurred to him. If certain things were now no longer possible to him in the world, might not others be? Was it so necessary to human happiness that life should be crowned by either love or ambition? Look at Mary Chetwynd, now. Her life seemed valuable enough to her because she could make it valuable to others: it was a beautiful life in its sweet serenity, its cheerfulness, its atmosphere of frankness and kindness and content. Her philosophy was perhaps not very pro-

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found; but at least it was practical: "We enjoy such things as we have through the best people having done their best: let us try and do the same; and make the lives of those who have been borne down in the struggle a little more tolerable." It was impossible to imagine a happier human being than she seemed to be; fitting accurately and easily into her surroundings; full of cares that were scarcely anxieties; satisfied with her place in the world; a dispenser of light. It seemed strange for this king's daughter to spend the best part of her life in Whitechapel; but perhaps she could not be just quite what she was if she did otherwise. At all events she had found out something. That perfect serenity of content could not be the fruit merely of nature and disposition; it must be the outcome of nature and disposition finding fitting work and occupation. And if a woman's instinct had found out a way of living which seemed to make the world around her (in the eyes of all beholders) more sweet and cheerful and wholesome, might it not be worth while inquiring what that was?

Now no sooner had they sat down to dinner than the old lady, with a trifle of enforced gayety to hide a certain nervousness, began to unfold to him her designs.

"Mary and I have been having a dreadful quarrel about you," she said.

"I am sorry for that," was his answer. "But it does not appear as if much harm had been done."

"You must know that Mary and I have been sketching out a career for you—only with a difference—and drawing out plans. Of course the time is very appropriate; for one might almost regard you as making a new start in life—"

"I?" said he, in great alarm. Had she guessed, then, of that mortal crisis through which he had come, when the value seemed to go out of life altogether, and death to take its place as the more desirable thing?

"Yes: with all the people talking about the new writer. Of course you will be quite a different person when you return to London. Do you think when you become great and famous, that we shall expect you to come and read accounts of murders to a poor old blind woman?"

"Indeed, I am not likely to become great and famous," he said, honestly enough. "But I should like to earn my living by literature. And I think I might be able to do that; I have just had two letters that give me good hope. But do you think that is any reason why I should prove myself ungrateful for all your kindness? I may be able to earn my living at literature, as I say; and then I would not ask you for the salary you have been kind enough to give me—you might hand it over to Miss Chetwynd for her charities; but that need not prevent my coming to read to you each afternoon just as before, if you will allow me. For I know," he added, more lightly, "precisely what you like in the way of literature and news; and I would not hand you over to your niece again, who would make you believe that the magazines and newspapers contained nothing but reports of Sanitary Commissions and things like that—"

"Now I call that too bad," said Mary Chetwynd. "I read to auntie for years, and never got 'Thank you'; you read for a few months, and she gives you Boat of Garry! And then to have insult heaped upon me as well—"

"But, Mr. Fitzgerald," interrupted Mrs. Chetwynd, with some little agitation, "you speak of handing over something to Mary's charities. And Mary said you had made some suggestion. Now you must understand this—do not think I am unreasonable—but you must really understand that any proposal of that kind with regard to Boat of Garry is out of the question. I will give you the place. I will give you enough to keep it up, and a surplus for your own expenses. But either let or sold or mortgaged Boat of Garry shall not be."

"But, auntie dear," said Mary Chetwynd, in her soft, persuasive voice, "Mr. Fitzgerald understands that. I told him. It was only a chance suggestion of his—generous but impracticable. You need not worry yourself about it, more especially as you can easily put it out of the power of any one to sell the place. Only I would not have you make any one a present with any doubt remaining in your mind. Mr. Fitzgerald won't sell Boat of Garry."

"If it were handed over to me like that," said he, simply enough, "surely I could not do less than consider I held it on trust. It should be done with entirely and merely as you wished."

"I would rather make it binding on your honor than leave it to the lawyers," said she, in a calmer way. "And what I

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should like would be to have the place kept exactly as it is, and to be well looked after, so that if you should at any time think of asking us to come and look at it, it would be really coming to the old place again, and seeing it just as it was when—when my poor boy was so proud of it. For why should you not be proud of it too? It is a pretty place—"

"Mrs. Chetwynd," said he, "you speak as if something were needed to make your splendid offer acceptable to me. I don't think you can understand what it is to a young fellow of my age to be made independent—for that is what it would come to; to have his place in the world made sure for him, and that place a most attractive one. I have been near starvation once or twice—and not so long ago. And now you offer me an assured income, and all kinds of luxuries, and yet you imagine that I don't quite appreciate your kindness, or might be so ungrateful as to do with the property something not according to your wishes. I don't think you need have much fear."

"I will trust to your honor, and not to the lawyers," she said. "I will make no conditions when the transference is drawn out. I won't ask you to take our name, as I had thought of doing; it will be enough if you do what I want with the place. And if the money is not enough, there will be more. But about the name: I will ask you to let me call you Willie when you come to see us in London—if you do not mind."

"Oh no; it is only another part of your kindness."

"It is a bargain, then?"

"If you wish it to be, Mrs. Chetwynd," he was saying, rather doubtfully, for he was wondering whether she would always approve of what she had done, and perhaps was thinking of asking her to take time to reflect. But he caught the look of Mary Chetwynd's face. There was a touch of surprise there—almost of reproach. She seemed to say, "Why do you hesitate? Is that the way to accept such a gift?" So he only said, "If I only knew how to thank you!"

"Never mind that," said the old lady, good-naturedly. "It is a bargain, then? Shake hands on it!"

So he rose and went round, and they shook hands to seal the covenant, as it were; and then he kissed her hand in mute token of gratitude, and went back to his seat. The ceremony was a brief one; but after that she never expressed any anxiety as to what might become of Boat of Garry.

"And now about yourself—" She hesitated for a second, and flushed a little. Evidently she had tried to call him "Willie," and had failed. "Tell me what your plans are. Mary says you would like to go back to London."

"I was thinking I should like to get back for a short time; but it is of little consequence; I will remain here if you prefer it."

"Oh, but that won't do at all. I did not buy you into slavery like that. The landlord of Boat of Garry must do as he pleases. You shall go back to London tomorrow if you wish."

"I could not do that either," said he, with a smile. "For I was thinking, if you did not object, I would ask my artist friend John Ross to come over here and make some sketches. They talk of putting illustrations into the volume they are going to publish for me; and if Mr. Ross were to come to Boat of Garry—I mean if you didn't mind it—I could show him where to make his sketches, and I suppose they could transform them into woodcuts."

"Bless the boy!" the old lady said, with her pretty laugh. "Is he asking for permission to invite a man to come to his own house?"

"He is rather a wild sort of colt, and not easily led," Fitzgerald said, doubtfully.

"For my part," said Mary Chetwynd, who had not spoken for some time, "whoever goes back, I must, very soon."

"Mary, there is not a soul in London!" her aunt exclaimed.

"Is there not, auntie? I can assure you that my friends about the Mile-end Road don't go to Biarritz or Mentone—not as a rule."

"Why, now, I wanted Mr. Fitzgerald to go back with us—after a little while—just to have everything put straight—"

"Oh, I don't mind waiting here for a little while yet," Mary Chetwynd said at once. "I think I have earned a little longer holiday; and as for you, auntie, as you are a good-for-nothing, it does not matter where you are."

"And I thought we might make the homeward journey in part a driving excursion—going round by way of Killarney. Wouldn't that be charming?"

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"Killarney?" said Fitzgerald, with a quick catching of the breath. And he could only add: "Oh, do you think so?"

"Don't you?" she said, regarding him with astonishment. "Have you, an Irishman, anything to say against Killarney?"

"Oh no," he said, rather under his breath. And then he stammered: "No doubt Killarney is very pretty—oh yes, pretty enough. But—but it is scarcely anything more, is it? Perhaps I am not just to it. But I don't care about fresh-water lakes—the mysterious association of the sea is so wonderful a thing. Do—do you really think it would be worth while taking all the time to drive round by Killarney?"

"Then what do you say to Inisheen?"

She did not notice that the blood forsook his face for a second. But Mary Chetwynd noticed it, and said, quickly:

"Auntie, I declare to you I am not going to waste my time in driving excursions. These are for idle people. And Dan and Wellington always get fidgety when they are put up in strange stables: do you mean to have our necks broken?"

"My dear, I wanted Mr. Fitzgerald to show us some of the wonderful places he has described—"

"But you can see them all around here," said her niece. "There is far more of Boat of Garry than of Inisheen—if it is Inisheen—in the papers. And what we ought to do is to give all the time we can spare to Mr. Ross, so that we shall have Boat of Garry glorified and made as famous as the book is sure to be. So I, for one, vote against both Killarney and Inisheen; those on the other side may hold their right hands—their right hand—up."

"Well, you always have your own way, Mary," her aunt said, contentedly.

"And indeed, auntie, you have not yet asked Mr. Fitzgerald whether he would prefer to go with us or rather choose his own time. It isn't every one who cares to go travelling with women. Now what I consider would be the reasonable and sensible plan would be this—"

"Whatever agrees with your own wishes, Mary, is always the reasonable and sensible plan," said her aunt, with a smile.

"Well, but listen. The opposition can hold up its right hand when the proper time comes. Mr. Fitzgerald ought to go back to London shortly to arrange about his literary affairs there. I must go back, for there are too many of us away at this time of year. Now we will assume that Mr. Fitzgerald will either be, or pretend to be, content to be burdened with us two women, and take our tickets and all the rest of it, and get grumbled at if we lose anything; and so what I say is, let us have a little longer holiday here, not bothering about any Killarney or Inisheen; then let us all go back to London; then let Mr. Fitzgerald, when his affairs there are put in proper train, come back here, along with Mr. Ross, for the shooting. What a pity it would be to miss the shooting—"

"Well, you are right there, Mary," said the old lady, eagerly; for was she not anxious that Fitzgerald should appreciate all the advantages of the place she had given him?

"And of what use are women in a house at such a time? After a hard day on the hill, the men always go to sleep after dinner. Then, according to my plan, there would be no hurry; and Mr. Ross could do his sketches at his own leisure, and do justice to the scenery; and we should all be very pleased to have such a nice souvenir of the place. For who knows what turn affairs may take, and who knows whether Mr. Fitzgerald may be inclined to ask us ever again to visit Boat of Garry? I was going to suggest that he might invite us for Christmas; but Christmas is too busy a time with me."

"I was going to say, Mrs. Chetwynd," said Fitzgerald, who had been sitting with his eyes fixed on the table—and he spoke rather slowly, and with a trifle of embarrassment—"that if you would prefer driving round by Killarney, I should be most happy to go that way with you; and to Inisheen also, if you wished it."

"Oh, I wash my hands of the whole affair," the cheerful old lady said. "I have nothing to do with it. She arranges everything. Settle it between you. I am nothing but a doll in her hands."

"But then you are such a pretty doll, auntie dear," her niece said, "and such a gentle and well-behaved doll, I have never the least trouble with you. Now come outside, before it gets too dark, and we will have coffee there. All the evening sounds are so soft and quiet just before the night comes on; and you will have a thick shawl wrapped round your head and shoulders, auntie; and we will wait for the new moon, and turn over all the silver in our pockets.

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Poor old Boat of Garry—it has gone away into the hands of strangers; but we will have one more quiet evening outside the porch, listening to the stream, until the moon comes up behind the acacia, and then it will be time to get in-doors again."

It was a peaceful night—a night to be remembered. To one of them there it seemed as if some haven might be reached, after all—of content, and affection, and gratitude. The darkness gathered over hill and shore; the moon rose into the clear heavens behind the trembling acacia leaves; the stream murmured down there beyond the lawn; the air was soft from the sea. A gracious night. There was hardly any need for speaking; it was enough to sit and watch the moon slowly rise, and the faint light tell on the grass and the gravel. Then there was a stirring of leaves around, and the air felt colder. It was with something of a sigh that they got up, and took their things with them, and went in-doors, leaving the slumbering world and the scarcely breathing sea to the silence and the stars.

When Fitzgerald went up to his room later on, after having bade them good-night, and also having made another sort of effort to let the old lady know that he was fully sensible of her great generosity toward him, he found a half-sheet of note-paper placed somewhat prominently on the dressing-table, and at the first glance he recognized the clear, pretty handwriting to be that of Mary Chetwynd. There was no message or explanation, only these words: "*I hereby promise to contribute twenty pounds a year to the fund for providing toys for hospital children.*"

Well, he sat down and contemplated these words, knowing very well what they meant. It was an invitation to him to give to those poor children some small portion of the bounties that had been heaped on him. And the more he thought of it, the more he was convinced that it would be a very strange thing if his literary efforts could not produce a yearly sum as great as that, or even considerably greater. As for the monetary arrangements that Mrs. Chetwynd might be disposed to make, he knew nothing about them as yet; but he understood that practically he was to have an income that would render him independent. Surely, then, literature might enable him to do as much as this, or more? So he went and got a pen, and scored out the word "*twenty*," and inserted the word "*fifty*," adding his signature in full—*William Fitzgerald*. And then he inclosed this document in an envelope, which he addressed to Miss Chetwynd, thinking he would leave it on the breakfast table for her in the morning, without another word.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BOOK.

WELL, in due course of time—that is to say, about the end of October—the original "Occupations of a Recluse," along with numerous additions, and with a series of illustrations taken from sepia drawings by John Ross, were given to the public in book form, and almost instantly commanded a very large sale indeed, and were widely talked of. The publishers happened to be masters of the art of doing a good thing well, and had spared neither trouble nor cost in getting these sepia drawings transformed into a set of admirable wood-cuts, while many people who had read the "Occupations" in a fugitive way as they appeared in the *Daily Mirror* were glad to have them in this permanent form. Moreover, the reviewers received the book favorably, although one or two rather complainingly asked how they could be expected to classify this amorphous hotch-potch of philosophy, poetry, and snipe-shooting, as if there were any necessity that they should classify it at all; while the *Liberal Review* said that, although the writer of these papers was a contributor to their own columns (editors are but human, and can not avoid these little touches), they did not see that was any reason why they should not praise good work when they found it. And when the *Liberal Review* people set about praising a book, they do it.

In the circumstances it was not likely that Mr. Scobell should miss his opportunity, and forthwith he made his way down to the Fulham Road. Fitzgerald still occupied the long low-roofed room there, for the sake of auld lang syne; but now there was a heavy *portière* shutting off the bedroom end, and there were some comfortable chairs, and more cheerful-looking rugs, while over the fire-place stood two brilliant Chanak-Kalesi jugs that Miss Chetwynd had given him, and that were the sole ornament of the room.

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Mrs. Chetwynd, indeed, had begged of him to take some better rooms in one of the streets leading from Piccadilly, but he asked to be excused, for he had no mind to spend much money on himself. In fact, he was living pretty much in his old way; although, on one occasion, when both aunt and niece went down to his humble lodging to have afternoon tea, he went to the extravagance beforehand of purchasing a modern Japanese tea set and a few pots of flowers. It was then that Miss Chetwynd said the room looked far too bare, and promised him the two green and scarlet jugs.

"My dear f'lah," said Mr. Scobell, laying his hat and cane on the table, and taking off his yellow gloves, "let me congratulate you! You have done it at a bound—at a bound. It is the only book talked of at every dinner table you go to. By Jove, sir, when I told them last night at Lady Lampley's that I knew every inch of your career, I found everybody listening. And I knew it; I predicted it; I said so to Gifford. I said to him when I met him, 'Gifford, my dear f'lah, you don't know what people are talking about; you are in your own set. You keep among a literary set, and don't know what society is talking about. Why don't you get Fitzgerald to write for you? Why should he write only for the *Mirror*—a trades'-union, Methodistical, Republican rag like that?' Not that I approve of the politics of the *Liberal Review* either; you can't expect me; but what I say is that the *Liberal Review* is a gentlemanly sort of paper, after all; you see it in good houses; when I go into my club I find it lying about."

All this while he was looking around.

"My dear f'lah, this won't do at all. When a penniless, supercilious good-for-nothing like that fellow Hilton Clarke sticks himself up in the Albany—"

"Poor chap, he is no longer in the Albany."

"—I say, why should you be living in a bunk like this? Damme, sir, you should have rooms in Curzon Street, and a private hansom, and a hack for the Park! I am told that Mrs. Chetwynd makes you a very handsome allowance."

"She does. But, you know, literature is best cultivated on a little oatmeal. And I find enough to do with my spare cash in another way."

"Oh, but, my dear f'lah," said Mr. Scobell, with a lofty smile, "you are throwing away your chances. You might go everywhere—you might go to the very best houses. I'll tell you what, now—my wife shall send you a card for one of her At Homes; and you ought really to come, don't you know; you'll meet some of the very best people, I give you my word. What's more, I want you, like a good f'lah, to give me a night for a little dinner at my club. It isn't a big club; it isn't one of the big swell clubs, isn't the Abercorn; but you'll meet a very good class of men there, I can tell you. And I'll ask old Gifford, if you like, and anybody else you like, and we'll have a little bit of a celebration, don't you know; for I tell you what it is, Fitzgerald, old f'lah, I feel as if I had had a finger in the pie, don't you know, and—and damme if I'm not proud of it, and precious glad that you've made such a hit!"

There was really some frank good-nature mixed up with the man's vanity. He took out his note-book.

"What night shall it be?" he said. "Let it be a Saturday, the 15th or the 22d, and we'll have a house-dinner; and you'll see if the Abercorn can't give you as good a dinner and as good a glass of wine as any club in London."

"Either night you like, then."

"We'll say the 22d, to give more time. What I say is, do a thing well. A man has no right to ask me to dine at his club, and give me the sort of dinner you'd get at a —— common restaurant. When I ask a man to my club I want him to have the best that's in the kitchen and the cellar; and I'm not above taking trouble about it. What I say is, do the thing well. There's a lot of people, don't you know, nowadays, who pretend to be above all that; being particular about good dinners and good wines and good cigars is beneath their high mightinesses' notice; they pretend they prefer water to a claret that cost you a hundred shillings a dozen. Rubbish—all rubbish. What I say is, the good things of this life wouldn't be there if they weren't to be used; and I suppose Providence knows as much about what's good for you as any of the scientific swells. There's a good deal of that sort of nonsense goes on at the Chetwynds'; but the Chetwynds are not in fault. Upon my soul, I don't think it's respectful to your hostess to nibble a bit of bread and a cutlet, and drink a glass of water,

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and call that your dinner; I don't think it's nice; I call it bad form, I do; if any fellow did that at my table, I'm hanged if he'd find himself there again. The 22d, seven forty-five, good."

This was the true object of his visit; and he clasped his note-book together again with a satisfied air. Then he took up his hat and gloves.

"You made a suggestion—you were kind enough—" said Fitzgerald, timidly. And then he frankly said, "I wish you would ask my friend Ross too, who made the sketches, you know."

"Delighted! My dear f'lah, a thousand thanks for the hint. Delighted!"

He took out his note-book again.

"Give me his address, and I will write to him at once. Delighted, I assure you. A deuced clever fellow that; the landscapes Mrs. Chetwynd has of his are excellent—I call them first-rate."

"But he lives just below," Fitzgerald said, looking at his watch. "And he will probably be at work now. Will you go down and see him?"

"By all means."

They went down the stairs, and knocked at the door of the studio, and were admitted, apologizing for their intrusion.

"Not a bit," said John Ross, who had his pipe in his fingers. "Come in. I was painting the portrait of the collie there, and he's not a good sitter; he was continually falling asleep, and I got tired o' whistling the poor creature awake, and was having a glint at the newspaper."

Mr. Scobell looked strangely around at the big, hollow-sounding studio. And then, with much roundabout phraseology and compliment, he explained the object of his visit; Ross's reply being briefly,

"Yes, I will."

But Mr. Scobell did not stop there. He began to make a round of the studio, and to offer remarks; while John Ross became a trifle peevish.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Ross," said he, in his grand manner. "I don't see that an artist who can paint like that should not be known. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll ask Sydenham to come to this very dinner."

Mr. Sydenham was a very distinguished painter and Academician; the husband, indeed, of the lady whom Fitzgerald had on one occasion taken down to supper, and who had politely declined to be bribed by sandwiches.

"Sydenham's a good fellow, a deuced good fellow; and a word from him would do you no harm. Now that is a mistake of so many of you artists and authors, don't you know; you keep hidden away among yourselves, and you don't go about and get to know the people you ought to know. I dare say, now, you never met an Academician in your life?"

"The Academy and I are not likely to become great friends," said Ross, dryly. "I am a heretic. I will not conform. I like to paint in my own fashion, and they let me; and they go their way, and I go mine, and there is no quarrel between us. Indeed, I am not sure but that they try to do me a favor when they put anything I send them near the roof—the effect of distance, ye see, may soften the things down a bit."

"But you don't mean to say, now," remarked Mr. Scobell, coming to a dead pause before a rough sketch that was propped up on the mantel-piece—a very rough sketch, indeed, of a farm-yard, with one or two cattle and a heap of straw warm in sunlight, "that they would not give a good place to a picture like that? Now I call that uncommonly good. I have seen a good many pictures in my time. I have been to half the galleries in Europe—and precious sick of them I got sometimes, I can tell you. I don't profess to be a judge, but I know a good picture when I see it; and I say that calf is as well painted a calf as anybody could want. Rough," said he, waving his hand slightly, "a little rough. Wanting in finish, don't you know. But a first-rate sketch; what I call an uncommon good sketch. I should not mind having that hung up in my hall. But the gable of the house is a *leetle* tumble-over, isn't it—I would suggest—"

He took the canvas down, and held it out at arm's-length, examining it critically.

"It is nothing—it is a daub," said John Ross, rather impatiently, and he got the canvas out of his hands and put it up again, with its face to the wall.

But Mr. Scobell resumed possession of it, and again held it out at arm's-length.

"No, no," he said, patronizingly; "it has merit. It is well balanced. I call the light and shade of that sketch very well balanced indeed. And I am not afraid to trust my own judgment. I never give an opinion without being ready

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to back it with money. My notion is that a man should buy pictures that please himself; why should he care what other people think? No, what I say is, that's a very good sketch; an uncommon good sketch it is; very well balanced light and shadow; and the long and the short of it is, Mr.—Mr. Ross, that I will buy it. I should not be at all ashamed to have that sketch hung up in my hall—"

But now the red-bearded artist became very angry, and got hold of the unlucky sketch, and sent it spinning to the end of the studio, where it unhappily hit the sleeping collie, that forthwith sprung up with a howl, and slunk into a further corner, with its tail between its legs.

"I would not have such a thing go out of the place," said he, briefly.

But he soon recovered his temper; and when at last Mr. Scobell, after much more encouraging and soothing advice and criticism, had left, all that John Ross said to his friend about the visitor was merely,

"Man, he's a bletherer, that one."

They went to the dinner, however, at the Abercorn Club; and a very sumptuous affair it was. They had the Strangers' Dining-room to themselves, and it was brilliantly lit, and the table was magnificently decorated with flowers. Of the gentlemen present Fitzgerald only knew his host, his companion Ross, Mr. Gifford, and, by sight, Mr. Sydenham; but he was introduced to the others by Mr. Scobell with a series of pompous little compliments, the ordeal not being the less severe that these portly middle-aged persons regarded him with such a silent, blank, lack-lustre-eyed scrutiny that he was on the point of saying, "Upon my soul I don't bite." He wondered what manner of men these were; and the mystery was not rendered less inscrutable when, after they had sat down, Mr. Scobell remarked to him in an under-tone,

"There's four millions at this table."

According to Fitzgerald's way of counting, there were only ten persons; so he was more hopelessly in a fog than ever.

"Four millions, if there's a farthing," continued Mr. Scobell, in the same low tone. "And as you and your friend Ross and Sydenham and I have little enough, you may imagine what the other six have amongst them. The man opposite me and his right-hand neighbor are Directors of the Bank of England."

Then Fitzgerald began to see. No wonder these gentlemen were grave if they had the responsibility of owning four millions of money weighing on them; and there was a business-like seriousness in the way they attacked their dinner, not turning aside for frivolous pleasantries, but keeping a sharp eye on the successive dishes. In course of time, however, the severity of their demeanor abated; the staccato remarks about the probability of another European war, which hitherto had represented their conversation, developed into a unanimous abuse of the foreign policy of the then French Government; and then again one funny man at the end of the table would succeed in getting his next neighbor to laugh (when not too busy). John Ross and the great Academician appeared to have become friends at once, and were talking in an animated fashion; Mr. Gifford was rather in an absent frame of mind; while Scobell, at the head of the table, beamed and shone upon his guests in silence.

"Well, Fitzgerald," said Mr. Gifford at length, "since we last dined together one of the little group has rather dropped under."

"Do you know anything about him? Do you know where he is?" said his neighbor, knowing well whom he meant.

"In Paris. Not very well off, I fear. He married Lady Ipswich after the *decree nisi* was made absolute; and I believe her friends made some small provision for her; but Clarke had always careless and expensive habits, and I am afraid he is a little given to borrowing. But they have a pretty house, I am told, just outside the Marble Arch."

"The *Arc de Triomphe*," his neighbor suggested.

"Well, yes: what did I say? I hope his book will be successful; but the subject has so little interest for the general public—"

"His book? What book?"

"It came to the office the day before yesterday, I think. *The Laws and Limitations of Art*, it is called."

"Oh, I wish you would let me review it!" Fitzgerald exclaimed, with an eagerness that made his companion regard him with a quick look.

"No," said Mr. Gifford, with an odd kind of smile; "we could not have one of our own reviewers abused in our own reviewing columns."

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"Your columns?" said Fitzgerald, in bewilderment. "Does Hilton Clarke write for you?"

"Sometimes," was the answer. "The *Weekly Gazette* got tired of him long ago, and he appealed to me. There are one or two things he can do very well. I am sorry for the fellow. I hope his book will be successful, but I doubt it."

"Why won't you let me review it, then?" said Fitzgerald, who was on pretty familiar terms with the editor.

"You had some squabble with him, hadn't you, about the *Household Magazine*?" said Mr. Gifford, with his piercing eyes regarding him. "I gathered from Scobell that he had treated you rather badly. Well, that is nothing new; but still—"

"Oh, if you mean that," Fitzgerald said, hastily, "you are quite mistaken. It is quite the other way. I meant to say everything I could for the book. He did owe me some money; but then, on the other hand, I owe him something. But for him I dare say I should at this moment be the sub-editor of the *Cork Chronicle*. I should like to praise the book."

"That is quite as bad a temper," said Mr. Gifford. "We will get some more impartial person—but some friendly person, I hope. And why should you want to write reviews? Scobell tells me you are now the owner of an estate in Ireland, and have a handsome income besides."

"I want to make all the money I can," Fitzgerald said, "for I know plenty of uses for it. And as for the Irish estate, I consider myself only the steward of it; though I get shooting and fishing for nothing, and also the most delightful quiet when there is a chance of running over. Ask your neighbor—oh, let me introduce you: Mr. Ross, Mr. Gifford—ask him—he is an artist—what he thinks of Boat of Garry."

Mr. Gifford thereupon turned to John Ross, and Fitzgerald was left unoccupied, whereupon Mr. Scobell, who had overheard some chance phrase, said:

"I say, my dear f'lah, what did you mean by that dedication?* Upon my life I don't know whether the dear old lady was more pleased by it or more indignant. She did not speak to you about it perhaps?"

"Yes, she did. She thanked me; that was all. What was there to be indignant about?"

"'My dear Mr. Scobell,' she said to me—you see, Fitzgerald, I have known the Chetwynds for many years; they have always been in our set—'my dear Mr. Scobell,' she said, 'what does the lad mean by describing me as of Boat of Garry? Won't he take it when I give it to him? He wanted to give it to Mary to squander away; and now he wants to saddle me with it. Can't I get rid of it anyhow?'"

"Oh, but that is all right," said Fitzgerald. "That is quite settled and understood. Mrs. Chetwynd and I understand the position perfectly; and so also does M—Miss Chetwynd."

So the banquet went on; the talk becoming generally louder; with gushes of laughter here or there; and perhaps nothing occurred particularly deserving of mention except that one tall and portly gentleman, of a most severe and repellent countenance, who had been boring everybody to death about his travels in Armenia, was heard to remark, in the most innocent manner, of a well-known statesman whom they were discussing: "Well, all I can say is that he is a man of very strange fancies—very strange fancies indeed. He took a most unaccountable dislike to myself. A most singular thing. Yes, and he showed it too—damme, he showed it." And also that Master Willie, by a base and unworthy subterfuge, obtained a triumph over his enemy of former days. For he began to talk to Mr. Gifford about familiar quotations; and in the most naïve manner observed that few were better known than

> "De par le Roi, défense à Dieu,
> D'opérer miracle en ce lieu."

The editor fell into the trap headlong.

"*De faire miracle—de faire miracle*, I think," said he, politely.

"*D'opérer*, I think it is," said Fitzgerald, graciously.

"Pardon me, I am sure you are wrong. It is a most familiar quotation. *De faire miracle en ce lieu.*"

"I would not contradict you; for, as you say, the couplet is so well known."

"Oh, there is not a doubt of it—not a

* This was the dedication in question, prefixed to the little volume:

To my friend and benefactress,
MRS. ALGERNON CHETWYND,
of Hyde Park Gardens and Boat of Garry, Ireland,
this collection of idle papers is
most respectfully dedicated.

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doubt of it. Every school-boy knows it. *De faire miracle*, of course."

"My authority for *d'opérer*," continued his foe, in an absent and indifferent kind of way, pretending to be very busy in examining the constituents of a mysterious-looking sweet, "is not very absolute. I found it in the notes to an old edition I have of Voltaire's *Pucelle*, along with a little history of St. Paris. The date of the edition is 1773, and the couplet is spoken of as being familiar. But perhaps it is a misquotation."

"Perhaps, perhaps," said Mr. Gifford; but he lightly changed the subject, and wanted Fitzgerald to tell him how the Game Laws affected the poorer tenantry in the southwest of Ireland. And Fitzgerald imparted to him what information he could on that subject, without recalling to him the fact that they had had a dispute about the same couplet in former days when they did not meet on quite such equal terms.

At last the bounteous feast came to an end; and there was much hand-shaking on the steps of the Abercorn Club. As far as Fitzgerald was concerned, it very soon appeared that this big dinner might, if he chose, be regarded as only the beginning of a quite indefinite series of similar repasts, though perhaps of a more domestic kind, for the little book made its way in a remarkable manner; and probably there was something in its contents that made people curious about the personality of the author; and no doubt he might have figured at a great many afternoon teas, and dinner parties, and midnight receptions. But, as it turned out, he found his life far too full of occupation for anything of the kind. When he dined at all in the evening, he went to, or staid for, Mrs. Chetwynd's *table d'hôte;* and it is more than probable that he would have earned the contempt of Mr. Scobell by his indifference to the good things of this world, or such of them as appeared on the dinner table. But it was a fine thing, this constant and busy occupation: this finding that both time and money were inadequate to the calls made upon him. The "old, hysterical mock-disease" got in a manner jostled out of existence; there was no longer any room for it. That was all left behind now; except, alas! when the wonder-world of sleep was opened, and again he was walking with Kitty on the sunny Sunday mornings along the hawthorn lanes outside of Cork, or rowing her home in the moonlight, she singing the while, past the silent quays of Inisheen.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE EAST.

It may easily be surmised in what direction Fitzgerald was now spending what time he could spare from his literary labors and what money he could save from his stewardship, as he considered it, of Boat of Garry. At first he accompanied Miss Chetwynd on one or two of her eastern expeditions with far more of curiosity and interest than of hope; for it seemed to him, as it probably would to any outsider, that to seek to alleviate the distress and misery of this vast population with any such means as were at their command was about as sanguine as to try to drain an Irish bog with a sponge. Moreover, it was not very picturesque—as she had forewarned him. Very rarely was the wretchedness tragic; it was merely mean and commonplace; existence in these foul-smelling lanes and desolate grimy squares seemed a lack-lustre kind of thing; occasionally the people were suspicious rather than grateful, and always they misplaced their *h*'s. But by-and-by, as time went on, and as he saw further into the mechanism of the various organizations, he could not help admiring the patient heroism of those voluntary missionaries who, not deterred by the vastness or the difficulties of the task, busily and cheerfully set to work to do what they could; and he began to see the appreciable fruit of their labors, even if it were only a touch of light and color added here and there to those poor ignoble lives—a flower-box in a window-sill; a drinking fountain, perhaps; an exhibition of pictures; a bit of green thrown open to the children, with a swing or two. Then the free libraries, with books, magazines, and newspapers; cool in the summer, and well warmed in the winter, with coffee at a penny a cup; and the lectures and readings and entertainments, now putting some inkling of sanitary requirements into the heads of the grown-up people, again teaching the boys and lads something of the qualities that built up England; and the invaluable district nurses, carrying notions of cleanliness and kindliness into these poor homes; and so forth, and so forth: all

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this busy, silent, unobtrusive work, not appealing loudly for subscriptions, and not claiming for its authors any title to martyrdom, seemed to him a very noble thing. The sympathy led to practical help. At the outset he rather wished to act merely as assistant and safeguard to the niece of his benefactress; but he soon found there was no need for that. She had no fear, and there was nothing to fear. In another way, however, he was of use to her. Mary Chetwynd was very much at home in dealing with "her poor people," as she called them, directly; and she had an admirable self-possession on the platform, whether she was demonstrating to an assemblage of men and women the awful effects of drinking unfiltered London water, or reciting patriotic poems to an audience of Whitechapel youths; but at the council board of the society she was somewhat diffident. It very soon appeared, however, that when Mr. Fitzgerald was in course of time elected to this board, the new member held very strong opinions about the rights of minorities—especially when the minority was Mary Chetwynd. Arguments and grumbling were alike thrown away upon him. No, there he was; there he would stay. And at last, upon the burning question of beer, matters came to a final issue.

"Very well," said he, when he and Miss Chetwynd had been entirely outvoted, "we need not quarrel. You may go your way, but you can't hinder me from going mine. As I said, I don't think a glass of ale can do any harm—if not given to the boys; and I don't think it fair to ask these men to come and spend a long evening without giving them that small amount of indulgence. Now I mean to try it—"

There was a kind of murmur of protest at this. Was he going to ignore such a solemn thing as a vote?

"But you may have it either of two ways. Either I will resign altogether, and be free to act that way, or I will remain a member of the society, making any entertainments I get up my own affair—at my own expense, I mean—so that for them the society will not be responsible. That will take away the reproach of beer from you; it will be my doing alone."

There was a little further grumbling; but the second alternative was eventually chosen. They did not wish to get rid of Fitzgerald altogether, for he was an active sort of fellow, and he had time and money at his disposal; and they had seen how well he got on with the men and boys at these meetings, keeping order in a good-humored, hectoring way. Besides, they had had one or two newspaper squabbles, and he had been found to be an efficient champion in that direction.

But when they got outside, Mary Chetwynd said to him, regarding him with eyes that seemed frightened and laughing at the same time,

"Oh, Mr. Fitzgerald, what have you done?"

"Nothing dreadful, I hope," he said, with a smile.

"When you said 'I,' of course you meant 'we'?"

"Well, then?"

"But how do you expect you and me to do all that by ourselves? Think of the expense. Auntie will be furious. She does not mind about me; but she says I am ruining you, and that you are getting no pleasure in life—"

"Didn't I promise to go over to Boat of Garry in July? and you and she, I hope, will come over and stay there too."

"And I have some remorse also," she continued. "You would never have raised the beer question if I had not told you about it in Ireland. Then that little —— Theatre costs £8 10*s.* a night, without any beer. If I could pay for everything, I should not mind. Or if you would have a hack and ride every day in the Park, as Mr. Scobell suggests, then auntie would be more satisfied, and I should be sure you had some kind of—of—"

"But do I look so unhappy?" he asked, with a laugh. "However, your mention of Mr. Scobell is most opportune. I think I ought to plunder Mr. Scobell—"

"Oh no; after the filters—"

"But he has friends. At a dinner last year he told me six of them then at the table were worth four millions. Now if we could get Mr. Scobell to squeeze them a little, what would it matter about the —— Theatre costing £8 10*s.* a night?"

"You know best," she said, simply; "and I hope we have not undertaken too much."

But indeed, whether he or she knew, or whether both were ignorant, what interested him in that work down there, and what was a constant delight to him, so that the various pursuits or pleasure on which he might have spent the very liberal income he enjoyed were not even to be

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thought of, was the mere spectacle of herself in her relations with these poor people. The beautiful, quiet serenity of her nature seemed to shine there, amid all that turmoil of want and care and ignorance and crime. Wherever she went, peace surrounded her. Sickly and ailing women, inclined to succumb altogether to the hard pressure of fate, drew strength from the self-reliant character of this mere girl, and struggled on anew. Many a one of them told Fitzgerald that none of the district nurses could bring such cheerfulness into a house as she could. He grew to think of her what they thought of her. He heard their stories of her; he saw her through their eyes—this king's daughter with the outstretched hands, blessing and comforting wherever she went.

"Willie," said Mrs. Chetwynd to him one evening before the guests arrived for the *table d'hôte*, "why did you not read to me that article in the *Liberal Review* about benevolence—about the reaction of benevolence on one's self—what was it called?—'Benevolence as an Investment?'"

"I saw the article," said he, evasively.

"Yes, and you wrote it?"

"Why, how should you think that?" said he.

"Because Mrs. Sims was here this afternoon, and she read it to me, and both of us agreed that you had been describing our Mary."

"I—I hope you don't think there is anything that would annoy—that would be too personal—if Miss Chetwynd were to see it?" he stammered.

"Well," said the bright little old lady, "considering that you give her all the virtues of an angel, with half a dozen other womanly ones, I don't think she ought to object. And indeed, you know, although she is my niece, I must admit that the portrait is recognizable."

So the time passed; and Mary Chetwynd was very proud of the success of the new venture that Fitzgerald had started (though whether that success was due to the merits of the lecturer and the efficiency of her stage-manager and body-guard, or simply to beer, it would be unnecessary to discuss), and there was no great difficulty about funds, after all. Then Fitzgerald and Mrs. Chetwynd and her niece went over to Boat of Garry in the July of that year; and John Ross went with them, being commissioned to reproduce one or two of his sepia sketches in oils; and they had a pleasant stay there until the end of August. Altogether their life, either there or here in London, was an uneventful one, full of cheerful activities and kindlinesses; and there seemed no reason why any one should wish it changed.

But accidents happen. One evening, after they had come back, Miss Chetwynd had arranged to have her following of youths and lads assemble in the little theatre before referred to, to have displayed to them, by means of a series of magic-lantern projections on a large screen, some portraits of great Englishmen, with occasional remarks by herself. Ordinarily, on such occasions, Fitzgerald was there at the marshalling of the lads, ready with a good-natured cuff to preserve manners, if need be; but the truth was that as long as "the lady" was present they were very well behaved indeed. On this evening, however, there was some serious business elsewhere about a poor wretch who had purloined a book from one of the free libraries, to buy (as he said) a loaf of bread; and so Fitzgerald did not get along to the theatre until the lecture, or entertainment, or whatever it might be called, was well on its way. He slipped into a corner of the pit (there were neither stalls, gallery, nor boxes in this little theatre) and sat down.

The lecturess seemed very self-possessed and familiar with her audience, talking to them as she selected this or that slide, and occasionally coming to the foot-lights to address them directly.

"Now," she said, as she was stooping over the table to pick out the proper slide, "I suppose some of you read *Jones's Journal*?"

This was a wretched little local print, which did a good deal of mischief down there. Her audience, perhaps thinking that the portrait of the great Mr. Jones was about to appear on the screen, stamped their feet a bit. On that she rose erect, and faced them with some astonishment.

"Oh!" she said, "is that the kind of paper you admire? I hope not. I hope not, indeed! Perhaps some of you think that when Mr. Jones is denouncing the Government, and saying they have done this, that, and the other thing, he could do it better himself? Would you like to see him try? Is he likely to know more about governing a country—is he likely to be more honest—than men who have been educated all their lives for it, many

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"SHE DID NOT SPEAK; BUT SHE PLACED HER HAND OVER HIS HAND THAT HELD HER WRIST."

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of them very rich men, who, if they had chosen, might have spent all their time in amusing themselves with horse-races or yachts, but who, instead, go through an amount of labor and drudgery that the hardest-worked among you don't know anything about, only to find themselves called swindlers and pickpockets by gentlemen like Mr. Jones? Well, now, I know something that will enable you to judge of Mr. Jones. I know that he has been twice before the magistrate for drunkenness, and was fined each time; and I know there was an execution in his office not very long ago; and I put it to you whether a man who manages his own affairs like that would be likely to be able to manage the affairs of the country?"

This argument, though somewhat crude, and even verging upon libel, was, at all events, easily understood.

"No! no!" was the general response.

"Well, now, I am going to put before you the portrait of a great Conservative statesman, a most able and distinguished man. Perhaps I am not a Conservative myself; but that is neither here nor there; I want you to believe that the men who govern England on both sides in politics are trying to do their best; and that the man who tries to stir up people to lawlessness and discontent is doing his worst, and making nothing but mischief. Don't you believe that the rich have stolen the money they have; in most cases it has been brought together by their fathers and grandfathers being sober, industrious, and able men; and when these people try to make good laws you ought to be glad of it, instead of howling at them as if they were tyrants. It is the interest of everybody to preserve law and order. Why, if it was not for law and order, how could your mothers and sisters go along Whitechapel Road on a Saturday night, looking at the shops, and buying things for the Sunday dinner? It is the law that protects them from being pushed down and their money taken from them. And so far from regarding the police as your natural enemies, or the enemies of anybody, you ought to think of what Stepney or Whitechapel would be without them, and you ought to be precious glad to lend them a helping hand when you see a thief bolting, or when you see a band of roughs coming along the pavement, hustling the women off and annoying peaceable people."

She put the selected slide into the magic lantern; the man in the "wings" lowered the gas of the foot-lights, and when the large, visionary, colored figure of this Conservative statesman appeared on the screen, it was greeted (despite all the tirades of *Jones's Journal*) with a murmur of approval. But just at this moment something else happened. One amongst the audience whose eyes had wandered away from the large circle of light on the screen had noticed a flickering of another sort of light along the edge of a portion of the curtain; and thoughtlessly he called out "Fire!" There was an instant of dead silence, every one looking all around; and then, as the red light up there attracted their eyes, there was a universal rush and clamor. Fitzgerald jumped to his feet and called to them to sit down; but he might as well have called to the sea. There were no shrieks or screams, for there were no women present; but a wild struggle to reach the doors, and a consequent wedging up of the excited crowd. They could not squeeze through. Then the black mass—or a great portion of it—seemed to turn; frightened faces looked here, there, everywhere; then the stage was charged. Fitzgerald caught the first one that made by him, and jammed him down on to the form.

"Sit down, you fool; there is no danger!"

But he might as well have tried to put his hands on a pack of wolves. They swarmed up and over on the stage; seeing which, Fitzgerald leaped up there too; shoved them aside, and made for the spot where Miss Chetwynd was standing, her face somewhat aghast. She was not regarding the flames overhead; she was looking at the rushing crowd that was now hurrying wildly toward the narrow passage leading from behind the stage. He caught her hand—or rather it was her wrist—and held it tight.

"Do not be afraid," said he, glancing up at the smouldering curtain, and then at the disappearing people. "There is no danger. They will all get out."

"I am not afraid, so long as you are by me," she said, in a rather proud kind of way.

He turned and looked at her eyes; and her eyes met his.

"For always, then?"

She did not speak; but she placed her hand over his hand that held her wrist; and so they remained, waiting for the wild surging mass to get free away, while the red light overhead grew more distinct.

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It was a strange situation; but he seemed to have no fear. He remembered afterward that he was trying to calculate how many more seconds it would take for the last of the crowd to get through; also wondering when the firemen would arrive, and whether the theatre had been left altogether without attendants; and at the same time watching quite calmly the progress of the flames. They did not proceed rapidly. It was some little time before the wood-work caught fire anywhere; for at first it slowly blackened and frizzled, as it were; then a pale thin blue fire became visible here and there along its surface; then a quicker glow of crimson gleamed up.

"Shall we go now?" he said—for the loud cries for Dick and Harry and Jack and Bill had grown fainter and fainter.

"When you please," said she, with firm lips.

There was no trouble or danger about the matter. Just as they were leaving, a loud splash and hissing was heard overhead and a shower of heavy drops of water came over the stage. They made their way along the "wings" and out by the stage-door, and found a large crowd assembled in the street, kept back from the fire-engines by the police. In ten or twelve minutes the whole affair was over, and it only remained for Fitzgerald to get hold of the gas-man from among the crowd (the rascal had been among the first to bolt) to have the gas turned off, so that there should be no explosion; while, by the light of some candles, and with the aid of a few of the boys, he got the magic-lantern apparatus collected and carried to a four-wheeled cab outside, in which Mary Chetwynd was awaiting him.

When at last they had driven away from the dense crowd that still lingered about the place there was a better chance for speaking; but silence seemed to be enough. At length she said:

"You once offered me Boat of Garry. And now you give your life to me. What next?"

"It will become worth something when you take it," he answered.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE London *Daily News* recently said something which recalls something that Sydney Smith said more than sixty years ago. The *News* asserts that Washington Irving was much more relished and admired in England than in his own country, and that "it is only recently that American critics on the lookout for a literature have elevated him to his proper and almost more than his proper place. This docility to English guidance in the case of their best or almost their best prose writer may perhaps be followed by a similar docility in the case of their best or almost their best poet, Poe, whom also England has preceded the United States in recognizing." This comically patronizing air is all the droller because the patron is a British worthy who gravely calls Poe almost the best American poet. The tone reminds us of Sydney Smith's amusing passage in his article upon America in 1818: "Literature the Americans have none—no native literature, we mean. It is all imported. They had a Franklin, indeed, and may afford to live for half a century on his fame. There is, or was, a Mr. Dwight, who wrote some poems, and his baptismal name was Timothy. There is also a small account of Virginia by Jefferson, and an epic poem by Mr. Joel Barlow, and some pieces of pleasantry by Mr. Irving. But why should the Americans write books, when a six weeks' passage brings them, in their own tongue, our sense, science, and genius in bales and hogsheads? Prairies, steamboats, grist-mills, are their natural objects for centuries to come. Then, when they have got to the Pacific Ocean, epic poems, plays, pleasures of memory, and all the elegant gratifications of an ancient people who have tamed the wild earth and sat down to amuse themselves. This is the natural march of human affairs."

Sydney Smith was certainly correct in assuming that there was hardly an American literature when he wrote, and his remarks are very like a passage of Fisher Ames's, a few years earlier, in which he groans at the literary paucity and want of promise in his country. But the *News* is sadly at fault in supposing that Irving's countrymen did not recognize him and honor him. If there were no evidence disproving this assertion, the only reasonable presumption of its possible truth would be the fact that the countrymen of Irving were descendants of the people who showed little contemporaneous appreciation of Shakespeare. It is certainly creditable to the literary England which was busily idolizing Scott and Byron that it recognized also the charming genius of Irving, and that Leslie, the painter, could truly write of him, "Geoffrey Crayon is the most fashionable fellow of the day." Doubtless national pride had a part in the feeling; for Irving had the same imaginative enthusiasm for traditional and poetic England that Burke had for political England. No English writer has

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touched "old England" with such airy grace as Irving, as indeed no native Englishman was likely to feel its spell so deeply. To change a word in Marvell's noble lines,

> "He nothing common saw, or mean,
> Upon that memorable scene."

England's debt to Irving is peculiar, because only an American could have seen England as he described it. The English regard for him is very becoming and very natural, although it was due rather to his theme than to his treatment or to his genius. It would have shown extreme stolidity in any people to be dull to the work of an artist who painted their own most familiar scenes as no native had painted them, and gave them a grace which the mass of those people had hardly suspected or perceived.

But while the English appreciation of Irving is very creditable to England, English conceit must not go so far as to suppose that it was that appreciation which commended him to his own countrymen. At the time when Sydney Smith wrote the article from which we have quoted there was apparently an almost absolute literary sterility in this country. The professional critics of the critical journals were, as Professor Lounsbery states in his admirable *Life of Cooper*, in the series of "American Men of Letters," undoubtedly greatly affected by English opinion. But there was an American reading public independent of the few literary periodicals, as was shown when Cooper's *Spy* was published, at the very end of 1821—the year in which Bryant's first volume of poems and Dana's *Idle Man* appeared. Cooper had published his *Precaution*, a book which Professor Lounsbery is the only man who was ever known to have read. He was an unknown author. But the *Spy* was instantly successful. Some of the timid journals awaited the English opinion. Murray declined, upon Gifford's advice, to publish it. But a publisher was found, and England and Europe followed America in their approval. Cooper always truly said that it was to his countrymen alone that he owed his first success, and his biographer concedes that the success was determined before the opinion of Europe was known.

Nearly three years before, in May, 1819, the first number of Irving's *Sketch-Book* was published. It contained "The Wife" and "Rip Van Winkle." The success was immediate, and most gratifying to the author, who was then thirty-six years old. In September, 1819, he wrote: "The manner in which the work has been received, and the eulogiums that have been passed upon it in the American papers and periodical works, have quite overwhelmed me.... I feel almost appalled by such success." The echo of the acclamation reached England. Murray at first declined to publish it, as he had declined Cooper's *Spy*, and Irving published it at his own risk. When England ascertained that the American judgment was correct, and that it was a charming work, Murray was willing to publish it.

The delightful genius which his country had recognized with joy it never ceased proudly and tenderly to honor. When in 1832 he returned to his native land, as his latest biographer, Mr. Warner, records, "America greeted her most famous literary man with a spontaneous outburst of love and admiration." It was in his own country that he had published his works. It was his own countrymen whose applause had apprised England of the charm of the new author; and it is extremely amusing to hear in 1882, from an English writer who thinks Poe to be almost the greatest of American poets, that it was our happy docility to English guidance which enabled us to recognize and honor "almost our best" prose writer.

Was it docility to the same beneficent guidance which enabled us to perceive the genius of Carlyle, whose works we first collected, and taught England to read and admire? Was it the same docility which enabled us to reveal to England one of her most philosophic observers in Herbert Spencer, and to offer to Darwin his most appreciative correspondents and interpreters in Chauncey Wright, John Fiske, and Professors Gray and Wyman? There are many offenses to be scored against us, but failure to know our own literary genius is not one of them. There is not one great literary fame in America that was not first recognized here. Not to one of them has docility to English literary opinion conducted us, as is often believed. Bryant and Cooper and Irving, Bancroft and Prescott and Motley, Emerson and Channing, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes, are all men whom we were content to admire and love, without knowing or asking whether England had heard of them, or what she thought of them. "The greatness" of Poe, according to the London *News*, England has preceded us in recognizing. That is an assertion which we are not disposed to dispute. But Walter Scott was not more immediately popular and beloved in England than Washington Irving in America; and American guidance led England to Scott quite as much as English guidance drew America to Irving.

THE old Knickerbocker custom of universal calling upon New-Year's Day is rapidly becoming a tradition. Yet "within the memory of men living" there was a time when the young man made out the longest list of acquaintances possible, and at the earliest proper moment on New-Year's-Day morning began his rounds. When he had completed a hundred calls, it was his ambition to reach a hundred and fifty. The area of his visits was much smaller and more compact than it is now. Within a generation there were a few outlying mansions down town. On State Street one or two overlooking the quiet Battery of

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those days; on the Bowling Green, in Barclay Street, and Park Place, and College Place, and Murray, Warren, and Chambers streets, there were hospitable houses of "old-fashioned" families, and a heartiness of greeting which is not forgotten.

In those days Charles Fenno Hoffman lived at a boarding-house in Murray Street. But for more than thirty years he has been an inmate of a retreat for the insane, if indeed he be not long since dead. His name is perhaps unknown to the reader, but he was a noted literary figure, one of the most conspicuous literary Knickerbockers of his time. He was personally a fine-spirited, vigorous man, although he had unfortunately lost a leg. But his lameness did not destroy his manly activity, and his chivalric gayety and literary taste and accomplishment made him a delightful companion. He founded the old *Knickerbocker Magazine.* He wrote novels and poems, and was welcome to the modest periodicals of the day. He was known then as —— (but why mention him?) is known now. Time has passed the sponge over his name. There are no longer boarding-houses in Murray Street. There are no New-Year's callers there, and even the name of the man whose temporary residence gives to the street its chief charm for some belated loiterers along its busy sidewalks is already forgotten.

At that time the area of New-Year's calling up town also was very limited, and it had none of the old New York interest which invested the lower part of the city. The civic history and traditions were all around and below the Park. Union Square was a new region; Madison Square was in the country. Even then the site of the New York Hotel was a relic of an old farm, and the rural house still stood there under branching trees. Bleecker and Bond streets were fashionable regions, and the centre of the gay world. The white and gray haired gentlemen whom you remark at church and in the street were the golden youth of that day. It was those slow-going feet yonder that sprang lightly up the steps, and it was the wrinkled faces of to-day whose ruddy cheeks glowed in the bright frosty air of those vanished New-Year's mornings.

"Happy New-Year to you, Mrs. Van Donnerwetter."

"Thank you, and many returns, Mr. Sluys-Hoeys."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Van Donnerwetter."

"Good-morning, Mr. Sluys-Hoeys."

And he was off, running down the steps, and checking his list, glad to have accomplished eighty-three by one o'clock.

There were great feasts spread in many houses, and the traditions of tremendous Dutch eating and drinking were faithfully observed. Special houses were noted for particular forms of entertainment. At one it was eggnog; at another, rum punch; at this one pickled oysters; at that, boned turkey, or marvellous chocolate, or perfect Mocha coffee, or, for the select *cognoscenti*, a drop of old Madeira as delicate in flavor as the texture of the glass from which it was sipped. At all houses there were the New-Year's cakes, in the form of an Egyptian cartouch, and in later and more degenerate days relays of champagne bottles appeared—the coming in of the lower empire.

The temptation was very great, and there were often mournful excesses. Indeed, the only sign of a really vigorous survival of the old customs this year was the circular of the clergymen recommending that the worm of the still in every form should be rigorously excluded from the entertainment of the day, and —although this was only implied—that the sirens should trust to their own fascination. But the snug little city of the Knickerbockers has outgrown the pleasant custom, and while still there are charming houses that "receive," the whole world of society receives no longer. Such a custom belongs to a small town, not to a great city. Even a generation ago the day had changed its character. The calling was perfunctory, not friendly, and many a daring youth entered drawing-rooms to which he had never been introduced, bowed and complimented and disappeared, and was supposed to be the son of some friendly house, or one of "Brown's young men" who had been asked to the last ball.

Yet on the last New-Year's Day the Easy Chair saw a gray-haired youth of other years curiously looking from the window, and recognized an ancient friend, upon whom he called at once.

"I was looking," said the ancient man, whom the Easy Chair well remembered as one of the sprightliest bucks about town, waltzing and flirting and loitering with the grandmothers of to-day—"I was looking to see myself as I used to be. There are not many callers, I observe. But some of the younger fellows have an air of cheerful earnestness that I recall." A pleasant smile overspread his face. The old youth seemed to be even humming an old waltz—some forgotten strain of Strauss or Lanner. "'Twas a fine old custom," he said, and his eyes seemed to look into a far distance. Perhaps that is now the chief service of the day. It recalls youth to those who are no longer young, and renews the hope and faith and blithe expectation that make youth beautiful.

If it should be announced that the manuscript of a story by Walter Scott had been discovered among his papers, and that it was a continuous and complete tale, written in his prime, although undoubtedly not left in the precise form in which he would have left it after further revision, should we be willing that it be burned unread of the world? Could the question be submitted to the world there would be one vast and indignant cry of No. So it would have been an offense not to be for-

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given had Hawthorne's posthumous romance, *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, been left unpublished. Indeed, its publication with the accompanying notes of the author describing the process of construction, and his own doubts, uncertainties, and despair in the composition, make it one of the most interesting incidents in literary history.

It is a powerful and characteristic romance, with much of the felicity of Hawthorne's touch, yet he seems never to have been satisfied with it, and for some years to have been balked and baffled in his efforts to put it into satisfactory form. The plot, like all his plots, is simple. A wrong is done to the heir of an ancient English family, who disappears. The ancestral estate passes to another branch, which is established upon it without question for many years. But the wronged heir escapes to America, and his descendants are the rightful claimants of the name and of the property, and the story is to be the tale of the return of the lost heir to his own. This is a plot rich in opportunity of delineating the effect of long absence in another land, and complete moral, social, and political identification with it, upon a man who gradually discovers that by hereditary right he belongs in wholly other scenes and among other traditions. It is one of the subtle psychological studies to which Hawthorne's genius was always attracted.

But this is only partially accomplished in the romance. The melodrama constantly overpowered the story, and this fact may very well explain Hawthorne's dissatisfaction. The grotesque and the horrible never dismay him. Indeed, he delights in them, but he subordinates them to his moral purpose. They explain and emphasize and luridly decorate his tale. The embroidered scarlet letter, in the first of his great romances, that burns and gleams and fades, and sympathizes visibly with the scene and the feeling of the story, illustrates the use that he always made of this symbolism. But in the *Scarlet Letter* it is wholly subordinated to the central purpose, and merely intensifies the effect. In *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, however, the central moral purpose seems to have been more obscure to the author himself. Yet all the charm of the magician is there.

"His scarlet web our wild romancer weaves,"

and the earnest interest of every reader is entangled and held fast to the end.

Dr. Grimshawe himself is clearly and strongly drawn, a character forcibly conceived, and needing, perhaps, for even greater fullness of effect a little plainer representation of his relation to the dull town in which he lives upon the edge of the grave-yard. The sudden appearance of the placid school-master to restrain the mob recalls by strange contrast the old Hadley legend, and the school-master himself is one of the most defined and striking of Hawthorne's creations. The child life of Elsie and her companion playing in the old grave-yard, and the sweet unconsciousness of the girl in dealing with her guardian, are touches of Hawthorne's highest skill. They are child-like, and wholly free from childishness and sentimentality. The breezy British warden is no less an admirable study, subtly distinguished from any American type, and the Anglo-Italian lord of the disputed manor is outlined with a vivid naturalness that prepares the reader for all that follows.

The most unsatisfactory part of the tale as told is the shadowy and perfunctory Americanism of the young American. This Americanism in the deepest and broadest sense we suppose to have been in the intention of the author an essential element of the work. It was meant possibly to be so strongly delineated as to make the renunciation of the estate, should the American prove to be the heir, natural and inevitable. And it was perhaps the extreme difficulty of doing this which teased and troubled the author. A dreamy boy, bred in a solitary corner of a dull American town by a foreigner, whose object in educating the child was to fit him for the conditions of foreign life, would hardly develop into a distinctive American. But all this, we confess, is glimmering and uncertain. It will not do to be precise and positive in a half-spectral world. Hawthorne says, in one of his curious comments upon his own work, that he did not intend to write a novel of what is called actual life. He proposed a romance, and with the opening of the book you enter a realm of pure imagination.

The solitariness of Hawthorne's life is reflected in his works. They are wholly his own in conception and in style. They are entirely untouched by the intellectual or moral or rhetorical fashions of the hour. He is absolutely intent upon the vision of his creative imagination, seeing and hearing nothing beyond, unconscious of any other world. In his earlier years, as he told a friend, after graduating at the college in Maine, he returned to silent and declining Salem, and shunned society. All day he staid at home writing and reading, and after night-fall he stole forth to walk the solitary streets. In Boston, when he was a customs officer, he felt at ease only among sailors and with those to whom he was totally unknown. In Concord he secluded himself in the little upper room at the back of the old Manse—the little room that overlooked the battle-ground, from the windows of which Emerson's grandfather watched the battle, and in which Emerson himself wrote his "Nature." Here, too, Hawthorne was withdrawn all day, and emerged at night to unmoor his boat at the foot of the garden, and paddle in the darkness and the starlight about the placid stream. In Europe he evidently saw more people than in America, but upon his return, as Conway says in his book upon Emerson, he fled from a tea party made in his honor at the hospitable house of James T. Fields, and betook himself

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to his chamber and Defoe's Short Stories. In Berkshire the tradition still lingers that he leaped the wall by the road-side and made a circuit through the field to avoid meeting a pedestrian whom he saw approaching.

This solitary habit gives to his books a singular charm. They do not harass the reader with occult resemblances to something else. No softened echo from another lyre perplexes his melancholy music. From the *Gentle Boy* to *Dr. Grimshawe* it is all his own vision, his own thought, his own word. Among the vast throng of stories which issue incessantly from the press this last work of Hawthorne's is as separate and striking and superior as was its strong broad-shouldered author with imperial head and penetrating glance gliding gravely and alone amid the eager multitude in the street.

THE unconditional and immediate success of a great singer like Madame Scalchi produces two very pleasant feelings. One is sympathy with the just satisfaction of the artist; the other is gratification with the quick perception of the public. The cynical statesman said to his pupil, "The public is an ass, but you must treat it like a lion." The veteran lecturer said to the tyro, "Always remember that there is probably nobody in your audience who could do half as well as you." These were different views from those which generated the proverb that the voice of the people is the voice of God, or that shrewd maxim, everybody is wiser than anybody. In a few final words at the end of a paper upon Sir John Johnson in Mr. W. L. Stone's lately published Orderly Book of that officer, General Depeyster says: "No philosopher believes in the judgment of the people, so styled—the people, as usually understood, are the simple dupes and pack and prey of the bold and the designing, who possess the serpent-guile of pandering to their lusts and to their passions. There is a people, invisible but influential, running through every portion of the body-politic, like the mysterious sympathetic nerve on which vitalization depends."

Here are different views of the same shield. It is not all gold, indeed, but certainly it is not all of a baser metal. The voice of the street is not the voice of God when it cries to crucify the prophets; nor is the voice of the gallery that of a donkey when it applauds the generous sentiment, and rejoices to see the villain punished. The important truth is that neither the mob in the street nor the crowd in the gallery is the people. A German demagogue of the poorest kind, named Most, made a speech at Christmas in Chicago, in which he said that the people are now ready to murder all those who have money, and then to steal their property. Undoubtedly there are always such people, and when they undertake killing and stealing, other people hang and imprison them according to law.

But to call murderers and thieves the people is merely absurd. During the war riots in New York, in which helpless and innocent men, women, and children were tortured to death, the assassinations were called by some newspapers acts of the people. The newspapers said so to save themselves. They were in mortal terror of the mob, and flattered it with the name of majesty. It is the oldest trick of the demagogue to call a sanguinary crowd, that he wishes to inflame, the people. The mad ferocities of the French Jacobins in 1793 are often described as the just vengeance of the people. But the Jacobins were not the people of France. They terrorized the people of France; that is to say, they frightened the people into submission. The Triumvirate and their following were no more the French people than Caligula and his army were the Roman people.

It is true that a crowd may be excited to disorder and crime by passionate appeals, but only if it be a crowd which is disposed to sympathize with the exhorter. In the old days in this country no antislavery orator, however fervidly eloquent, could have kindled a Southern crowd to harm a slave-holder; and, on the other hand, no slave-holding eloquence could have won a rural New England crowd to hunt a fugitive. There are also swift perception and good judgment in any crowd upon any subject which interests it. The public is an ass, said the cynical statesman. He meant that a wise man will humor and deceive it for his own purposes. The success of Mr. Barnum is cited as the result of humbugging the public. A mermaid, a Joyce Heth, a woolly horse, a what is it? is announced with proper circumstance, sneers the cynic, and the foolish public gapes with wonder and credulity, and pays liberally for being cheated. How so? How many people were cheated, and how many paid to see the known humbug?

Look at it from another point. Barnum, the prince of humbugs, as he was called, brought Jenny Lind to America. The enterprise involved immense outlay and great risks. It was tremendously heralded and advertised, and the utmost excitement was ingeniously created, even to the amazing bid of Genin, the hatter, for the first choice of seats. But no genius of humbug, no elaborate and universal advertising, no trick nor device, could have deceived the public about the merit of Jenny Lind. She sang and conquered, not because of Barnum's humbug or enterprise, but because she was a great singer, and because the public instantly felt and recognized it. Not all the puffery possible could have imposed Jenny Lind upon that ass the public as a great singer if she had not been a great singer. The trick has been often tried, notably with Parodi, and it has always failed. On the other hand, Scalchi appeared without a puff, and her superiority was at once recognized.

To confound a group of the people with the people is a serious error, but even a group of

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people may show, as in the case of an audience, the shrewd perception and just instinct which are attributed to the people by all but those who are resolved that the saints should possess the earth, and that they are the saints.

No single life is ever essential to the progress of a people, but some lives are exceedingly important. It often seems, indeed, that some men are indispensable. But death happily undeceives us. When Lincoln suddenly died it was felt by many persons that the loss was irretrievable, and that the future was very dark, if not anarchical. But even that death left only a ripple on the unchanged surface of affairs. The reason is that leaders are efficient only through others, and that their power and influence depend upon the sympathy and support of those around them. No man achieves his purpose until he persuades others that it ought to be achieved, and he is a great leader because of that persuasion. But when the public mind is ripe for action, the individual man is unimportant. The popular will will find a voice and a hand.

There has been recently no more striking and picturesque personality than that of Gambetta, and there is no man now living in any country whose death would seem to be so significant of public change, if not catastrophe, as that of Gambetta when it occurred. Yet while his personal force and his peculiar service defined him in the public mind more strongly than any of his contemporaries in France, his actual influence, or what is called his necessity to France, has been probably much exaggerated. His fiery appeal to his country, in the midst of the sore pressure of foreign invasion, to organize and repel the foe, was heroic and impressive, and the success of the appeal, although not of the army that he collected, revealed his genius. It was that of revolution. He rode upon the storm, and revelled in it. So in opposing the stealthy designs of the royalist reaction he was alert, sagacious, and successful. It was a brilliant fight brilliantly won. But as the minister of a peaceful republic he showed no proper administrative genius, and strangely also no fitting knowledge of men or of public opinion. He was a great party leader, but he did not unite with that skill the power that belongs to the builders of states.

But he was so much the most conspicuous man in France, and the tradition of his power from the war was so impressive, that France had come to regard him as the incarnate Republic, and Germany looked upon him as the apostle of revenge. It was but natural, therefore, that when he died the French Republic should have seemed to tremble and the German Empire to feel more secure. Both feelings, however, were exaggerated. The love of the French for a master belongs to the Latin races. But France has been steadily if slowly emancipating herself from the spell of wholly personal government. The adhesion of Thiers to the Republic was an important sign, and his frank declaration of the reason, that he was not a republican, but that the Republic was the only government then practicable for his country, was very significant. The frustration of the reactionary plots under McMahon was another illustration of the strengthening of the fibre of the Republic, until now an administration at once vigorous and economical would confirm the Republic against any mere *coup d'état*, and enable it to defy any shock but that of successful civil war.

To this result no single man has contributed more than Gambetta. But he has been only "a child of his time," and one of many influences. No man, indeed, more truly represented the France of to-day—republican, oratorical, modern, gay, self-indulgent, and without the purity of principle which is a republican tradition. Carlyle's "sea-green Robespierre," cold, hard, narrow, amidst all his cruel tyranny, bore the semblance of an austere early Roman virtue. Gambetta — ardent, generous, true-hearted, and intensely loyal to a republic of laws, not to a mob—had no pretense of severity of life, and was the type of social Paris as well as of political France. The tales told of his private career and of his death may not be true. But *se non è vero, è ben trovato.* They are readily believed of the hearty, impetuous, overwhelming Gambetta. He was of that kind, not of that loftier type of William the Silent, and John of Barneveld, and our own early tribune of the people, Sam Adams, and his own great contemporary, Mr. Gladstone.

But France, with becoming pomp and genuine sorrow, buried her most famous son of this epoch; and this generation, which has been fascinated with Carlyle's bold and splendid portraiture of Mirabeau, has seen in Gambetta a nobler Mirabeau.

FOR some years the late W. A. Seaver superintended every month the "Drawer" in this Magazine. His genial and kindly nature took the utmost pleasure in giving pleasure to others. In a world of contentions he preferred to step aside and await the hour of recreation and repose rather than to consort with the warriors, and his relations to those of all sides and all sympathies were of the most peaceful and friendly kind. He had taken his part in the general battle in days which had passed, but in the social circle that he loved and enlivened he held no dispute that could imbitter or exasperate, and was content with the triumphs that leave no sting. He was always ready with an anecdote or a reminiscence. The heartiness of cheerful good-fellowship was better than the flavor of the wine which no man knew or enjoyed more than he, and the feast was no feast for him which did not sparkle with gay humor and friendly gossip. He was a man to chat at the club and loiter

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in the Park, with a keen relish for the blithe and bright side of life, and a genius for social enjoyment. Like Charles Lamb, he loved the cheerful world to which he had become fondly accustomed, and to think of him as dead is to reflect how much enjoyment of life has disappeared. By his co-laborers in this Magazine, as by a large and various circle of warmly attached friends, Mr. Seaver will be always most kindly remembered.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE portions of Mr. Symonds's elaborate work on the *Renaissance in Italy*[1] that have been published at intervals during the last six years have made a deep impression upon readers of scholarly tastes by their conscientious thoroughness. Mr. Symonds never slights any of his literary work; and in this, his most extensive and important performance, painstaking investigation and careful execution go hand in hand in a degree that is remarkable even for him. The breadth and amplitude of his survey of the influences that caused and attended the progress of the Italian Renaissance in the four centuries from the twelfth to the sixteenth, is rendered peculiarly attractive by the sobriety, the dignified ease and elegance, and the other amenities of his style; and the result is that both the intellect and the taste of the reader are satisfied. The strong impression that was made by the earlier volumes of the work will be deepened and strengthened by the latest installment, which is now just published, and is devoted exclusively to a consideration of the consequences wrought upon Italian literature by the Renaissance. And here it may not be inappropriate to state, for the information of readers who are not familiar with the previous volumes, that the scheme of Mr. Symonds's entire work comprises a comprehensive analytical inquiry, prosecuted under distinct heads and in separate volumes, in which, as he himself observes, each volume stands for a section, each chapter for a paragraph, and each paragraph for a sentence, concerning the origins, growth, and development of the Italian Renaissance, in each and all of its aspects and relationships. Thus the first installment of the work, on the "Age of the Despots," recounted and explained the social and political conditions of Italy under which the renascence of the race took place; the second, on the "Revival of Learning," treated upon that retrogressive movement toward antiquity, and exploration of the classical past and revival of its methods and ideals, which these political and social conditions necessitated, and which colored and determined the intellectual activity of the Italians; the third, on the "Fine Arts," exhibited the bias of the Italians toward figurative art, wherein the main originality of modern Italy emerged, and through which the creative instincts of the people found their true and adequate channel, and also touched upon its various manifestations; and having thus obtained a correct point of view, in a fourth, on "Italian Literature," being the installment of the work now before us, Mr. Symonds describes and judges the national literature of the Italians in its strength and limitations. Naturally, since literature must always prove the surest guide in the investigation of a people's character at a decisive epoch, and also since its field is a most extensive one, Mr Symonds's inquiries on this branch of his subject have covered a much larger space than was needed for the review of the related branches, and have expanded into two large and elaborate volumes, in which he surveys the conditions and characteristics of Italian literature in the period immediately preceding the Renaissance and at its culmination. This survey embraces a historical and critical review of the literature of Italy for the two hundred and thirty years between the date of Dante's "Vision" in 1300 and the fall of Florence in 1530, which witnessed the accomplishment of the greatest work of the Italians in art and literature. Dividing these eventful two hundred and thirty years into three distinctively evolutionary periods, Mr. Symonds closely analyzes each of them in the following order: first, the mediæval, as representing the influence that was exerted in the formation of Italian literature severally by the church, by chivalry, by the national popular element, and by the leaders of the group that culminated in Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio; second, the humanistic, as reflecting the influence upon literature of the revival and ascendency, for nearly a century, of Greek and Latin scholarship, and of the contempt that was felt in consequence by the learned for the vernacular, with the immediate important result of the separation of the national element of Italian literature into two sections, learned and popular, Latin and Italian; and third, the renascent, as descriptive of the period when, under the influence of Lorenzo de' Medici and his courtiers, a strong interest was revived for the mother-tongue, the vernacular literature absorbed into itself the elements of scholarship and gave form and expression to the predominating thoughts and feelings of the people, and Italy, although dismembered politically, became a unit in its literature, and the two sections of the national element joined to produce the genuine Italian culture of the golden age of the Renais-

[1] *Renaissance in Italy.* Italian Literature. In Two Parts. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. 8vo. Part I., pp. 561. Part II., pp. 642. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

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sance. To demonstrate the connection and final explication of these three periods is the more specific purpose of this latest portion of Mr. Symonds's able and scholarly work. And to this end, before proceeding to trace the immediate course of the renascence, he gives an elaborate review of the preceding literature of the fourteenth century, dwelling at length on its ancient popular poetry, on the quotas contributed to the growth and transition of literature by religion, chivalry, and the popular feeling, and on the portraiture of Italian character and temperament by writers of romantic fiction; he then shows under what forms the literature of the fourteenth century survived among the people during the classical enthusiasm of the fifteenth century; and finally he traces the direction taken by the genius of the combined Italian nation after the decline of scholarship. Prominent among the many other excellences of this exhaustive work are Mr. Symonds's careful studies of the efforts of the different dialects of Italy to find expression, until, under the influence of the poets of the Florentine school, and especially of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and their immediate predecessors, they became Tuscanized, and formed a common idiom which was the well-spring from which the Italian language of the future was to draw its aliment. These studies are accompanied by fine comparative and analytical criticisms and estimates of the productions of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and their contemporaries and forerunners; and as the author pursues his review of the course of Italian literature to its meridian in the renascence, similar critical and analytical notices are given of all the later great prose and poetical writers of the period, special attention being given to the literary and intellectual character and the works of Lorenzo de' Medici, Poliziano, Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto, Bandello, Sannazarro, Machiavelli, and Pietro Aretino.

THE *History of the Pacific States of North America*,[1] by Mr. H. H. Bancroft, of San Francisco, is a monumental instance of what may be accomplished by patient, intelligent, and well-directed investigation and effort. As a collection of authentic materials bearing upon the discovery and settlement of the Pacific coast, derived from the records of old chroniclers, from contemporaneous publications, from original public and private documents, and from rare manuscripts, some of the last-named of which had escaped the eye of previous historians or had been imperfectly scanned by them, it is of inestimable value; nor can too high praise be awarded to it for its exhaustive and well-presented digest of the facts necessary for an accurate knowledge of the movements, achievements, successes, reverses, and rival interests and ambitions of the discoverers, for a thorough comprehension of their methods of administration and dealing with the conquered peoples, for an intelligent conception of the course, sequence, correlation, and historical significance of their discoveries, and for an adequate idea of the condition, numbers, and state of civilization of the people of the new-found countries and of their ancient remains and contemporaneous institutions. Mr. Bancroft and his collaborators have gleaned from the most authoritative sources and woven into a compact and readable historical narrative an immense mass of facts and information that throw light on all these particulars, with the result of new readings and renderings that reveal, but without any manifestation of captiousness, the numerous misconstructions and errors into which previous historians, including such distinguished names as Robertson, Irving, and Prescott, had occasionally fallen. The present volume is the first of a series in which Mr. Bancroft proposes to embody the history of the discovery and settlement of the entire territory covering Central America, Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona, California, and all the Anglo-American domains lying west of the Rocky Mountains as far north as Alaska and British Columbia; and his plan is to proceed generally from south to north in the order above indicated, which, for the most part, is likewise the chronological order of conquest and occupation, and to treat the beginnings and earliest developments of each division more exhaustively than later events. In this volume, devoted to Central America, the course of discovery and occupation is closely traced under the heads of the several districts composing the entire territory. Preparatory to the historical sketch of these countries and their peoples, Mr. Bancroft glances, in a thoughtful and incisive introduction, at the state of European society, particularly at the condition of Spanish civilization, at the period of the discovery of America. He then gives a valuable summary of maritime exploration from the fourth century to 1540, and a still more valuable epitome of the bibliography and cartography of the period. After which, beginning with an outline of the discoveries of Columbus, the steps of the subsequent discoverers and conquerors are closely followed, from 1500 to 1530, as one after another they find and occupy the country severally at Darien, Honduras, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Salvador, and along the entire coast of Central America; and all the materials essential to a thorough knowledge of their discoveries, hitherto scattered over numerous independent and not easily accessible memoirs, chronicles, reports, and histories, are condensed into a consecutive narrative in this single volume. At appropriate stages in the narrative chapters and parts of chapters of rare value are interjected, giving a comprehensive view of the administration of the In-

[1] *History of the Pacific States of North America.* By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. Vol. I. Central America: 1501–1530. 8vo, pp. 704. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft and Co.

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dies under the Spanish governors and viceroys, and describing with great particularity and vigor the factions and wars among the discoverers, the causes of the decline of Spanish settlement on the north coast, the various systems of colonization, labor, and servitude that were adopted and enforced, the oppression and extinction of the native races, the introduction of negro slavery, and the character, customs, and arts of the aboriginal inhabitants. It should not detract from the inestimable value of the materials that Mr. Bancroft has accumulated by his indefatigable industry, or from his merits as an intelligent collector and a scrupulously accurate reporter and interpreter of original authorities, or from his just deserts as a vigorous and original thinker, when we say that he lacks the power of generalization, the practical grace and finish, and the picturesqueness of recital and description that we have been accustomed to find in historians of the highest rank. His work is an ample storehouse of rich and varied and invaluable contents, which invite separate and approving scrutiny, rather than an imposing structure whose perfection and unity as a work of art excite admiration and delight. His philosophizings run in narrow grooves and are often superficial, sometimes trite, and sometimes, as Sterne would say, "hobby-horsical." Many of his reflections, observations, and judgments are strained and pragmatical, others have an air of mock-profundity, still others are so extravagantly cynical or so unnecessarily objurgatory as to savor of morbidness or affectation, and others again are needlessly or offensively iconoclastic and irreverent. His style, too, is often marred by defects that seriously detract from its general impressiveness and attractiveness, not the least among which are its occasional lapses into turgidity or ambiguity, its labored circumlocutions, abrupt transitions, and capricious digressions, its use of inapt or improper words, and its tendency to paroxysms of rather tumid declamation. But with these defects are united so many sterling qualities of matter and manner that his work will command the respect and enforce the undivided attention of every intelligent reader.

THE general title that Canon Farrar has given to his latest work, *The Early Days of Christianity*,[3] without being misleading, does not convey an exact idea of its scope and tenor. It is true that one of its five books, the first, covering seventy-five only of its nearly twelve hundred pages, is devoted to a survey of the world with which Christianity was brought in conflict in the first century, more especially during the reign of Nero, and to a description of the attitude of Rome and its dependencies and of society at large to the Christians, including a glance at the persecutions and martyrdoms of the early Christians and their proselytes; and it is further true that throughout the work large attention is given to the varieties and diversities of religious thought that prevailed among the Christians themselves, both as individuals and as churches, more particularly as represented by the schools of Jerusalem and Alexandria. But all this is illustrative merely, and incidental to the specific purpose of the book, which is, not to give a history of the early days of Christianity, but to furnish readers with a companion, partly historical and partly exegetical and expository, to a most important and interesting portion of the New Testament writings. In reality the work is one of a series in a larger work, in which Dr. Farrar, by directing attention to the minutest details of the originals of the New Testament canon, and by availing himself unreservedly of the results of modern criticism, undertakes to concentrate upon the writings of the apostles and evangelists whatever light may be derived from all sources, Jewish, pagan, and Christian. His *Life of Christ*, which was the first in this series, was mainly a commentary upon the Gospels, in which the author reproduced whatever he had been able to learn, from a close examination of every word which they contain, bearing upon the life and ministry and teachings of the Saviour, and in which at the same time he set forth the living reality of the scenes they recorded. In the *Life of Paul*, the second in the series, Dr. Farrar sought to incorporate the details of the Acts of the Apostles with such biographical incidents as could be derived from the Epistles of St. Paul, and combining narrative with exposition, to take the reader through the Epistles themselves in such a way as might enable him to judge of their separate purpose and their peculiarities with keener interest and a more intelligent insight, by putting it in his power to grasp the circumstances under which each of them was written. In the present volumes he attempts to set forth in like manner the distinctive characteristics of the work and writings of St. Peter, St. James, St. Jude, St. John, and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews—the authorship of which last, we may here pause to say, he attributes to Apollos. And in carrying out his design, after the few chapters of general preliminary to which we have adverted, and which are necessary in order to give the reader an intelligent comprehension of the moral condition of the world and the mutual attitude of it and Christianity in the first century, Dr. Farrar goes through the seven epistles known to theological scholars as the "Catholic Epistles," the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Revelation of St. John, almost verse by verse, discussing step by step their authenticity, their contrasts and analogies, the time and place of their composition, and their objects and theology, explaining

[3] *The Early Days of Christianity.* By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S., etc. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 567 and 617. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., and Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

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their special difficulties and developing their general characteristics, considering each book in connection with all that has been learned of its author, and of the circumstances under which it was written, and furnishing sometimes a close and literal translation of the original, sometimes a free paraphrase, sometimes a rapid abstract or a condensed epitome, and sometimes a running commentary. The work is enriched with opportune disquisitions on the historical, theological, patristic, philological, and linguistic problems that are essential to a full understanding of the books that are passed under review, and of the influences that affected their original compositions. Many of these disquisitions are very scholarly, and embody the results of careful and learned research; but as Dr. Farrar has the art, so rare among theological writers, of divesting his most learned dissertations of all appearance of abstruseness or technicality, and of presenting them in graceful and popular phraseology, his book will not be confined to the library of the ecclesiastical student, but may be read with ease and pleasure by all laymen of fair intelligence who are interested in the study of the apostolic writings, and desire to be enlightened concerning their authenticity, their authoritativeness, and their teachings in all that appertains to Christian doctrine and practice.

ALMOST simultaneously three valuable works on Western and Central Asia have issued from the press, each projected on a different line, and having a distinct and specific bearing, yet each contributing incidentally to the interest and illustration of the subjects treated upon in the others. From the point of view of the historical and antiquarian scholar, the most important, and certainly the most learned and able of these, is Canon Rawlinson's *History of the Seventh Great Oriental Monarchy*.[4] This work is a sequel to the same author's *History of the Parthians*, and signalizes the completion of the *Ancient History of the East*, of which he has given elaborate installments to the public at intervals during the last eighteen years. It carries down the history of Western Asia from the third century of our era to the middle of the seventh—from the epoch of the great Asiatic revolution led by Artaxerxes I., A.D. 226, which overthrew the dynasty of the Arsacids, the Parthian conquerors and masters of Persia, and established the new Persian Empire, in Persian hands, under that able potentate and founder of the Sassanian dynasty, until the defeat by the Arabs of the last of the Sassanides, Isdigerd III., A.D. 651, his death while a wretched wanderer in the remote province of Merv, and the transfer of the dominion over Persia to the Mohammedan Caliphs. Canon Rawlinson memorializes consecutively and with learned minuteness the events of the reigns of the Sassanian monarchs, some of whom revived in all its splendor the magnificence and power of the ancient Persian monarchy during these four and a quarter centuries. In his recital he includes interesting sketches of their wars for the extension of the Persian power among the other Asiatic peoples, of their conflicts with Rome for the supremacy in Western Asia, of their death-struggle with their Arabian conquerors, of the influence each of them exerted upon religion, civilization, and the condition generally of the people of Persia, and of the geography, ethnology, art, and antiquities of the new or Sassanian empire. Although the account given of this period and dynasty by Gibbon, in widely separated chapters of his great history, is generally accurate in its principal lines—indeed, remarkably so if the defective state of Oriental scholarship in his day be considered, it is marred by innumerable inaccuracies of detail of more or less importance, which Canon Rawlinson's familiarity with the revelations that have resulted from the researches of recent eminent specialists has enabled him to revise and correct. Moreover, as Gibbon relied almost exclusively upon writers who were either Romans or had pronounced Roman proclivities, many of his inferences and statements of fact are unduly colored by their prepossessions, and are shown to have been inaccurate, or at least questionable, by the evidence derived from Persian and Armenian writers who were contemporaneous, or nearly so, with the events described, and also by the evidence that has been brought to light by the modern study of coins and inscriptions. Of these Persian and Armenian writers, and also of the coins, inscriptions, and sculptured memorials of the period, Gibbon knew comparatively nothing; and the diligent researches of modern scholars in these branches of historical evidence have accumulated an immense mass of information, which puts a new interpretation upon many important occurrences, and gives a new color to the actions of individuals and the course of events, so far at least as relates to the collisions between the Roman and Persian empires. Combining the results of his own investigations of ancient Oriental writings, coins, inscriptions, and remains with the results that have been reached by other distinguished Orientalists, Canon Rawlinson has moulded the sum of these separate independent inquiries and of innumerable sketches, memoirs, and monographs into a continuous narrative, which may not be compared with the great work of Gibbon for the stateliness of its periods, or the picturesqueness of its descriptions, or the broad sweep of its generalizations, but which has the merit of equal dignity, greater impartiality, and fuller and more exact knowledge.—The other works referred to at the opening of this notice will be more

[4] *The Seventh Great Oriental Monarchy; or, the Geography, History, and Antiquities of the Sassanian or New Persian Empire.* Collected and Illustrated from Ancient and Modern Sources. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 338 and 352. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

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attractive to general readers than Canon Rawlinson's learned study, inasmuch as they relate to the Western and Central Asia of to-day, and give the views of intelligent and observant travellers, arrived at from dissociated standpoints, upon the imposing social, commercial, and political problems that are now being worked out on that historic stage. They will also be of interest to antiquarian and geographical scholars for the large body of information they contain, more especially as relates to the identification of existing villages or ruins with historic sites, and as enabling them to trace the remains of ancient manners, customs, and of social and religious institutions in the life and manners of the modern Oriental peoples, and to note the changes that have been wrought by time and the elements upon the face of the countries visited—notably upon their fluvial and littoral systems—during the lapse of thirteen centuries. The more important of these works is a narrative by Mr. Edmond O'Donovan,[5] a special correspondent of the London *Daily News*, of a tour of nearly three years—from February, 1879, to November, 1881—through the countries adjacent to and east of the Caspian, part of the time within the Russian lines, in company with a Russian military expedition, and afterward prosecuted in an independent capacity throughout the entire frontier and debatable lines of Persia and the encroaching Russian possessions. With indomitable pluck and perseverance, and at great personal hazards from the Russians, who became suspicious of his purposes and intentions as a British subject, and from the Tekke-Turcomans, whose predatory instincts and unscrupulous savagery made all travellers their prey, Mr. O'Donovan moved, as he could find opportunity, on both sides of the line dividing Russian Asia from Persia, over ground claimed by both, with the object constantly in view of penetrating the military and political designs of Russia; and in the course of his travels he picked up many items of information, which, like straws, show the way the wind blows, and have doubtless received the attention of the British government. Before he became an object of suspicion to the Russian authorities Mr. O'Donovan visited all their principal towns, military posts and depots, ports, and settlements on or in the immediate vicinity of the Caspian, and was vigilantly observant of their commercial, political, and military advantages and possibilities. As the fruit of his extended observations his volumes describe, with great vivacity and particularity, the commerce, business, resources, and military armament of this part of Russian Asia, its topography, its facilities for intercommunication both present and prospective, natural and artificial, and its indigenous populations; and they also present carefully digested accounts of the dominion of the Shah, comprehending interesting statements respecting its soil, tillage, and products; its cities, gardens, farms, and mountain and waste lands; the character, temper, pursuits, manners, customs, and social and religious institutions of its people, together with acute reflections upon the military resources and preparations of the Shah, his systems of administration and police, and the foreign and internal policy of his government. But the most novel and interesting, and indeed the special, feature of Mr. O'Donovan's work is his account of his residence for five months in the remote district of Merv, the remarkable oasis in the great desert of Kara Kum (or Black Sands) which forms the extreme northeasterly boundary of Persia, and toward the annexation of which, by persuasion or force, the policy of Russia is now directed. Mr. O'Donovan clearly forecasts that, owing to the inertia and indifference of the people of Persia, and the incapacity and short-sightedness of the Shah—who is constantly but unconsciously playing into the hand of his encroaching neighbor—the most valuable of the Persian possessions on the Caspian, and along the long line of the northern frontier of Persia from the Caspian to Merv, are destined to be swallowed up, imperceptibly but surely, by the advancing wave of Russian occupation. His sketches of the nomad and half-civilized tribes he encountered, and of the people, cities, and villages of Merv, are exceedingly graphic and rich in curious and interesting information.—The other work[6] to which we have adverted is more superficial than Mr. O'Donovan's book, but yet has some substantial merits. Its author, Mr. Edward Stack, is an intelligent Englishman in the Bengal civil service, who during six months of 1881 traversed the most important portions of Persia lying on or within a few hundred miles of the Persian Gulf, and also the section bordering the southern shores of the Caspian Sea. His object was commercial and industrial rather than political and military, and his shrewd observation as a business man enables him to put his readers in possession of valuable information respecting the agricultural condition and capabilities of Western and Southern Persia, its manufactures, minerals, and other products, and the course of its trade and commerce as they are being affected by the railway and telegraph enterprises that have been projected or completed. Mr. Stack gives some pleasant but brief and off-hand sketches of the people in every class and of every occupation whom he met in the different districts of Persia. On scientific and related subjects he is almost absolutely silent.

[5] *The Merv Oasis.* Travels and Adventures East of the Caspian Sea during the Years 1879-80-81. Including Five Months' Residence among the Tekkes of Merv. By EDMOND O'DONOVAN. With Portrait, Maps, and Fac-Similes of State Documents. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 502 and 500. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[6] *Six Months in Persia.* By EDWARD STACK. In Two Volumes, 12mo, pp. 294 and 319. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous striking points of difference that are visible on the surface of their several careers, there is at bottom a remarkable resemblance between the characters of our three distinguished naval commanders, Farragut, Foote, and Dahlgren. It is true that Dahlgren's life was not illuminated by such heroic deeds as made lustrous the lives of Farragut and Foote; and undoubted as was his courage and skill, it is possible that he would not have displayed the grand qualities in battle that have won for them a high place among the naval heroes of the world. But this is mere conjecture. Dahlgren missed the opportunity that favored them. Through all his life, as well before the war of the rebellion as when that great conflict afforded so many of his brother officers the coveted opportunity to display their genius for naval warfare, he was chained, in the first instance by the bent of his genius and the nature and direction of his studies and investigations, and subsequently by the demands and exigencies of the government, to a branch of the profession where his services, though less shining and picturesque than theirs, were quite as valuable to the country and the world. It is certain that if there had been no civil war, neither Farragut nor Foote would have had an arena on which to display their abilities, or an opportunity for the achievements which have covered them with renown; and it is no less certain that in the same event Dahlgren's reputation would have been the same that it is to-day, since it did not depend upon the accident of war, but was the meed awarded to his genius for the discovery and practical application of principles of ordnance construction and armament arrangement which have revolutionized the system of naval warfare. But whether, from defects of temperament or lack of other essential qualities, Dahlgren would have been incapable of the achievements of Farragut and Foote, or the reverse, there was nevertheless, as has been intimated, a remarkable similarity between these great men in the native grain and fibre of their characters. Each was simple, sincere, pure, and clean-handed; each was tenderly affectionate in his family, and unalterably stanch in his friendships; each displayed a singular earnestness and sobriety of disposition, and a remarkable seriousness of purpose; each was dominated by a stern but chivalric sense of duty, and each was endowed with a calm and even judgment, combined with great tenacity and steadfastness of will; each was patient yet firm, resolute yet gentle; each was not only an unquestioning and unswerving patriot, but in all patriotism was an absorbing passion; and, as the sum of all these virtues, each was a humble and sincere Christian. This parallel has been suggested by the perusal of Mrs. Dahlgren's *Memoir of Admiral Dahlgren*,[7] and fairly reflects the impressions the work will leave on the mind of the reader as to the character and services of that estimable officer. Mrs. Dahlgren has judiciously arranged the materials for the life of her husband under three distinctive divisions: the first being a well-written sketch of his earlier life, from his entrance into the navy in 1826 until the close of 1845—a period which was conterminous with the existence of the old navy, many of whose characteristic features it agreeably chronicles and illustrates; the second being a record of his ordnance career, in which an elaborately detailed account is given of the important discoveries and improvements in ordnance construction and naval armament with which his name is indelibly associated; and the third being a full recital of his services in connection with the war of the rebellion, severally as commandant of the Washington Navy-yard, as chief of the Ordnance Bureau, and as commander of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron in charge of active operations off Charleston. The larger portion of the two last-named divisions of the *Memoir* is made up of extracts from Admiral Dahlgren's diary, journals, and other manuscripts, in which he recounts in his own nervous and concise way all the steps in his ordnance and armament investigations and discoveries, together with the hinderances and successes that attended them, and divulges his experiences in connection with personal and historical incidents of grave interest pertaining to the inception and conduct of the civil war. The memoir is unduly expanded, and its dignity and elegance are somewhat marred at times by the too free use of interjectional sentences and epithets, framed in careless colloquial style, and merely giving vent to the momentary feeling of the biographer; but in the main it is a worthy memorial of the noble character whose last words, "The officer should wear his uniform, as the judge his ermine, without stain," embody the spirit that animated Dahlgren's spotless career.

[7] *Memoir of John A. Dahlgren, Rear-Admiral United States Navy.* By his Widow, MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN. With Portraits and Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 660. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

SINCE the days of Homer the story of Helen has been the favorite theme of poets, and doubtless it will continue to be "a song in all men's speech, a tongue of flame between the burning lips of Poesy," as long as poets come and go and beauty rules the world. For although poets may not venture to improve upon the Homeric legend, and, indeed, commonly adhere closely to its main outlines, its minor parts are susceptible of such an infinite number of changes and variations as to offer a perpetual invitation to the taste and ingenuity of the artist, and a constant incitement to his fancy and imagination. A superficial glance only at Mr. Lang's fine poem, *Helen of Troy*,[8] will re-

[8] *Helen of Troy.* By A. LANG. 16mo, pp. 173. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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veal that he has not been insensible to these influences, and in his treatment of the story of that most beautiful and fateful of women he approves himself not only an ingenious adapter, but a true poet. In his version he follows the principal lines of the Homeric story with substantial fidelity, but deviates from it in an essential particular. Homer, it will be remembered, describes "white-armed Helen" as deliberately false to her husband, having been corrupted by Paris while he was an honored guest of Menelaus, and as conscious and not ashamed of her shame. And her conjugal infidelity and unchastity have been accepted by the poets generally, with the exception of Euripides, according to whom Hera, to punish Paris for adjudging the prize of beauty to Aphrodite, caused Hermes to give Paris a phantom instead of Helen, and to carry away the true Helen into Egypt, where, after the destruction of Troy, the phantom bears witness to the innocence of Helen, and she is restored to her husband pure and spotless. The device of Euripides, notwithstanding its finer morality, robs the story of one of its most powerfully dramatic elements; for it is impossible to arouse any strong sympathy for an unreality. To remove the stain of impurity from Helen without impairing the element of human sympathy, Mr. Lang adopts a medium course, evidently suggested by the device of Euripides, and elaborates it with very genuine art. By his version Paris comes a stranger guest to the house of Menelaus, and is entertained by him with royal hospitality. At a banquet in his honor, and at the request of Helen, who is in doubt whether he is a mortal or a god, Paris tells the story of his life. He recounts with charming grace the direful portents at his birth, his exposure by command of the Dodonian oracle to perish on Mount Ida, his nursing by a she-bear, his discovery and adoption by a forester, his growth to early manhood as a shepherd, his exploits against robbers and wild beasts, his recognition by Priam as his son and his investiture with royal robes and state, and his selection as the most beautiful of men to adjudge the prize of beauty in the contest between Hera, Aphrodite, and Athene. In his recital Paris artfully omits any allusion to his amour with the wood-nymph Œnone, and his tale makes no deeper impression on Helen than that of natural womanly sympathy, save for a dread presentiment of evil, of which she becomes conscious, at the name of Aphrodite, when Paris declares the object of his quest to be that "fairest woman in the world" the goddess promised him as the guerdon for his award to her of the prize of beauty. All that night Helen was perturbed and wistful. "Like one who fears the step of murder, she lies quivering, and strains her eyes to mark some dreadful thing;" all night she wept, as if she "were not the daughter of a king, and no strong king, her lord, beside her slept"; when suddenly the thing she feared was close upon her. Aphrodite, "the mistress of all woe," stood there and disclosed her will. Nothing could move the cold heart of the golden goddess. Prayer, reproaches, conjugal love, parental tenderness, defenseless purity, were alike unavailing. Helen hears her doom. She is to fly from her husband, to dishonor his home, to abandon her child, and to become the paramour of Paris. But with a touch of mercy to qualify her ruthlessness, Aphrodite casts the spell of forgetfulness upon her victim. She makes Helen blind and heedless of the "thing that is to come, and ignorant of that which is behind." And so, bearing an innocent, forgetful mind, Helen's child, her lord, her home, her kin, are blotted as absolutely from her memory as if they had never been, and she puts her hand within the stranger's, "nor deems it any sin," nor is conscious of aught but the innocence and bliss of first and lawful love. The spell of forgetfulness cast on Helen by Aphrodite lasts for the "twenty long years" of the siege of Troy, at the end of which, and after the death of Paris, Aphrodite again appears to her, removes the old spell, casts a new one upon her which makes her oblivious of her twenty years of shame, veils her in a golden cloud, and transports her sleeping to the bed of Menelaus, where, on his return from the sack of Troy, the hero finds her,

"Flush'd like a child in sleep, and rosy red,
And at his footstep did she wake and smile,
And spake: 'My lord, how hath thy hunting sped?
Methinks that I have slept a weary while.'"

But Menelaus, at sight of Helen, is maddened by the remembrance of his wrongs, and bids his soldiers stone her to death. Helen's beauty, however, makes their anger vain,

"And one by one his gather'd flints lets fall,
And like men shamed they stole across the plain."

Therewith he drew his sword, intent to slay her, when Aphrodite once more appeared, and wrought a spell on him such as she had wrought on Helen, so that within his heart there lived no memory of her sin:

"Then Aphrodite vanish'd as the day
Passes and leaves the darkling earth behind;
And overhead the April sky was gray,
But Helen's arms about her lord were twined,
And his round hers as clingingly and kind,
As when sweet vines and ivy in the spring
Join their glad leaves, nor tempest may unbind
The woven boughs, so lovingly they cling."

Several episodes of the poem are of great beauty—notably the descriptions of the meeting of Helen and Paris in the garden of Menelaus when she was freshly under the spell of the forgetfulness wrought by Aphrodite, of the loves of Paris and Œnone, and of the death of their son Corythus; and, indeed, each of its cantos is richly studded with lines and passages of rare grace and pathos. But as a whole the effect of the poem is cold, and it fails to touch the heart as it is touched by the strains of Homer's lyre. Helen is made less

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sinful, but in the proportion that she becomes an irresponsible agent her character is divested of the qualities that make it dramatic; and the spirit of beauty, of which she is the impersonation, loses the ideal property which enables it to triumph over all the accidents of time and morals and circumstances, and is despoiled of its transcendent power to dispose man, ever and throughout all time, "to accuse the gods rather than beauty."

THE second volume of the dainty "Parchment Edition"[9] of Shakspeare's works, without note, comment, introduction, or illustration, has been published by the Messrs. Appleton, and comprises the full text of *The Comedy of Errors*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. — *The History of Pericles, Prince of Tyre*,[10] forms the thirty-sixth volume of Mr. Rolfe's excellent family and school edition of the plays of Shakspeare, in course of publication by the Messrs. Harper. A highly interesting feature of this edition of *Pericles* is the reproduction, in the introduction, of the elaborate discussion of the authorship of the play, which has resulted in the general conclusion by the best Shakspearean scholars that the first two acts, together with the brothel scenes in the fourth act, were written by some other author than Shakspeare. In support of the generally accepted hypothesis that the play was an unfinished work of Shakspeare's, filled out by some other writer or writers, and that the first two acts were not written by him, Mr. Rolfe has introduced among the critical comments the greater part of a convincing paper read by Mr. Fleay before the New Shakspeare Society in 1874, and since incorporated by him in his valuable *Shakspeare Manual*, together with Mr. Tennyson's confirmatory opinion of the views of that able critic as related by Mr. Furnivall. He has also introduced in the notes large extracts from Gower's *Confessio Amantis* to illustrate the use that was made of that poem by the continuators of Shakspeare's unfinished work. These extracts are valuable, not only for the light which they shed on the authorship and sources of the play, but also because of the great rarity in this country of Gower's poem.

ALTHOUGH *Doctor Grimshawe's*[11] *Secret* is unfinished, and in many of its parts rough and unhewn, there is indubitable evidence of its true parentage on nearly every one of its pages. The hand and the voice are unquestionably the hand and voice of Hawthorne. Its atmosphere is such as he alone has painted. No other artist has blended as subtly as they are here blended the real and the unreal, the imaginary and the concrete, the weird and the natural, the mystical and the matter-of-fact, the ugly, the uncanny, and the beautiful; and despite the exaggerations with which the central figure of Doctor Grimshawe is overlaid, and the crude mechanism of some of its investments, it is impossible not to recognize Hawthorne's unique creative power in the conception and portraiture of the character, the moods, and the physical and moral attributes of that remarkable personality. There can be no doubt in whose brain was spun the web of hidden meaning, dark parable, and ambiguous analogy that are figured in the visible pursuits and strange environments of his strong individuality. And as little can we mistake the poetic imagination that evolved the quaint, the delicate, and the rainbow-hued scenes with which the volume is studded, or the lively fancy that produced its exquisite pictures of child life, of eerie nooks, neglected corners, and sylvan and rural haunts, or the genial spirit to which we are indebted for its numerous episodes in which unexpected humor and mirthfulness lie half concealed under an air of gravity, and deep thoughts and wise are hidden beneath a garniture of jest and mockery. These are some of the internal evidences of Hawthorne's workmanship which a study of its style, construction, vocabulary, and psychological characteristics reveals as indisputably present in this posthumous work. And to these may be added a magnetic quality in its story which is peculiar to Hawthorne's romances. For although the story is obviously incomplete, its continuity often broken by sudden dislocations or interrupted by abrupt transitions, its characters (always excepting that of Doctor Grimshawe) imperfectly sketched or only half painted, and the intimations of its plot not always fulfilled by its shadowy evolution, the reader is not merely interested in it, but is placed by it under the spell of an irresistible fascination, so that he can not escape from its charmed circle if he would, and would not if he could. And yet, notwithstanding its bursts and flashes of power, its enthralling fascination, and its sporadic revelations of beauty, the book will not be a favorite with those who read fiction for the pastime and enjoyment it affords. Its chief interest and value lie in the opportunity it gives for the close study of the literary processes and methods and mental operations of a great artist when in the throes of composition, and while he is engaged in devising, planning, and executing one of his masterpieces—in fashioning and moulding character, in shaping and controlling incidents and events, and in giving form and color to his ideal conceptions of life and nature.

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[9] *Shakspeare's Works*. Vol. II. 18mo, pp. 811. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[10] *Shakspeare's History of Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. Sq. 16mo, pp. 164. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret*. A Romance by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Edited, with a Preface and Notes, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE. 12mo, pp. 368. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

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THE best novels of the month are: *Val Strange*,[12] by David Christie Murray; *Kit: a Memory*,[13] by James Payn; *The Golden Shaft*,[14] by Charles Gibbon; and *Quits at Last*,[15] by R. E. Francillon—four clever tales by well-known English novelists who are professional story-tellers, and thoroughly understand the art of weaving the threads of real life and incident into a web of engaging romance. Although neither of these novels is of the first order of excellence considered purely as a work of literary art, the narrative of each is so artistically wrought as to display the alternations of light and shade, the play of circumstance and situation, and the fluctuations of passion and emotion that affect character and incident, with interesting effects; and, most important of all, for reading which enters so largely into the mental and moral pabulum of the young and susceptible, they are unexceptionably pure in their tone and graceful and refined in their style. The most readable, and in the order they are named the most meritorious, of the other novels that have accumulated on the editor's table are: *Heart of Steel*,[16] by Christian Reid; *Ruth Eliot's Dream*,[17] by Mary Lakeman; *Phyllis Browne*,[18] by Flora L. Shaw; *Janet, a Poor Heiress*,[19] by Sophie May; and *The House of a Merchant Prince*,[20] by William H. Bishop.

Two interesting periods of later mediæval history are illustrated with spirit and fidelity in some of their most attractive and characteristic features by *Page, Squire, and Knight*[21] and *Red and White*,[22] two tales addressed to the taste of those youthful readers who have put away childish things and have begun to take an interest in historical realities. The first-named of these pleasant volumes is a free adaptation, from the French, of Madame Colomb's fine historical romance, *Franchise*. Its scene is laid in Aquitaine, in Southern France, in the later years of Henry II. of England, during the last quarter of the twelfth century. Under the guise of a story of the career of a brave and loyal youth, glowing sketches are given of the rebellion of Henry's sons and of the war that was waged by them in the province of Aquitaine, with the connivance and aid of Lewis of France, against the authority of their father; and incorporated in these sketches are faithful and animated descriptions of many interesting aspects of the times at the juncture when feudalism and chivalry began to fade away in the strong light of modern civilization and its institutions. The tale depicts both the poetical and the prosaic sides of feudalism and chivalry—their loyalty and devotion, their generous courage and fine humanity, their pageantry and romance, and their dark lines of cruelty and oppression; but its interest is principally concentrated upon the progress of its youthful hero through all the stages of training from varlet to page, from page to squire, and from squire to knight. His experiences comprise a succession of stirring adventures so arranged as to give a spirited picture of the manners and customs of the age—in castle and camp, in the family of the noble and the cottage of the retainer, at the banquet, the joust, the tournament, the ambuscade, the siege, and the battle—and to present a comprehensive view of all the relations of feudal life and the usages of chivalry. The period illustrated by *Red and White* is three centuries later than that portrayed in *Page, Squire, and Knight*. Its scene is laid in England in the reign of Edward IV., amid the perilous times of the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, historically known as the wars of the Roses. In the course of the story Miss Holt outlines, with the chaste simplicity of style and the fidelity to fact that have characterized all her historical romances, the origin and causes of the wars of the Roses, and describes some of their most important actors and incidents with picturesque power. The specific aim of the story, however, is to depict the life and training of the young daughters of the gentry and nobility, in their homes and during their informal, but none the less real, apprenticeship in the families of the greater nobles, whither they were sent to learn the duties and accomplishments of their order. As is the case in all the romances of this author, the narrative is embellished with graphic descriptions of incidents connected with the rise of the spirit of free religious thought in the minds alike of the noble and the lowly who figure in the story, in consequence of their having become familiar with the early translations of the Bible into the vernacular through the efforts of the Lollards and the disciples of Wycliffe.

AMONG recent publications for the young are the following, whose intrinsic merits, as entertaining and instructive narratives of real or imaginary life and incident, are so pronounced as to be worthy the attention of those who are

[12] *Val Strange*. A Story of the Primrose Way. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 75. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *Kit: a Memory*. A Novel. By JAMES PAYN. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 86. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *The Golden Shaft*. A Novel. By CHARLES GIBBON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 65. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *Quits at Last*. An Account in Seven Items. By R. E. FRANCILLON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 39. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Heart of Steel*. A Novel. By CHRISTIAN REID. 16mo, pp. 543. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[17] *Ruth Eliot's Dream*. A Story for Girls. By MARY LAKEMAN. 16mo, pp. 270. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[18] *Phyllis Browne*. By FLORA L. SHAW. 16mo, pp. 365. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[19] *Janet, a Poor Heiress*. By SOPHIE MAY. 16mo, pp. 349. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[20] *The House of a Merchant Prince*. A Novel of New York. By WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP. 16mo, pp. 420. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[21] *Page, Squire, and Knight*. A Romance of the Days of Chivalry. Edited by W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. 12mo, pp. 326. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[22] *Red and White*. A Tale of the Wars of the Roses. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. 16mo, pp. 366. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

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solicitous to find good reading to place in the hands of the rising generation: *Hester Stanley at St. Marks*,[23] a charming story of school-girl life, by Mrs. Spofford; *Three Vassar Girls Abroad*,[24] a sparkling account of the rambles of three Vassar College girls while on a vacation tour for amusement and instruction through France and Spain, by Lizzie W. Champney; *Twilight Talks*,[25] a series of familiar talks between a mother and her children on the physical laws which govern the forms and motions of things in the world around us, by Agnes Giberne; *The Story of a Shell*,[26] a delightful exposition of the natural history of some of the curious or wonderful inhabitants of the sea, by J. R. Macduff, D.D.; *Rex and Regina*,[27] a healthy domestic tale of English boy and girl life, by Emma Marshall; *Heroic Adventure*,[28] a collection of well-written sketches of modern explorations by land and sea, digested from the narratives of Schweinfurth, Prejavalsky, Markham, Vambéry, Serpa Pinto, and Nordenskjöld; *Winning His Way*,[29] or the adventures by land and sea, in war and peace, of an enterprising New England lad, by Charles C. Coffin; *Paul and Persis*,[30] a spirited chronicle of incidents of the Revolutionary war in the valley of the Mohawk, in which the hostile Indians figure largely, by Mrs. Mary E. Brush; *Stories of Discovery*,[31] as told by the discoverers themselves, compiled by the Rev. E. E. Hale; *The Queens of England*,[32] abridged from Miss Strickland's history, and adapted to the understanding of the young, by Rosalie Kaufman; and *The Young Moose-Hunters*,[33] a backwoods boy's story of life in the forests of Maine, by C. A. Stephens.

[23] *Hester Stanley at St. Marks.* By Harriet Prescott Spofford. With Illustrations. Square 8vo, pp. 194. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[24] *Three Vassar Girls Abroad, with Their Haps and Mishaps.* By Lizzie W. Champney. Illustrated. 4to, pp. 236. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[25] *Twilight Talks; or, Easy Lessons on Things Around Us.* By Agnes Giberne. 18mo, pp. 200. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[26] *The Story of a Shell.* A Romance of the Sea, With Some Sea Teachings. A Book for Boys and Girls. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 265. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[27] *Rex and Regina; or, The Song of the River.* By Emma Marshall. 12mo, pp. 344. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[28] *Heroic Adventure.* Chapters on Recent Exploration and Discovery, with Portraits and Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 258. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[29] *Winning His Way.* By Charles Carleton Coffin. Illustrated. 4to, pp. 208. Boston: Estes, Lauriat and Co.

[30] *Paul and Persis; or, The Revolutionary Struggle in the Mohawk Valley.* By Mary E. Brush. 16mo, pp. 228. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[31] *Stories of Discovery told by Discoverers.* By Edward E. Hale. 16mo, pp. 287. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[32] *The Queens of England.* By Rosalie Kaufman. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 443. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[33] *The Young Moose-Hunters.* By C. A. Stephens. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 288. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22th of January.—The following appropriation bills were passed in Congress: Indian, $5,376,256, Senate, December 19; Post-office, $44,218,520, House, December 20; Post-office, $44,489,520, Senate, January 20; Consular and Diplomatic, $1,321,755, Senate, December 20; Baron De Kalb Monument, Annapolis, Maryland, $10,000, Senate, December 29; Army, $24,681,500, House, January 4; West Point, $305,657, Senate, January 4; Pensions, $86,575,000, and Fortifications, $325,000, House, January 13.

The Pendleton Civil Service Bill, amended, passed the Senate December 27, by a vote of 39 to 5, and the House January 4, by 155 to 47. President Arthur signed the bill January 16. —A bill forbidding assessments of office-holders for political purposes passed the Senate December 28.—The Bonded Whiskey Bill passed the Senate January 4.—The bill to restore General Fitz-John Porter to his rank in the army, without back pay, passed the Senate January 11, by a vote of 33 to 27.—The House, January 12, passed the Shipping Bill, after striking out the drawback, free-ship, and free-materials provisions.

The Presidential Succession Bill passed the Senate January 9, by a vote of 40 to 13. It provides that in case of removal, death, resignation, or inability of the President and Vice-President the succession to the powers and duties of the office shall run through the cabinet, in the following order: the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Interior, until other provision can be made for filling the vacancy.

Elections for United States Senators occurred in a number of States. In Illinois, Governor Cullom was chosen to succeed David Davis. The following Senators were reelected: William P. Frye, Maine; Eli Saulsbury, Delaware; M. W. Ransom, North Carolina; Isham G. Harris, Tennessee; A. H. Garland, Arkansas; George F. Hoar, Massachusetts.

The French National Assembly passed a vote of credit of 25,000,000 francs for the Tunisian army of occupation.

Prince Napoleon ("Plon-Plon") was arrested in Paris, January 16, for issuing a manifesto criticising the government.

Forty-five Socialists were convicted at Prague, and sentenced to imprisonment for various terms.

The Spanish ministry, being unable to agree about the budget, resigned January 7. A new cabinet was formed, as follows: Señor Sagasta, Premier; General Martinez Campos, Minister

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of War; Señor Guzon, Minister of the Interior; Señor Armijo, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Señor Giron, Minister of Justice; Señor Cuesto, Minister of Finance; Admiral Arias, Minister of Marine; Señor Arce, Minister of the Colonies; and Señor Gamazo, Minister of Public Works.

DISASTERS.

December 18.—Fifteen women killed by explosion in a cartridge factory at Mont Valerien, France.

December 19.—Three vessels wrecked on northeast coast of Scotland. Crews all drowned.

December 20.—Twenty persons killed by the falling of a cage in the Hardenburg Mine, Prussia.

December 28.—Thirty-six persons killed by a falling chimney at Bradford, England.—Steamer *New England* wrecked in Clarence River, New South Wales. Passengers and crew drowned.

January 2.—Eighteen convicts drowned by the upsetting of a boat on the Tuckasegee River, North Carolina.—Steamer *City of Brussels* run into and sunk off Liverpool. Ten persons, including two passengers, drowned.

January 8.—Ten men killed by an explosion in a coal mine near Coultersville, Illinois.

January 10.—Newhall House, Milwaukee, destroyed by fire. More than a hundred lives lost.

January 13.—Two hundred and sixty-eight persons burned to death in a circus building at Berdichev, Russian Poland.

January 17.—Eight persons killed by an explosion on the steamer *Josephine* in Port Susan Bay, Wyoming Territory.

January 19.—Steam-ship *Cimbria*, of the Hamburg-American Line, sunk by collision in the North Sea. Nearly 400 persons supposed to be lost.—Twenty-one passengers killed by the wrecking of a railroad train near Tehichipa, California.—Twelve men killed by the explosion of a gunpowder manufactory in Muiden, near Amsterdam.

The floods on the Rhine and Danube destroyed much property. The town of Raab, in Hungary, had to be abandoned, and many persons were drowned in the effort to escape.

OBITUARY.

December 18.—In Boston, Henry James, Sen., in his seventy-second year.

December 22.—At Baga, Señor Zaldua, President of the United States of Colombia.

January 1.—Near Paris, France, M. Gambetta, aged forty-four years.

January 4.—At Chalons, France, General Antoine Eugène Alfred Chanzy, in his sixtieth year.

January 10.—At Augusta, Maine, Hon. Lot M. Morrill, ex-United States Senator, aged seventy years.

January 12.—In Washington, D. C., Clark Mills, sculptor, aged sixty-seven years.

January 21.—In Berlin, Prince Frederick Charles Alexander, brother of the Emperor of Germany, in his eighty-second year.

Editor's Drawer.

A NEAT and novel classical *mot* has been attributed to a well-known operator on Wall Street, though at an earlier era it was ascribed to James Fisk. It was during a flurry in the stock market, when a sharp decline brought out a number of timid speculators anxious to sell, though experienced operators knew that the agitation was artificial and temporary. "Th-those," said the cynical observer, "th-those are th-the geese s-s-saving their c-c-capital."

THE following is sent to us, copied from an old Nashville paper:

Mr. W. S. Williams, of Illinois, announces that his wife, Ann Eliza, having left his bed and board without cause, he will not be responsible for any debts she may contract.

> Ann Eliza, Ann Eliza,
> Once I loved, but now despise her,
> And as I no longer prize her
> I will go and advertise her,
> For although I'm not a miser
> I won't pay for what she buys her.

READER, didst ever deliver a lecture at a country "lyceum"? If so, read the following. It is good. "We have been there."

Mrs. Brown having a lecture upon the Parthenon, was invited to deliver it before the lyceum of Walnutville. Knowing of Walnutville only that it was fifteen miles from a railroad, Mrs. Brown suggested a more popular subject. No; Walnutville wanted the Parthenon. At the station named in the letter of direction, Mrs. Brown saw a stage, and soon its driver said:

"Be you the lecturer for Walnutville?"

"Yes."

"Wa'al, git right in, and you hain't no need to pay no fare neither, for I'm the committee that wrote you."

Mrs. Brown was the only passenger, and the driver cheered the long and lonely way by telling her, "Folks was thinkin' a sight about seein' on her, lots on 'em rememberin' her grandsir." They were only four hours on the road, and when the time for the lecture came, Mrs. Brown was escorted to the hall by the same gentleman. On the way he exhorted her to speak up, and not be like "them Methodist wimmen, who mumbled so folks did not know when to say 'Hallelujah.'"

The hall, an unpainted building, consisted of a great room with an enormous outside door

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opening directly into it. There were seats against the wall upon two sides, which the stage-driver explained as being the place where "the old men sot town-meetin' day." The people who were in their seats turned round and gazed at Mrs. Brown while she took off her wraps and put on her gloves. Telling her escort she was ready, he said he "warn't a-goin' upon that roostrum to make a fool of himself; the minister had got to do that."

While waiting for the minister, and enduring the staring of the audience, Mrs. Brown diverted her mind by wondering why a row of men were seated at the back of the platform. Finally curiosity conquered.

"What are those men up there for?"

"Them? Why, they're the Walnutville Brass Band, and they're goin' to play. Don't they have no bands where you come from?"

Fortunately Mr. Snow, the minister, appeared then, and Mrs. Brown trailed meekly up the aisle after him. Obedient to his gesture, she sat down, and he said, "We will unite in prayer."

That exercise disposed of, Mr. Snow proceeded: "The Walnutville Brass Band will favor us with 'Columbia, the gem of the ocean.'"

The performance was stunning, deafening; but before breath or hearing could be regained, the agile clergyman was again on his feet:

"The chorister of the Baptist church will now delight the audience with a song: 'There's a good time coming, boys; wait a little longer.'"

The chorister walked slowly to the steps of the platform, and waited, looking severely at Mr. Snow.

"I forgot to say," shouted that much-afflicted man, "that he will be accompanied by his daughter on a Mason and Hamlin instrument."

Then father and daughter mounted the stage, the organ was wheeled into its place, and the performers had a good time, if nobody else did.

The audience were indifferent to an alarming degree, looking to Mrs. Brown like scores of duplicates of the goddess Pasht who sits and glares at people in the British Museum.

Again Mr. Snow: "Mrs. Brown will now read us a piece on the Parthenon."

Mrs. Brown stepped to the front, and amid stillness so profound that she could hear the breathing of persons near her, read her piece. It took an hour, and during all that time the death-like quiet was broken but once; and then a boy who had climbed up on the outside, and peeped in at a window, informed his companions in a hoarse whisper that "she warn't no great to look at, anyhow." Not a hand stirred nor even an eyelid moved when the Parthenon was ended; but Mr. Snow allowed no time for embarrassment, for he was at once on his feet:

"The chorister of the Methodist church will sing 'Rocked in the cradle of the deep.' He will accompany himself."

The same masterly indifference while the Methodist chorister rocked himself violently backward and forward, and while he was wiping his heated brow after he had returned to his seat. But indefatigable Mr. Snow knew no weariness:

"The band will again delight us with 'Marching through Georgia.'"

"Hark, from the tombs," would have suited the temper of the audience equally as well—to all appearance, better. Finally, the minister concluded:

"These exercises will close with a benediction."

He had hardly spoken its last words when the stage-driver shouted:

"Here, marm, is the money we've took. You can take your pay out on't."

Mrs. Brown, not accustomed to approving herself, declares she rose to that occasion, for she turned all the money into her pocket-handkerchief, and told him she would settle on her way to the train. One or two people walked solemnly up to her, limply shook her hand, and said, plaintively, "We have enjoyed your lecture"; but with these exceptions the awful silence was not disturbed. To this day Mrs. Brown is in doubt if they think the Parthenon an improved sewing-machine or a new kind of hay-spreader.

AMONG the hills of Northern Connecticut are many quaint characters, solemn in mien, sturdy and honest in their dealings, but with a vein of underlying humor that crops out daily in their conversation. Among them was one J—— S——, or Uncle Jesse, as he was familiarly called. Early in life he studied hard to fit himself for the ministry, and when he thought himself perfected, he called on old Father P——, a noted Baptist minister of that day in S——, and told him he *must either preach the Gospel or die*, and stated his wish to be examined. After a rigid examination Father P—— leaned his head upon his hands and remained silent for a few minutes; then suddenly looking up, he said, "Mr. S——, *I'm really afraid you'll have to die.*"

KING ALFRED.

A COMIC OPERA. IN ONE ACT AND TWO SCENES.

SCENE I.

A kitchen in Farmer Grubb's *house. Fire on the hearth.* Dame Grubb *and* Arabella *preparing the supper. Table spread at one side.* Arabella *sings. Air, "All hail the King," from "Sleeping Princess."*

Haste, mother, haste; the hours go by,
And father soon will come;
We'll welcome him with savory meal
And kettle's cheerful hum.
Chorus. Then mix and bake
The johnny-cake,
And beat the omelet light.
The surest plan
To please a man
Is through his appetite.

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Both. Our little cot, our lowly lot,
Our scant and simple fare,
Are all we need, if love indeed
Shall shed its radiance there.
Chorus. Then mix and bake, etc.

From morn till night, in labors light,
We pass the busy days;
We bake and brew, we milk the cow,
And keep the fire ablaze.
Chorus. Then mix and bake, etc.



"HARK, MOTHER, HARK! A FOOTFALL NEAR."

Recitative.

Ara. Hark, mother, hark! a footfall near.
Dame. Nay, nay; 'tis but the wind you hear.
Ara. A stranger comes—he's at the door.
Dame. Well, bid him welcome all the more.
Ara. And if perchance he asks to stay?
Dame. Why, keep him till the dawn of day.

Enter Alfred, *wrapped in a large cloak, and wearing a slouch hat. He bows low.*

Dame. Welcome, poor pilgrim, welcome.
Ara. Welcome, fair youth.
King. Thanks, good dame and sweet maiden—thanks for your kindness. May I rest, then, by your fireside, and share your coming repast? I am weary, cold, and hungry.
Dame. Indeed you may. Sit you down.
Ara. There is always enough for the stranger. Here is a seat for you (*dusting a chair as she speaks*), and a shelter from the cold blasts of winter.
King. How good you are! Some day I may be able to repay your kindness. At present I am a homeless wanderer (*sighing deeply*).
Dame. Dear, dear! what a pity!
Ara. How sad! Can we not comfort you, poor man?
King. No; it is in vain. My sorrows are beyond thy power to remedy. Yet look not so sad, fair damsel, or, by my haliberd! I shall be tempted to call myself a fool.
Ara. Never! perish the thought!
King. You were singing as I entered. Will you not sing again, to cheer me?
Ara. I dare not, oh, I dare not sing *now*. But you shall sing for me, and please me.
King. To hear you is to obey you. [*Sings.*

Solo. Air, "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

I love, oh, I love to roam,
Forgetting my kingly state,
Afar from the palace home
Where my serfs and vassals wait.
Chorus. Where they wait—where they wait—where my serfs and vassals wait.

Alone, in this humble guise,
I have sought on land and sea
For a maid whose star-lit eyes
Should brighten with love for me.
Chorus. Should brighten—should brighten—should brighten with love for me.

Already from heart to heart
Fate weaveth her mystical chain;
Mine is the passion and smart,
Yours is the happy refrain.
Chorus. The happy—the happy—yours is the happy refrain.

Dame. Thanks for your song. Now I must to my churning.
Remember, child, the cakes will soon need turning.
[*Exit Dame.*

The King *takes the toasting-fork from the table and approaches the fire.*

King. Nay, let me take your place. Thus shall I earn
My supper, watching that the cakes don't burn.
Ara. 'Tis well. Your kindly aid I will not spurn.
So share my task until my sire's return.
They join hands and sing.

Duet. Air, "Then you'll remember me."

Ah! when the tea-pot's fragrant brew
By careful hand is poured;
When tender cakes of golden hue
Adorn the lowly board;
When appetite no more invites,
And thought is floating free—
By all these past and gone delights
Then you'll remember me.
Then you'll remember, you'll remember, etc.

And when the evening lamp is lit,
The fire anew doth blaze,
And we about the hearth-stone sit
To idly dream and gaze—
When not a fear or care can break
Your happy reverie,
I know that if you dream or wake
You'll still remember me.
You'll still remember, still remember, etc.

They both turn their backs to the fire. He sighs deeply. She sighs too. Several times.

Recitative.

King. Fair maid, you pity me, I know.
Ara. I do, and fain would share your woe.
King. I bear a secret in my breast.
Ara. Well, *two* can keep a secret best.
King. How sweet your artless sympathy!
Ara. Your confidante you'll let me be?
King. First let me ask, on bended knee,
Your hand. Pray, will you marry me?
[*He kneels.*
Ara. You've put me in such a flutter (*agitated*)
That now my thoughts I can not utter.
King. One word, my love—one little "yes"—
Is quite enough with joy to bless.

During this last speech Dame Grubb *and the* Farmer *enter from opposite sides. A loud chord is struck. The lovers start.* Farmer *begins to sniff violently.*

Farmer (*sternly*). What does this mean, wife? My supper's burning, a stranger making love to my daughter! Beware!
Dame. Alas! alackaday! I was so busy with my churning—
Ara. And I was so busy watching the—clock!

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King. And I was so busy watching—the tea-kettle!
Farmer. Yes, yes, you were all busy, I doubt not.
But *I'll* help your memories next time. As for *you*,
lazy rascal (*seizing the* King *and shaking him violently*),
you shall get a good flogging.
Dame and Ara. Oh! oh! oh! don't treat him so!
[*Wildly.*
Farmer. Why not, I should like to know?

Farmer *sings, keeping time by stamping furiously about the stage. Solo. Air, "Grandfather's Clock."*

Do not think you can coax me, your wiles are in vain,
And your tears, too, can never affright.
For my supper you've ruined—that fact is quite plain—
And my anger you'll suffer to-night.
Chorus. Begone from my cot—lazy varlet, begone,
Or my cudgel shall help your retreat!
I'll shut you up in a dungeon most forlorn,
With nothing to eat.

Oh, to dig and to delve, then return from your toil,
With an appetite sharp for the fray,
Just to find that the evening repast has been spoiled—
Could a man keep his temper, I pray?
Chorus. Begone from my cot, etc.

Farmer *advances to the* King; *but as he lays his hand upon him, enter* Soldiers. *All start, amazed.* Soldiers *salute.*

Recitative.

1*st Soldier.* What fearful sight is this I see?
Who dares to shake his Majesty?
Ye base-born caitiffs, quake, and know
It is your King you're treating so!
Ara. The King! the King! Oh, luckless day!
What shall we do? what shall we say?
[*She covers her face, and falls into a chair.*
Farmer. The King! I tremble with affright!
He'll order off my head this night.
[Farmer *shakes all over, as if in an ague.*
King. 'Tis true; I am indeed your King.
See! here's my seal, and here's my ring.
[King *drops his cloak and shows a military dress, puts an immense ring on his finger, dangles an enormous seal on his watch chain. Then one of the* Soldiers *brings forward a bandbox, from which he takes his crown, and adjusts it on his head.*
Stay! this my truth must surely prove,
For here's my royal crown, my love.
Dame. Now, husband, I will kneel and sue
For pardon from our King for *you.*



"SPARE MY HUSBAND, I ENTREAT."

Dame *sings, kneeling.* Arabella *and* Farmer *join in chorus. Solo. Air, "Yankee Doodle."*

See me kneeling at your feet,
Suing for your favor.
Spare my husband, I entreat,
Spite of bad behavior.
Chorus. Well I know that fatal axe
Monarchs keep so handy
Deals some most unpleasant whacks—
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

If you would my daughter wed,
One thing let me mention:
Don't chop off her father's head;
'Tis not a kind attention.
Chorus. Well I know that fatal axe, etc.
[*Exit* Arabella, *weeping.*

Recitative.

King. Rise up, good farmer, and good dame;
You're pardoned. I take all the blame.
Farmer. You're very kind, your Majesty.
Now may I hope you'll stay to tea?
Come, wife, come, daughter, stir around;
The King is hungry, I'll be bound.
King. Thanks, many thanks. I'd like to stay,
But duty hurries me away.
To-morrow I'll return at two,
And claim your daughter's hand of you.
Dame. Dear me! I think I'll go and tell her.
What honor for our Arabella! [*Exit.*
The Soldiers *now advance. One speaks, while all salute.*

Recitative.

1*st Soldier.* Your Majesty, we came to say
That we have conquered in the fray.
We've chased the foe, and won the day,
And *now* we'd like to see our pay.
King (*handing money to Soldiers*). My valiant soldiers, good and true,
Accept this gold; it is your due;
And since you have so faithful been,
To-morrow you shall see your queen.
2*d Soldier.* Thanks to your gracious Majesty.
We will your faithful vassals be;
We'll fight for you on land and sea,
And overthrow each enemy.
[*A march is heard outside, and the* King *retires to the music, followed by the* Soldiers *and the* Farmer, *bowing low.*

SCENE II.

The same kitchen. Arabella *discovered alone. She sings. Solo. Air, "I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls," from "Bohemian Girl."*

I dreamed of a lover, tall and fair,
And he wooed me on bended knee.
Oh, my heart was proud of his princely air,
And the love he lavished on me.
No rank, no fortune, had I to boast,
No servants came at my call;
But I also dreamt—and that pleased me most—
That he loved me spite of all.

I dreamed that my lover grew old and gray,
That his step was haggard and slow,
And the voice that had charmed me for many a day
But whispered of long ago.
I saw the change, yet I grew not sad,
Though youth was only a name,
For I knew in my dream—and it made me glad—
That I loved him still the same.

Enter Alfred, *dressed as a king. He takes her hand.*

Recitative.

King. Sweet Arabella, haste away,
For this must be our wedding day.
Ara. Alas! alas! my hopes are dead,
And all my sweet contentment fled. [*Sobs.*
You do but jest; it can not be
That you will deign to marry *me.*
King. Nay, dearest, hear thy Alfred swear
That thou his heart and throne shalt share;

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"SWEET ARABELLA, HASTE AWAY."

So banish all thy doubts, and smile,
And I will dry thy tears meanwhile.
Ara. (*doubtingly*). You're *sure* that you love me?
King. Oh, will you not prove me?
Ara. Best wait till to-morrow—
King. All waiting is sorrow.
Ara. But if you forget me—
King. Love will not let me.
Ara. 'Tis hard to refuse you.
King. 'Tis harder to lose you.
Ara. Then will I all my fears resign,
Dear Alfred, and be wholly thine.
King. Oh, joy! and may I claim a kiss?
Ara. Perhaps it would not be amiss. [*Timidly.*

They embrace. Music. Then they stand hand in hand while Alfred *sings.*

Solo. Air, "Bob up serenely," from "Olivette."

If, when we're married, some sad to-morrow
Shall find our loving hearts estranged;
If wedded bliss shall turn to sorrow,
And honey-moon look cold and changed—

That is the time for disappearing:
Take a header, and down you go!
When Arabella's brow is clearing,
Bob up serenely from below!

When fashion whispers of lovely dresses,
And milliners their wares display;
When wives beguiling, with fond caresses,
Would steal a husband's wits away—
Then is the time for disappearing, etc., etc.

When comes the summer, and sultry breezes
But enervate the languid frame,
And wife is saying how Newport pleases,
Or Saratoga dares to name—
That is the time for disappearing, etc., etc.

Enter Farmer *and* Dame *as he finishes singing. Enter* Soldiers *again.*

Recitative.

Farmer. I hope you're happy, daughter mine:
At leaving us you don't repine?
Dame. How sad from this dear child to part!
Alas! it almost breaks my heart.
King. Suppose we wait, then—
Dame (*hurriedly*). Oh, no, no!
We're *quite* resigned to let her go.
Farmer. Yes, take her, bless you, son-in-law.
Good luck go with you evermore!
Ara. But, Alfred dear, I'm in despair;
I haven't anything to wear!
King. Your wardrobe I will soon provide.
Summon my knaves who wait outside.
What, ho!

Enter two Servants.

King (*to them*). Ye varlets, quickly go,
Bring me a dozen trunks or so;
All things most suitable prepare
To deck this fairest of the fair.

[*The* Servants *hesitate and whisper together.*

1st Servant. Your Majesty, we—we—you know—
King. Speak out!
1st Servant. Some little bills you owe—
And—till those bills are settled—
King (*angrily*). Well!
2d Servant. Your tradesmen all decline to sell.
King. My credit's good?
2d Servant. It is, I vow!
But then—they don't give credit now.

[King *suddenly snatches a watch and chain from one of his* Soldiers, *and hands it to* Servant.

King. Stay, varlet, stay! this bauble take—
I'll sell it for my charmer's sake. [*Exit servants.*
Dame. Oh, what a son-in-law is this!
Ara. His goodness fills my heart with bliss.

Farmer *and* Dame *join hands and dance, singing as follows. But no particular tune is indicated, because if a lively old-fashioned jig be played, the words can be sung to suit the rhythm of the music without difficulty.*

Duet.

The King will wed our daughter!
The King will wed our daughter!
The King will wed our daughter!
Heigh-hum! heigh-hum! heigh-ho!

Then we'll be lords and ladies!
Then we'll be lords and ladies!
Then we'll be lords and ladies!
Heigh-hum! heigh-hum! heigh-ho!

Good-by to Dame and Farmer!
Good-by to Dame and Farmer!
Good-by to Dame and Farmer!
Heigh-hum! heigh-hum! heigh-ho!

At the conclusion of this song King *offers his arm to* Arabella. *The others fall into line, and begin to march. A shout is heard outside, and* Dumpkin *rushes in wildly.* Arabella *screams.* Dumpkin *stands in a tragic attitude.*

Recitative.

Ara. Dumpkin himself! What brings you here?
Dump. I came to claim your hand, my dear!
Remember, you're my promised wife;
Deprived of you, what worth has life?
Ara. But, Dumpkin dear, it can not be;
I'm promised to the King, you see.
Dump. The King indeed! You'll marry *me!*
Ara. Oh! oh! oh! oh! [*Weeps.*
Dump. You must.
Ara. I can't.
Dump. You shall.
Ara. I shan't.
Dump. You will.
Ara. I won't.
Dump. You love me!
Ara. I don't!
Dump. (*seizing the King violently*). Is this my rival? Let him die!
King. Unhand me, villain! Instantly!
Dame. Dumpkin, be wise, your wrath restrain.
Farmer. Dumpkin, you'd better go; that's plain.
Dump. Since I'm deprived of all I hold most dear,
I'll have to end my wretched life, I fear.
But first, like every dying swan, you know,
I'll set my woes to music ere I go.

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"THE KING WILL WED OUR DAUGHTER."

Sings. Solo. Air, "*Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.*"

I'd like from this cold world to part—
Robbed of the chosen of my heart—
By suicide to cure my grief,
And fall as falls the withered leaf. (*Chorus.*)

Beneath the crystal wave to sink;
Some dreadful dose to calmly drink,
A rope about my neck to twine—
One I must choose, and life resign. (*Chorus.*)

A pistol bullet might be best,
Lodged in this poor unhappy breast.
From this false world must I depart,
Robbed of the chosen of my heart. (*Chorus.*)

Dumpkin *weeps violently;* Arabella *sobs;* King *wipes his eyes.*

King. Don't die, good Dumpkin, don't, I beseech you, but live to be my Arabella's friend and mine.

Ara. Yes, Dumpkin, please do.

Dump. I can't—oh, I can't! Life has no charms for me. [*Weeps again.*

King. But, Dumpkin, if I gave you an office, wouldn't you try to live *then?* Think, my friend, a good fat office!

Dump. An office?—with a fortune in my grasp?

King. Yes, Dumpkin, yes, an enormous fortune.

Ara. You have his royal word—can you doubt?

Dump. No, I am satisfied, and consent to live. But can I choose the office?

King. Certainly.

Dump. Then let it be a postmastership on a Star Route.

King. Agreed. You shall have all you ask.

Soldiers. Long live his gracious Majesty!

Ara. My noble Alfred!

King. Time passes. We must proceed to the palace, there to be wedded in the presence of my court.

[King *offers his arm to* Arabella. *They stand in the centre of the stage,* Farmer *and* Dame *at one side,* Dumpkin *at the other side,* Soldiers *in rear.*

Song with Chorus. Air, "*Whale and Torpedo,*" *from* "*Olivette.*"

Once a maiden, young and fair,
Had of lovers fond a pair;
What girl could refuse, oh,
Between them to choose, oh?
Ah me! ah me!
One was a king, you see!

Wealth and beauty rightly mate;
Poverty's a wretched fate.
Love's story is olden;
Love's fetters are golden.
And so, and so,
She chose the King, you know.

Romance is a pretty thing;
Wisdom comes with wedding ring.
To starve on a passion
Is quite out of fashion.
For oh, for oh,
The world has taught us so.

Now, behold, our wedding day;
Hand in hand we march away.
With smiles and glad laughter
Our friends follow after.
And so, and so,
To wedded bliss we go.

At the conclusion of this song the music changes to the Wedding March. Tableau.

CURTAIN FALLS.



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Yours faithfully

Washington Irving

From Portrait by Gilbert Stuart Newton, in the possession of John Murray, Esq., London.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXCV.—APRIL, 1883.—Vol. LXVI.

ENGLISH FARMERS.

IN the summer of 1881 I visited several farming regions of England, and found the class of yeomen not extinct; indeed, the great farmer, cultivating from 600 to 1300 acres, is sometimes the owner of a small portion of his land. Of the three agricultural regions which I visited in England, in the east, the north, and the south, I shall now say something of the last. The traveller who leaves London for Paris by way of Newhaven and Dieppe passes through the county of Sussex, in which Newhaven lies; and if he tarry a few hours at that quaint little town, he can climb to a church there and see the South Downs, those chalk hills, treeless and grassy, celebrated as the home of the Southdown sheep.

I met a gentleman in London who kindly gave me a letter of introduction to a large farmer living in these hills. With him I remained awhile as a visitor, and then went to board in the family of a smaller farmer living on the level land at the foot of the Downs. Of these two visits I took notes, and am therefore not obliged to depend on memory for what I shall say, except in a small degree.

He whom I first visited is a man of reading and uncommon intelligence, belonging with his family to a small but highly respected religious body not in unity with the Church of England, and therefore called Dissenters. Robert Thompson I call my host. By the aid of drawings he described to me the South Downs as a chain of chalk hills lying nearly parallel with the British Channel. About thirty miles north of them lies another range of chalk hills, called the North Downs. On the west, in Hampshire, these unite by a short chain. Running easterly, the South Downs terminate in the sea, or Channel, at Beachy Head, by perpendicular cliffs about 600 feet in height. The North Downs run further east, and fall into the sea at Shakspeare's Cliff, at Dover. It is the white chalky cliffs which gave to England the name of Albion.

The space between the North and South Downs is called the Weald, or Wealden, and is as destitute of chalk as if it had all been washed out.

In a hollow of the Downs lies Mr. Thompson's house. Here he has in care over 900 acres. He also rents a farm in the lowland, holding altogether 1300 acres. This great charge he is now resigning to his sons.

I have not been long in the house when Mr. Thompson and his daughters take me to see something of the farm, and to walk upon the Downs. One of the girls hastens back to bring their pony, fearing that I shall tire in climbing the Downs. Here Mr. Thompson points out inequalities which he thinks are remains of a Roman encampment. And to come to more recent history, it is said that this farm is mentioned in Doomsday-book. It well may be, as the Normans divided Sussex into six rapes, each of these rapes having a castle near the coast, and an available harbor at its southern end, forming "a high-road to Normandy."

The two great industries of Mr. Thompson's hill farm seem to be the raising of sheep and keeping cows for milk. A lamb fair has been held lately, at which he sold 300 lambs between four and five months old, averaging in price thirty shillings, or about seven dollars. Such are sold to farmers who are not breeders, to be fattened for market. Sheep fairs are frequent in Sussex. I hear of one recent lamb fair to which were brought 17,000 lambs.

The girls take me to the granary to show me where are stored 1600 fleeces—a fact which indicates that their father is not

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obliged to force his produce into market. On both farms he works about fourteen bullocks and forty horses. On the South Downs working oxen are shod—two shoes on each foot of course. They are thrown down on their backs, and possession is taken of their feet. There are blacksmiths' and wheelwrights' shops on the place, to save the expense and trouble of running to and fro.

On this farm are kept fifty cows in beautiful order, not only fed, but groomed. They never come out of the stable except when dry, when they are turned into the yard or into rough pasture. Mr. Thompson whitewashes the slated roof of the cow-sheds to keep the cows cool. He says that it makes a wonderful difference as to the heat absorbed. It was in early August that I visited Mr. Thompson. They were then feeding the cows with green vetches, among which enough oats had been sowed to hold up these climbing leguminous plants. Besides this green fodder, each cow receives daily about a bushel of brewer's grains, or malted barley, sent to this region from London, about forty miles by rail, and brought by wagon several more. The cows average two and a half gallons of milk daily, which is carted several miles, and sold at about twenty-two cents the gallon. Mangel-wurzel is the principal root crop raised on the farm, and is fed to the cows in winter. A cow gets daily one bushel of sliced mangel, one bushel of the grains, and as much oat straw as she wants, and not unfrequently they give twenty-four quarts a day. They keep Durhams, which they consider the best milkers. The mangel-wurzel does not make rich milk, but it comes up to the legal standard, so that they are not fined.

In August, I am just in wheat harvest. Mr. Thompson says that twenty-eight bushels of wheat to the acre is here considered a moderate crop, and not unfrequently forty bushels are grown. He says that Richard Redford, close to the sea, on rich tertiary land, the washings of these chalk hills, raised fifty-nine bushels to the acre over his whole seventy-five acres, and for several years in succession. Mr. Thompson can not understand how farming pays in America, where the average of wheat is only twelve or fifteen bushels. We have not, however, the expenses that I find in a newspaper estimate which I see for an adjoining county to this English one, some of which, turned into dollars and cents, run about thus (a shilling being put at twenty-four cents): Rent, per acre, over seven dollars; tithes, two dollars; rates or taxes, over one dollar. Other items are ploughing, pressing, drilling, four harrowings, spring rolling, hoeing, weeding, and rooking, or employing a boy to drive away the rooks. This last is put down at only eight cents per acre.

Farming has recently been in a very depressed condition in many parts of England. Mr. Thompson attributes this circumstance to increased wages, rise in expense of mechanical work, unfavorable weather for several years, and foreign competition. But he does not appear to desire the re-establishment of the corn laws or duties on foreign grain. On the contrary, he thinks that my own country would be infinitely benefited by the introduction of free trade. During the late wet and bad seasons Mr. Thompson's home farm has not suffered as so many others have, as it lies high.

Of the Southdown sheep I have before spoken. Merino sheep like ours in America are not kept here, the carcass being to them of more importance than the wool. The celebrated Southdown mutton does not owe its flavor to wild thyme, as the sheep are fattened on cultivated plants; but when rabbits are killed their kidneys are often quite thymy. This hill farm of Mr. Thompson's, which is not inclosed, feeds about 900 sheep, in three flocks, each flock having a shepherd and a dog. At night the sheep are folded, the fold being made of wattles or hurdles of wood which can be moved from spot to spot, "a fresh bedroom every night," says Mr. Thompson, and thus one spot after another is manured. As to food, the plan on the South Downs is to try to have some green food started by lambing-time, which begins about March 10. The ewes are brought into the yard, and kept until they have foaled, but are often sent out almost immediately on to rye grass, or young rye. All this is the care of the shepherd, who has a very anxious time of it, rising in the night to see if all is right. Many lambs are lost, but the shepherd endeavors to make this up by parting twins. He takes the skin off the dead lamb and puts it upon a living one, which induces the fond parent to take to it. Upon rye grass sheep pasture at large, but are folded on the rye, especially at night. In June the hill pasture is good enough to turn them out upon

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SHEEP PASTURE NEAR ALFRISTON.

the Downs. Old shepherds say that the hill pasture is not good until the ash, a late tree, has put forth its leaves, which saying reminds me of one attributed to our Indians, namely, that corn should be planted when oak leaves are as large as squirrels' ears. The lot of the shepherd is more severe than that of other laborers, inasmuch as he is out every day in the year, Sundays included. When the winds blow on the Downs, the shepherd makes a screen of his coat by hanging it on furze bushes or on the sheep wattles. This is his shelter for the day when the southwest rain-storms come up from the Channel. It is not very lonesome on the Downs, because the shepherds can see each other (unless a fog comes up), and often can talk to each other. On a nice day in winter it is pretty lively on the Downs. That being the hunting season, there are hundreds of people about here then, and "lots of ladies" on horseback.

The breeding of poultry is very profitable here. If they are hatched about Christmas and fattened by May, a single fowl will sometimes bring two dollars (eight shillings and sixpence). Mrs. Thompson's cook got about twenty dollars for a dozen. But to the farmer's wife and children who try to raise poultry foxes are a pest. Mrs. Thompson has lost a duck and all her eggs out of the garden, and they now have to keep a dog beside the duck pond. The family have half a dozen little hunting dogs, called beagles, with which they hunt hares and rabbits that hide among the furze on the Downs. Fox-hunting is very fashionable, and ladies ride a good deal, the absence of walls on these hills making hunting comparatively safe. It is not considered the thing for farmers to kill foxes that trespass on the poultry. "We should lose caste and character," says Mr. Thompson; "the gentlemen would think we had done a very unpleasant thing." One small farmer has killed foxes, but he is said to receive hampers of wine to propitiate him. And the poultry committee of the hunt pay for such losses to those who apply, unless their fund runs short. Hunting is the favorite winter amusement of the aristocracy. One clergyman not a great while ago was a hunting man, and it was said that he put on his clerical vestments over his

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scarlet coat. But his having been intemperate is a matter of more importance. As we do not read much of hunting in modern English novels, I was not prepared to hear so much about it, but Mrs. Thompson thinks that there are more packs now than formerly. It is, perhaps, a century since Cowper complained, speaking of an

"echoing wood,
In which the she-fox hides her hapless brood,
Reserved to solace many a neighboring squire,
That he may follow them through bush and brier;
Contusion hazarding of neck or spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine."

In the family of Mr. Thompson, who seemed almost Americanized compared with most English, I did not find the four daily meals so common in England and Ireland, the afternoon tea being followed by an evening supper. This last meal was omitted at Mr. Thompson's. One dish which we had for dinner was a Sussex pudding, or great boiled dumpling filled with meat instead of fruit. Of this dish I shall speak again. Another of Mrs. Thompson's dishes was new to me, namely, croquettes of canned salmon. The salmon was minced and mixed with a little bread-crumb and mashed potato; the croquettes were not fried, but baked in the oven, and eaten with oyster sauce.

At Mr. Thompson's I was hospitably entertained a couple of days, and he exerted himself to obtain board for me at a farm-house with the family of a smaller farmer, and probably one more resembling the average of the class. Before I leave Mr. Thompson's family I must speak again of their intellectual and moral culture. Are these people in some moral qualities superior to ourselves? Do the domestic virtues flourish more among the English, such as reverence to parents? I never met a more lovely character than one of these daughters seemed to possess, she was so unobtrusively attentive to me, and went about so quickly to wait upon her father.

The family to which Mr. Thompson was so kind as to take me were a younger pair, with several children at home. Mr. Ford farms five or six hundred acres, but he has a struggling time in these bad years. What a helpmeet is Mrs. Ford!—bright and animated; taking lodgers, receiving visitors, and myself as a boarder; doing a large amount of work with the help of one domestic; accompanying me to walk; joining in active sports with the young people—animated Mrs. Ford! Are there not brave house-mothers in England? She once taught also, for a year or two, although she was not educated for a governess, as she said, but only taught simple branches.

It is widely the custom in England to take lodgers, as we may learn from novels. David Copperfield takes lodgings, and very many more. Mrs. Ford had received a family of eleven, mother, aunt, children, and servants, who occupied so much of the house that I slept elsewhere. For this family Mrs. Ford cooked, and they took their meals in a room separate from her own family. They could either supply their own food, or she obtain it for them. Two houses near by were mentioned to me for sleeping; I chose the most humble—the shepherd's—as I inferred that here I could learn more of the condition of the laborer. It was called a cottage, but it was a well and newly built house of two stories.

Of the condition of the laborer, him who has been called Hodge (see a work named *Hodge and his Master*), I had indeed learned something at Mr. Thompson's. The foreman on his farm was described by his employer as a man of high principle, who had been with him twenty-eight years. Perhaps I would better say Mr. Thompson had been with the foreman twenty-eight, for when a farm changes hands, the laborers by choice remain on the place. As Mr. T. said, "When a man has a nice comfortable place, a cottage and other fixtures, he does not want to move." What a contrast to us restless Yankees! Four generations of the foreman's family have worked for Mr. Thompson, beginning with the grandfather, and it is his great-grandson who is driving the horses in the reaper.

"And the land I now hold on your honor's estate
Is the same that my grandfather tilled."

It is quite probable that living thus on one spot limits the ideas. In a near hamlet I called on an old pair of a more well-to-do class, who spoke in the Sussex dialect, and still used the Old Style of reckoning for their rent days. As New Style was introduced into England in 1752, I may say that they were in this matter only one hundred and thirty years behind time.

As to the pay of the agricultural laborer, Mr. Thompson's foreman earns a pound, or

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about five dollars, weekly, and an extra pound every quarter, but is not boarded. Employment, however, is found for him in the winter as well as summer, the open winters of this region differing from those of Pennsylvania. At Mr. Ford's I am told that the ploughmen get about three dollars and seventy-five cents weekly, or fifteen shillings, and their rent, and the shepherd about seventeen shillings, but he has to work every day in the week. When the land is heavy here they generally plough with from three to five horses in single line, and must therefore have two men, called the carter and his mate. To their animals they use old Sussex cries, such as "Mather woot," or Come hither, wilt thou? The hours of labor are moderate, men going out to work about seven, even in summer, and coming in about half past five. But during harvest they work from five in the morning as long as they can see, stopping only for breakfast, dinner, and afternoon "bait," or lunch. During the harvest month, August, they receive double wages, or sometimes the farmer simply pays two pounds extra for the month.

Is the laborer intelligent? Twenty-eight years ago, when Mr. Thompson came to his farm in the Downs, he thinks that there was not a man on the place who could read fluently; now every house takes a paper. Education in England is now compulsory, and when the laborer can read and can vote, we shall doubtless cease to hear of "Hodge and his master." Mr. Thompson's foreman "of high principle" has not a vote, because he does not occupy a house paying a rent of twelve pounds a year. (In boroughs all householders have votes.) Mr. Thompson says that as the foreman does not drink or use tobacco, he has no tax to pay for the support of the government, excepting that on tea. What is his pecuniary status? With this high character, with his having perhaps lived all his life on this one estate, what has he accumulated? Probably he has not laid by anything; he has not even joined one of the "benefit societies" common among laboring-men. In his old age he is entitled to relief from the parish: to accept it, says Mr. Thompson, is no disgrace. It is his share of the wealth of England, said Mr. Ford. The laboring



SHEEP-TENDING NEAR NEWHAVEN.

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AT COOK'S BRIDGE.

people of England (agricultural) never think of making any provision for old age. And consider what an immense class this is, where farms are so large. After the age of sixty, when in infirm health, the laborer draws about sixty or seventy cents weekly from the parish, and depends upon charity and the help of his children. Before the age of sixty out-door aid is not granted, but the poor must go to the workhouse, where the sexes are separated.

Mr. Ford tells me that about two-thirds of the laborers join benefit societies by paying two shillings a month, for which they receive twelve shillings a week in case of their own illness. In case of death a member receives six pounds to bury himself (if I may say so), and three pounds to bury his wife. I had the opportunity of seeing the rules of one which I will call the United Brethren's Society, meeting in the hamlet of Dorking, at the sign of the "Three Jolly Shepherds." I learn that a steward (an officer of the society) shall be fined one shilling if he enter the club-room intoxicated. If he go to carry money to sick members, within four miles, he shall be allowed threepence for refreshments. Members must not call others, for ridicule, otherwise than by their names, nor give the lie nor curse in the club-room. Mrs. Ford and I were walking once, toward evening, in this same hamlet, and she spoke to the daughter of the keeper of the same "Three Jolly Shepherds." Mrs. Ford complained of the noise that there had been in the neighborhood on a late evening, and the young woman answered that if they did not give the drunken men beer, their mates would. There is a rural policeman here, but it is thought that he can be bought over by being treated.

I have spoken of the present depressed condition of the farmers. Mr. Ford gives me an idea of what they have suffered from wet in recent years. In such wet seasons sheep are affected by the rot. Within twenty years he knew of three flocks on one farm, averaging 400 sheep each, that were thus affected. Such as ought to have brought near ten dollars apiece were sold for about sixty cents. In 1879 the last of these flocks died, and many horned cattle were attacked in a similar manner. In that year such was the quantity of rain that acres and acres of cut grass were washed away, and the water lay up to the knees of the cattle, so that they could not pasture.

"We did not suffer so much," says Mr. Ford, "because our farm lies higher, and Mr. Thompson's home farm lies so high as to be quite exempt from these things."

"I saw," continues Mr. Ford, "a wagon partly loaded with hay standing in a meadow for weeks, with the water three

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feet high; 1880 was better, but many fields had been thrown out of cultivation by the previous bad year. Farmers have failed, and it is anticipated that at Michaelmas more will break up. All this ground under the Downs is drained, or all upon this farm; the subsoil is clay. Further into the Weald [or level portion] the necessity of draining is greater. Were it not for the drains, you would ride in water in some places up to the horse's knees."

During the summer of my visit they had had a good hay crop, but anxiety was still felt about the wheat harvest, lest they should have rain. We had some, indeed, but they do not object to an occasional shower to keep the food green for the sheep. Mr. Ford came in one day wet and muddy, for he had been out in the rain drilling rape, or colza, which is here sowed for sheep. Mr. Ford took off, when he came in, his leather gaiters, or "spats." (He wears woollen stockings the year round; never wore any others in his life.) In this wet English climate barometers are greatly used by farmers. Mrs. Thompson said that they consult the barometer night and day.

We had many animated conversations at Mr. Ford's—such conversations as show our peculiarities. Before my arrival Mrs. Ford had heard of my having come from America.

"But don't you like England best of any country?" she asks.

I answer that America is my native country.

"Oh!" as if she had not understood the case.

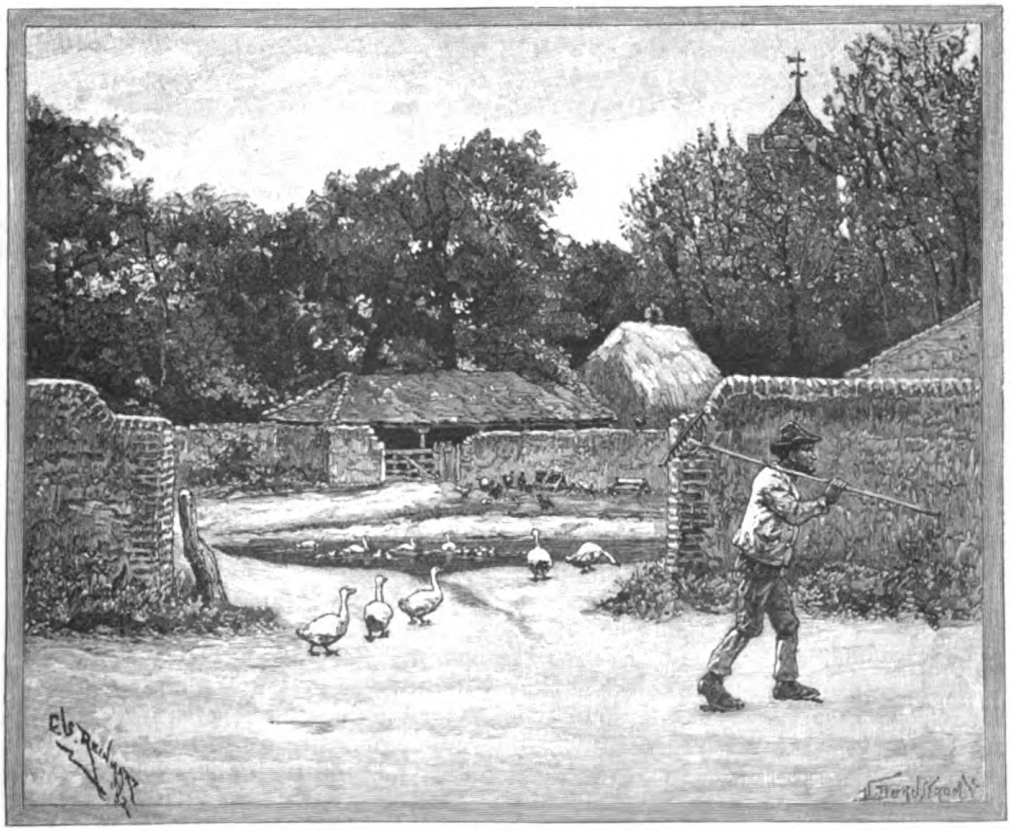
"But," she continues, "how did you come to learn English?"

"That is the language spoken where I live."

A girl comes to her, wanting bread for the eleven lodgers. Mrs. Ford says that they are expecting a couple of gallons immediately; and when I ask questions in order to discover what a gallon of bread is, we can not settle the point.

She asks me what means of education we have in my country.

I answer briefly that we have means.



A BARN-YARD.

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Why, she thought not; but perhaps it is Australia of which she heard this.

She tells me that there is great depression now in farming, from bad seasons four years in succession; then she adds that you might say through high rents, bad seasons, and high taxes. However, she admits that rents are being reduced.

"Perhaps this agitation in Ireland is helping you?" I suggest.

"We think it is doing us good," she answers.

In speaking of their expenses, she says that they have their girls to educate. I inquire whether they have not the village school (somewhat like our public school). She answers that the village school is not good; there are sixty pupils; there is "such a mixed-up." At which I laugh a little, and she answers, pleasantly, "There is such a mixed-up; they never forget it, you know."

To teach her children she has employed a governess, to whom she gave about a hundred dollars a year and board and washing, the governess being able to teach French and music. Some governesses, who are proficients, receive, she says, four hundred dollars or more. She is now expecting her two eldest girls to go from home to school at a near town. She tells me how cheap education is in Germany and France, and how people with moderate means and large families take children there to be educated. I tell her how cheap education is in our country, that in one of our States two of my cousins were fitted for college without expense.

"You flabbergast me!" she exclaims, and wonders that she should have been so ignorant. I am amused at "flabbergast," which she thinks is correct.

In one of our conversations I speak of tobacco being grown where I live, and of its being profitable. Mr. Ford supposes that it is principally grown to supply them; but I tell him that there is a great deal used at home, and that people chew tobacco, and spit about. So he has understood, and in church. But of its being done in church I was not aware. I was further guilty of telling them that you can go into lawyers' offices in my country and see them with their feet upon the table, but probably not in New York and Philadelphia.

"New York is like London?" inquires Mrs. Ford; "more civilized?"

I laugh so much when she calls New York more civilized that she hints to me circuitously that Mr. Thompson said all he could in favor of me to induce her to take me, but that her husband felt alarmed at the idea.

One day at the table Mrs. Ford asks whether our way of cooking is like theirs. I tell her how bounteous our country is, and of food as being cheap with us; she may judge so by our sending so much over here. Yes, she says, they wonder how we do it. They anticipate the time when our country will be filled up, and we shall need supplies from them to turn the balance of trade in their favor. On another occasion Mr. Ford thinks that within the last few years the farmers of England have lost considerably on their wheat; and then he laughs, and says that it is through the Americans overdoing them. Yet he says that they would starve in three months were wheat not brought in from other countries. I heard in England that the amount of wheat grown there in 1880 was 64,000,000 bushels, while the amount needed was 176,000,000.

Speaking of American produce, Mrs. Ford's lodgers have a great side of American bacon, stamped. Much of our cheese, too, is used in England. Mrs. Ford has thought how easily we might poison them with cheese; but I tell her that we want them to buy our cheese, which opens her eyes.

When I laugh and talk, she says that she must take me to see an old uncle and aunt —quaint people, I suppose—and she adds that funny things they think are American, whence it appears that they have heard of our humorists. But Mr. Ford says that they call anything that is "stretched" a Yankee story, or say, "That 'll do for the Americans; it won't do for us." We visited at his father's, and the old Dissenting farmer likes the Americans well enough, but there is too much "bounce" about them, *i. e.*, brag.

One day Mrs. Ford asked me whether I would have roast duck for dinner or duck pudding. They had intended to have the pudding. I tell her to have that, as it will be new to me. She says that they have to manage a little, and I respond that in a family of children duck pudding goes further than roast duck: I suppose it resembles chicken pot-pie. When it appears I find it very good. It is a hollow boiled

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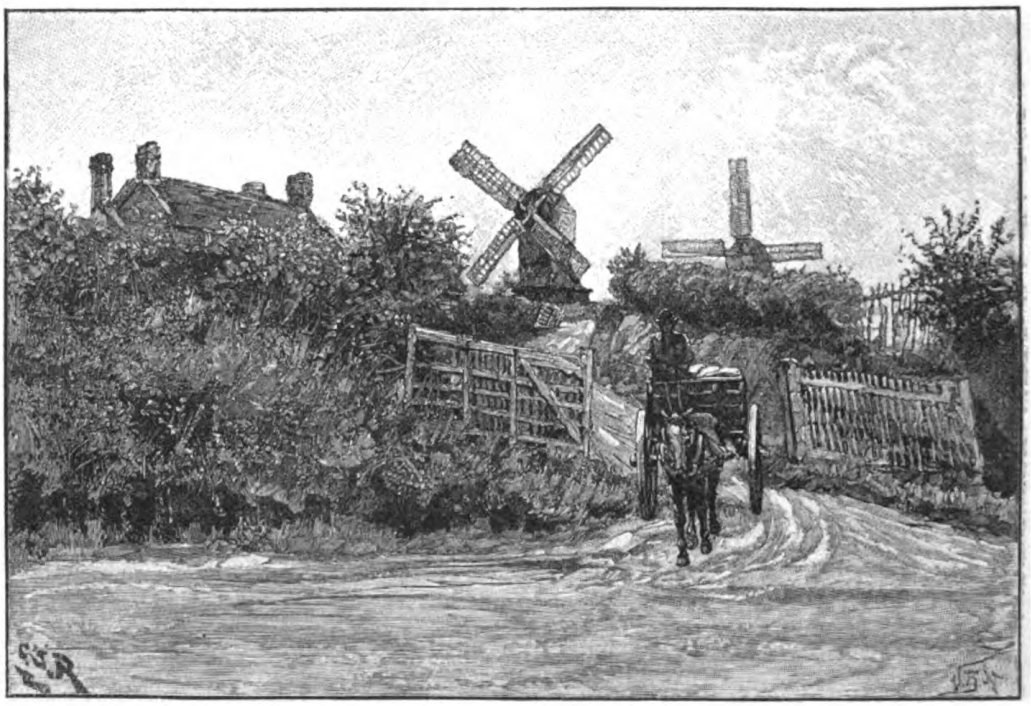


COTTAGE AT THE FOOT OF THE DOWNS.

pudding, with the duck inside, the crust being shortened with minced suet, the pudding well seasoned, and a good deal of gravy inside the pudding, besides some extra made of the duck's feet, etc.

One of the Sussex dishes is roast duck and boiled apple pudding eaten together, and Mrs. Ford had a plain pudding to eat with roast mutton. I have before mentioned the Sussex pudding. Mrs. Ford told me of her father's having beef puddings — boiled ones, made without any shortening; fit, as he said, to throw over the church steeple. He had them two or three times a week, and he got to complaining of spasms. A clergyman thus

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WINDMILLS NEAR GLYNDE, SUSSEX.

describes the Sussex pudding: "A compound of flour and water, made up in an oblong shape, and boiled. There is a moment, when it is first taken out of the saucepan, when it can be eaten with impunity; but it is usually eaten cold, and in that form I believe that it becomes the foundation of all the ills that Sussex spirit and flesh are heir to. It promotes a dyspeptic form of Dissent which is unknown elsewhere."*

I have before spoken of our duck pudding. The poultry is Mrs. Ford's perquisite, and as much of the lodgers' money as her husband can spare. The poultry entails care. One of the young daughters hunts eggs, and is paid so much per dozen; but Mrs. Ford has considerable poultry, and they must all be covered at night to protect them from foxes. One evening, when grass and bushes were wet with rain, Mrs. Ford was going round for her ducks. They must even be brought in from the stone-walled front yard. Up on the Downs one day she points out to me at some distance two pieces of wood and an osier thicket in which foxes hide. Last year, when she sent in her charge to the gentleman huntsman who holds the poultry fund, he did not pay her for her whole loss, there had been such a run on the fund.

"But how would it be," I asked, "if you should kill the foxes?"

"Oh, that would be a very great degradation," she replies.

"We do not have hunting at home," I say. "It would be a pretty thing for people to keep foxes to destroy farmers' poultry!"

"Don't you go in for any pleasure?" asks Mr. Ford. "'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'"

I am surprised at his taking the side of the huntsmen. Farmers, however, follow the hunt, and are not called upon to subscribe, because they find the land. There are not, I hear, so many farmers joining the hunt since the bad times. They do not like to be seen joining in this luxury while they are asking for a reduction in rent. Some farmers, indeed, have entirely given up a carriage-horse, which also answered for a hunter.

Hunting is an expensive amusement.

* Rev. W. D. Parrish's *Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect.*

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One hunting club, I hear, is expecting to hunt four days weekly during the coming season, which will require relays of hounds, and an additional expense of about four thousand dollars. Men who subscribe five guineas are allowed to wear the hunting dress, which in one case is a scarlet coat and white breeches.

One day Mr. Ford read from a paper of a large sum being asked for education. I tell him that we do not mind giving free education to our people; we have not a great army to support.

"And why have we such a great one?" asks his wife.

He answers that he has an idea that the great army is in order to find places for gentlemen's sons: "The army and the Church is where they find places, and we poor fellows have to pay for it."

One evening at night-fall Mrs. Ford recites, "The shades of night were falling fast," and asks me whether I know any of Longfellow's poems. She admits that they are more popular among her acquaintances than Tennyson's, but she did not know that Longfellow was American.

They especially admire "The Village Blacksmith," and choose it for penny readings. Tennyson is admired, but in Longfellow's "Excelsior," "Village Blacksmith," and "Evangeline" there is something that "we folks" can understand. And "The Village Blacksmith" is sung, and where he thinks he hears his daughter singing in the choir, Old Hundred breaks in with good effect.

Penny readings are entertainments at which each who enters pays a penny. They generally meet in school-rooms, and are held for some charitable purpose or for church restorations. All the performers are voluntary. Perhaps they will begin with a glee by the church choir, such as "Hail, smiling morn!" "See our oars," or "The Red-cross Knight." Then there will be some popular reading, perhaps from Dickens, and a solo by a good singer, and so on, always concluding with "God save the Queen," in which the audience join.

One evening at the Fords' there was a game of rounders in the meadows, which is said to be the same as base-ball. Mrs. Ford, her boys and girls, and two aunts joined in the game. On another occasion, when I came over from my room at the shepherd's, I found Mrs. Ford playing ball in the intervals of her work. She joins the boys and girls in stool-ball, an old Sussex game, similar to cricket, and played by women.

One day we visited a farmer, who is also a Dissenting preacher, and we staid to afternoon tea. This farmer is obliged to pay a large sum in tithes. The next day Mrs. Ford, herself a Church woman, wishes to



DOOR OF A SUSSEX CHURCH.

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explain to me about the tithes. She says that what the farmers feel now is that the clergy have not been willing to reduce their demands in these late very hard times, while the landlords have made considerable reductions. Her husband is not so much devoted as she to the Established Church, his father being a Dissenter. He says that the clergy have put a rod in pickle for themselves, and that their late course will return upon them some day. These places in the Church the landlords have kept for their younger sons. As to tithes, he adds that they were established in part for the clergyman to be able to assist the poor, but since that time poor-rates also have been laid upon the farmer.

One morning while Mrs. Ford was wiping dishes, and beginning to prepare the lodgers' breakfast, we fell into conversation on a different subject.

"What do you call women who go out to days' work in your country?" she asked.

"We have no name for them," I replied.

"We call them charwomen," said she.

"I know the word: we read a great many works about your country."

"Oh, you do?"

"Novels."

"Oh, you do? Dreadful! I've read *The Woman in White* and *The Earl's Daughter*. Then they all come to the same thing: a child is found on the doorstep, and turns out a heiress. Oh, that is a silly habit. I call it waste of time, and waste of money buying the beastly things. But then, you know, I'm one; my people buy them. Oh dear, they make many a man swear at his dinner when the wife has been reading them, and then away goes the family coach," *i. e.*, all goes wrong. "I suppose," she continues, "you've read Mrs. Wood's? They're pretty fair. Oh, novels are dreadful things. I think likely some in your country have suffered from the same."

I have spoken of afternoon teas. These are often informal visits; people call on their friends and are invited to stay. "It used to be the fashion," says Mrs. Ford, "for the wives of large farmers to imitate fashionable manners and not talk about domestic affairs, but since the late dreadful times these subjects have become matter of conversation at afternoon teas."

However, I met on a visit an aged uncle of Mr. Ford's, who tells me that I am not to suppose that all farmers' wives are like Mrs. Ford.

After one of our calls I complained next morning to Mrs. Ford that my linen cuffs had not been clean enough. She rejoins, "I am quite struck with the civilized state of you folks," having previously told me that her husband's parents were lost in wonder at her having me.

One day when I was using sewing materials, she asked, "Did this bees-wax come from your country?"

"Yes, I believe so," answered I.

"Is it possible! You have bees! I don't think I'd be so frightened now coming to your country."

One day we had a plum-pudding for dinner, made of flour and suet, with raisins and sugar. Mrs. Ford wants to know whether we make plum-puddings. "Not much," I answered; "we put raisins into mince-pies."

"You make mince-pies!" she exclaimed. "That is an old English dish."

"Where do you think we sprang from?" I asked her.

She does not know where, but looks at Mr. Ford. "Master," she says, "can you tell where they sprang from?"

"Old England," he answers.

"Oh, I see! And that's the reason they are called New England?"

One evening Mrs. Ford and I called to see a man of whom she had been telling me with how much success he cultivates a very small portion of land. It is near night when we go, and it rains; but the man and his wife are out getting apples ready to be taken to market. Under such circumstances we have not much opportunity to talk; but having heard so favorable a report of him, I inquire what is the greatest amount he has ever made from the place in one year. He makes no reply, even when Mrs. Ford quickly assures him that I do not wish to make any bad use of the information. But I have heard that if a farmer raises an extra crop of any kind, and it is told in the papers, it offends other farmers, who fear that rents will be raised on them.

Doubtless it is interesting to many Americans to compare the political system of England with our own. Alexis de Tocqueville, that eminent French observer,

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regarded the town-meeting, if I recollect right, as the germ of our republican institutions. These town-meetings are not found in all our States, but they exist in several. In his own region of England was probably based in old times the Massachusetts town-meeting. How do they compare now? The English meeting is composed of rate or tax payers, who in this parish number about twenty per cent.



A SUSSEX INN.

Mr. Ford described to me the parish meeting, which seems to be the body most nearly resembling the New England town-meeting. Mr. Ford has been guardian of the poor for about twelve years, but he can not vote for coroner, because he is not a freeholder. Every year a meeting is called in the church here to elect a guardian of the poor and an overseer of the poor (who also collects the poor-rate and the government rates). Church-wardens are also elected at the parish meeting, and an overseer of roads; so upon such meetings of the population. All laborers, indeed, are supposed to pay poor-rates, and therefore have a vote for various officers, but it is customary here for the farmer to relieve his laboring-men by paying the rates himself (but don't tell, lest some one regard it as bribery). The parish meeting to be legal must be held in the church.

Easter-Monday is the usual day; the church bell is rung, and the meeting assembles; and then, as the clergyman is popular, they adjourn to his house, where they can sit comfortably. There is plenty

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WHEAT FIELD, BERWICK, SUSSEX.

of room for all who come. There must be three, and the number assembling is generally five, there being several hundred residents in the parish. The clergyman is included in the five, and is generally complimented by being put into the chair. One man proposes the name of an officer, and another seconds it; the chairman asks whether it is agreeable to those present, and they generally say Yes. He does not add, "Those who are opposed will say No."

Before closing this article I desire to make some remarks on the Sussex dialect. William Penn bought an estate in this county in 1676, and he carried to the Western continent as colonists two hundred people.* In one respect the Quakers of our own country resemble those of Sussex. The singular pronoun "thou" was formerly used among English Quakers, as it continues to be among many of the common people of England not connected with Friends. In the north I often met a well-to-do landed proprietor, a drinking and vulgar man, whom I heard say to his wife, "Hold thy noise, thou knows nowght aboot it." But among the Quakers of Sussex "thee" was used for "thou," ungrammatically, as in our own country.

As regards other peculiarities of Sussex speech, I do not hear much of that most striking English one that drops the letter *h* where it belongs and places it where it does not, as, "Harable land is 'eavier taxed"; "That's my huncle; he's not very 'ealthy." I saw in the house of some worthy people a volume inscribed in this manner: "Alfred Hopkins: a present from is mother on is third birthday."

But in Sussex, as in New England, I

* *Worthies of Sussex.* Probably Penn sent some of these before him.

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find a similar peculiarity affecting the end of words, as "chicking" for chicken, and "housekeepin'" for housekeeping, thus dropping and adding *g*. Indeed, I heard "ayousekeepin'," for the *ou* is sharp as in some parts of our country—"Feed the cayous"; but I think the *ou* is sharper in the east of England than here.

Although so many Sussex people came to Pennsylvania, yet peculiarities of the dialect here seem to me more to resemble those of New England; and at the risk of being censured for incorrectness, I will mention some. Pennsylvania ones are, "I done it," "I seen it," "I want to get shut of it"; "wunst," for once; "hit him a *sock*," for a blow.

New England expressions here are, "Taste our butter, it's *beautiful*"; "You hadn't ought to do it," and "You shouldn't ought"; "Be you?" for Are you? "I see him" for I saw; "ware" for were; "you have a *crock* on your nose" for a smut; "nuther" for neither, "passel" for parcel, and "a pucker" for a fuss. "Stent" is used for a task, "thills" for the shafts of a wagon, and "twit" for taunt.

Of expressions used in the South we have *peart*—"He's just as peart as ever." Also, "shucks" is used here for husks.

Another peculiarity worth noticing is that Mr. Ford spoke of pigs being fed from a *tro* instead of *troff*, as we pronounce trough.

Americans have been accused of saying fall for autumn, but Sussex folks say, "I have the ague in the fall," and Sussex people "guess" and "reckon"! They speak, too, in Sussex of a "rooster," a fowl which many or most English call a cock.

In Cork, while I was talking seriously, listeners began to smile because I said "I guess" for I think; but in Sussex the expression which provoked laughter was my saying that I had my bonnet "fixed up" in Manchester. Mrs. Ford's idea was that it might have been fixed or hung up on the wall.

Thus I have endeavored to tell of what I saw and heard in Sussex, in the south of England. In the east I visited the fen land and level wheat-growing region; in the north the fells of Cumberland, those hills that overlook the lakes, and that pasture on their sides the small Herdwick sheep. And quitting farming districts, I visited Manchester, Blackburn, and Rochdale, to learn something of the populous manufacturing region.



COTTAGE NEAR BEACHY HEAD, SUSSEX.

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GEORGE III.

THE TREATY OF PEACE AND INDEPENDENCE.

I.

THE 30th day of November, 1882, completed the period of one hundred years from the conclusion of the preliminary treaty by which Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States. The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, which virtually ended the Revolutionary war, occurred on the 19th of October, 1781. Between that date and the 30th of November, 1782, there ensued a prolonged and intricate negotiation, in which it was for a time uncertain whether we were to extort from England an admission of our independence, or whether the war was to be renewed, or whether some other basis for a peace was to be found in some other way. There is something quite dramatic in the involutions and convolutions of that remarkable negotiation, in which the fate of our country was entangled in the affairs of Europe and in the conflicts of parties in England. In this scene, which lay on the other side of the Atlantic, the central figure is that famous monarch, the *bête noire* of our grandfathers, King George III.

In the character of this prince there was a very unusual compound of conscientiousness and cunning, firmness of will and narrowness of mind, ignorance of history and knowledge of living men, a defective education, a great experience, a love of his country, and an incapacity to understand her true welfare. Yet, with all his deficiencies, while he actually governed he was a great power in the state. His reign was interrupted by one fit of mental aberration, which was followed by a temporary restoration of his faculties, and it then closed in a long period of incurable insanity and strict seclusion. But while he did govern he was one of the most powerful monarchs that had sat on the throne of England since the days of Elizabeth. He came very near to establishing a system of personal government, with more actual power in the crown than it had exercised since the last of the Stuarts was excluded by the revolution of 1688. This is not the place to explain all the means by which he made his own will such a force in the government; but one of them consisted in the large number of placemen in the House of Commons,

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known as "the King's friends"—men who were not usually in the ministry, who had only a nominal connection with any party, but whose votes often defeated anything that the King wished to defeat, and sometimes carried anything that he wished to have carried.



LORD NORTH.

The disastrous administration of Lord North, on whom the conduct of the American war had devolved, and who, it is now known, had carried on that war in submission to the will of the King and to the temper of a majority of the nation, but against his own judgment, terminated in March, 1782. He was succeeded by the Marquis of Rockingham, the head of a small but active party which had steadily opposed the measures that led to the war, and the steps that had been taken in its prosecution.

This nobleman, one of the most virtuous men of his time, had taken office, as he and his immediate friends had reason to suppose, upon the condition that he should be allowed to make a peace with America—as good a peace as could be obtained, but absolutely peace.* From his just and excellent character, and his high position in the country, supported as he was, too, by some of the ablest men in the kingdom, both nations had reason to anticipate such a settlement of the long-pend-

* The first condition of Lord Rockingham's acceptance of office is so given by Dr. Walker King (afterward Bishop of Rochester) in a letter written by him at the time to William Burke in India (*Correspondence of Edmund Burke*, vol. ii., p. 479, edited by the late Earl Fitzwilliam, in four volumes, 8vo, London, 1844). Dr. King, from his connection with the Rockingham Whigs, was in a position to know what propositions the Marquis had sent to the King when he was applied to to form an administration. The condition is stated in substantially the same way in the *Annual Register* for 1782, p. 177, namely, "Peace with the Americans, and the acknowledgment of their independence not to be a bar to the attainment of that object." See also the *Life of Sir Samuel Romilly*, vol. i., p. 172.

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THE MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM.

ing contest as would leave few seeds of future discord. The people of both countries might well have supposed that a ministry formed upon the basis of the best peace which could be obtained, and embracing men who had always had the wisdom to desire an unrestricted commercial intercourse between England and America, would settle all the relations of the two countries upon a firm footing at the same moment when they were to terminate the war and to acknowledge the independence of the revolted colonies.

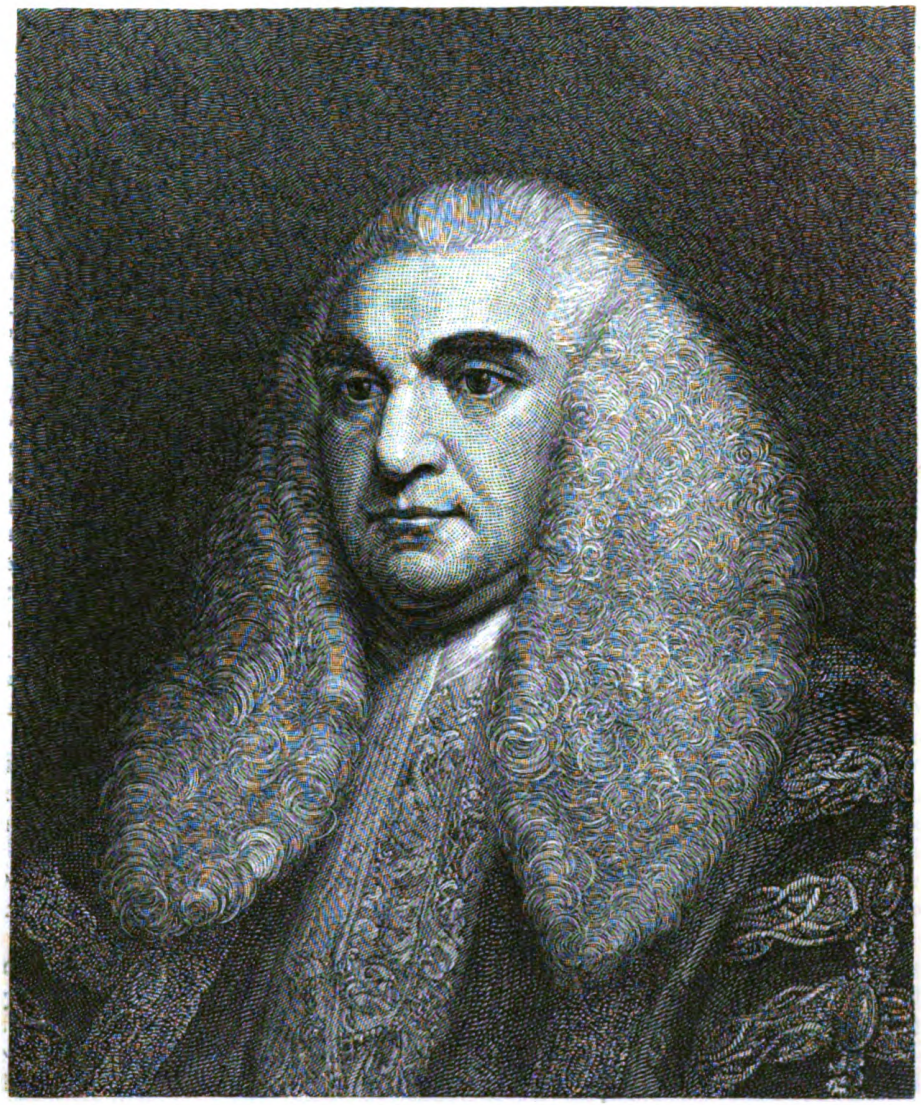
But whatever were the hopes formed on either side of the Atlantic from the accession of the Whigs to power in England, those hopes were destined to meet with a speedy check. The King had introduced into the new Whig cabinet at its formation the means of dissension, in the person of Lord Shelburne. It is now well known that Lord Rockingham and his friends were forced upon George III. by the utter impossibility of carrying on the government without them, and against his Majesty's strong personal as well as political dislike;* that although the Marquis of Rockingham was placed at the head of the new ministry, the King absolutely refused to see him during the negotiations, which were carried on through Lord Shelburne; that in those negotiations conversations took place between the King and Lord Shelburne which the latter never communicated to any of his colleagues; that the King was as much determined when this administration was formed as he had always been, not to yield the independence of America; and that Lord Shelburne sympathized with the King's feeling on this point. In addition to these facts Lord Shelburne's character for sincerity and plain-dealing was not so high among his contemporaries that we are bound to regard him as an improbable instrument of any insidious purpose which the King may have entertained; nor was the character of George III., taken in connection with the almost insane tenacity with which he clung to the last to the idea of subduing the colonies, one that should cause us to believe him incapable of the hope of defeating the policy and ridding himself of the persons of the Rockingham Whigs.

But whether the King placed Lord Shelburne in that cabinet with or without any sinister design of causing its overthrow, or whether Lord Shelburne himself shared in such a purpose if the King entertained it, it is certain that the administration was formed under circumstances entirely unfavorable to success. Although Lord Rockingham and his friends understood that they were taking office on the fundamental condition of yielding the independence of America and making a treaty, no one had any personal intercourse with the King excepting Lord Shelburne.

Whether the Rockingham propositions were conveyed to the King in writing or verbally, there was a possibility of future controversy as to the use that was to be made of the concession of American independence, even if there was not as to the whole basis of the administration, if the King should choose to raise a question, and especially if he should be assisted in doing so by Lord Shelburne, who alone knew to what the King had assented. I am not aware that any evidence exists showing that the propositions of Lord Rockingham were conveyed *to the King* in writing; or that any answer was returned other than a verbal one through Lord Shelburne. If

* *Hatred* would not be too strong a word in this connection.

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LORD THURLOW.

this was so, there was a singular oversight on the part of Lord Rockingham and Mr. Fox, considering their want of personal relations with the King, in not binding his Majesty by a written acceptance of written terms, unless, indeed, etiquette made this impossible. It appears that the first person who was commissioned by the King to treat with Lord Rockingham was the Chancellor, Lord Thurlow. When he had received Lord Rockingham's terms, and had communicated them to the King, a somewhat evasive answer was returned, and the negotiation stopped. In a few days it was renewed through Lord Shelburne, the King at the same time declining to see Lord Rockingham. The latter then stated his propositions to Lord Shelburne, who undertook to obtain the King's assent to them; and he afterward reported that the King had given his assent. The propositions, according to Dr. Walker King (*ubi supra*), were the same which had been stated to Lord Thurlow. But it is obvious that in this mode of communication there was great room for future controversy as to the precise principles on which the administration had been formed; and such controversy in fact arose.

It is quite true that in almost any period of English history since the modern doctrines of their constitution have prevailed,

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the acceptance by the sovereign of a set of ministers whose political opinions and purposes were well known, would be held as an implied pledge that they should be at liberty to reverse the measures of their predecessors, especially if public opinion, acting through the House of Commons, as was the case in this instance, had pronounced that a total change of measures was necessary. But it was the misfortune of the Rockingham party that while Parliament and the nation had come to the conclusion that a peace with America must be made, there was no definite opinion in Parliament as to the point of acknowledging our independence; that the King was still determined not to yield this point; that if it were to be yielded, the time and manner of making the admission, and the use to be made of it, were questions on which the members of a cabinet might differ; that this cabinet was composed partly of men who were not followers of Lord Rockingham; and that if, as Rockingham and his friends intended, the power to give an unconditional assent to American independence before a treaty was one of the fundamental terms on which they took office, their acceptance of office had not been so conducted as to preclude all dispute on this head, or to bind their colleagues or the King to this course of action.

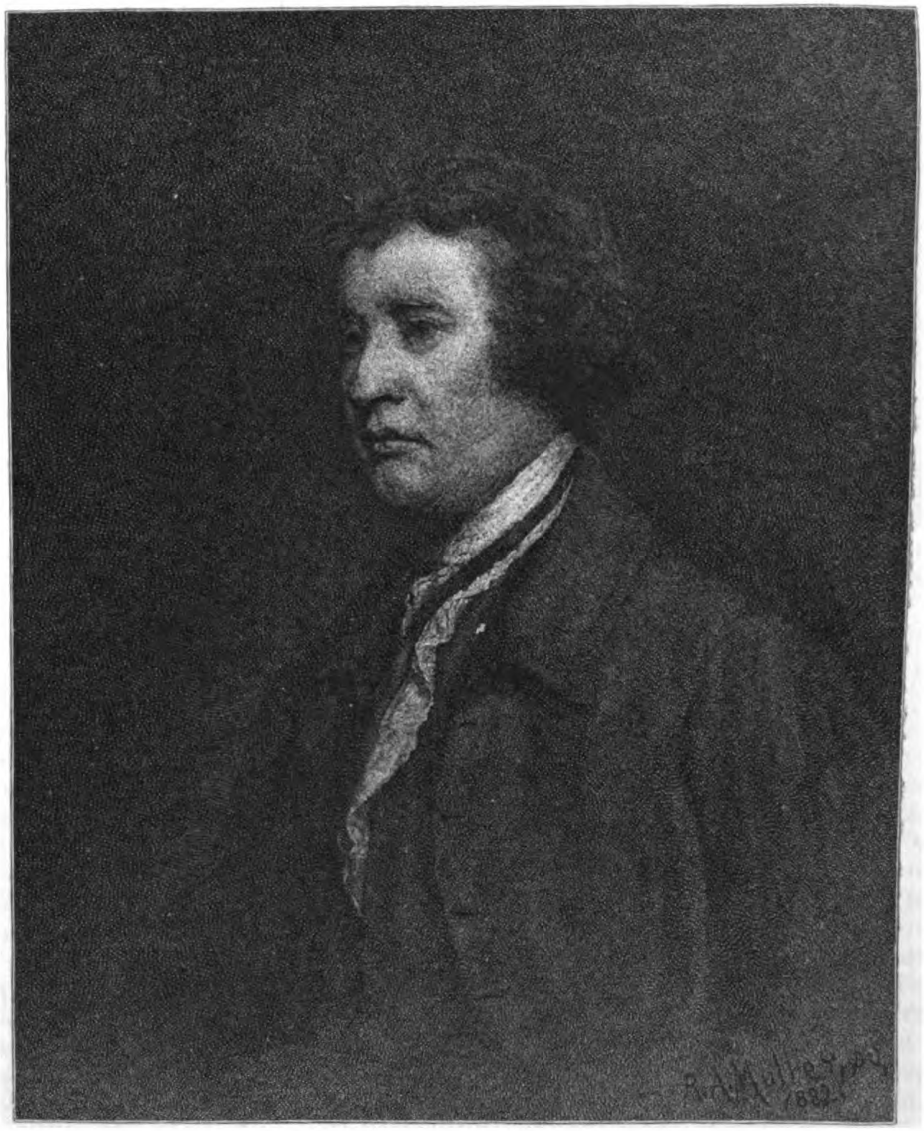
Lord Rockingham had held the seals of office only three months when he died—probably to the great misfortune of his own country and of ours. Doubtless it may admit of question whether he possessed the force of character necessary to have encountered and controlled the prejudices of a sovereign who thoroughly disliked him, and who was in all respects the opposite of his wise, liberal, frank, and open nature. Perhaps, too, he would have wanted, if he had lived, the influence requisite to have guided the nation to a true and sound policy with respect to America; for to create such a policy was to undo the mischief of many years of folly, of imbecility, and of obstinate adherence to wrong. His political connection was not large, although it embraced those who acted more wisely and thought more comprehensively for the interests of England than did most of her statesmen of that age. Above all, it embraced Edmund Burke and Charles James Fox. The one, notwithstanding his impetuosity and his occasional errors of judgment, was unquestionably one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of those political philosophers who have been likewise practical statesmen. The other, notwithstanding his personal vices, added to consummate Parliamentary abilities a moderation of temper, a sagacity, a knowledge of the system of Europe, and a liberality of mind which better fitted him to preside over the foreign relations of Great Britain than any other man of his time.* But these great men and their associates in the Rockingham party, even if their chief had lived, must still in all probability have succumbed with him, as they were obliged to succumb without him, to the untoward circumstances in which they were placed.

The Rockingham administration had had time to do nothing more than to initiate certain tentative inquiries into the powers and disposition of the American Commissioners, then on the Continent, to make a truce or a treaty; and even these inquiries were awkwardly and irregularly conducted, and without any definite and consistent plan on the part of the British cabinet, on account of the differences and jealousies between the two Secretaries of State, Mr. Fox and Lord Shelburne. Shelburne was Secretary for the department in which the colonies were then included; Fox was at the head of the department of foreign affairs. If the American States were to be treated with on the footing of an acknowledged independence, the conduct of the negotiation belonged to Mr. Fox. If their independence was not to be yielded before negotiation, but they were to be regarded as if they were still revolted colonies of Great Britain, whose independence was one of the points to be embraced by the treaty, the business belonged to Lord Shelburne. Upon this very important question the two Secretaries were at variance.

But besides this difference of opinion on a fundamental point, the manner in which the negotiation was commenced was very unfortunate for the ascendency of that portion of the cabinet who were in favor of an immediate admission of the independence of America. It appears that in the latter part of March, 1782, before the downfall of Lord North's ministry was known at Paris, Dr. Franklin had address-

* Fox held the seals of the Foreign Office under Lord Rockingham for three months only, and in the coalition ministry he held the same position for about eight months. In those short periods he seems to me to have fully justified what is said of him in the text.

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EDMUND BURKE.

ed a private letter to Lord Shelburne,* whom he had formerly known in England, expressing the hope that something would now be done toward a general peace. When he received this letter Lord Shelburne had become one of the Secretaries of State in the Rockingham ministry; and he immediately dispatched an agent, Mr. Oswald, to confer with Dr. Franklin at Paris.† On the return of Mr. Oswald to London,‡ he brought another communication from Dr. Franklin to Lord Shelburne, suggesting the cession of Canada to the United States, for the purpose of producing a thorough reconciliation by affording the means of repaying the injuries done to the Americans by the war, and to enable them to give an indemnity to the loyalists for the confiscation of their property. This suggestion was not communicated by Lord Shelburne to his colleagues, although the substance of Mr. Oswald's conversations with Dr. Franklin on the subject of a general peace was laid before the cabinet. As Mr. Oswald was Lord Shelburne's confidential agent, much commended by him to Dr. Franklin, the

* March 22, 1782. *Franklin's Works.*
† April 6, 1782.
‡ He left Paris April 18, 1782.

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CHARLES JAMES FOX.

subsequent discovery that he had brought an important communication from Dr. Franklin to Lord Shelburne which the latter withheld from his colleagues led to serious difficulty.

But before this discovery was made, the cabinet directed that Mr. Oswald should be sent back to Paris with authority to name Paris as the place, and to settle with Dr. Franklin the most convenient time for setting on foot a negotiation for a general peace on the basis of allowing the independence of America upon Great Britain's being restored to the situation she was placed in by the Treaty of Paris (1763), and that Mr. Fox send a proper person to make a similar communication to the French ministry. The person selected by Mr. Fox for this purpose was Mr. Grenville, and it was he who discovered, in his conversations with Mr. Oswald at Paris, the fact of Dr. Franklin's private communication to Lord Shelburne, which the latter had not made known to his colleagues, but which he appears to have so far entertained as to permit Mr. Oswald to represent to Dr. Franklin that the proposition might possibly be considered.* In the mean time, and before this discovery had reached Mr. Fox, the English cabinet had come to a further resolution to authorize Mr. Fox to give full powers to Mr. Grenville to treat at Paris with all the belligerent powers upon the basis of American independence and the Treaty of Paris, and in case this proposition should not be accepted, to invite the French government to make proposals on its part.*

This resolution was far from being satisfactory to Mr. Fox. He had become convinced that no peace with America could be made without a previous acknowledgment of her independence, and he therefore considered it highly inexpedient to present her independence to the other belligerents in the light of a condition to be made the price of something which England was to require of them. Accordingly he exerted himself to bring about a further resolution of the cabinet, changing the basis of the negotiation. He procured on the 23d of May the adoption of a minute instructing Mr. Grenville "to propose the independency of America in the first instance, instead of making it a condition of a general treaty."† This he supposed and intended to be sufficient to disembarrass the question of American independence of all conditions so far as the other belligerents were concerned, although he was still dissatisfied with the attitude in which that question was left in the negotiation with the Americans themselves, for he would have had their independence freely acknowledged before treating with them on the terms of peace.‡

In about two weeks after the cabinet had adopted this minute, Mr. Fox was informed by Mr. Grenville of the private communication which had been carried by Mr. Oswald from Dr. Franklin to Lord Shelburne.§ In Mr. Fox and his friends this discovery, with other facts concerning Lord Shelburne's intercourse with Dr. Franklin through Mr. Oswald, excited the warmest indignation. But it was necessary, before any use could be made of this discovery, to ascertain from Mr. Grenville how far he was under an obligation of secrecy respecting the intelligence which he had communicated, and

* *Franklin's Works*, ix., 265–270.

* Minutes of Council, May 18, 1782.

† This minute was adopted May 23, 1782.

‡ John Adams gave Fox credit at the time for having had the penetration to discover, and the manliness to act upon the discovery, that a treaty could be made with America in no other way. (*Works of John Adams*, vii., 610–613.)

§ Fox received this information June 8, 1782.

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inquiries were sent to him for this purpose.

Before his answer came, Mr. Fox endeavored to bring the cabinet to adopt his views of the policy of conceding the independence of America without waiting for a treaty. To his great chagrin he then found that Lord Shelburne put an entirely different interpretation upon the minute of May 23 from that which he, Fox, intended it should have. Fox maintained that as to the negotiations with France the words of that minute contained a complete and final recognition of American independence. Lord Shelburne contended that the recognition was meant to be conditional, depending on the conclusion of a general peace; and, if such a peace was not made, that England and America would stand in the same relation to each other as before the negotiation was commenced.

Suspecting a design of still reducing the colonies to their former allegiance, Fox pressed for a decision by the cabinet in favor of an immediate and unconditional admission of their independence, and being outvoted, he then declared his purpose to resign his office, which he said he had for some time continued to hold solely because of the illness of Lord Rockingham.* On the next day Lord Rockingham died. Fox, Burke, the Duke of Portland, and others of the Rockingham Whigs in a short time retired from office, and immediately afterward it became known that Lord Shelburne was to be Premier.

Fox was severely blamed at the time for leaving office on these differences in the cabinet, and he has been blamed ever since. His justification—apart from all considerations of his personal objections to Lord Shelburne as a fit successor of Lord Rockingham—depends upon his view of the principles on which the administration of the latter was formed. In his vindication of himself in Parliament he declared that there were points of the first and most essential importance on which the administration had abandoned the principles on which it had been formed. This was denied by Lord Shelburne and his adherents. What these points were could not be publicly stated, but it is evident that Fox alluded to the negotiations for a peace. He was certainly excusable for believing that to withhold the recognition of their independence until the Americans had bargained for it in a treaty, or to make it a condition in negotiating with the other belligerents, was hazardous to the peace which the administration was formed to obtain, and was therefore dangerous to England. But in this matter of the secession of the Rockingham Whigs from office history must apparently rest in two conclusions: First, that they believed they had taken office upon the basis of yielding the independence of America before a treaty should be necessary; and secondly, that they had not taken sufficient guarantees for this purpose when the cabinet was formed.*

These occurrences are important at the present day to us so far only as their investigation enables us to trace the web of these events, and those actions of English statesmen which continued in the counsels of Great Britain the predominance of a narrow and illiberal policy toward the United States even after the necessity of peace had become apparent—a policy which first caused the war for our independence, then made the acknowledgment of that independence what Lord Shelburne called "a necessary evil," and then continued, after this evil had been submitted to, to postpone and avoid all efforts to bring the two countries into really amicable and practically beneficial relations.

If any one wishes to see the spirit of the England of that day drawn in colors that are not flattering, let him turn, not to any American writer of that or any other period, but to the pages of one of the wisest Englishmen of the subsequent age, the late Professor Smythe, of Cambridge, whose teachings of history at that university have had much to do with forming

* This occurred June 30, 1782.

* In the brief account given in the text of the principal causes of the breaking up of the Rockingham ministry I have omitted many immaterial facts respecting the double negotiation carried on at Paris by the two Secretaries of State, and I have not thought it important to consider how far Mr. Fox was worthy of blame, as a British statesman, for his efforts to make the Duke of Portland the successor of Lord Rockingham. That he acted under the influence of strong resentment, and therefore may have acted unwisely, is certainly true. The facts from which my conclusions have been drawn are scattered through various sources too numerous to be cited, but they can be found in the *Life of Fox*, by Lord John Russell; the *Memorials of Fox*, by the late Lord Holland, published under Lord John Russell's editorship; the *Annual Register;* Lord Mahon's *History of England*, vol. vii., Appendix; and the works of Franklin and John Adams.

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LORD SHELBURNE.

another kind of British statesmanship than that which was common in the last century.

The views of Lord Shelburne on the subject of American independence at the commencement of his administration are sufficiently indicated by his declaration in Parliament that his opinions had not, but that circumstances had, changed, and he now saw that the independence of America had become a necessary evil, to which England must submit in order to avoid a greater one.* It is by no means a harsh inference from what occurred that Lord Shelburne had intended to struggle against submission to this evil as long as he could by following a policy directly the reverse of that of Fox, making the concession a condition of a treaty, and yielding it only in exchange for some important surrender on the part of the Americans. He took the direction of affairs in July, and from that time to the end of September, in the instructions and commissions issued to both of the British agents at Paris, the United States were not acknowledged. Mr. Fitzherbert, who was sent to take the place of Mr. Grenville, was instructed to treat with the King of France and with the ministers of "any princes or states concerned"; while Mr. Oswald was authorized to treat with the Commissioners of "the Colonies or Plantations" for a peace or truce with those colonies or plantations, or any part of them. Mr. John Adams, who was still at the Hague, resolutely refused to go to Paris and join his colleagues, Dr. Franklin and Mr. Jay, for the purpose of the negotiation, until he should hear that one or the other of the British agents was expressly authorized to treat with the Commissioners of the United States of America. Mr. Jay had been equally firm at Paris.*

Convinced at length that no treaty could be made without some previous admission of the independent nationality of America, the British cabinet dispatched a commission to Mr. Oswald to treat of peace with "the Commissioners of the United States of America."† This was regarded by the American Commissioners as sufficient, and Mr. Adams reached Paris in the latter part of October.

We have now arrived on the theatre of the negotiations which were to terminate the war. I can only briefly refer to the relations of the United States to the principal powers of Europe as they were established at the beginning or developed in the progress of their contest with England. They had had the treaty of alliance with France, and its incalculable benefits, and had been long represented at its court. They had also enjoyed, and continued to enjoy, a most liberal commercial treaty with that country. They had had the indirect advantage of Spain's participation in the general war against England, although they never could gain from her an alliance, and although subjects which might produce dangerous controversies still remained unsettled between them. From Holland they had recently obtained the recognition of their independence and a free commercial treaty; and although this connection came at a late period in their struggle for a national existence, it strengthened their position in the eyes of

* *Annual Register* for 1872, vol. xxv., p. 187.

* *Works of John Adams*, vii.

† It was received by Oswald September 27, 1782.

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Europe, and gave much additional consequence to their minister who had procured it. That minister (John Adams) was now to take an important part in the negotiations for peace.

That he came to this work with far less confidence in the good-will of France toward his country than his illustrious colleague Franklin had always felt, is well known. That his other colleague, Mr. Jay, shared his suspicions, is also well known. That these suspicions were honestly entertained, and that at the same time they were entirely unfounded, seem to me to be propositions equally clear. So far as they led to the conclusion of a peace with England without communication with the French government, the concealment must be pronounced unnecessary; and as it was a breach of one of the express stipulations of the French alliance and of the orders of Congress, its want of necessity leaves the defense of this step a very difficult task. Without turning aside, however, from the course marked out for this narrative, it is sufficient to notice the fact that the negotiations were carried on and concluded separately from those of France with Franklin's consent, and that the French ministry, if they had desired to exercise any influence over the minor stipulations which England was to make with the Americans, must from this circumstance have done so privately. Nothing has yet been discovered which shows any other solicitude on the part of the French government than a natural wish to moderate such demands of the United States as they feared might hazard the great object of obtaining from England a complete and final admission of American independence. For this France was undoubtedly concerned, but as to the details and arrangements of the separation her ministers probably cared little. The risk that was taken by the American Commissioners was assumed by men who believed it to be necessary, and whose patriotism was the guide of this as of all their actions.

The territorial limits of the United States, the fisheries, the subject of debts and confiscations, together with the navigation of the Mississippi—so far as England could have any interest in it—and the evacuation of the country by the British forces, were the principal matters to be settled between England and the United States, now that a formal separation was to be made. They were settled in the form of provisional articles, agreed upon and signed at Paris by the representatives of the two countries on the 30th of November, 1782, without communication with the French government. The mode in which they were to become definitive was ascertained by describing them as articles "to be inserted in and to constitute the treaty of peace proposed to be concluded between the crown of Great Britain and the United States, but which treaty is not to be concluded until terms of a peace shall be agreed upon between Great Britain and France, and his Britannic Majesty shall be ready to conclude such treaty accordingly." The first of the articles so described acknowledged the United States by their several names to be "free, sovereign, and independent States," and declared that the King of Great Britain "treats with them as such," and relinquishes all claims to the government, propriety, and territorial rights of the same, and every part thereof. Although all this, as well as all the rest of the provisional articles, was to be inserted in a treaty that was to be made at a future time, when terms of a peace should have been agreed upon between Great Britain and France, there are two observations to be made with respect to the acknowledgment of the United States. The first is that whenever any peace should be made between England and France, England stood bound to the United States to make a treaty with them, which should contain and be constituted by these provisional articles now agreed upon; the second is that the declaration that the King of England "treats with" the United States as being "free, sovereign, and independent" contained words of present import, operating directly upon the political condition of the United States, and incapable of being recalled, since they contained an admission that in the act of making the agreements which the provisional articles embrace, the King of Great Britain meets the United States as independent and sovereign communities.*

* It is worthy of remark in this place that any attempt to treat this admission as having been made conditional upon the conclusion of the particular peace then under negotiation with France must have been founded upon a quibble. The terms of the provisional treaty did not leave the independence of the United States in a position to be recalled on the failure of the pending negotiations between Great Britain and France, for the reasons which I have stated in the text. It will be seen

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Upon all the other topics embraced by the provisional articles the American Commissioners were unfettered by any express instructions of Congress,* and the treaty is therefore to be regarded, in respect to its minor provisions, as their work, and is to be judged by the leading principle on which they acted throughout. This principle was to settle what was necessarily involved in the final and formal renunciation of the sovereignty which Great Britain had claimed over the United States, and what was essential to the continuance of the peace that was to be made. One of these topics, of course, related to the boundaries.

The terms of the provisional articles on this head left Great Britain in possession of Nova Scotia on the east, making the river St. Croix the western limit of that province; and of the Canadas on the north, carrying the northern boundary of the United States through the lakes onward, as it was then supposed, to the upper waters of the Mississippi. On the south, the line which made the northern boundary of the two Floridas, as settled by the King of England's proclamation in 1763, was adopted as the present limit of the United States. On the west, the United States were admitted to extend to the middle of the Mississippi, throughout its course, from the point where it was supposed to be intersected by their northern boundary down to its intersection with the northern boundary of West Florida on the 31st parallel of latitude. By this latter adjustment, therefore, all pretense on the part of Spain that the lands lying on the eastern bank of the Mississippi above the limits of West Florida could be conquered by her from Great Britain was cut off. Whether a peace should be made or war should continue between Great Britain and Spain, the title of the crown of Great Britain in these lands must now be incontestably held to be devolved upon the United States, if these articles should take effect in a definitive treaty.

Having obtained this concession of the western boundary, for which the United States had always contended, the American Commissioners sought by a further arrangement to leave the navigation of the Mississippi in the best position for the interests of the United States in their future dealings with Spain.

That power, notwithstanding her war with England, had not joined the alliance between France and America, and had yielded none of her pretensions to the exclusive navigation of the Mississippi. England, after her renunciation to the United States of all claim to the country bordering on the river, and lying between the northern and southern boundaries of the United States, could have but a slight and perhaps only a conjectural interest in the navigation of the Mississippi as a riparian proprietor. But it was supposed at the time that, after drawing the line of the northern boundary of the United States westward from the Lake of the Woods, the country above it, and belonging to Great Britain, would touch the upper waters of the Mississippi. This gave a color to one of the articles inserted in the treaty, by which it was stipulated that "the navigation of the river Mississippi, from its source to the ocean, shall forever remain free and open to the subjects of Great Britain and the citizens of the United States."*

In making the provisional treaty the American Commissioners were at liberty, under the spirit of their instructions, to treat the fisheries as national interests if they should see fit to do so.† Congress

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hereafter why this point is alluded to. Fortunately the turn of events did not give rise to any occasion on which a British minister could have been tempted to compromise the honor of his country by an effort to recall the admission which had been made. Whether, if the occasion had arisen, the attempt would have been made, the reader can judge, when he passes through the occurrences to be detailed hereafter.

* Various instructions had been given by Congress from time to time, and different ultimata had been adopted with respect to the boundaries, the fisheries, the claims of the loyalists, etc.; but it so happened that at the time when the treaty was made all instructions had been repealed excepting upon the point of independence, and the observance of that provision of the alliance with France which required that no peace should be made without the concurrence of the French government.

* Art. VIII. of the Treaty of Peace. For the motives of this article, see the explanation given by the Commissioners to Congress in their dispatch of December 14, 1782. *Works of J. Adams*, viii., 18.

† The fisheries, before the negotiations which resulted in the treaty of peace, had been from time to time regarded by Congress as a national interest. In 1779, when Mr. Adams was appointed sole Commissioner to make a peace with Great Britain, the ultimatum expressed in the instructions given to him embraced the independence of the United States and the boundaries as they were then claimed. But he received at the same time a separate commission to negotiate a commercial treaty with Great Britain; and in the instructions which accompanied it he was directed to regard the preservation of the fish-

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had on one occasion defined the claim which they intended to make. It embraced a right to take fish on the Banks of Newfoundland and throughout the American seas to the distance of three leagues from the shores of the British territories; and it was intended that still further privileges should be obtained, if possible, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on the coasts of Nova Scotia. But when it is remembered that by the treaties of Utrecht and of Paris a great part of the valuable fisheries lay within the extensive limits which had been admitted to belong exclusively to England, it is apparent that the claim of the Americans must be rested upon two distinct grounds. The first of those grounds was that as to all those regions which formed part of the open ocean, such as the Banks of Newfoundland, England could not claim an exclusive appropriation under her treaties with France, since the ocean is the common property of all nations. Secondly, that in respect to the waters which by convention with France had been admitted to be appurtenant to British territories—however extensive and unusual the distance embraced by such admissions—the people of the United States, when subjects of Great Britain, had assisted in exploring and conquering the fishing grounds, had enjoyed them as a national interest belonging to the crown, and were now entitled, on becoming a separate nation, to hold these interests in common with Great Britain, which they had formerly held in common with her when the two nations were one.

From this statement—and it is as strong a statement of the American claim as can be made—it appears that the whole of this subject, so far as it related to the waters which by previous treaties between France and England had been annexed as fishing grounds to British territories, or had been admitted to be the exclusive property of the British crown, was very fit to be made a matter of negotiation and concession. The Americans could scarcely claim such fisheries as a right, where the exclusive possession of Great Britain did not trench upon the general rights of all nations; and where the line of the general right of all nations ended, and where the right of particular appropriation began, it was not easy, perhaps it was not possible, in all cases to define, although in other cases a definition was perfectly easy. But if the extensive distances allowed to the British claim by the treaties of Utrecht and Paris were to be assumed as affording a definition of the extent of the exclusive possessions of the British crown, and the Americans claimed to share in those possessions by division, on the ground of their having assisted in conquering them, or that they had enjoyed them as British sub-

eries as essential to the welfare of all the States, and not to conclude any treaty of commerce without an express stipulation in favor of the American claims to them.

The extent of these claims appears from the same instructions. It was intended to secure an admission of a right of the inhabitants of the United States to take fish upon the Banks of Newfoundland and throughout the American seas at least to the distance of three leagues from the shores of the British territories, and the negotiator was directed to obtain, if possible, a nearer distance in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and along the shores of Nova Scotia, with a privilege of landing and drying (*Secret Journals*, ii., pp. 225, 229, 234). These commissions and instructions, however, were not acted upon; and in 1781, in consequence of the expected mediation of the Empress of Russia and the Emperor of Germany, a new commission was issued to Messrs. Adams, Franklin, Jay, Laurens, and Jefferson to negotiate a treaty of peace. In the instructions given to them the ultimatum was confined to the points of independence and the preservation of the alliance with France. Mr. Adams's commission to make a commercial treaty with Great Britain, and its conditions, remained unrevoked. In this posture of things the boundaries, in which the Southern States felt a deep interest, were placed upon a less secure footing than the fisheries, which as a local interest concerned chiefly the Eastern States. To remedy this inequality, Mr. Madison, on the 29th of June, 1781, moved in Congress an additional instruction to Mr. Adams not to make a commercial treaty with Great Britain unless it should embrace all the objects of the ultimatum of 1779; but his motion was negatived. He then (July 12, 1781) moved a repeal of Mr. Adams's commission and instructions relative to a commercial treaty, which was carried against the negative votes of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. Thus it happened that when the negotiations for the peace came on in 1782, the Commissioners were to act under the instructions of June 15, 1781. Of the Commissioners then appointed, Messrs. Adams, Franklin, Jay, and Laurens were in Europe; Mr. Jefferson did not accept the appointment; Mr. Laurens, who was released from his imprisonment in the Tower in consequence of the state of his health, did not join his colleagues in Paris until the negotiations were nearly closed. The provisional treaty was therefore chiefly the work of Adams, Franklin, and Jay. Although the instructions of June 15, 1781, made no other ultimata than the independence of the United States and the preservation of the French alliance, they at the same time referred the Commissioners, as to disputed boundaries and other particulars, to the instructions given to Mr. Adams in 1779 as containing the "desires and expectations of Congress." This reference embraced the fisheries, and was a warrant to the Commissioners to treat them as interests of national importance.

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jects, it is plain that the American Revolution could not have devolved upon the United States a strict title to possessions of this nature. These possessions were not parts of the territory of the United States or annexed to their territorial sovereignty; they were, or were claimed to be, rights annexed to the territorial sovereignty of the British crown; they lay outside of the territorial limits which the Revolution had devolved upon the United States; and any claim of the United States to share in them as part of the common property which belonged to the crown when the people of the United States had still a community with Great Britain was a claim to be addressed to those considerations of expediency, justice, and policy on which Great Britain might feel disposed to act.*

It was substantially to considerations of this kind that the American Commissioners finally made their appeal, and it was upon such considerations that they succeeded in obtaining the concessions which they desired.†

The Provisional Treaty recognized the right of the Americans to take fish of every kind on the Grand Bank, and on all the other banks of Newfoundland, and it stipulated that they should continue to enjoy unmolested the right to fish in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and at all other places in the sea where the inhabitants of both countries had at any time previously been accustomed to fish. It also provided for a liberty of fishing in those waters where England claimed an exclusive right without any limitation of distance from the shores, and conceded the privilege of landing and drying under certain circumstances.*

Another of the topics that were to come into the negotiation for a peace between England and America related to the debts due from Americans to British subjects, and to the confiscations which had been made by the American States of the property of those who had adhered to the British side of the controversy. The principle applicable to the recovery of debts was clear and simple. That a debt due from a subject of one belligerent to a subject of another ought not to be held to be extinguished

* The views taken on this subject by the Count de Vergennes seem to me to have been entirely correct. He held that the United States could not demand from the King of France a guarantee of their rights to share in the fisheries which were the exclusive property of the British crown before the American Revolution upon the ground that by the treaty of alliance the King of France undertook to guarantee the "possessions" of the United States. At the same time he considered the fisheries in the open sea and on the Banks of Newfoundland as free to the Americans as to all other nations. On this subject he held the following language, in a dispatch to M. De la Luzerne, dated September 25, 1779: "We distinguish two kinds of fisheries—that on the high seas, and that along the coasts of the mainland and of islands. The first is as free as the sea itself. It is allowed to all nations, and no one can be excluded from it without suffering an injury. But it is not the same with those along the coasts, which appertain to the proprietor of those coasts, and he has a right to exclude from them whom he thinks proper. The Americans have heretofore participated in the fisheries as subjects of the crown of Great Britain. Hence, from the moment they threw off the English yoke and declared themselves independent, they broke the community which had existed between them and the mother country, and voluntarily deprived themselves of all the advantages which it had secured for them."

† A great deal was said in the course of the negotiations, and sometimes very strong language was used, especially by Mr. Adams, concerning the *right* of the Americans to the fisheries. It must be recollected, however, that the Commissioners were dealing with a very extensive and a somewhat complicated interest. In this interest was involved, first, the claim to use the open ocean. To this claim the character of a *right* was strictly applicable. But there were parts of the sea where, by former conventions between France and England, the latter had been admitted to have an exclusive possession of fisheries which, it might otherwise be contended, were open to all nations. So far as the Americans could succeed in carrying the line of a universal right toward the shores, they had no occasion to resort to a claim founded on their former enjoyment as British subjects. But when they entered the waters in which England claimed an exclusive fishery as a possession of the crown, and demanded a continued interest in those fisheries as a matter of right, it is obvious that they were obliged to rest their claim upon the idea that interests annexed to the crown of England had devolved upon the people of the United States by a process of severance worked by the Revolution. Now although it is true that many arguments were used for the purpose of maintaining that the people of America were in possession and enjoyment of the fisheries at the Revolution, that they had contributed a great deal to the conquest from France of England's exclusive pretensions, etc., yet all those arguments in truth resolved themselves into an appeal to the justice and magnanimity of England, and addressed themselves to her policy. They had the same tendency and the same force as the arguments which were urged at the same time, founded on the anticipation that to exclude American fishermen from waters where they had always been accustomed to fish would be the cause of future wars. Accordingly we find that the article of the treaty relating to the fisheries, while it acknowledges the American claim of right in waters where it could not have been disputed, admits it in many other places where it could have been resisted but for considerations of sound policy.

* Article III. of the Provisional Treaty.

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merely by a state of war, although its collection may be rendered impracticable by the war itself, is one of the received maxims of public law.* Whether such debts are liable to seizure or extinguishment by the country of the debtor at the close of a war is a matter that has been disputed. The principal difficulty which surrounded this subject in the settlement between England and America at the close of the war arose from the fact that the Congress of the United States, which, under the Confederation, was supposed to exercise the rights of war, had left this whole subject in the hands of the several States, some of which had created legal impediments to the recovery of debts due to British subjects.†

A provision was introduced into the treaty which made it the duty of the States to remove these impediments.‡

But these difficulties were slight in comparison with those which attended the question whether compensation should be made to the loyalist refugees, whose property had been confiscated by the several States from which they had been exiled or had voluntarily fled. England, with a policy which was natural, and which was with her a point of honor, springing from the doctrine of allegiance which she held, had received the American refugees as subjects who had sacrificed their estates to duty to their sovereign, and who were therefore entitled to her best exertions to secure for them a restoration or an indemnity. But in this question there was likewise a point of honor on the side of the American States. They held that the refugees had been faithless to higher obligations than the duty of allegiance to England. They declared that while these persons remained in the country, they had by their conduct and the advice which they had given to the British ministry put in peril the best interests of the society in which they were born. After the war had begun, it was alleged that most of its aggravations and horrors were due to the influence of the American Tories with the English government. It was contended that as these men had chosen their side, and chosen against the country of their birth, their property was forfeited by every principle of justice and every rule of that self-preservation which a State is entitled to treat as a supreme necessity; and that to compensate them was to acknowledge that the seizure and confiscation of their estates were unwarranted, and to admit that adherence to England was a higher duty of every American than to adhere to the rights and fortunes of his native land.

On both sides of this question a moralist who examines it with impartiality will discover much truth, and perhaps the balance is not easily found. But whatever might be the conclusions of a speculative inquirer on this head, he would not fail to notice that this was one of those cases where the passions of great communities, moved by kindred but opposing impulses, act so directly against each other that nothing but address, and an adjustment which really settles the point of honor on neither side, can terminate the contest. In a conflict of national feelings almost any practical solution is for the case a right one, provided it humbles no national pride and violates no principle.

During the discussions on this subject Dr. Franklin shrewdly put this question, "What would the English nation say to a proposition to restore the Stuarts to the throne, and to return their estates to those who had adhered to them?" There can be no stronger illustration than this of the principle that there are cases where the public safety is not only the *supreme* but the *true* law. The hereditary right of the Stuarts to the throne was unquestionable. That those who followed their fortunes did so from a loyalty as pure and noble as could have animated any of the American refugees is equally certain. Nay, we may without injustice believe that the Jacobite loyalty was a purer and nobler sentiment than the loyalty of the American Tory; for the cause of the Stuarts was hopeless and desperate from the first, while the cause of George III. in America was neither hopeless nor unlikely to prevail until long after the Tories had chosen their side. The great and controlling reasons why the American Commissioners were unwilling to make any stipulation for the restoration of the estates of the loyalists were two. In the first place, they had no authority adequate to this object. They were agents of the Federal Congress, and the Federal government, which had not confiscated

* Grotius (by Whewell), lib. iii., cap. 20, s. 16.

† See an explanation of this subject in the author's *History of the Constitution of the United States*, vol. i., pp. 250–254.

‡ See Article IV. of the Provisional Treaty.

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the property of the loyalists, had not been authorized to restore them or to give compensation for them by the States which had seized them. At the same time the Commissioners knew very well that the States would never consent to perform any stipulations which they might make on this subject, and they frankly said so. In the second place, they were unwilling to make any provisions which would have the effect of restoring to this country a body of persons whose feelings and political attachments would be adverse to the Revolution, and who might constitute the nucleus of a British party in America.

The English government struggled long and hard upon this part of the treaty; for there was no topic involved in the settlement more likely to give embarrassment to a British minister than this. The refugees were numerous and clamorous. Many of them were in England. They besieged the ministry with their demands, and those demands addressed themselves to one of the strongest of the principles of the nation. But the case was hopeless from the first. All that the American Commissioners could do was to offer to insert an article in the treaty making it the duty of Congress to recommend to the States certain provisions in favor of those whose property had been confiscated. This offer was at length reluctantly accepted by the British government.* It was also agreed that there should be no further confiscations of property or proceedings against the person on account of the part which individuals had taken in the war; that there should be a firm and perpetual peace between the two countries, that all prisoners on both sides should be set at liberty, and that the King of England should, with all convenient speed, withdraw his fleets and armies, and surrender the military posts which he still held, without causing any destruction or carrying away any negroes or other property of the Americans.

Such were the terms of the settlement by which it was mutually and formally agreed that Great Britain and the United States should separate forever, as they had long been separated in fact. It is at once apparent, on the inspection of the preliminary treaty of peace, that it left the commercial relations of the two countries wholly untouched. On this subject the American Commissioners had no instructions, and were therefore under no positive restrictions. There had been a commission issued to Mr. Adams in September, 1779, to negotiate a treaty of commerce with Great Britain at the time when, in consequence of the proffered mediation of Spain, he was appointed sole minister of the United States to negotiate a peace. At that period it was the intention of Congress not to put the commercial relations of the United States with Great Britain, in case a peace should be made, upon any different footing than they intended to have with any other country.* But in 1781 Dr. Franklin and Messrs. Jay and Laurens were joined to Mr. Adams in the negotiation for peace, and soon afterward Mr. Adams's commercial commission was revoked.†

It would seem that when Dr. Franklin commenced the negotiations for peace with the British agent, Mr. Oswald, before Mr. Adams and Mr. Jay arrived at Paris, he considered the power of making commercial arrangements was included by implication in the authority to agree on the terms of peace; for in a list of articles which he gave to Mr. Oswald, embracing under two heads what he considered as *necessary* and as *advisable* stipulations, he placed among the latter a proposition which amounted to a perfectly free carrying trade between England and America.‡ But when the negotiations drew to a point, it was found impracticable to embrace anything more than what was essential to a peace. In the first place, the terms on which peace between Great Britain and America could be made were agreed to be settled privately, and were therefore to be settled as speedily as possible. In the next place, even if the United States were then prepared to enter upon the subject of commercial relations, the British ministry were not. They could not at all foresee what reception the peace would meet with in Parliament; there were statutes in the way which might require modification in order to suit the altered state of

* See Article V. of the Provisional Treaty as to the details and discussions attending this part of the negotiation.

* See the instructions to Mr. Adams. *Secret Journals*, ii., 228–231.

† Mr. Jefferson was included in the new commission for making peace (June 15, 1781), but he did not accept the appointment. Mr. Adams's commercial commission was revoked July 12, 1781. For a suggestion of the reasons, see *Life of Madison*, by W. C. Rives, vol. i., pp. 346–348.

‡ *Franklin's Works*, ix., 354, note.

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things between Great Britain and her colonies; and, in truth, the English cabinet could assume no greater burden than what they must inevitably bear when they came before Parliament, or provide for anything more than the renunciation of British sovereignty over the colonies, and the essential details involved in that renunciation.*

Notwithstanding the terms on which peace was to be made between England and the United States were now agreed upon, the situation was full of difficulty for all parties. Not only were the preliminary articles signed without the knowledge of the French government, but they were at the same time not to take effect until the terms of a peace between France and Great Britain should have been concluded. At the moment when this hazardous position was created the Count de Vergennes was involved in a perplexing negotiation with England, the principal difficulties of which arose from the points that were in controversy between England and Spain. The King of France could have easily made a separate peace with England, but, determined that all his allies should be satisfied at the termination of the war, his ministers pressed the negotiation no faster than its progress in respect to the interests of Spain and Holland could keep pace with those of France. Vergennes was informed from time to time of the questions in discussion between the British and American negotiators, but he does not seem to have been at all aware that they were making a preliminary treaty; and on their side the American Commissioners did not apply for information respecting his own negotiations with the British plenipotentiary, or inquire into the negotiations between Spain and England, which were conducted at Paris with his concurrence. Occupied with great affairs which concerned the relations of Europe, and extended into many quarters of the globe, and confident that the termination of the war must procure the independence of the United States, the French minister relied upon the stipulation of the alliance which obliged the United States not to make peace with Great Britain without the previous formal consent of his master, and upon the repeated assurances of the Congress of their purpose to adhere to this engagement.

When Franklin, immediately after the signing of the preliminaries, informed Vergennes of what had been done, and communicated to him a copy of the articles, reserving the separate one concerning the boundary of West Florida, Vergennes, who was not a man of impulses, withheld any expression of displeasure, and quietly observed that the principal difficulty in the way of a general peace —the independence of America—was now removed.* The time had not come for the French government to make known its sentiments on this infraction of the alliance. It soon became necessary, however, for the American Commissioners to inform Congress of what had been done. Their dispatches were prepared to be sent out by a vessel for which they obtained an English passport, and on the 15th of December—a fortnight after the preliminaries were signed—Dr. Franklin informed the Count de Vergennes of the departure of this vessel, and offered him the opportunity to make use of the same conveyance, although it had been previously understood between them that the application for an English passport should not be pressed. The French minister feared this appearance of an understanding with the English would be received in America as proof that a peace had been finally consummated, and would thus embarrass the Congress.† It was then that Vergennes felt called upon to speak. The preliminary articles between England and the United States were on the eve of going to America, holding out to the Congress the prospect of a peace, which was made conditional upon a settlement between England and France; and at the same time the American Commissioners had not obtained any official knowledge from the French government of even the existing state of its negotiations. A courteous but very grave answer to Franklin's note made known that the French government thought itself entitled to an explanation. Franklin explained, as well as circumstances permitted, softening the infraction of the alliance into a personal indiscretion and a want of *bienséance*, and expressing with much skill and grace his own and his country's gratitude toward the King of France. But the packet which carried to the United States the dispatches of their Commissioners with the preliminary arti-

* *Franklin's Works*, ix., 442.

* *Franklin's Works*, ix., 442. † *Ibid.*, 454.

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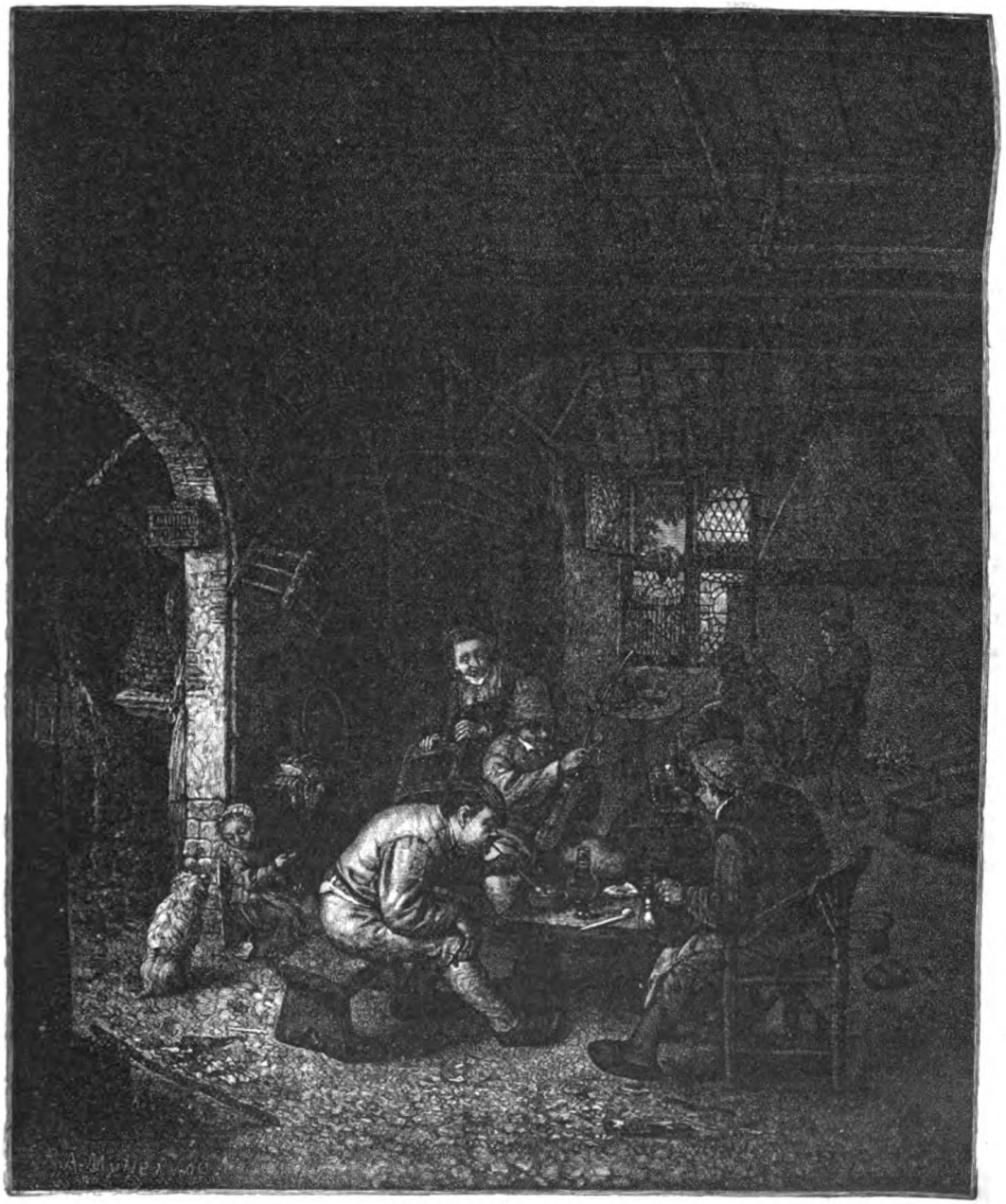
cles, also bore a dispatch from Vergennes to the French minister at Philadelphia, expressing with much dignity and temperance the displeasure which was doubtless sincerely felt.*

* *Franklin's Works*, ix., 442, 448, 449, 456.

WHENCE AND WHITHER?

THIS is what he said, in brief,
Sekasa, the Kaffir chief,
To the Frenchman Arbrousset,
As beneath the palms they lay:
"I shepherded that time my flock
Twelve long years; then on a rock
I sat me down, thereon to mark
What would happen in the dark.
Questions sad I asked, and none
Answered—could not answer one;
Nay, myself I could not answer;
Nor can any living man, sir,
Though as wise as your Voltaire.
But I wander, *M'sieu*—where?
Ah! who made the Stars? and who
Taught them their dances in the blue?
Do the Waters, swift and bright,
As they flow from morn to night,
Never weary of their race?
Whence and whither, to what Place?
Where do they find rest,
In what arms, and on what Breast?
Whence and whither go the Clouds,
In wedding garments, and in shrouds?
Such imperishable crowds!
Whither away,
By night and day,
Like shadows over a magic glass,
Do they pass, and pass, and pass?
Weeping out themselves in rain,
They are falling now again.
Who sends them,
And ends them?
And who, when all is done, befriends them?
We have many a sharp diviner
(Though you French *savants* are finer),
But they do not fetch the rain,
For they have no means of making it,
Nor any chance of breaking it;
Nor do I see them, though I watch well,
Go for it, either to Heaven or Hell;
But somehow they seem to have the spell.
I can not see the Wind,
Above, before, behind.
I know not whence it is,
Whether from bale or bliss;
But all the same I know it,
For I am what you call a poet.
I feel what makes it come and go,
And rage and worry and roar,
For I live, you see, on the shore
Where the blasts of Afric blow.
But I shall never know
How the luscious corn doth grow.
Yesterday—yes, it was yesterday—
There was not a blade of grass in my field,
That is thick to-day as a warrior's shield;
For, look to-day, and look far away,
It is fresh and green,
And the sky over all is serene.
Who gave it this power to bring forth?
Who and what, save the Earth,
Who folds us all in her broad arms' girth,
This young old Mother, the Earth?"

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"PEASANTS AT AN INN."—[FROM A PAINTING BY VAN OSTADE.]

ARTIST STROLLS IN HOLLAND.

IV.

IT was a cool, hazy, glistening October morning as we steamed out of the dock at Amsterdam on board one of the boats that ply along the North Holland Canal. We could have gone much sooner by rail to our destination—Alkmaar—but the canal promised to be far more picturesque and amusing. In fact, it was seriously mooted at one moment that we should go on one of the slowly crawling little *trek-schuyts*, or passenger canal-boats, so as to see the country and the people more at our leisure; but this self-sacrifice was carefully damped by the Faithful One finding that the *treks* did not run very regularly, and that when they did, few people

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went on them; and furthermore, that if we wished to crawl and "loafe and invite our soul," and be fully miserable, we should try the "diligence"—not the archaic vehicle of old postilion days, but a sordid modern rattle-trap of an omnibus. Nay, then, but the steamer was the judicious middle course, and a very nice, comfortable little boat it was.

When we finally got through the various locks and impediments into the canal itself, we soon saw that the artistic promise of the land would need much careful looking after if one would have a moderate fulfillment thereof. It is but fair to say that the canal was evidently never intended to charm or amuse to any intense degree, but to be simple and solid and direct. It is no small, mean runnel of a waterway, but a goodly wide and deep thing that a ship can get about in comfortably. If one must come down to figures, I will venture to say that I fancy it is some hundred and odd miles in length. Sufficient for the day, however, was the fact that it would take us to Alkmaar, and that along its rush-fringed banks were pictures passing ever before us of trim sleepy villages and skirts of towns, fat farmsteads, juicy pastures, sleek cows, and rosy-cheeked milkmaids with sleeves rolled above elbow—so tightly that the lusty arm below would be more than rosy, it would be a dappled carnation. There were the teeming polders and the jaunty windmills in rich profusion and variety, and all the familiar objects of a pleasant Dutch landscape. On the forward deck of the boat was a goodly pile of market baskets and boxes, and mounting to the top of the heap, we selected a soft basket—first making sure that it didn't contain eggs—as a point of vantage and a sketching seat, and then we remarked to the panorama before us, as Byron did to the ocean, that it might "roll on." Not that we felt unduly flippant or heedless: the occasion was too serious for that.

We were singularly blessed with just the right kind of good weather to see Holland by. If it had rained as it *can* rain there! How curiously adapted were all the lines and objects of this landscape to a series of pictures of utter and abject misery! We soon remarked the great difference between this North Holland side and the other or Friesland side of the Zuider Zee. There was here more color and variety, more irregularity of feature, more careless abundance and spontaneity. It was prim and speckless enough, goodness knows. It was only in comparison with rectangularly tilled Friesland proper that it seemed recklessly picturesque.

And here, too, was the real, undoubtedly original Cuyp-like atmosphere. We seemed to be sailing out of one big Cuyp straight into another, passing a bit of Brouwer or Teniers now and again, where the shady gardens of the little village alehouses came down to the water's edge. Surely Cuyp must have gone often here for his sleek rosy cows, his sedgy meadows, and his sun-drowned air. There is the same milkmaid, with the same white close cap, the same collar and jacket and gown, I'll be sworn.

"They do not die, nor change to us, although they change." The merry, liquid-eyed toss-cup of Ostade and Teniers, with his tall beaker and his portly grès-de-Flandre jug, his small-bowled, thick-stemmed little pipe, his crimson *beret* with its cock's feather — where is he? Alas! changed for a modern nondescript that might almost be Flemish or French, or from some little vague Netherlandish settlement—anywhere. He generally wears, in emulation of his French fellow-workman, a kind of regulation head-gear, a fearfully tall silk cap of this sort of build when new, but when it gets older and has been through a few disputes, as well as through wind and wet, it takes more varieties of fantastic, disreputable, and abandoned shapes than any cap I ever saw. Not that I wish to overabuse it. It may become "classic" some day.





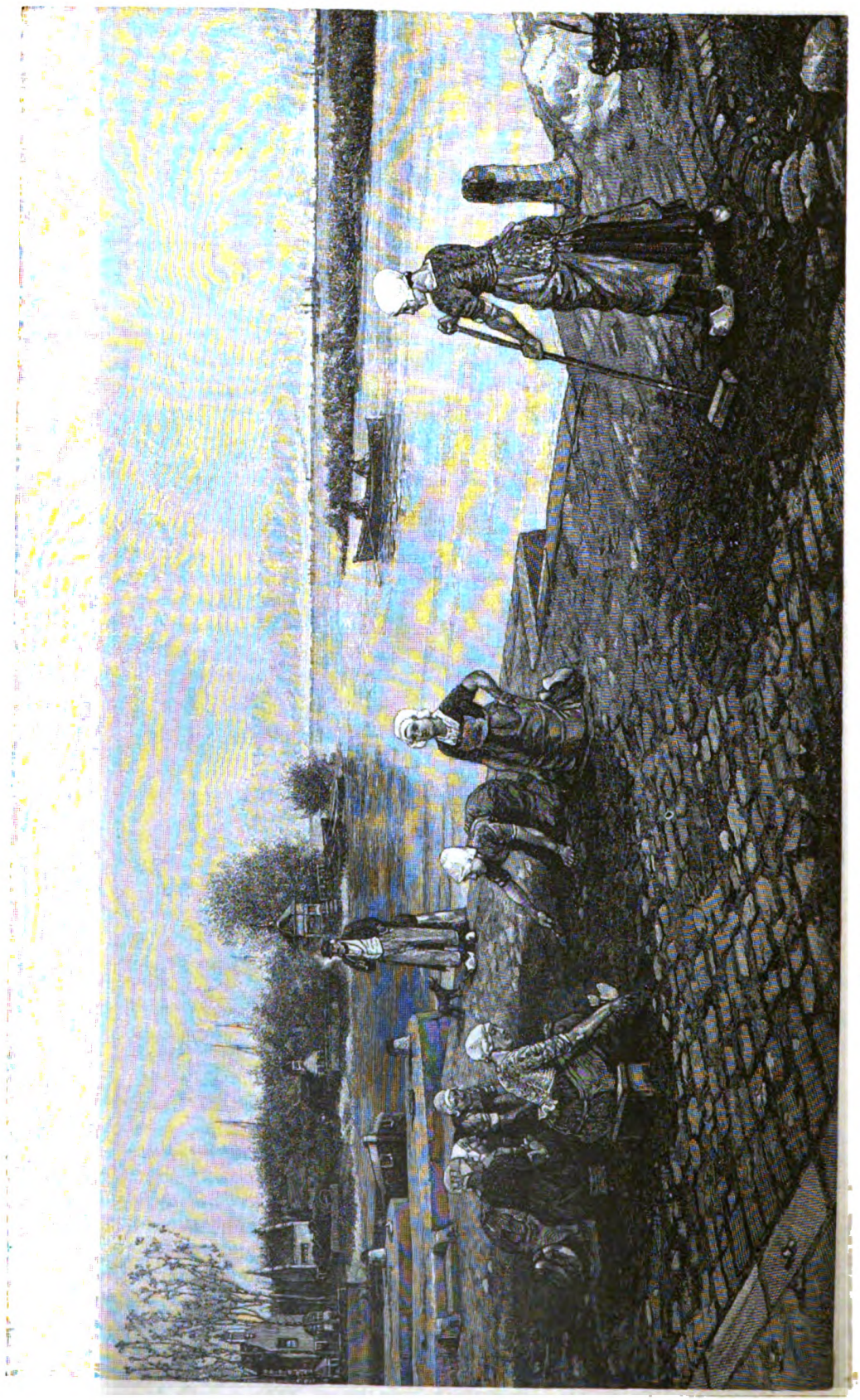
One generally, however, associates a pipe and a Dutchman together; in fact, it is difficult to think of one without immediately thinking of the other. And it is a sad wrench to one's feelings to find the pipe put out, and the cigar—and in a perky cigar tube too, generally—flourishing in its stead. It is not always the Ostade-

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like skittle garden that one sees down by the water's edge. I grieve to say that the bad imitation of a little provincial French café, with its wiry little chairs and its cockety little iron tables, and its poisonous-looking bottles of absinthe and vermouth, are far too frequent. I would not swear that we saw more than one such café the whole way, but even that was too frequent. The further north one goes in Holland, the more one's attention is called to the rapid increase of swirling ornament as a feature of domestic and civic architecture. Even on the better class of farm-houses, and more notably on the more pretentious country villas skirting the canal, the gables are fashioned in most fantastic shapes of curve and scroll, and the general impression of riotous lines meandering about the gables is further enhanced by startling effects of painting and gilding. We touched at a few of the little docks and landing-places along the waterway, and noted many delightfully quaint bits of color, as well as lots of amusing characters and incidents, backgrounds of cottages rich with downy, velvet-surfaced tiles and mottled brick, splashed with moss and stain and lichen, taking every tint that a fat humid air knows so well how to paint—if it has plenty of time. The window-frames would be



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WEEDING THE STREETS.—[FROM A DRAWING BY G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.]

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painted a dazzling white, the curtains of spotless dimity, the shutters and doors of brilliant green, the cow-sheds and out-houses with shiny black pitch, and often the trees would have about six feet of the lower trunk painted a "forget-me-not" (cheap sort of) blue. Lots of flowers, plenty of flaxen-haired children and blue-eyed girls, lots of ducks and geese, any number of cats.

Oh, it is not at all an unamusing journey or a weary one, to the simple-minded wayfaring sketcher who can manage to forget now and then to yearn for Botticelli and the Infinite. We noticed the prevalence of female labor in a "'long-shore" sort of way about the various landings. It would be a strapping rosy dame with sleeves well tucked up who would deftly catch the hawser, and bandy lively compliments with the deck hands of the steamer. They handled the lighter freight to and fro, kicking about the tubs of butter, and "shying" the bounding bullets of elastic Dutch cheese in fine manly style. They gave themselves curious "sea-dog" kind of airs too, that lent them a certain charm of their own. I should never think of recommending any young lady to study their little ways in order to shine in refined circles, but, at the same time, any young lady art student of the right stuff and fibre might do worse than possess her soul and her sketch-book of a few of the unconscious and striking poses that these female athletes surprise one with. Sometimes they are uncommonly statuesque in play of line and movement.

"Why didn't we do it?" Well, for one thing, the boat had to get us on to Alkmaar, and did not wait long enough except for us to see and admire. I would not fix on a bustling, jiggity steamer as the best place in the world to sketch quietly on, although, if you sit perched up on the taffrail, the enterprising looker-on and loafer is pretty well counted out: he can not breathe in your ear without the risk of getting overboard. You have a chance of this yourself; besides, the position is strikingly unbecoming, especially for a lady artist. No matter how enthusiastic she may be in pursuit of her art, she *must* be a sacrifice to the graces if she sits on the outer edge of the rail. All things considered, it was a very amusing run that day along the canal to Alkmaar, and we were somewhat sorry even when we came to its picturesque old landing-place.

"We want to go to a nice rambling old hostelry, Jacob, with court-yard and fountain, with oaken stairways, and all sorts of excitements in the way of interlaced brick-work and stone carvings, with mullioned windows and stained glass, if possible, or, at least, a crow-step gable, red-tiled roof, and a gold weather-cock. Do you know of such a place?"

Jacob was seldom at a loss: if he did not know, he would try to lay hold of some one to tell him. "I will hass dis borter; *he* will know if such a 'otel is bossible."

And he had a long confabulation with a dazed-looking old man, who seemed to get more dazed still as Jacob tried a free sort of translation on him. Finally they agreed about something.

"Dot is all right now; dese man will schouw de way, and so he might joost so well garry some of de pags." Simple, ingenuous old boy!

The supplementary guide soon buckled the traps together, and swinging them over his back, led the way. Jacob could now walk beside us in the undimmed lustre of his diamond pin, and point out all the objects of interest that we were looking at. The inn that we were taken to as our destination did not in the slightest degree come up to our modest requirements. The translation must have been tampered with between Jacob and the hazy porter. However, it had the negative merit of being so entirely and utterly opposite to the picture we drew in our minds that it came like a surprise. We wanted an ideal hotel, and this was only realistic. It was a shock; but as it was airy and clean and inviting, we were willingly lured in. There might be certain advantages, after all. Did we not still sadly remember a restless night passed in "hunting the slipper" in just such a romantic old inn as we pictured to Jacob?

Everything here was as brilliantly polished and as franticly scrubbed as if it were a show place in Broek. The beds were rather primitive, not to say quaint. Imagine a large oaken chest, with the lid off, made into a "four-poster" by means of tall slim uprights at each corner, supporting a canopy and curtains of blue check muslin. It is nice and snug when, after rasping your shins over the edge, you finally do tuck yourself away for the night. It takes much to dismay an old traveller who goes about with a wide experience of all

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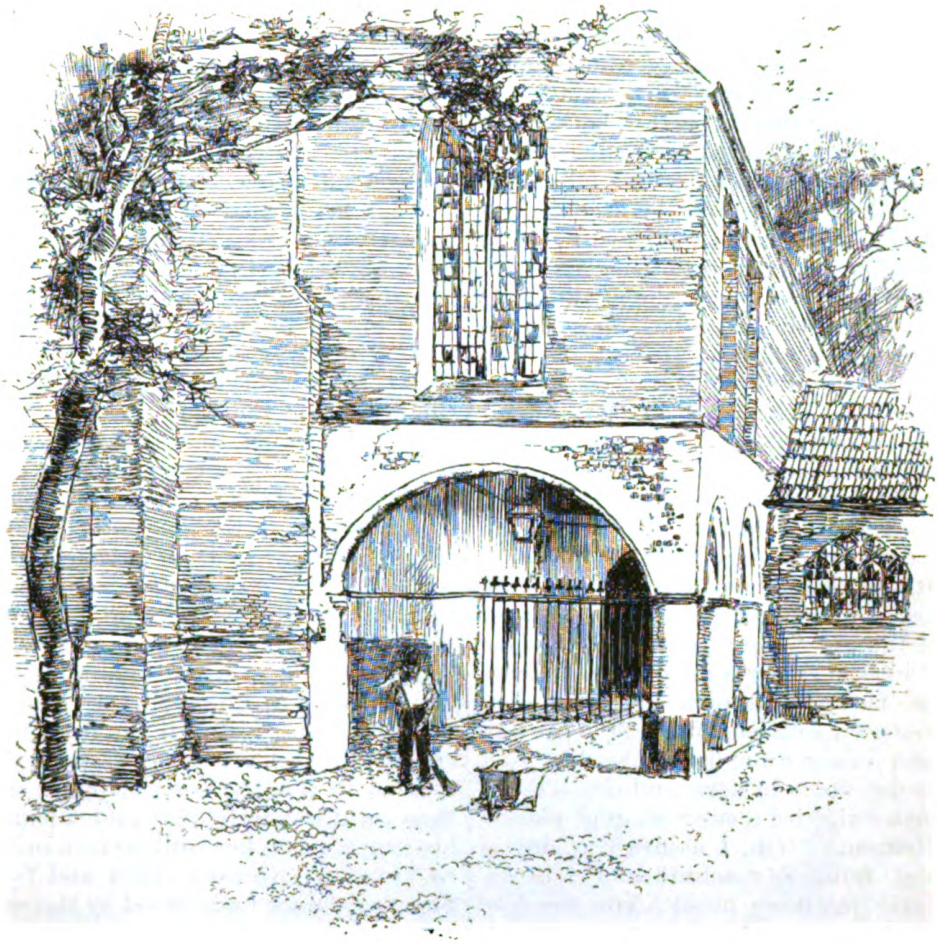
sorts and conditions of beds in all sorts of strange places. What a delightful paper might be written by an old campaigner on the various strange "by-by's" that he has gone to in his time! Smothered in a great affair of feathers and down, with canopy of silken embroideries and pillows edged with Spanish lace—the grand old carven bed of state. Once or twice in one's life is enough for *that* luxury, with its semi-asphyxiation. The bed of sweet hay or straw at a way-side mountain hut is a more pleasant memory. A bed of fragrant pine boughs or ferns in a forest shanty, or, for want of the shanty sometimes, *sous les belles étoiles*, on a summer night, is not so bad a thing. A billiard table in an overcrowded hotel, even with a railway rug around one, is apt to "slate" the sleeper before morning; and four chairs, with a coat rolled up for a pillow, is a shifty and unsteady resting-place; it generally finds you on the floor, either suddenly by accident or deliberately by choice, before morning. Therefore I repeat that this pathetic little snuggery had rather a charm about it. We will return to it anon. It was only early afternoon, and we did not retire to it just then. After a general survey of the little inn, we strolled out to see the town. Now Alkmaar is anything but a dead city, nor is it on the Zuider Zee. It is a very busy and bustling and cheesy place. In fact, it is the principal market-town for butter and cheese—more especially cheese—in North Holland. I won't venture to say just how many millions they roll out in a year. Jacob *did* say, but we never could get him to observe the nice distinction between so many pounds and so many cheeses. The figures, therefore, would lack interest to the statistical person.

There was to be the weekly market on the morrow, and we should not only have an opportunity of forming some notion of what a large town gorged with cheese looks like—and smells like—but we should see all the picturesqueness of the surrounding country got together in one mass in that fine old Market Square.

Jacob was invaluable for getting us into the thick of every fair and marketing, not to mention an occasional kermesse and other enlivenments. Already in the various shops and restaurants around the market-place could be seen preparations for the morrow: barrels of beer were being rolled in, piles of provender, vegetable and animal, were being massed together into a sort of barricade against the coming invasion of hunger and thirst—especially thirst. The fatted calf was being cut up for the behoof of the prodigal peasant—father and son. Jacob the prudent reminded us that it was a good thing for us that our hotel was at a safe distance from the festivities of the morrow. "Dese tam farmer what py an' sell de sheese, dey make so much money dey pring deir wife and dorter to py shewelry and eat sweet cookies and candies all day long; dey will eat up all dese stuff"—taking in the surrounding provender with one comprehensive wave of the hand—"yes, and more as dis too. But never you mind, we are all zafe where we are; dey won't go dere." We breathed more freely, and proceeded to get a realizing sense of the quaint old Market Square about us. The sacred temple of the place is the great weighing-house for the cheese and butter, built in the liberal and florid time of the early sixteenth century; it testifies amply to the flourishing state of the cheese industry at Alkmaar during that prosperous period. The very architecture of the building is the most fat and riotous in the way of scrolls and figures and carved tablets that one could well find even in North Holland. The old houses around the "Scale-house" were mostly of the same period, and all more or less elaborate in varied brickwork and stone carvings. The old shops seemed to have the same way of displaying their wares that they had in the middle ages.

We were especially attracted by a cake-baker's shop front (not in the square, but just out of it, down by the canal). We were not drawn by the toothsomeness of the gorgeous array of baked "imagery" in gingerbread—for it gave one a pain in the maxillary regions to look at them—but by the curious archaic designs of these survivals of *koek-bakkers'* art of two or three hundred years ago. Great effigies in every shade of golden brown, in every *genre* of the art. Historical portraits, animal, domestic, and marine subjects—there they were in great piles; but in every instance the art stopped short, not "in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine," but much earlier. The moulds must have cost a goodly sum to cut in their time, and when once done, the baker's art, for economy's sake, became strict-

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CHURCH PORCH IN ALKMAAR.

ly conservative and conventional. All the little cakey men wore doublet and hose, and broad cap and feather, all the little women were in ruff and farthingale and high-heeled shoon, and all so correct that one might collect them as authorities on costume. Some of the very large and archaic cakes looked uncommonly like old "brasses" from some cathedral floor, so severe and so correct in detail were they. And then the ships! great three-deckers like those of the Spanish Armada. The horse was the many-curved prancer of the breed peculiar to the heroic monument. Of course we were not permitted to carry on our archaic investigations in peace outside the baker's window. Jacob lent his allurements to those of the rosy buxom baker's daughter, and we soon found ourselves investing in a colossal effigy of the Prince of Orange, a four-decked war ship, and a good-sized Roman steed. These we gave to Jacob to carry for us carefully. They were not wrapped up at all, and as we passed through the crowded market-place we soon became the centre of idle observation and irrelevant remark. Poor old Jacob was at once the sport of the ruthless *gamin*, and the mock of the merry-hearted sailor.

As we neared a more secluded spot he ruefully remarked: "Now *don't* you t'ink we might eat some of dese ship, or some horse maybe? Dese tam poy, dey give one no beace."

"All right, Jacob. Give us a leg or a tail of the beast, and help yourself to the mainsail of the ship, unless you think it better to wait until we get to the hotel; then we can divide fairly all round. Those very pretty chamber-maids would like some, perhaps."

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There would have been little left of the effigies if Jacob had not got a newspaper to conceal them from the passing boy; and, as it was, he had so embossed himself with sticky frigate and charger on various parts of his clothing that he had to be scraped down by the sympathetic chamber-maids when we returned to the inn. I don't remember the exact fate of the archaic gingerbread. We never saw it again. The Faithful One and several of the inn servants looked rather poorly the next day. I only know that Jacob never bothered us to buy any more effigies. In the evening we went to a quaint little old tavern in the market-place—a hostelry much frequented by the cheese-dealers. It was here, over or after their bargains, that much lubricating fluid in the way of schnapps and beer passed across the little polished tables. Around the room were a lot of little cupboards, each numbered, and with its lock and key. Jacob got permission to open one of these. "Here you are! You see dese t'ings. Every one of dose cheese farmer has got his own glass, his own bipe, his own tobacco, and dese is his bottle; and every dime he make his goot bizness dey come in here, and *den*—" Jacob's eye twinkled a suggestion of plenteous libation. "Oh, I assure you, dey is sblendid fellows, macknificend fellows, what zell de cheese here! You see dose fellow do-morrow." We, in a roundabout sort of a way, asked each other if there might not haply be some more refined and elevated manner of seeing Alkmaar—something higher than gingerbread and cheese to seek out, in fact. There was a museum, but we fought shy of such delights after the arsenical air of the one at Zwolle. There was a town-hall with dusty archives, but we did not read ancient Dutch with fluency. There was a fine old church. We would go to the old church in the morning, so as to save our æsthetic consciences. For the rest, we were enjoying the color and life and quaintness and even the fatness of the capital of Cheeseland. There is a curious chapter about Alkmaar in D'Amicis's book on Holland. D'Amicis is an Italian traveller, who goes about with deadly serious motives in the way of facts and figures, and all he has to record of this place is the fact that he arrived during the wildest powwow of the "kermesse"; and not being able to speak a word of Dutch, or make the people about him understand Italian or French, he had a most tremendous difficulty to find his way to a hotel, or to get a room when he arrived there. Not being able to *command* a dinner or to hear himself *think*, let alone speak, for the pandemonium of the fair, he resolved to beat a retreat. He could not make this wish understood either, although he hit upon the happy device of imitating a railway train, thinking that this would at once appeal to the most obscure intelligence, and be the means of taking him back to the station. They only thought him some escaped lunatic. He finally seized his travelling-bag and fled from the hotel, and somehow managed to find his way to the train. It was very droll, but, after all, for a serious collector of facts and figures, it was a curiously incomplete sketch of Alkmaar. He bitterly blamed the untutored minds of this remote spot for not knowing languages, or at least decent pantomime. He came by boat, and wanted to go back by train. Now given that to convey as a light pantomimic exercise, I don't call it easy, or the people stupid who do not catch it the first time (in *real life*). I have seen a scanty-skirted maiden in a ballet come tripping in, and then point one toe slowly and solemnly to heaven, rocking her smiling face on clasped hands to express hunger and fatigue. She was at once understood by those about her, for on that desert isle they produced a neatly spread table loaded down with pasteboard delicacies and tinselled goblets. But that was the ideal. The poor Italian wanderer had to face a sad problem in realism.

We fortunately had no such pantomimic problems to face. We had only to wait for the morrow and market-day. The fun was in full force when we reached the scene of action next morning. The very air seemed teeming with cheeses. They looked like great golden apples, or rather between a very large apple and a small pumpkin. They are very elastic and slippery too, when new, and these were all very new, and evidently suffering from nervous excitement, judging from the state of "quiver" they all seemed to be in. The market-place was filled with great high wagon-loads of them, and frantic peasants tossing them down to the porters, who were "shying" them madly about here and there, to and fro, until it looked like some insane jugglery practice. It was no joke to walk calmly about dur-

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ON A MARKET-BOAT IN NORTH HOLLAND.

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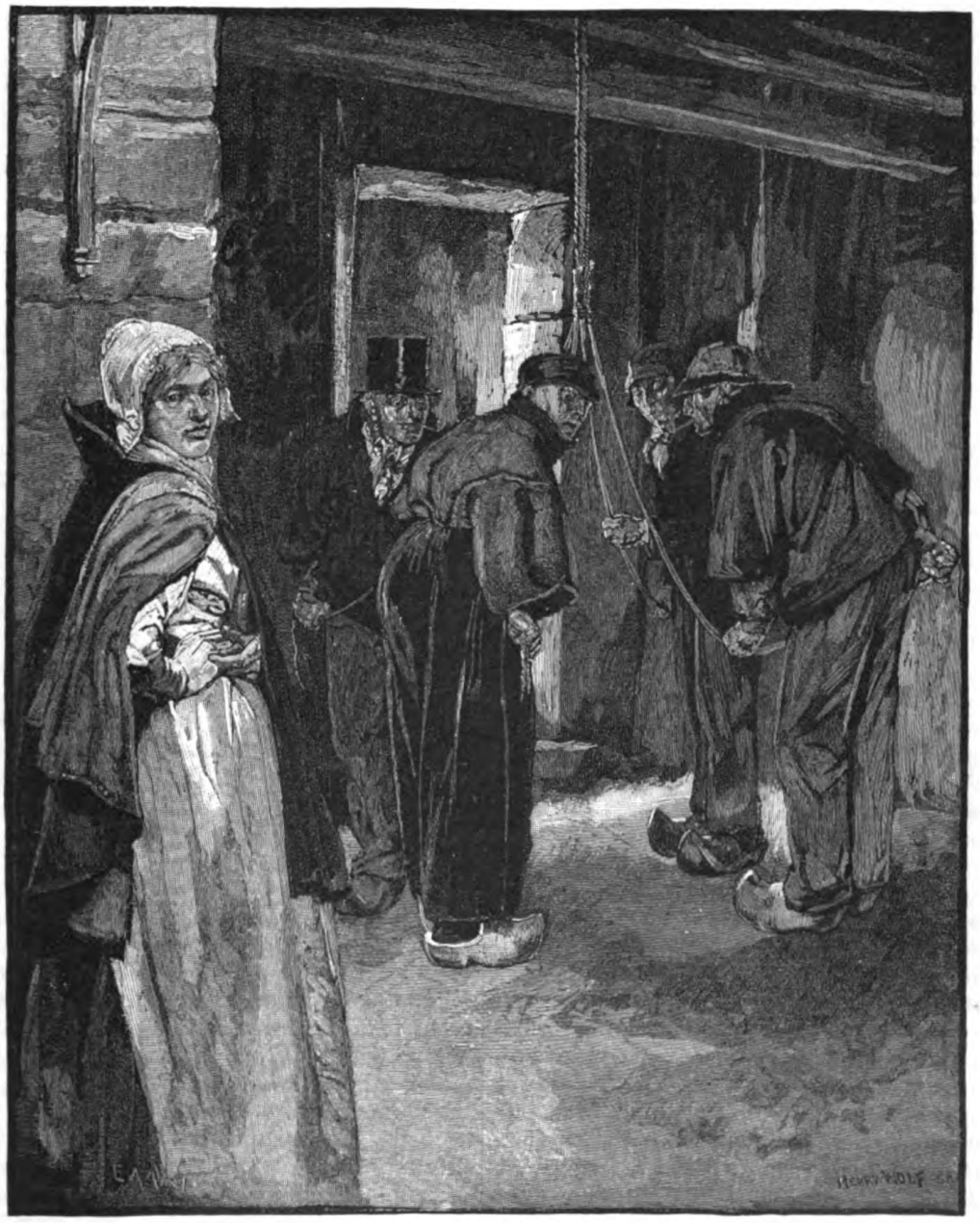
ing these manœuvres; there was a tolerable chance of a stray shot with one of these balls of concentrated indigestion. Fatal error to try and dodge them. Sure to be hit. Keep your course, and the pitchers and tossers allow for you and a rational amount of headway. But of course they can not allow for eccentric dodging. There is much demented shouting, and a seemingly absurd amount of hand-shaking. This is apt to mislead the stranger. It is no merely sentimental meeting or parting, but the usual cementing grasp of a final bargain. Then the cheeses go merrily by, piled high on hand-barrows, to the great weigh-house to be scaled. The porters are a race apart. It is no small job to carry about three or four hundred-weight of dodgy and shiftless balls, piled up on a hand-barrow, without spilling them. The porters have a curious scuffling, shambling way of gliding over the ground. The arms are outspread, partly for balance, partly to ward off colliders. Every scale in the weigh-house is painted some distinguishing color, or arrangement of colors, and each set of porters have painted hats and badges of the corresponding tint; and as there are many scales, so does it come to pass that the whole scene looks like a wild revel of all the most positive and crude colors out of the rainbow. The barrow is slung across the shoulders by straps, and as they do not touch their hands to it to steady it, the slightest concussion is enough to bring down the slippery pyramid with a run.

We saw a small and heedless boy manage to run full tilt against a pair of these carriers, and every golden sphere of bounding cheese went flying to the four winds. The unhappy urchin was not cuffed nor even vilified, nor did they speak unkindly of his parents; the crowd simply paused in mad career, and set to work to pursue and bring back the fugitives, and no one seemed to think himself or herself too busy or too grand to lend an obliging hand to restore them, or even the obliging apron or coat sleeve to polish off the dust from the grimed surface before they helped to pile them back on the barrow. The unlucky boy seemed to be rather sympathized with, and even a mild sort of martyr. I was surprised that nobody kissed him. We noticed that children are invariably "made much of" in the way of kindly and indulgent treatment all over Holland. When we found the cheese carnival rather pall upon us, we sought other scenes, but it was difficult to get *entirely* away from it; something would turn up to show how deep and wide its interests were in Alkmaar. Along the quays were numbers of vessels loading with all sorts of it, to all parts of the globe, wherever the least scrap of digestion remains intact. The quaint old warehouses along the docks had nearly all stone tablets, showing that for two hundred years or so they had identified themselves with this one industry. From the upper stories of these cheeseries were long wooden gutters leading to the ships in dock, and along these troughs trickled a never-ceasing rill of the ripened and matured article, now a brilliant crimson—the final tint it comes to when ready for the far-off dyspeptic. There are many worthy things of interest in Alkmaar in the way of old buildings. Some of the well-preserved old shops of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are well worth seeing. The town-hall is good from the outside—we did not go in. The "Groote Kirke" is an immense thing, showing what a considerable place Alkmaar must have been a few hundred years ago. It was sadly silent and whitewashed and fusty the day we saw it. There is always a smell of soap-suds and damp pipe-clay about Dutch churches. They evidently believe thoroughly in the precept that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

There was much to see and enjoy still remaining, but we were anxious to push on to Hoorn, to see what a really dead city might be like. So we settled to drive at our "ain gait" the few miles between the two towns. We generally did elect to drive if we could manage it, as in that way we could more thoroughly see the country. Many enterprising souls, with lots of time to spare, would have walked, or bicycled, or canoed, or have "trekked," but we were much more simple in our tastes; besides, we found it the best thing to do.

The landlord of the Alkmaar hotel was rather sportive in his tastes, and when we made application for a "trap" of the usual funereal sort, he stated, to our great delight, that he was going to drive us over himself to Hoorn, behind his own personal "steppers." There is a good bit of latent horsiness in the Dutch character. They have a certain species of racing

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BELL-RINGERS.

which they designate by the suggestive term of "hard-driverij" (the final *j* is pronounced between *i* and *y*, somehow making it very fair English). We did not see any of the races, but if these horses were supposed to be very fast that we were treated to an experience of, I must say that racing is still in a primitive stage of development in the Low Countries. But he was a fine good fellow, the host, and as we bowled merrily along the well-paved road, passing all the lumbering market carts, and even the sprucer kind of farmers' wagons—generally filled with the gayly attired womenkind going home all the richer and jollier from the market—there was plenty of flying shots of banter and rich badinage between our popular landlord and his country friends.

The road itself was interesting enough

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NORTH HOLLAND GIRLS.

to be worth the while. There was the usual fringe of plane and poplar trees on either side, the well-kept farms, the prim little villages—some of them, lying down below in rich polders, being of more modern date, and looking as if the whole community had agreed to build them at once and for all time, and be done with it—model villages, in fact, from the toy-box little church to the toy-box little pig-sty, all turned out of the same mill. The trees about the farmsteads were mostly blue-washed up the trunk to where the branches began. This was partly to relieve the Dutch craving to "decorate" right and left, and partly to preserve the tree in some way from its enemies. This lively road was still more enlivened on this day by the constant coming and going of the picturesque market people and their gayly painted and gilded carts. The costume, too, is full of color and quaintness of fashion. There is a good deal of gold plate about the head-gear of the women. Some of the very well-to-do wear the finest Brussels lace in their cap trimmings, and often the blade of gold that half hides the brow is thickly studded with diamonds. Diamond ear-rings, too, often flash and career in the sunlight as they drive by. These, with gayly patterned shawls and ribbons, and the rich fresh complexions of the buxom wearers, make much play of amusing form and color. When we finally reached Hoorn it was still early afternoon, and to our partial disappointment there was a sort of market-day going on there, and the place seemed to get livelier and brighter and noisier as we proceeded. Confound this scene of unhallowed festivity! Are we *never* to get to a mouldering and grass-grown city?

The old Doelan Inn to which we drove was the very ideal place that we wished to go to at Alkmaar. We had forgotten to wish for or expect it again, and here it came on us unawares. The inn yard had been a spacious old garden in olden days, with great gates leading down to the water. The lovely old brick walls must have

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cost a fortune to build in their day. There was the iron date upon the gable of the house, 1646, and all about on tablets over gate and door ways were the city arms—the hunter's horn, supported by heraldic animals, deer or cows (they were much knocked about). The inn yard was crowded with the high-backed carven and painted farmers' chariots, also the humble market cart with loads of pigs and geese, dead and alive, mostly the latter, and "concertizing" horribly. We were fascinated with the more elaborate vehicles. They were a weird survival of the sumptuous past, the age of pure rococo. The panels were decorated with every variety of design, landscape, flowers, and fruit, with here and there creatures that looked like the

"Pigs, bulls, and panthers, and other enchanthers,
That graced the pavilion in swate Pimlico."

The house, or rather mansion, had evidently been something better than an inn when it was first built. There were wide stairways of oak, carved oak hand-rails, panelled wainscots, and elaborate ceilings; and brass sconces and lanterns and brackets that shone like gold. The oaken doors were polished like ebony, and were black with age. Down in the smaller of the parlors we ordered our "five-o'clock tea." It is worth while to have it, just to see how quaintly and perfectly they do it. It is like some pious rite. The fresh pink-looking hostess was having her own personal tea at her own little table, and everything was a picture of coziness. A fine healthy young maid-servant was polishing a small round table with all her concentrated heart and soul. Good! We should now see how it was done. To begin with, it was a fine old mahogany top, and it was even then glowing with that deep rich radiance that only rewards patient years of elbow-grease. She had a peculiarly aggressive caress with that chamois leather, that seemed to make the top sing again. The good landlady beamed upon this labor of love encouragingly, but finally she remonstrated:

"My dear girl, there, that will do! No, but *really* do leave off!"

She was loath to give it up, but soon our tea battery came in and she was forced to surrender the table for our use. The first instruments of the aforesaid battery looked like preparations for scrubbing the floor. A large brass-bound copper pail contained a brazier filled with glowing peat charcoal, and on this the most glowing of golden-looking kettles. The tea sets are now and then of goodish old blue and white, and the herb itself is of that kind that Holland rather prides itself on. This, with a kindly sense of welcome, even from the great purring friendly cats, made the five-o'clock hour pass very pleasantly. There was a nice long prowl of investigation in prospect, so we did not dally long, but soon put the worthy Jacob in motion townward.

"Dere is not much to zee here; dey 'ave joost puild demselves a new parrack, where de sodjers live. Will you see dot? No? Well, we will go and zee de old town gates, de water gate, and de shops."

Hoorn is simply a jewel of a place. It seems to have grown old and poor in a calm and dignified way. It was still prim and starched and scrupulously clean, like some little immaculate white-haired old lady to whom Fortune has played the runaway. There are many well-kept vestiges of her former stateliness piously preserved. There is no rack along with the ruin, no grim despair with the change of luck. They don't let the grass grow in the streets so long as they can prevent it. If you stroll out in some of the less-frequented parts in early morning, you will see a bevy of women, young and old, sitting on little low stools, or kneeling on folded sacks, picking out the grass and herbage from between the stones of the street and quays. It is all so orderly, and they look so neat and prim, that their efforts look more like some eccentric and misdirected amateur gardening than anything else. There is no doubt that at one time Hoorn was a wealthy and thriving city, with powerful guilds of merchant adventurers to send its active fleets all the world over. This was the home of the Dutch captain* who first rounded that very draughty promontory Cape Horn. *He* called it Hoorn, after his native town, and more people have called it evil names since than have spoken uncivil things of its quiet, sleepy old godmother. It was also out of this now weedy harbor that the valiant little fleet sailed to face the mighty, haughty Spanish war ships under the terrible Admiral Count Bossu, so cocksure of carrying all before them if they once got into the Zuider Zee. The little, now half-forgotten ports of Hoorn, Enkhuy-

* Wouter Cornelisz Schouten.

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sen, and Monnikendam, however, soon sent such a swarm of waspish fire-ships and gun-boats about the Spanish admiral's ears that by night-fall he would have given something very handsome if he had *not* found out that snug back way to the Zuider Zee trap. The three towns divided the honors and spoils of the victory. Hoorn has his gold cup, Monnikendam boasts of the dagger, and at Enkhuysen the sword is preserved with pious care.

Since those palmy days of war and the more paying victories of commerce, there is no doubt that Hoorn has sorely felt the buffets of changing fortunes. It has known the bitterness of seeing its commerce diverted to new channels; it has seen Amsterdam and Rotterdam fatten on its lost substance; it has watched its lonely neighboring rivals dwindle with itself, until all feelings of rivalry were changed to sympathy and fellowship in a common misfortune. Still, after many long dull years of partial paralysis, life is again stirring in its veins. Even within a few years there is a marked revival of trade and cheerfulness. The great East Indiaman can no longer get over the silted-up harbor bar, and it would have no need to if it could; but the fussy little steamers of the Zuider Zee run in and out freely, and take away much fat of the rich land still flourishing thereabout. Flocks of sheep, mountains of butter and cheese, droves of plump cattle, still go from Hoorn to the ever-hungry ends of the earth. You will see many fine old houses untenanted and going to silent respectable decay. The placards informing the heedless that they are to sell or let are long since mouldy with antiquity. So do you see here and there a once fine mansion now gone to some base use—the storing of coals, or plaster, or manure; but such things will happen in thriving places like Dort and Haarlem. There are one or two of the old city gates still standing, and they are more proud and protectful of them than in most old Dutch towns. The old city walls have long since been levelled, and many of the old canals filled in. It may be sad, but the place is no doubt the sweeter and cleaner for it. There are many old houses to interest the architect, and delight the eye of the mere sketcher of the picturesque. That is about all. The vague excitement-seeking person would perish of ennui very shortly in any of the Dutch "dead cities." We made many sketches about our old inn, which was a very mine of wealth to us, besides being very comfortable and home-like. The inn yard alone would keep one's pencil busy for a week, and then there would still be lots to do among the ever coming and going groups of peasant people. There is just the same unquenchable interest here as elsewhere in Holland in the doings of the sketcher. We were busy with a drawing of the outer carved gate of the inn yard when we soon found ourselves surrounded by an entire school of uniformed boys, teachers and all. Some dozens were overleaping each other to get a sight over our work; Jacob and the ushers were conversing like old cronies, and interchanging snuff. The boys got excited when a bit of drawing pleased them, and they also soon got critical when it didn't; finally they got tiresome and unenjoyable. "Jacob, what is this procession which we have interfered with? Is it, perhaps, some idiot asylum out for an airing?"

He considered the question fairly for a moment with great gravity.

"I don't dink she is, bot I won't pe sure. I will hass." And he did!

They were not in the least degree offended, although Jacob had put the question in his plain, unvarnished way. There was so much repose about the old boy that no one would ever suspect him of sarcasm. It all fell flat. They took infinite pains to tell Jacob all about their school. They were the drawing class, in fact, and they wanted to "see us do it," and they didn't mind staying with us all the afternoon, so Jacob kindly explained. We protested that it grieved us to interrupt their walk, and pointed out the value of pedestrian exercise to a growing boy, but they would not take a hint. They seemed so much amused at our doing that *gateway;* they had passed it every day for years, and never thought of doing such a thing.

The attractions of Hoorn kept up their interest for us well enough, but we yearned to see a still more grass-grown town if possible—this was if anything a little too lively. Edam was on our way back, and, best of all, Vollendam—not for its fallen greatness, as it had never been much more than a straggling fishing village, but it was said to be another Marken for originality and quaintness: in fact, it lies on the shores of the Zuider Zee about opposite to that happy isle. We could easily

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take Edam and Vollendam on our way to Purmerend, where a kermesse was in full "swing," or "blast," in fact it was *both*—a great deal of both. If it had not been for the burning desire to see this kermesse we would have gone still further north before returning to Amsterdam.

fact, we were getting rather used to mourning coaches. This one had a sort of canopy, with curtains of oil-skin that would roll up or down, and there was a raised seat for two behind; around the back rail were rows of sharp nails to discourage small boys from hanging about in the rear. We

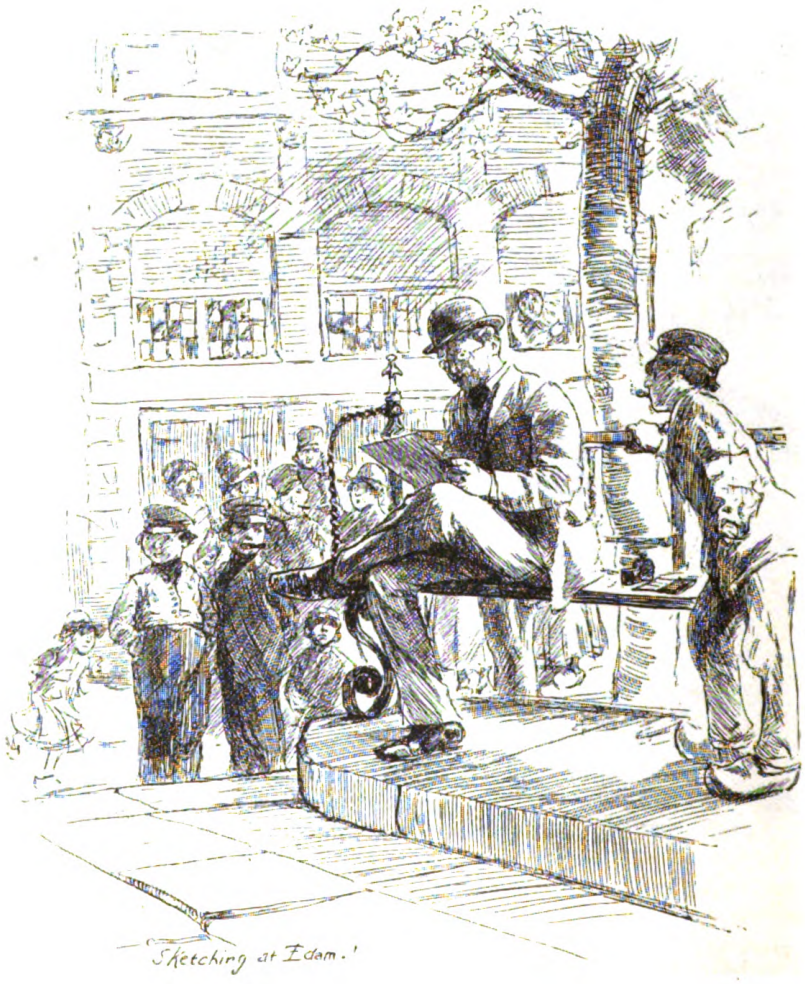


ON THE COAST OF THE NORTH SEA.

Wishing to be entirely independent of any public mode of conveyance, we told Jacob to hire us an open trap of some kind that would shut up in case of rain. When this affair made its appearance it turned out to be a curious cross between a wagonette and a hearse. In fact, Jacob and the coachman admitted that it could be used for funerals if it were required. There were the usual long-tailed ebony steeds, and rubicund-visaged watery-eyed driver in solemn black. There was no other conveyance to be had on account of the kermesse, etc. So we were fain to take it: in took the back seat, and filled in the body of the coach with Jacob and the bags and sketching things, and told him and the coachman to look as cheerful as they could, and off we went. The road was rather lively with gayly dressed country people going to the fair at Purmerend, or to church at Edam—some were going to both. It was Sunday, and the mixture of holiday-makers and sober church-going folk was somewhat incongruous. Our own simple but effective turn-out came in for a fair share of good-natured comment—so pointed often that one might think it

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meant for chaff. Jacob obliged us with a few translations. "Dose gals in dem wagon say dot if we don't mek 'aste we won't pe in time for de funeral;" and "dose beobles zay dot we don't zeem zorry as we might; dot you must 'ave loss your moder-in-law!" Jacob and the liquid-eyed driver were quite equal to their chaff, for they gave back a few Rabelaisian repartees that were very effective.



We soon reached Edam, and as we rumbled along its silent streets and closed houses it seemed as if the entire place had gone to church, or to the fair, or "into the silent land." We alighted at a large rambling hotel, and had our simple luncheon in its banquet hall (deserted), waited on by a pale spirituelle ghost of a handmaiden, who looked like one of Ary Scheffer's Madonnas. What an anachronism she seemed, as she came in bearing a smoking dish of cutlets, and, even worse, when she took a jug of foaming beer and sheaf of long pipes to a party of thirsty peasants! A stroll through the town showed many traces of former prosperity, and even a certain amount of civic grandeur. We looked at the market-place from the fine old bridge, with its broad seats and its much-becurled and twisted iron railing that spans its wide canal. About the square were numbers of delightful old houses, with elaborately adorned gables, crow-stepped, scrolled, and weather-cocked and tableted. Curiously intermasoned were the stone and brick work, mossy and weather-stained enough to drive a colorist mad. I don't exactly mean the kind of colorist who calls himself an "impressionist," as he would probably solve the problem of *how to do it* by leaving most of the tints out entirely. Now to leave

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A CORNER IN EDAM.

out the plush-like or fruit-bloom tones of dusty red on brick or tile, or the rich lush green of moss and stain, or to vary the peculiar tone of painted wood-work, would be to leave out that which is racy of North Holland — its distinguishing mark and *cachet*, to any one who has ever taken note of its local color. I don't wish to cast the smallest pebble at the "impressionist," by-the-way. He is a good antidote against the "illusionist," who sees too much, and then adds to it a lot that he does *not* see. Somewhere in the "golden mean" the two may forgather with much mutual advantage.

There is a very good old church of the fifteenth century, brick and stone, with good stained glass; something of the kind of work that one sees in the windows at Delft. The surroundings of the church — the trees, and the walls, and the pathetic old houses that look like a lot of poor relations—are worth lingering over. We could not judge of the question of costume, as we scarcely saw a soul except a few melancholy-looking loafers gaping away the weary hours on the bridge near the square. There was a long row of deserted houses bordering the seldom-stirred waters of the placid canal, their windows long since knocked in, and no one to care. The once well-clipped trees had taken their natural course again, untrimmed to regulation forms. It was autumn, and the great faded yellow leaves lay unswept from the mossy pavement; lay thickly, too, on the oozy purple scum of the canal. There is, after a short time, something very filling and satisfying about a very dead old city on Sunday, when every soul

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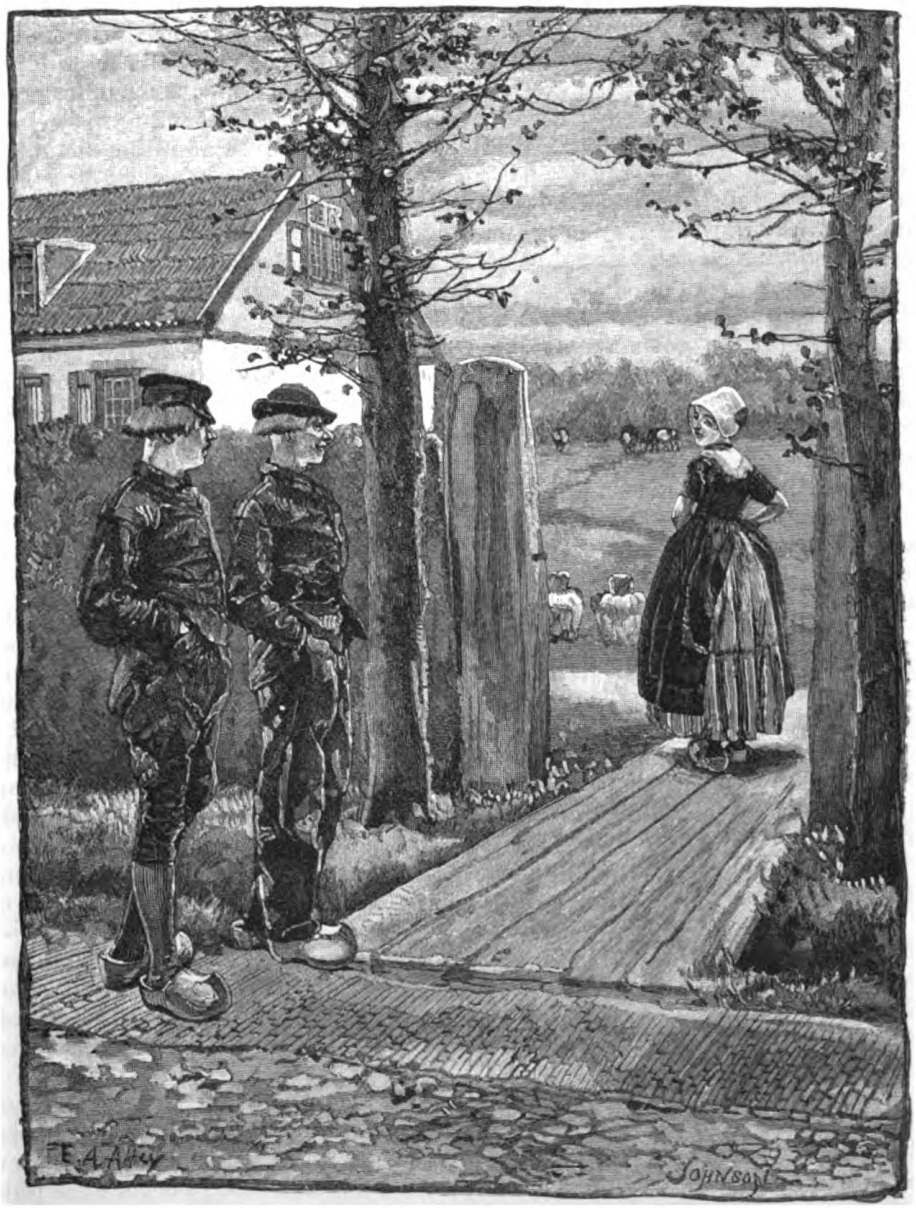
with a spark of life has gone to a neighboring kermesse. Edam has its little history, but really it was not then the fitting moment to pry into its past. We simply agreed to "let by-gones be by-gones," and go on to Vollendam. The drive is a very short one. The high-road is also the dike that keeps back the Zuider Zee from the deep-lying polders hereabout. It was no dead-and-gone place by any means. Not large; one long street, with lowly built but highly tarred and vividly painted little fishermen's habitations on either side of the way. The place was fairly swarming with people; being Sunday, the men were all at home, and clad in their Sunday best —dark blue tight jackets and almost black, very baggy breeches, gleaming with *immense* silver buttons, silver buckles to shoes, gold ear-rings, gold finger-rings, great gold neck-buttons, large silver watch fobs. It was the most opulent-looking crowd one could well imagine. The men were all dressed after a general type, and the old men the same as the young except in the shape of head-gear. The small boy was but a miniature of the grown man. They were all as busy as could be, eating small hard apples or small hard nuts. On the wooden platform in front of nearly every house were great baskets of nuts or apples: one could hardly see how trade could go on with profit, as they were all sellers and consumers.

They were evidently impressed by our enormous coach, but far too dignified to show it. We saluted them very gravely and politely as we went on through the thickly populated street. They, with their silver buttons bristling proudly about them, saluted gravely back, but kept on champing their hard apples. We soon came to a narrow bridge over a small but powerful canal, which our chariot could not pass—the canal was strong enough to have borne an elephant—nor could we turn round, as the dike was too narrow. Just then, as we alighted, came to us a fussy little man, who asked Jacob if we were artists, and would we like to see inside one of the houses? perhaps also we might like to buy some costumes. Bless the man! what *else* had we come for?—and he to guess our dearest wishes! He led the way to his own house, followed by us and half the entire population. Although we came at a critical moment upon his good vrouw—she was "tubbing" the two babies—she received us kindly. The children howled at first, but soon got reconciled to us, and we to them, innocent of costume as they were. The husband stated our wishes, and out of the great wooden *garderobe* came stores of Sunday-best and every-day attire. There arose questions of how certain garments were got on or into. Madame would oblige us by showing us then and there—assisted by her excited husband with such vigor and zeal that the poor woman was in danger several times of coming unhooked and untied too suddenly for strict decency. She was obliged to check him at one time with a sounding whack on the ear, much to the delight of the widely grinning and chattering crowd at the doors and windows. We wanted a young man's dress complete, silver buttons and all. In a jiffy his eldest son was sent for, and was disrobed and disbuttoned before he knew what had happened to him. He soon came in with the things neatly done up in a bundle all ready for us.

During all this time everybody, including the outside crowd, talked and screamed at the tops of their lungs—and they were evidently of leather. It was deafening and hot and exciting, but when it came to settling up—the prices, by-the-way, were reasonable enough—there seemed to arise a very howl of enthusiasm. The bundles were neatly pinned up in gorgeous cotton handkerchiefs, and when we got outside, and added these startling spots of color to our sketching gear in the mourning coach, the effect was rather screaming. The problem of turning round had already been solved by unharnessing the horses, and a score of these sturdy bronzed giants just picking up the old ark and lifting it about as if it had been a child's perambulator. They modestly blushed even when we thanked them for their trouble, and when Jacob proffered some coin to the leading spirit to stand treat, they almost refused. It was finally accepted, not for drinks, but for apples and nuts all round, and when we drove away—slowly, for fear of running over some of the numerous small-fry —there was infinite waving of kindly farewells from the crowd, some of the small boys following us along the dike cheering until out of breath.

What a *wake-up* the whole thing had been! Even Jacob, on whom defunct cities soon pall, beamed all over. The funeral ark, with all its rainbow-hued bundles, became a painful mystery along the road.

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AN IDYL—ISLAND OF WALCHEREN.

until we got to Purmerend, and then we were supposed to be a late arrival with some additional attractions for the fair. Small boys ran after us the moment we struck the town of booths; others could hardly get off the flying-horses and merry-go-rounds quickly enough to see about this new thing, whatever it was. When we got to the hotel we had some bother about getting rooms, the landlady telling Jacob that she did not entertain performers. An explanation, however, soon mollified the dame, and we were taken in. The kermesse proved to be a very old story. There were the usual monstrosities and entertainments. The people were at that particular moment very languid and unenterprising. It was the last day; they had kept it up for a week, I think, and no wonder they were tired. There was to be a wild orgy at night, however, as a grand finale. But it came on to rain, and as we did not see much prospect of anything worth going out into the

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wet for, we staid at home, and moralized on the wicked and thoughtless ways of the people who could carry on such frivolities and worse for a whole week. About midnight we became aware that the kermesse was on, and in full blast. We could hear the strident music of several dancing booths and halls at once. They must needs sing, too, while they dance, and shriek with fiendish merry laughter, keeping time with much slapping of hands and clatter of thick-soled shoes. As the morning wore on the revels seemed to intensify; they got out into the street, and took the form of wordy disputes, diversified with a few fights. The reconciliations were if anything more noisy still. They led to much more dancing and howling and drinking. We got up now and then and went to the window, and looked out on the revellers prancing about in the raw morning air, but we did not care to join them. It was nearly time to arise before the roar and the row abated very much, and even after our breakfast, and when on the way to the boat, there were still some choice spirits who seemed to have a few more spasmodic revels left in them. We were aware that we too had had a "night of it," and though not exactly in the thick of the pandemonium, we had been sleepless sharers in its infernal joys. The boat took a few revellers on to Amsterdam. They were not strictly lovely by daylight. At Amsterdam we only staid part of a day, wishing to go on to Zeeland, stopping on our way at the Hague and Scheveningen.

The Hague is so well known, of all places in Holland, that no description of it is needed here. Although we thoroughly enjoyed the museums and galleries at the Hague, I must say that we spent the most of our time at Scheveningen. It was so easy to pop into the frequent tram, and be whisked along that lovely, lively shaded avenue of trees all the way to the very sea. As we sat over our first day's breakfast at the comfortable "Bellevue," and asked ourselves what we should do for the day, we thought that as the weather was so lovely we had better make sure of it by going to Scheveningen; and as it is ever wise to make some provision for a rainy day, the galleries of the Hague would fit in nicely, and the rest of the town we could see when we could not go to Scheveningen. The shady avenue aforementioned is getting rather crowded with stylish villas and restaurants, although they do well to get as far back among the trees as they can. The interest of the avenue was to us the groups of fisher-people, going laden, and coming back empty-basketed from the city. Soon the air gets more redolent of the briny sea, and of the loads and mounds of salted herrings in and about the village. Fashion and rank crowd in and about the place more and more every year. The little old fishing village is fast getting into a corner, and expiring among its fish-like and ancient smells—game to the last. A new-fangled burgomaster has been weakening its strongest defense by introducing drainage and sanitary ideas. Fashion makes small impress, however, on even the most frivolous young fish-wife. She would no more think of putting on the least bit of it than the elegant *mondaine* would of going about in great white sabots. Human nature is weak, however, on certain points. Did we not, looking through a shop window, see a pair of bonny fish-girls buying eau de Cologne? What charms did these young sirens expect to work with such very unholy water as this? At the foot of the long avenue the struggle between fish and fashion comes to a stop. On that deep-rutted sand, strewn with ragged ends of herrings, jolted out of brimming carts, fish is supreme. The broad, tarry-trousered men, and those bronzed-cheeked, bright-eyed, free-swinging, long-striding, saucy girls, alone seem to find firm footing and pleasant for their great white wooden shoes.

Down by the whity-brown fringe of the gray sea lies a lusty fleet of broad-beamed, brown-sailed fishing craft. Some were being hauled on shore; horses were pulling, windlasses were dragging, men were shouting, women and children were running here and there, carts of fish were careering about. It was as lively and breezy a sight as one would wish to see. It was like no other place in the world but just Scheveningen. Artists all complain that the fish-people here do not like to be painted or drawn, especially by the "Realistic" set. It was all lovely enough when the "Idealists" used to give them taper fingers and waists, and simpering smiles and little feet; but now that the dread "Realist" has come upon the scene, adding his sense of ugliness to what with them is strength, and making fine character into mere de-

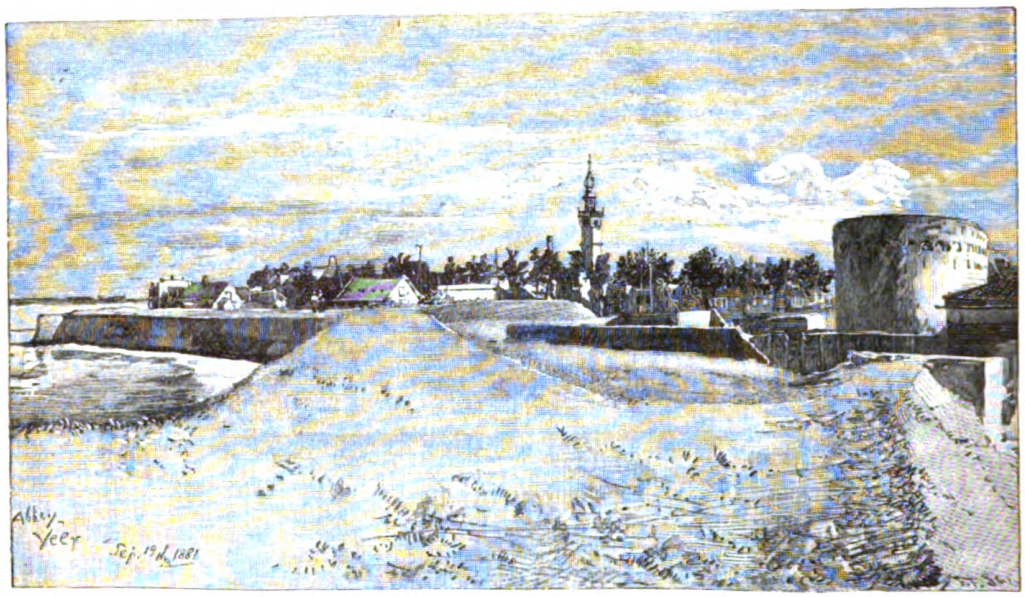
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formity, one only wonders that these long-suffering fish-wives ever spare the lives of their natural enemies. No part of Holland might be called a quiet sketching ground, and here it is worse than elsewhere. However, we managed, by a certain little plan (patent applied for), to do more than at most places. The faithful Jacob was of great service to us in these straits. It would never do to reveal *how*, as blunderers might betray its workings and spoil all. We stopped at the open doorway of the old church to take note of some very old fishermen tolling their kippered clothing, telling off against the white walls in shadow, the one little chink of sunlight that sent warm reflections playing about—overpowered any feeling of sentimentality. The air was so bracing and pure, and the life and movement of Scheveningen so amusing, that we would gladly have staid longer, but Zealand was still to be seen, and our time was shortening. So, banishing our regrets, we took the train to Middelburg, the capital of the isle of Walcheren, in Zealand. A fine large open station, a new iron bridge, well-built docks, rows of tall new houses, a rattling,



the funeral bell. It was a sad, impressive scene; but I fear that its pictorial side—the bronzed faces and knotty hands, the low tones of the black, blue, and brown of banging omnibus over the Belgian pavement to the new Doelan Hotel—such were the first impressions. But as soon as we got out of the railway radius of modernity

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VIEW OF VEER.

we came to quaint old streets filled with velvet-clad and silver-buttoned people, and then to a great old market square with a grand old town-hall of the fifteenth century, perfect from door-step to weather-cock, the like of which we had not seen in Holland. It was too late to regret, but I remember that my young friend remarked, "Great Scott!" (his favorite and guarded expletive), "why, this is the place we ought to have come to first of all! And even if we had staid here all the time, we wouldn't have done badly."

It was late afternoon when we arrived, and we had not much time to explore before dinner, but we made the most of our chances, and saw some lovely old houses, and a few churches (outside), and had a glimpse of the abbey precincts, with its queer old gardens and hotel, promising ourselves much on the morrow. The day being fair and bright, we thought it wise to go on to Veer, and leave the interiors and the museum of Middelburg for a rainy day. So we had an ark (not funereal this time) and a pair of horses, and made our way, while the sun shone, to this very queer, remote, unfriended little old town, which lies at the back of Walcheren, some four miles from Middelburg. The drive was along a brick-paved road lined with trees, past many thriving farmsteads, not quite so fat and opulent as those of Friesland, but well-to-do. The first sight of Veer was its great gaunt church, half of it tumbled away, but a small piece about as big as half Westminster Abbey still standing. It was a barrack not many years ago, but was not a success. And as the bit now in actual use is not a tenth part of it, it looks rather a dreary waste of ruin. The streets were silent, and the tenanted houses few—the closed houses far too many, some of them most charming examples of fifteenth and sixteenth century architecture, notably the remains of the "Scottish" house, so called because it was built for some merchant here in the once-flourishing Scotch trade.

We went to the town-hall, built by the same architect evidently who designed the larger and more sumptuous hall at Middelburg. There were around the façade the same statues of the Dukes of Burgundy, but not so many as at the capital. The interior delighted us beyond anything we had seen. The old Council Chamber remains in exactly the same state that it was in in its early days. Over the chimney-breast hung the four clinched hands, severed at the wrist, cast in bronze, one holding a hatchet, and one a scourge. The story is that some three centuries ago the council of the town conspired against the reigning Duke, and were brought to trial, and sentenced to have each a hand cut

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off, to warn them not to do it again. There was some good plea for mercy that mitigated the decree, and the offending hands were simply cast in effigy, and hung up as a memento. Here, too, is a famous corporation cup of the same period, so fine and rare that when it was at the Paris exhibition some one offered an enormous sum for it, but the poor and proud council of Veer declined to part with it.

We went to the hotel of the Watch-tower for luncheon, and found it so picturesque and suggestive that we asked about accommodations in case of wishing to come and stay for a few days. The landlady, however, did not seem to care much about this idea of ours. She told Jacob that she didn't like *strangers* (quaint notion for a hotel-keeper). The daughter of the house, who served us, being a perfect picture in the way of costume, we tried to get her to part with a dress or two. Not a bit of it! She was not quite so down on strangers as the mother, but still she would stick by her wardrobe. Presently she partly relented. She knew of two girls who had lots of splendid things, and she would go with us to see if they would oblige us. So when the ark came round, she got in, and piloted us to the place, which was a short distance out of town. I need not say that we were a painful mystery to the gaping towns-people as we drove by with our gayly attired young maiden chatting and laughing beside us.

We soon came to the place, and down alighted our fair friend, and went in alone to smooth the way for us. She soon returned, beaming: it was all right. They were willing to listen to the voice of reason. We were ushered into as sweet and cozy a picture of a Dutch interior as one could wish to see. The family were at tea, and asked us to partake, which we did, while the girls went to the high old oaken wardrobe and took down piles and piles of neatly folded, lavender-scented feminine "things" generally. There was much giggling and blushing; but re-assured by mamma and the landlady's daughter, who was now taking a lively interest, and enjoying the whole thing, they put off their shyness, and showed us how the caps and the gold corkscrews went on, and finally the affair became a sort of full-dress rehearsal of effects of costume. Jacob arranged the values for the things, and very cheap they were. I never saw the old boy more carried away than he was during these proceedings. We bade the good people good-by, and then restored our elaborate damsel to her anxious parents and friends.

It was a jolly day that day, and we looked forward to the morrow for a good time about Middelburg; but, alas! our plans with regard to this lovely isle of Walcheren were sadly cut short. The next day my young friend found himself so very far from well that we all took alarm. The prospect of an illness in that back town, picturesque though it be, was not alluring. Through the aid of a certain heroic remedy we were able to pack off at once; the breezy drive to the Flushing boat, the sea air again, and the trouble seemed charmed away. No harm came of the move; it was a risk, but we took it. Sorry to leave our pleasant "find" of that charming town of Middelburg. We did not say good-by to it, but *Au revoir!*



RESULTS OF A KERMESSE—SUNRISE.

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"AN ENGLISH NATION."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, just on the eve of his fall from greatness, and after the failure of nine successive expeditions to America, wrote these words: "I shall yet live to see it an English nation." He was mistaken; he did not live to see it, although his fame still lives, and what he predicted has in one sense come to pass. The vast difference that might exist between a merely English nation and an English-speaking nation had never dawned upon his mind. All that *History of the World* which he meditated in the Tower of London contained no panorama of events so wonderful as that which time has unrolled in the very scene of his labors.

We owe to Raleigh not merely the strongest and most persistent impulse toward the colonization of America, but also the most romantic and ideal aspects of that early movement. He it is who has best described for us the charm exercised by this virgin soil over the minds of cultivated men. Had he not sought to win it for a virgin queen, it would still have been "Virginia" to him. With what insatiable delight he describes the aspects of nature in this New World!

"I never saw a more beawtifull countrey, nor more liuely prospectes, hils so raised heere and there ouer the vallies, the riuer winding into diuers braunches, the plaines adioyning without bush or stubble, all faire greene grasse, the ground of hard sand easy to march on, eyther for horse or foote, the deare crossing in euery path, the birdes towardes the euening singing on euery tree, with a thousand seueral tunes, cranes and herons of white, crimson, and carnation pearching on the riuers side, the ayre fresh with a gentle easterlie wind, and euery stone that we stooped to take vp promised eyther golde or siluer by his complexion."

He represents the imaginative and glowing side of American exploration—an aspect which, down to the days of John Smith, remained vividly prominent, and which had not wholly disappeared even under the graver treatment of the Puritans.

The very adventures of some of the early colonies seem to retain us in the atmosphere of those vanishing islands and enchanted cities of which the early English seamen dreamed. Raleigh sent his first colony to Virginia in 1585, under Ralph Lane; in 1586 he sent a ship with provisions to their aid, "who, after some time spent in seeking our colony up and down, and not finding them, returned with all the aforesaid provision unto England," the colonists having really departed "out of that paradise of the world," as Hakluyt says, in vessels furnished by Sir Francis Drake. Then followed Sir Richard Grenville with three vessels; but he could find neither relief-ship nor colony, and after some time spent in the same game of hide-and-seek, he landed fifteen men in the island of Roanoke, with two years' provisions, to take possession of the country. Then, in 1587, went three vessels containing a colony of one hundred and fifty, under John White, with a chartered and organized corps of twelve assistants, under the sonorous name of "Governor and Assistants of the City of Raleigh in Virginia." They looked for Grenville's fifteen men, but found them not, and found only deer grazing on the melons that had grown within the roofless houses of Lane's colony. Undaunted by these omens, the new settlement was formed, and on the 18th of August, 1587—as we read in Captain John Smith's *Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles*—"Ellinor, the Governour's daughter, and wife to Ananias Dare, was delivered of a daughter, in Roanoak, which, being the first Christian there borne, was called Virginia." Here at least was something permanent, definite, established—a birth and a christening, the beginning of "an English nation," transferred to American soil.

Alas! in all this pathetic series of dissolving hopes and lost colonies, the career of the little Virginia is the most touching. Governor White, going back to England for supplies soon after the birth of his grandchild, left in the colony eighty-nine men, seventeen women, and eleven children. He was detained three years, and on his return in August, 1590, he found no trace of the colony except three letters "curiously carved" upon a tree—the letters CRO—and elsewhere, upon another tree, the word "CROATOAN." It had been agreed beforehand that should the colony be removed, the name of their new place should be carved conspicuously, and that if they were in distress a cross should be carved above. These trees bore no cross; but the condition of the buildings and buried chests of the colony indicated the work of savages. "Though it

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THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.—[SEE PAGE 718.]

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much grieved me," writes the anxious and wandering father in his narrative, "yet it did much comfort me that I did know they were at Croatoan." Before the ships could seek the island of Croatoan they were driven out to sea; but apparently those in charge of the expedition had resolved not to seek it, Governor White being but a passenger, and they having already anchored near that island and seen no signals of success. Twenty years after, Powhatan confessed to Captain John Smith that he had been at the murder of the colonists. Strachey, secretary of the Jamestown settlement, found a report among the Indians of a race who dwelt in stone houses, which they had been taught to build by those English who had escaped the slaughter of Roanoke—these being farther specified as "fower men, two boyes, and one yonge mayde," whom a certain chief had preserved as his slaves. Furthermore, the first Virginia settlers found at an Indian village a boy of ten, with yellow hair and whitish skin, who may have been a descendant of these ill-fated survivors. Thus vanishes from history the last of the lost colonies and every trace of Virginia Dare.

The first colonists farther north met with equal failure but less of tragedy. No children were born to them, no Christian maiden ever drifted away in the unfathomable ocean of Indian mystery; they consisted of men only, and this helped to explain their forlorn career. Bartholomew Gosnold crossed the Atlantic in 1602, following the route of Ribault, who had wished to establish what are now called "ocean lanes," at least so far as to keep the French vessels away from the Spaniards by following a more northern track. Gosnold landed at Cape Ann, then crossed Massachusetts Bay to Provincetown, and built a shelter on the Island of Cuttyhunk (called by him Elizabeth Island), in Buzzard's Bay. His house was fortified with palisades, thatched with sedge, and furnished with a cellar, which has been identified in recent times. He saw deer on the island, but no inhabitants; and the soil was "overgrown with wood and rubbish"—the latter including sassafras, young cherry-trees, and grapevines. Here he wintered, but for want of supplies the colony failed, and his vessel, the *Concord*, returned with all its members, his eight seamen and twenty planters, to England. They arrived there, as Gosnold wrote to his father, without "one cake of bread, nor any drink but a little vinegar left." But he had a cargo of sassafras root which was worth more than vinegar or bread, and was sold for a high price. This fragrant shrub, then greatly prized as a medicine, drew to America another expedition, following after Gosnold's, and headed by Martin Pring. He sailed the next year (1603) with two vessels and forty-four men, not aiming at colonization, but at trade. He anchored probably at Edgartown, built a palisaded fort to protect his sassafras-hunters, but found the Indians very inconvenient neighbors, and returned home. Waymouth came two years later, and sailed sixty miles up the Kennebec or Penobscot —it is not yet settled which—and pronounced it "the most rich, beautiful, large, and secure harboring river that the world affordeth." But he did not stay long, and except for his enthusiasm over the country, and the fact that he carried home five Indians, his trip counted for no more than Pring's. Meanwhile De Monts and Champlain were busy in exploring on the part of the French; and Sir Ferdinando Gorges was planning one more fruitless colony for the English.

Gorges was probably a kinsman of Raleigh; he knew Waymouth, and took charge for three years of some of his Indian captives. With Sir John Popham he secured the incorporation of two colonies—to be called the First and the Second, and to be under charge of the Council of Virginia, appointed by the crown. The First, or London Colony, was to be planted in "South Virginia," from north latitude 34° to 38°, and the Second, or Plymouth Colony, was to be planted in "North Virginia," between 41° and 45° north latitude. Neither colony was to extend more than fifty miles inland, and there was to be an interval of a hundred miles between their nearest settlements. That gap of a hundred miles afterward caused a great deal of trouble.

Three ships with a hundred settlers went from Plymouth, England, in 1607, reaching the mouth of the Sagadahoc, or Kennebec, August 8. They held religious services according to the Church of England, read their patent publicly, and proceeded to dig wells, build houses, and erect a fort. Misfortune pursued them. Nearly half their number went back with the vessels. The winter was unusually severe.

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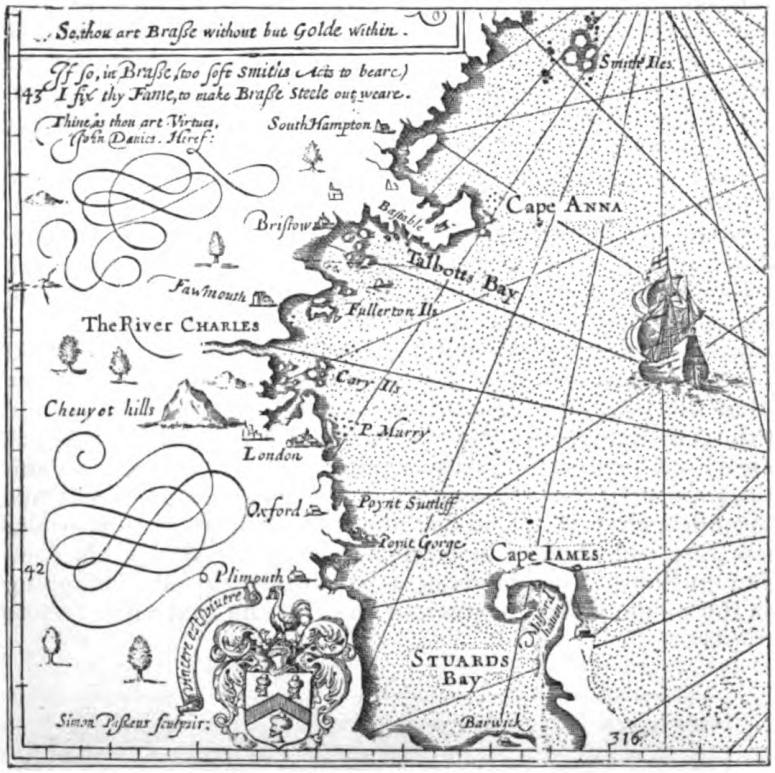
Their store-house was burned; their president, George Popham, died; their patron in England, Sir John Popham, died also; their "admiral," Raleigh Gilbert, was recalled to England by the death of his brother. In the spring all returned, and another colony was added to the list of unsuccessful attempts. It is useless to speculate on what might have been the difference in the destiny of New England had it succeeded; it failed, and the world never cares very much for failures. The contemporary verdict was that "the country was branded by the return of that plantation as being overcold, and in respect of that not habitable for Englishmen." But the fortunate fact that two colonies were sent out together made the year 1607 the beginning of successful colonization in America, after all. It succeeded, not in New England, then called North Virginia, but in South Virginia, which still retains the name of the Virgin Queen. It succeeded not under the high-sounding name of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, but under the more plebeian auspices of John Smith.

John Smith was the last of the romantic school of explorers. It is impossible to tell who wrote all his numerous books, or where to draw the line in regard to his innumerable adventures. We shall never know the whole truth about Pocahontas or Powhatan. No matter; he was the ideal sailor, absolutely accurate in all that relates to coasts and soundings, absolutely credulous as to all the wilder aspects of enterprise in a new world. He maintained the traditions of wonder; he would not have been surprised at Job Hartop's merman, or Ponce de Leon's old men made young, or Raleigh's headless Indians, or Champlain's Gougou. The flavor of all his narratives is that of insatiable and joyous adventure, not yet shadowed by that awful romance of supernatural terror which came in with the Puritans.

Yet his first service was in his accuracy of description. It is a singular fact, pointed out by Kohl, that while the sixteenth century placed upon our maps with much truth the coasts of Newfoundland, Labrador, and Canada, the coasts of New England and New York were unknown till the beginning of the seventeenth. When Hudson sailed south of Cape Cod and entered the harbor of New York, he was justified in saying that he entered "an unknown sea." If the shore north of Cape Cod was not an unknown region, it was due largely to Smith. While his companions were plundering or kidnapping negroes, at the time he first visited those



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MAP OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST, FROM CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S "HISTORIE OF VIRGINIA."

the name by which the members of the London Company were known. The men who were sent out on this expedition were authorized to mine for the precious metals, to coin money, and to collect a revenue for twenty-one years from all vessels. The dream of wealth had been transplanted from Spain to England, and its supposed scene of enrichment from Mexico to "Virginia." The English plays of the period show this. "I tell thee," says Seagull, in Marston's play of *Eastward, Ho!* written in 1605, "golde is more plentifull there than copper is with us; and for as much redde copper as I can bring I'll have thrise the weight in gold. Why, man, all theyre dripping pans..... are pure gould, and all the chaines with which they chaine up their streets are massie gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth in Holydayes and gather 'hem by the seashore to hang on their children's coates and stick in their children's caps." And, to complete the picture, he promises "no more law than conscience, and not too much of eyther."

shores in 1614, he was drawing "a map from point to point, isle to isle, and harbor to harbor, with the soundings, sands, rocks, and landmarks." He first called the region New England, and first gave the names of Charles River, Plymouth, Cape Ann; while other names which he bestowed—as Boston, Cambridge, Hull—have not disappeared, but only shifted their places. He caused thousands of his maps to be printed, and yet complained he might as well have tried "to cut rocks with oyster shells" as to spread among others his interest in this matter. Fifteen years after, he could only report the same discouragement. "The coast is yet still but as a coast unknown and undiscovered. I have had six or seven plots of those northern parts, so unlike each to other for resemblance of the country as they did me no more good than so much waste paper."

This illustrates Smith's methods. But it was in his first expedition to Virginia that he placed himself on record as the first successful colonizer of America. At the time, however, he would have claimed no higher title than "Adventurer," that being

Such were the hopes with which the three ships of the Virginia Company of London sailed from the Downs, January 1, 1607. It was a modest expedition, but it carried the fortunes of the "English nation" on board. These vessels were the *Susan Constant* (100 tons), with seventy-one persons, commanded by Captain Christopher Newport, fleet captain; the *Godspeed* (40 tons), Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, with fifty-two persons; and the *Discovery*, Captain John Ratcliffe, with twenty persons. There were thirty-nine of the crew, and 105 planters, more than half classed as "gentlemen," with laborers, tradesmen, and mechanics, and two "chirurgeons."

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Sailing by the southern route—the way of the West Indies—they reached Chesapeake Bay on the night of April 26, and there for the first time opened a sealed box containing the orders from the King. This box designated as councillors the three sea-captains, with Edward Maria Wingfield (president), John Smith, John Martin, and John Kendall. Smith, because of some suspicion of mutinous bearing on the voyage, was excluded from office until June 10.

It is possible that something of personal feeling may have entered into Smith's low opinion of these first colonists. He says of them, in his *Generall Historie:*

"Being for most part of such tender educations, and small experience in Martiall acci-



dents, because they found not English Cities, nor such fair houses, downe pillowes, tavernes, and ale-houses in euery breathing place, neither such plentie of gold and silver and dissolute libertie as they expected, had little or no care of anything but to pamper their bellies,

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to fly away with our Pinnaces, or procure their meanes to returne for *England*. For the Country was to them a misery, a ruine, a death, a hell, and their reports here and their actions there according."

They planted a cross at Fort Henry, naming it for the Prince of Wales, and they named the opposite cape for his brother, the Duke of York, afterward Charles I. The next day they named another spot Point Comfort. Ascending the Powhatan River, called by them the James, they landed at a peninsula about fifty miles from the mouth, and resolved to build their town there. They went to work, sending Smith and others farther up the river to explore, and fighting off the first Indian attack during their absence. In June Newport sailed for England, leaving three months' provisions for the colonists. Again the experiment was to be tried; again Englishmen found themselves alone in the New World. Captain John Smith, always graphic, has left a vivid picture of the discomforts of that early time:

"When I first went to *Virginia*, I well remember, wee did hang an awning (which is an old saile) to three or foure trees to shadow us from the Sunne, our walls were rales of wood, our seats unhewed trees, till we cut plankes, our Pulpit a bar of wood nailed to two neighboring trees, in foule weather we shifted into an old rotten tent, for we had few better, and this came by the way of adventure for new; this was our Church, till wee built a homely thing like a barne, set upon Cratchets, covered with rafts, sedge, and earth, so was also the walls: the best of our houses of the like curiosity, but the most part farre much worse workmanship, that could neither well defend wind nor raine, yet wee had daily Common Prayer morning and evening, every Sunday two Sermons, and every three moneths the holy Communion, till our Minister died, but our Prayers daily, with an Homily on Sundaies we continued two or three yeares after till more Preachers came, and surely God did most mercifully heare us, till the continuall inundations of mistaking directions, factions, and numbers of unprovided Libertines neere consumed us all, as the Israellites in the wildernesse."



MAP OF JAMESTOWN SETTLEMENT, FROM CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S "HISTORIE OF VIRGINIA."

The place was unhealthy; they found no gold; the savages were hostile; by September one-half their number—fifty—had died, including Gosnold, and their provisions were almost exhausted. The council was reduced to three—Ratcliffe, Smith, and Martin. Later still their settlement was burned, and their food reduced to meal and water; the intrepid leadership of Smith alone saved them; and for years the colony struggled, as did the Plymouth colony a dozen years later, for mere existence. Its materials from the beginning were strangely put together—one mason, one blacksmith, four carpenters, fifty-two gentlemen, and a barber! The "first supply" in 1608 brought 120 more, but not in much better combination—thirty-three gentlemen, twenty-one laborers, six tailors, with apothecaries, perfumers, and goldsmiths, but only one mechanic of the right sort. The "second supply," in the same year, brought seventy persons, including "eight Dutchmen and Poles," and, best of all, two women—Mistress Forrest and Anne Burras her maid—joined the company; and soon after the maid was married to John Laydon, "which was the first marriage," Smith triumphantly says, "we had in Virginia." Smith had by this time become President of the Council, and was at last its only member. They had received supplies from England, but the continuance of these was very uncertain. Newport on his return trip had foolishly pledged himself

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ARRIVAL OF THE YOUNG WOMEN AT JAMESTOWN.

not to return without a lump of gold, the discovery of a passage to the North Sea, some of the settlers of the lost colony, or a freight worth £2000. Unless this pledge was fulfilled, the colony was to be abandoned to its own resources; and fulfilled it never was.

Early in October, 1609, Smith sailed for England, leaving nearly five hundred settlers, with horses, cattle, cannon, fishing nets, and provisions. He never returned, though he made a successful voyage to New England. He apparently went away under a cloud, but with him went the fortunes of the colony. There followed a period known as "the starving time," which ended in the abandonment of the settlement, with its fifty or sixty houses and its defense of palisades. The colonists were met as they descended the river, in April, 1610, by Lord Delaware (or De la Warr) as he ascended with another party of settlers; and thenceforward the Virginia settlement was secure. Yet it did not grow strong; it was languishing in 1618, and it had an accession of doubtful benefit in 1619, when we read in Smith's *Generall Historie*, as the statement of John Rolfe, "About the last of August came in a Dutch man-of-warre, and sold us twenty Negars." In 1621 came a more desirable accession, through the shipment by the company of "respectable young women" for wives of those colonists who would pay the cost of transportation—at first one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, afterward one hundred and fifty. In July, 1620, the colony was four thousand strong, and shipped to England forty thousand pounds of tobacco. This was raised with the aid of many bound apprentices—boys and girls picked up in the streets of London and sent out—and of many "disorderly persons" sent by order of the King. But in the year 1624 only 1275 colonists were left in Virginia.

The colony would have been more prosperous, Captain John Smith thought, without the tobacco. "Out of the relicks of our miseries," he says, "time and experience had brought that country to a great

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happinesse, had they not so much doted on their tobacco, on whose firmest foundations there is small stability, there being so many good commodities beside." But their chief trouble, as he wrote from London in 1631—the last year of his life—was always in the uncertain sway of the Virginia Company in London: "Their purses and lives were subject to some few here in London, who were never there, that consumed all in Arguments, Projects, Conclusions, altering everything yearely, as they altered opinions, till they had consumed more than £200,000 and neere 8000 men's lives."

Another voyager, also English, but in Dutch employ, following after Smith, rivalled his fame. It was a wondrous period, certainly, when a continent lay unexplored before civilized men, and a daring navigator could at a single voyage add to the map a whole mighty river, whereas now it sometimes takes many lives to establish a few additional facts as to the minor sources of some well-known stream. The name of Henry Hudson is as indelibly associated with the river he discovered as is the Rhine with the feudal castles that make its summits picturesque. The difference is that after the last stone of the last ruin has crumbled, the name of the great navigator will be as permanent as now. While Hudson was exploring what he called "The Great North River of New Netherlands," Champlain was within a few miles of him, on the lake that was to bear his name. Both he and Hudson were fortunate enough to have names sufficiently characteristic to keep their places on the map, while "Smith's Isles" soon yielded to the yet vaguer appellation of the "Isles of Shoals."

It has been well pointed out in the most recent sketch of the Dutch in America—that of Mr. Fennow in the forth-coming *Narrative and Critical History of the United States*, edited by Justin Winsor—that the early Dutch explorations did not proceed from the love of discovery or of gold-seeking, but were an incident of European wars. Carlyle says that the Dutch might have kept on making butter and cheese forever had not the Spaniards hurried them into a war in order to make them believe in St. Ignatius. The Spaniards, he says, "never made them believe in him, but succeeded in breaking their own vertebral column, and raising the Dutch into a great nation." The Dutch West India Company was, according to Mr. Fennow, a political movement, planned in 1606, and revived in 1618—a plan to destroy the results of Spanish conquest in America, under cover of finding a passage to Cathay.

Henry Hudson, an Englishman, sailed in the employ of this company, in the yacht *Half-Moon*, April 4, 1609. He was to search for a northwest passage—to which there was an opening north of Virginia, as Hudson's friend, Captain John Smith, had assured him. Sailing up the river which now bears his name, he found no passage, but brought back reports of fur-bearing animals which revived the Dutch Company, and secured for it a charter, which came in 1621. Before this Adrian Block had built a log fort on Manhattan Island, in 1614, and had called the settlement New Amsterdam; another fort was built near what is now Albany; another in what is now Gloucester, New Jersey; and in 1626 Peter Minuit bought the whole of Manhattan Island from the Indians. All these settlements were supposed to be within the hundred miles which were to separate the North and South Virginia settlements. The English from Virginia tried to drive out the Dutch in 1613, and Governor Bradford, in Plymouth, remonstrated in 1627; but they remained. The secret belief of the Dutch was that, after all, the English had secured only the two shells, while they had the oyster. For years the colony was rather like a commercial institution than like anything of larger expectations; but after a time, under the teaching of experience, a more liberal policy was practiced, and settlers came from many sources—dissatisfied religionists from New England, escaped servants from Virginia, and rich and poor from Holland. In 1643, there were eighteen different nationalities represented in New Amsterdam.

The English had thus obtained a foothold in Virginia, and the Dutch in New Netherlands, both being led by the love of discovery, or of trade, or of revenge against the Spaniards. All efforts had thus far failed to build a colony in New England. Captain Smith wrote that he was not so foolish as to suppose that anything but the prospect of great gain would induce people to settle in such a place. He was right; it was done with the prospect of great gain, but of a kind of which he had not dreamed. It is partly this new motive and partly the pivotal part it played

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in the colonization of America that has always given to the little colony of Plymouth a historic importance out of all proportion to its numbers, its wealth, or even its permanence of separate life.

The Pilgrims, as they have always been called, had separated for conscience' sake from the Church of England, had removed from England to Holland, and had dwelt there in that "common harbor of all heresies," as Bishop Hall called it, there increasing to the number of a thousand. The Dutch magistrates said, "These English have lived among us now these twelve years, and yet we have never had any suit or accusation against them." But there was a renewal of the wars between Spain and Holland; and the children of the Pilgrims were growing up, whom they wished to see speaking English rather than Dutch; and they desired also to do something "for the propagating and advancing of the Gospel of Christ in the remote parts of the world." So a hundred of their younger and stronger men and women were selected to go to America, and a portion of them sailed from Delft Haven in July, 1620, their pious minister, John Robinson, invoking a blessing upon their departure, and warning them, "The Lord hath more truth yet to seek out of His holy Word." Of their two ships, the *Mayflower* alone proved sea-worthy, and after touching at three English ports she still had a voyage of sixty-three days. The *Speedwell* put back in consequence



JOHN ENDICOTT.

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of alarms needlessly spread by her captain, who had already repented of his promise to remain a year with the colony, and took this cowardly way to obtain relief from that pledge.

On the eastern coast of Massachusetts there is a cape which stretches far into the sea, "shaped like a sickle," as Captain John Smith said, but named less poetically "Cape Cod" by Gosnold, because of the multitudes of fish with which he had "pestered" his vessel there. If on the 9th of November (Old Style), in 1620, any stray Indian had been looking from the bluff where Highland Light now stands, he would have seen a lonely and weather-beaten vessel creeping slowly toward the land. It was the *Mayflower*, now more than two months at sea. She had met with such storms and had grown so leaky that it had been seriously proposed by the sailors, when half across the Atlantic, to return. But for the fact that some passenger had happened to bring a great iron screw with his baggage, it is doubtful if the little vessel could have made the passage. As it was, she was heavy and slow, and the passengers were full of joy when they saw Cape Cod. They very well knew what land it was, for the mates of the vessel had been there twice before, while one passenger had actually been as far as Virginia. But they did not mean to remain at Cape Cod, or indeed in New England at all. Ever since the failure of the Popham colony in Maine, twelve years before, New England had been thought to be a "cold, barren, mountainous, rocky desert," and had been abandoned as "uninhabitable by Englishmen." So the *Mayflower* did not at first anchor at Cape Cod, but tacked and sailed southward for half a day, meaning to reach the Hudson River. Then she got among those dangerous shoals and currents that lie off the southeastern extremity of the cape; and the captain, anxious for his vessel, and in a hurry to land his passengers, put about again and made Cape Cod Harbor.

"But here I can not but stay and make a pause," says the old writer who first describes this voyage, "and stand half amazed at these poor people's condition; and so I think will the reader too, when he well considers the same. For having passed through many troubles, both before and upon the voyage, as aforesaid, they had now no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain and refresh them, no houses, much less towns, to repair unto." Before them lay an unknown wilderness. The nearest English settlement was five hundred miles away. They had expected to arrive in September, and it was November; they had expected to reach the Hudson River, and it was Cape Cod. "Summer being done," says the same writer—Bradford—"all things stand for them to look upon with a weather-beaten face; and the whole country being full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hue. If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now a main bar and gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world." To be sure, they had still a ship; but the captain warned them daily that they must look out for a place to found their colony; that he could wait but little longer; that the provisions were diminishing every day, and he must and would keep enough for himself and crew to use on their return. Some of the crew were even less friendly in what they said, for some of these were heard to threaten that unless the place for their new colony were soon found, "they would turn them and their goods on shore and leave them."

Such was the position of the Pilgrims when the *Mayflower* lay at anchor in Cape Cod Harbor. The first thing to be done was to select a place for their settlement. This, however, could not be done till the shallop, or sail-boat, was ready; and it would take several days, as they found. So they went to work on this, and meanwhile, for the sake of a mutual understanding among themselves, this agreement was drawn up and signed by all the men on board.

"In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyall subiects of our dread soveraigne lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, etc., having undertaken, for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northerne parts of Virginia, doe, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civill body politike, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by vertue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such iust and equal lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions, offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet

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and convenient for the generall good of the Colony; vnto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witnesse whereof we haue hereunto subscribed our names. Cape Cod, 11 of November, in the year of the raigne of our soveraigne lord King Iames, of England, France, and Ireland 18, and of Scotland 54. Anno Domini 1620."



JOHN WINTHROP.

Here was the "social compact" in good earnest—a thing which philosophers have claimed to be implied in all human government, but which has rarely been put in a shape so unequivocal. Robinson's letter of advice to the company had recognized before they left Holland that they were "to become a body-politic," using among themselves civil government, and choosing their own rulers. As with most persons who write important documents, their work seemed less imposing to themselves than it has since appeared to others. They thought of discipline rather than of philosophy; they had secured a good working organization, and it was not till long after that the act was discovered to have been "the birth of popular constitutional liberty." Such as it was, it was signed by forty-one men, mostly heads of families. Against each name was placed the number represented by him, making a total of one hundred and one persons, though accurately revised estimates give one more.

This being signed, the people were eager to go on shore and examine the new country, even by venturing a little way. So a party landed for fuel, a portion of them being armed; they saw neither person nor house, but brought home a boat-load of juniper boughs, "which smelled very sweet and strong," and which became a frequent fuel with them. Then the women went ashore under guard to do their washing, and we may well suppose that some of the twenty-eight children begged hard to go also, and offered much desultory aid in bringing water from the springs, while the men guarded and the women scrubbed. The more they knew of the land, the more they wished to know, and at last it was agreed that Captain Miles Standish and sixteen men, "with every man his musket, sword, and corselet," should be sent along the cape to explore. The muskets were matchlocks, and the corselet was a coat of mail, a heavy garment to be worn amidst tangled woods and over weary sands.

The journal kept by this first party has been preserved. They found walnuts, strawberries, and vines, and came to some springs, where they sat down and drank their first New England water, as one of them says, "with as much delight as ever we drunk drink in all our lives." They saw no Indians, but found their houses and graves; they found also a basket holding three or four bushels of Indian corn of yellow, red, and blue, such as still grows in Cape Cod. This they took with them on their return, meaning to pay for it, which they afterward did. Then they returned, and a few days after another party, twice as large, and including the captain of the *Mayflower*, set off in the shallop to make farther explorations. All their adventures are preserved to us in the

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most graphic way by contemporary narratives. They were attacked by Indians; they lost their rudder and their mast; they drifted at last on Clark's Island, kept the Sabbath there, and on the 11th December, Old Style—commonly reckoned, but not quite accurately, as corresponding to the 22d of December, New Style—they made their first landing on Plymouth Rock. This place being approved, they returned to the *Mayflower*, and her passengers were all landed, probably at the same point, five days later.

There they spent the winter—their first experience of a New England winter! They were ill housed, ill fed: one-half of them died during the first winter of scurvy and other diseases. At times, according to the diary of the heroic Bradford, there were but six or seven sound persons who could tend upon the sick and dying, "fetched them wood, made them fires, dressed them meat, made their beds, washed their loathsome clothes, clothed and unclothed them," two of these nurses being their spiritual and military leaders, Elder Brewster and Captain Miles Standish. The New Plymouth Colony never grew to be a strong one; its later history is merged in that of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, to which it led; but its success may be said to have been the turning-point in the existence of Raleigh's "English nation." The situation is thus briefly stated by the ablest historian who wrote in this continent before the Revolution, Governor Hutchinson:

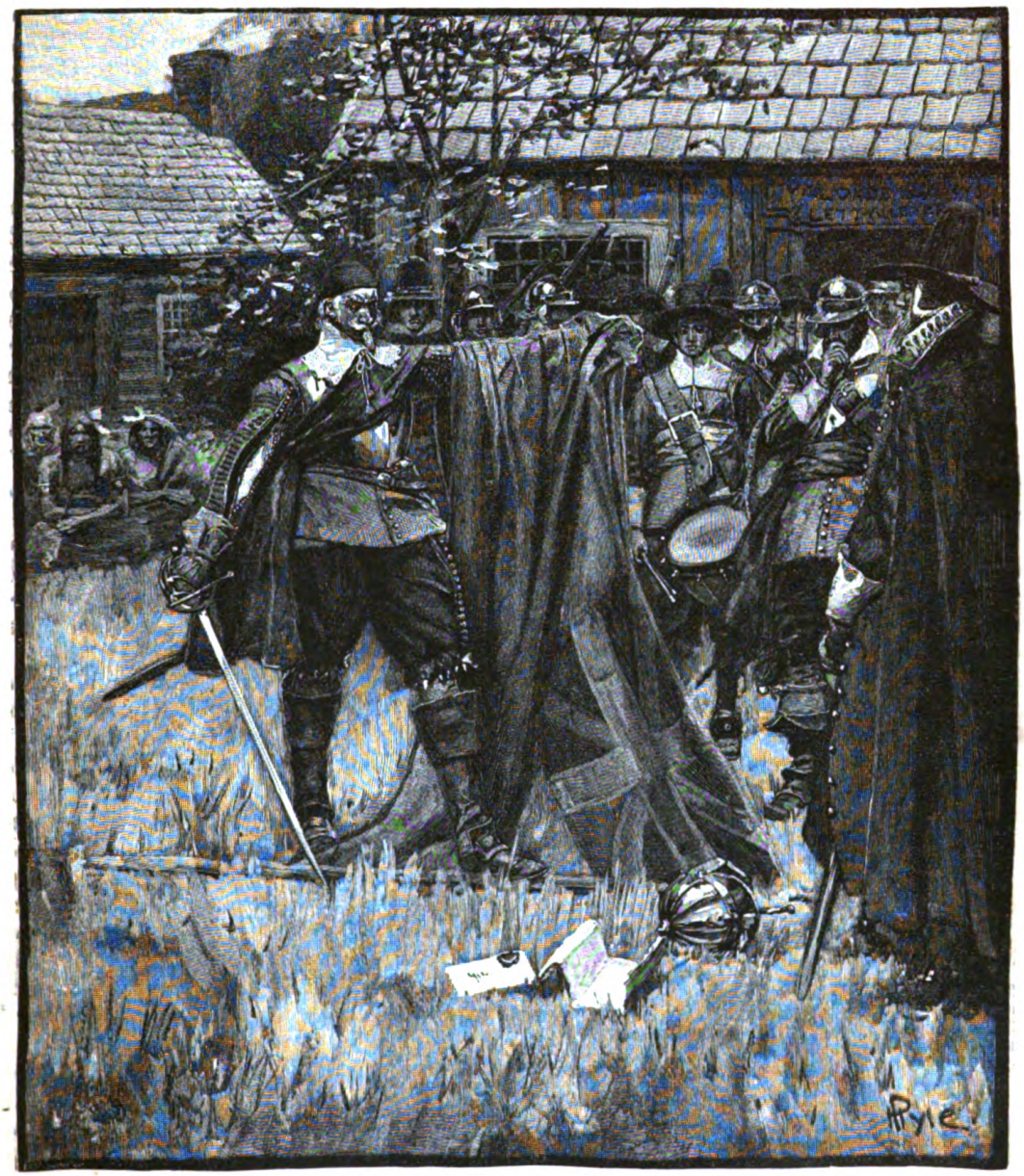
"These were the founders of the colony of Plymouth. The settlement of this colony occasioned the settlement of Massachusetts Bay, which was the source of all the other colonies of New England. Virginia was in a dying state, and seemed to revive and flourish from the example of New England. I am not preserving from oblivion the names of heroes whose chief merit is the overthrow of cities, provinces, and empires, but the names of the founders of a flourishing town and colony, if not of the whole British empire in America."

In September, 1628, there came sailing into the harbor of Naumkeag, afterward called Salem, a ship bearing John Endicott, one of the six patentees of the "Dorchester Company," lately enlarged into the "Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay." Endicott had been appointed Governor, and found on shore only a few settlers, Roger Conant and others, partly strays from Plymouth, who were quite disposed to be impatient of his authority. There remains no record of his voyage, but an ample record of that of his successor in the emigration, Rev. Francis Higginson, who came as the spiritual leader—with his colleague Skelton—of the first large party of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. They came in summer (1629), and all their early impressions were in poetic contrast to the stern landing of the Pilgrims. Francis Higginson says:

"By noon we were within three leagues of Cape Ann; and as we sailed along the coasts we saw every hill and dale and every island full of gay woods and high trees. The nearer we came to the shore the more flowers in abundance, sometimes scattered abroad, sometimes joined in sheets nine or ten yards long, which we supposed to be brought from the low meadows by the tide. Now what with fine woods and green trees by land, and these yellow flowers painting the sea, made us all desirous to see our new paradise of New England, whence we saw such forerunning signals of fertility afar off."

There came in this expedition five (or possibly six) ships, of which the *Mayflower* was one. They brought two hundred persons; whereas only some forty had arrived with Endicott; in the following year eight hundred came with Winthrop, who succeeded Endicott as Governor. The company itself was transplanted bodily from England. It was an organized government under a royal charter; the freemen were to meet four times a year and choose a Governor, Deputy-Governor, and eighteen assistants, who were to meet once a month, and exercise all the functions of a state. As Mr. Lodge has tersely said, "It was the migration of a people, not the mere setting forth of colonists and adventurers." Considered as a colony, it was far larger and richer than that at Plymouth; it had chosen a more favorable situation, and it encountered less of hardship, though it had enough. It was based on the expectation of a less distinct breaking off from the Church of England than that of which the Plymouth colonists had set the example, and because of which they were called "Separatists." "We will not say," said Francis Higginson, on looking back to the receding shores of England—"we will not say, as the Separatists were wont to say at their leaving of England, farewell, Babylon! farewell, Rome! but we will say, farewell, dear England! farewell, the Church of God in England, and

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ENDICOTT CUTTING THE CROSS OUT OF THE ENGLISH FLAG.

all the Christian friends there. . . .We go to practice the positive part of Church reformation, and to propagate the Gospel in America."

Yet, when once established on this soil, there was not much difference in degree of independence between the two colonies; and Endicott, when he sent back two turbulent Churchmen to England, or when he cut the cross, then deemed idolatrous, out of the English flag, or when he suppressed Morton and his roisterers at Merry Mount, went further in the assertion of separate power than the milder authorities of Plymouth Colony ever went. Both colonies aimed at religious reformation. Neither colony professed religious toleration, though the Plymouth colony sometimes practiced it. Rhode Island, on its establishment by Roger Williams, both professed and practiced it; and though his banishment from Massachusetts was not on religious grounds alone, but partly from his contentious spirit in other ways,

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yet it resulted in good to the world at last through his high conceptions of religious liberty. In the New Hampshire settlements, which were formed as early as 1623, there was less of strictness in religion, and perhaps less of religion; nor was there ever any great rigidity of doctrine or practice in the few scattered villages of Maine. The two Connecticut colonies—Connecticut and New Haven—being framed at first by the direct emigration of whole religious societies, might have been supposed to carry some severity with them into their banishment; but they seemed to leave it behind, and were not sterner at the outset than the men of the other early colonies, even those of Virginia. What changes came over this type of manhood in the second generation, in the banishment of a colony and the asceticism of a life too restricted, we shall see. But these men were, at the outset, of as high a mould as ever settled a state. "God sifted a whole nation," said Stoughton, "that He might send choice grain over into this wilderness." Between the years 1629 and 1639, twenty thousand Puritans came to America; it was not a mere colonization, it was the transfer of a people.

Thus were four colonies established on the North Atlantic coast before the year 1630, in the vast region once called Virginia. Three of them were English at the beginning—Virginia, New Plymouth, and Massachusetts Bay—and the other was destined to become such, changing its name from New Netherlands to New York. These may be called the pioneer colonies; and if we extend our view to the year 1650, we take in three other colonies, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Haven—which had gone forth from these—while two independent colonies, one English and one Swedish, had made separate settlements in Maryland and Delaware; thus making nine in all, of which seven were English.

The men of the Maryland settlement also called themselves, like those of Plymouth, "Pilgrims," but the name had not come to them by such arduous experience, and it has not attached itself to their descendants. The Roman Catholics and others who came to "Mary's Land" in the *Ark* and the *Dove* in March, 1634, under Leonard Calvert, named their first settlement St. Mary's, in honor of Queen Henrietta Maria, and they called themselves "the Pilgrims of St. Mary's." The emigration was made up very differently from those which John Smith recorded in Virginia, for it consisted of but twenty "gentlemen" and three hundred laboring-men. They came under a charter granted to George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, who had for many years been trying to establish a colony, which he called "Avalon," much farther north, and who had grown, in the words of a letter of the period, "weary of his intolerable plantation at Newfoundland, where he hath found between eight and nine months' winter, and upon the land nothing but rocks, lakes, or morasses like bogs, which one might thrust a pike down to the butt-head." But he died before the new charter was signed, and was succeeded by his son Cecil, the second Lord Baltimore, who fully adopted his father's plans, and fully defrayed the cost of the first expedition, this being £40,000.

There exists a graphic account of the voyage of the first Maryland settlers by Father White, their chaplain, in his report to his religious superiors at Rome. He describes with delight his first ascent of the Potomac River, of which he says, "The Thames itself is a mere rivulet to it," and when he reaches the St. Mary's River, where the colony was founded (March 27, 1634), he says, "The finger of God is in this, and He purposes some great benefit to this nation." He might well say that, for the career of the early Maryland colony was peaceful, tolerant, and honorable. It was the most nearly independent and self-governing of the early colonies, the King asking nothing of it but two Indian arrows each year, and one-fifth of its gold or silver. It was called "the land of the sanctuary"; all Christians were tolerated there, though it did not, like Rhode Island, expressly extend its toleration beyond Christianity. By degrees it passed under the charge of Puritans from Virginia, who proved themselves less liberal to Roman Catholics than the latter had been to them. But all working together laid the foundation of a new community, sharing in some respects the pursuits and destinies of Virginia, but more peaceful, and at times more prosperous.

The other independent colony came from Sweden—the only one ever planted by that nation. In the first years of Virginia emigration Lord Delaware, who was then Governor, sailed up the river that took his name; but he left no settlement there. The Dutch afterward tried

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to colonize it, but the Indians destroyed the colony. Then the great Protestant King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, the "Lion of the North," resolved, at the suggestion of a Stockholm merchant, William Usselinx, to found a colony, which, unlike Virginia, should have no slaves, and which should be "the jewel of his kingdom." He died, and his little daughter Christina succeeded him; but the Prime Minister, Oxenstiern, carried out the original plan, sending fifty Swedes and Finlanders in 1638 in two vessels commanded by Peter Minuit, who had previously been Governor of New Netherlands. In spite of the loud protestations of the Dutch Governor, Kieft, they established themselves on the river Delaware, and called their fort Christiana, in honor of the young Queen. Four years after, a Governor was sent out to them from Sweden, a lieutenant-colonel in the Swedish army, John Printz, described by one writer as a person "who weighed 400 pounds, and drank three



CECIL CALVERT, SECOND LORD BALTIMORE.

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drinks at every meal." He built himself a house, let us hope on firm foundations, upon what is now called Province Island, at the mouth of the Schuylkill River. Meanwhile the English from New Haven had settled within the bounds of the colony, and the Dutch had driven them away, and then trespassed themselves. Nevertheless there was a Swedish colony thus established in America, rivalling the Dutch of "New Netherlands" in enterprise and industry, but destined to pass away and leave hardly a trace behind.

Such were the beginnings of European colonization along the Atlantic coast of North America. In the middle of the seventeenth century (1650) the condition of that coast was as follows. The New England colonies were of course English, and so were Virginia and Maryland; but the fertile region between these Northern and Southern colonies was claimed and occupied, as has been shown, by Holland and by Sweden. The French claimed the unsettled regions now known as the Carolinas and Georgia; the Spaniards held all beyond. Amid all these conflicting nationalities, what had become of Raleigh's dream? The seven English colonies, arranged in order of time, were as follows: Virginia, founded in 1607, and called to this day "the Old Dominion"; New Plymouth, founded in 1620, and called to this day "the Old Colony"; Massachusetts Bay, 1628; Connecticut, 1633; Maryland, 1634; Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, 1636; New Haven, 1638. Four of these—the two Massachusetts and the two Connecticut colonies—had been leagued together since 1643 against the Indians and the Dutch; the others stood alone, each for itself. Among these scattered settlements, where was Raleigh's "English nation"? It existed in these germs.

A HOME LAWN.

IN a former paper I described the topiary and landscape styles of gardening, and expressed my strong preference for the latter. I would not, however, entirely discard the former. A trimmed hedge or a plant cut in some fantastic shape often gives pleasure, because it shows the hand of man. Those who travel much by railroad—over mountains and through valleys, by rushing streams and through dense forests, where even the grand solitudes of nature tire, because man longs for companionship—can bear witness to their sensations of pleasure in suddenly coming upon a trimmed hedge, a trellis of neatly trained vines, or a few closely pruned evergreens. These show that man has been there, and that civilization is near. In an old country formality is the rule, and the close following of nature is therefore a grateful exception. With us the beautiful wildness of nature is abundantly the rule, and formality may be a grateful exception. It is thus that the grounds of Elvaston Castle may give pleasure to an American of unquestioned taste.

For the best effects, however, and for genuine pleasure to the true artist, the natural or landscape style remains pre-eminent. The question is how to obtain a knowledge of its capabilities. A man may read Repton and Knight, and obtain much valuable information, but there may be imprinted upon his brain no pictures which he can transfer to his own grounds. Let him, however, take a week's ride by railroad, and he will come back with a hundred pictures. Natural lawns and open glades, forests and streams, clumps of native shrubbery, groups of native trees, all leave their impress, to be called up at some future time. On one of my daily rides, near a railroad track, is a mass of forest, in front of which stands a house. Its architecture is not interesting, but the background makes it charming. This beauty has grown upon me day by day, until now in planning a lawn I should seek for a heavy background of large trees, against which the dwelling could stand, like a pearl against walls of emerald.

It is with much hesitation that I mention my own efforts to illustrate in my own grounds my thoughts on landscape art, but in no other way can I so well explain my meaning. Work accomplished is always the best illustration of the soundness of a theory.

Some thirty-five years ago my old home and birth-place was destroyed by fire, and with it went many of the trees planted by my father, under which I had played in childhood, and which were hallowed by many associations. After building an-

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VARIEGATED ARUNDO, LINDEN, AND CHINESE CYPRESS.

other house upon the same spot, my first desire was to plant trees. I did not give much thought to the pages of Repton or Price, for pictures on my brain came out fresh and glowing for the occasion. They were drawn there years before on the table-lands of the Andes, in the valleys of Savoy, and in the parks and gardens of England, while the Alleghanies gave me rich autumnal tints.

One of the finest of these pictures was a square house surrounded by piazzas, and in the midst of an amphitheatre of level plain and forest-covered hills. There were no trees within two hundred feet of the house, and as I lay reading or dreaming in my hammock on the piazza, with the clear sunlight on the sod and the fresh breezes on my cheek, I resolved that I would have no trees near my house to make it melancholy with their sombre shadows or breed disease with their dampness. Man was made to enjoy the sun and air, and not to shut them out.

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It was in October when I left my summer home, and crossing the Alleghanies, the whole forest and valley and mountain were in a blaze of green and scarlet and gold, while the leaves of the silver-poplars quivered like snow-flakes in the air.

So to my picture of an amphitheatre and open lawn about a house was thus added foliage of varied tints, and I resolved that on my grounds I would have strong contrasts, and thus picturesque effects.

I did not wish to encroach upon my pasture fields, or to have so large a lawn that to keep the turf closely mown would be a burden. Therefore the ground to be planted was limited to some five acres, in the centre of which was placed the dwelling, protected by piazzas on all sides.

Of the old trees of my childhood there were saved from the flames two large lindens a hundred feet high, with branches sweeping the ground, while their tall forms stood like sentinels guarding the house. One of these is shown in the engraving.

Being near a large village, the idea of seclusion naturally suggested itself; therefore on the outside of the sidewalk were planted American elms and deciduous cypresses, while on the fence lines was placed a row of hemlock ten feet apart, with another row of Norway spruce five feet inside of the hemlock. These have now grown tall and thick, making an admirable background against which to plant trees of various tints. Thus, although very near the denser part of a village of ten thousand inhabitants, we have the seclusion of a forest, and children can play unseen within its sheltered nooks.

For many years this double row of hemlock and spruce feathered from the ground, and were untouched by the knife. Some two years ago the lower branches, being partly dead and naked, were cut out to the height of eight feet, and there was developed the charming vista shown in the engraving. These trunks have since been planted with ivy and *Ampelopsis veitchii*, which in a short time will give green columns.

In arranging my groups one object has been so to plant that the distinctive form and color of each tree may be seen from the piazza, and now after thirty-five years the effect justifies the plan.

Another great charm of a dwelling-place is an occasional vista. Thus a piece of rock-work forms the objective point of one, the broad wings of an *Abies alata* that of another, while at another distant point stands a purple beech fifty feet high.

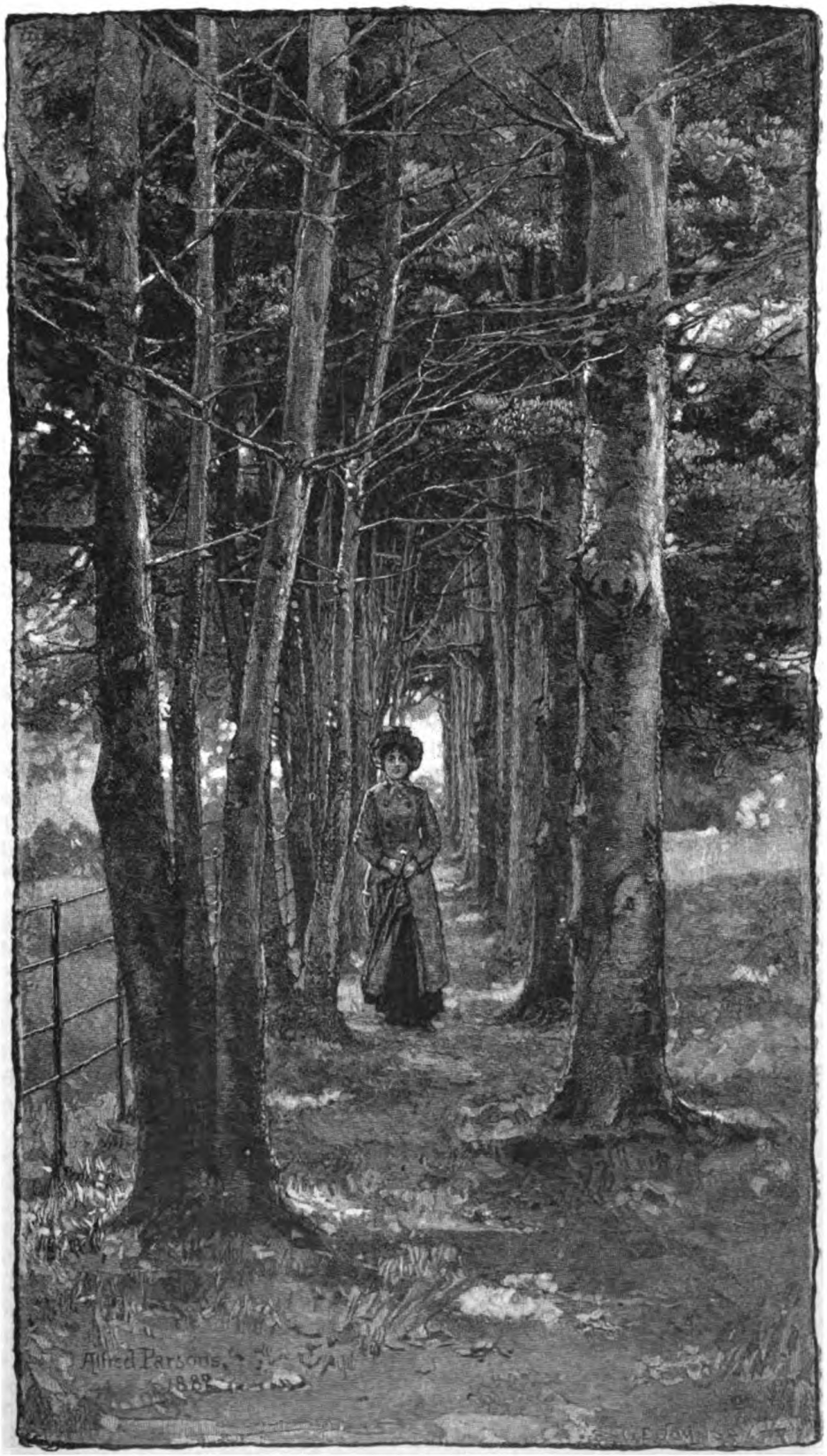
It may be a matter of taste to construct a large lawn with outlying groups and single specimens, but my fancy has been for several distinct lawns, the varied forms and colors of which may be seen not only from the main dwelling, but from the best house location in each. Thus the whole place could be made to furnish not only building spots for each of the children, but a succession of surprises with their nooks and vistas.

Two of these lawns have thus been occupied with dwellings, and the third is ready for the same occupation. The main lawn, on which the homestead is built, has a front of two hundred and twenty-five feet, and a depth of three hundred and fifty feet, the house being one hundred and fifty feet from the street. A carriage entering from a gate at one side of the front makes a curving line to the house, and describing a circle, passes out at the same place. This drive is planted with trees and shrubs on the street side and on the circle side. Among these the tall lindens before mentioned stand up with a bold relief against the sky, while in front is the broad open turf of the circle, seventy-five feet in diameter.

Sitting on the front of the piazza, the eye takes in the finest of the trees, while a change of position to the east or west gives a view of the remainder. Outside the drive stands a row of stone-pines with their bright refreshing green. In front of these is a *Picea grandis* from California—a rapid-growing tall tree with well-clothed horizontal branches. Near it stands a *Magnolia cordata*, twenty-five feet high, which twice in the year bears yellow flowers.

To flank the linden on its left side a lighter foliage was needed. This was furnished by *Virgilia lutea*. Few know the beauty of this tree—a native of Kentucky forests, and rare in Europe. This specimen is fifty feet high and fifty feet broad; its foliage resembles that of the locust in form and tint, while its color is much lighter than that of the adjacent linden. Its flowers are snow-white, and cover its surface with long racemes. For still stronger contrasts, like Othello at the side of Desdemona, comes next a purple beech fifty

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AVENUE OF HEMLOCKS AND SPRUCES.

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feet high. The foliage of this tree is dense, and in early June almost black, taking a lighter tint as the season advances. When at its darkest, the effect of its foliage in a mass of green is very striking.

Arching over the drive and almost touching the purple beech are the lighter foliage and pure white blossoms of a double-flowering cherry, which covers a diameter of fifty feet, and the trunk of which is twelve feet in circumference. Adjoining this stands a picturesque form of the European larch, fifty feet high, tall and pyramidal, with its branches curving far below the horizontal line, and its bluish tint contrasting well with the purple beech opposite.

The dark green of the euonymus, or burning-bush, clothed in the autumn with its brilliant scarlet berries, makes a striking group with the lighter lilacs and the bluish tint of the glaucous juniper. Contrasting with these is a large red-flowering horse-chestnut, with dark foliage and large clusters of scarlet flowers, gleaming among the leaves like rubies on emerald. Towering up above its neighbors, and throwing out its long arms against the sky, is a tall gingko. Its branches often assume a cross-like form, and when at night the stars gleam between them the effect is striking. Among all this green and purple there is needed a permanent white, which is given by the tall trunk of a cut-leaved birch, clothed in its snow-white bark. A cut-leaved beech and a dogwood stand together. The beech is about twenty-five feet high and twenty-five feet in diameter, with a very symmetrical cone-like shape, and an exquisite refinement of foliage. The shears have never touched it, yet it has the dense compactness of a trimmed hedge. The varied drapery of the dogwood, from the white flowers of June to the richly tinted leaves of autumn, is notable. A recently introduced scarlet-flowering variety, and another which droops like a Kilmarnock willow, will make for this charming companions. The drive, on which are the trees that have been described, divides near the house, one branch going around the front lawn, while the other passes through a porte cochère to the rear of the house, forming what might be called the domestic circle. Here seemed to be the only place for the grand cathedral form of the weeping-beech which was described in a former paper. Already it bids fair to touch both drives, and its spreading branches form a forest house for the children, covering a diameter of forty feet, with a roof thirty feet from the ground. Near this is a dark Nordmann fir, planted twenty years ago, and now thirty feet high. I thought it had sufficient space, yet it bids fair to battle with the beech for its share of sun and soil. So it is always; the most experienced men plant too closely, while those who do not know the size which trees will ultimately reach are sure to err.

They think they can cut out, and when the time comes, their cutting out seems vandalism. On a part of the farm which I thought well adapted for a building site, I planted, thirty years ago, a dozen species of American oaks seventy to eighty feet apart. These are now fast approaching each other, and having abundant room to spread, are remarkable specimens. They illustrate the benefit of planting every tree with the space which will be needed fifty years afterward. I thought there might be room on the domestic circle for some specimens of moderate growth, therefore at the point where the roads divide there was placed a group with widely contrasting forms and colors. The most striking of these is the weeping-sophora, a most graceful and soft feathery tree, not unlike the locust in form and color of leaf, but with much more graceful outlines. Its branches droop to the ground, and its interior is a leafy bower. Near this stands a cephalotaxus—a yew-like Japanese plant—with very light foliage, flanked by a group of upright and compact Irish yews. The dark richness of these yews forms a fine contrast with the cephalotaxus. With their close and formal uprightness comes also in contrast the weeping-hemlock, which resembles an evergreen fountain, and possesses great beauty. This tree is scarcely known in Europe. It is a native American, and as it flourishes in a wide territory, must become very popular.

The glaucous steel tint of the noble fir of Oregon gives here another contrast, which is increased by the presence of a large specimen of erect yew. On this circle, touching the porte cochère, are a white lilac and a dark euonymus, the brilliant scarlet berries of the latter being visible a long distance. Near this stands the oak-leaved hydrangea, some four feet in height and diameter. Its foliage and

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white flowers in the summer are striking, while in the autumn the maroon coloring of its leaves is very remarkable. The engraving shows well its form. Just opposite, on the outer edge of the front circle, is a standard *Hydrangea grandiflora*, made by trimming to a strong stem five feet high, and then giving it the support of a stake until it can stand alone. The heavy trusses then bear down the branches, and make it a weeping tree of great beauty. Near it is the striking foliage of the variegated-leaved althea.

The prostrate juniper naturally creeps upon the ground, but I fancied a more picturesque form, and so a leading shoot was carried up eight feet, and then with its side branches allowed to fall upon the earth. The result is an evergreen mound of unique character.

The varied forms of these drooping evergreens are very picturesque. One of them is the weeping Norway spruce, the branches of which fall to the ground. With little trouble it could be made to resemble a young camel. Entirely unlike is the weeping silver-fir, in the same group. Its leading shoot has been trained up some ten feet, and its side branches allowed to fall hugging the stem. The result is a glossy evergreen column which can be carried as high as the house. Podocarpus, or Japanese yew, forms a rich member of this group, although it is sometimes injured by the winter.

Near this is a trio of *Azalea amœna*—a plant long grown in greenhouses, but now esteemed perfectly hardy. Being dwarf, compact, and evergreen, it is eminently adapted for bedding, and its sheet of crimson bloom makes it very attractive. This group always excites admiration.

I do not fancy a vine-obstructed piazza, and yet the house needed some seclusion. So there were planted on each side of the front steps the African and the Indian tamarisk. The soft feathery foliage of these shrubs can not be surpassed. The African has the lightest tint, and blooms in June. The Indian blooms in August, and reaches to the cornice of the piazza, covering a third of its front with a wide sweep of graceful branches, and drooping racemes of mauve and pink flowers, which continue until frost. The effect is exceedingly beautiful. I have seen fine specimens of this shrub growing thriftily in the front of city houses.



On the approach to the house the long view resting on the distant East River and the high lands of the Hudson seemed to mark the nakedness of the upper corner of the house. So I planted there a Kentucky coffee-tree, trimming it up above the line of vision from the second-story windows, and giving thus a mass of foliage to relieve the upper cornice. Few know the value of this tree. Its sturdy branches, destitute of spray, are unique in winter, while in the summer its foliage is light and airy, and gives none of the sombre shadows thrown by trees like the Norway maple. It has a peculiar leaf habit. In the morning and afternoon the leaves turn up their edges to the sky, letting the light through them, while in the heat of the day they are flat, and give a denser shade.

Excepting upon its eastern part, the edge of the front circle is clear of trees or shrubs opposite the whole front of the house, near which the plantation of the west side is commenced by a group of golden and purple Japan maples at the foot of a Chinese cypress. The body of

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this last is thirty-five feet high, and its foliage twelve feet in diameter. Its regular conical shape is shown well in the engraving, while its soft feathery foliage and its refreshing light pea-green color give it a very delicate and graceful beauty. At the foot of this is also a low-growing and wide-spreading yew of great hardiness and thriftiness. Its growth is very luxuriant, and its peculiar shape—three feet high and nine feet broad—adapts it to small places. It may be called *Taxus repandens*, and few plants give me more pleasure.

Near this, and still on the outer edge of the front circle, is a small *Magnolia lenné*, with abundant flowers the size of a tulip, and early in the spring showing their crimson silver-lined petals. With these contrasts well a group of golden yews. For winter effect the golden retinospora is brighter, but in June nothing can equal the brilliant richness of the golden yew. It belongs also to a most enduring family, some of the members of which have a reputed life of 2000 years. The greatest perfection in which these are found is at Elvaston Castle, where, trimmed in various shapes, they present an appearance of burnished gold.

Near this is a remarkable specimen of weeping-larch, which, with a body ten feet high, stretches out horizontally at different angles long arms of twenty-two feet. Nothing can be more picturesque than its yellow foliage in autumn, standing against the dark and more persistent greenness of the tall linden. The engraving gives its winter aspect. In the centre of the outer edge of this circle, and opposite the hall door, is a large *Rhododendron grandiflorum*, which stands by itself, and is much admired. Its bloom in June consisted of more than a hundred crimson trusses.

With one or two clumps of common shrubbery, the trees I have named complete the front circle.

It must be borne in mind that these trees and shrubs are near the outer edge, and from the front piazza the eye rests upon a stretch of clear turf before reaching the trees. This gives plenty of sun, and room to receive a current of air, coming as by a funnel from the south through an avenue half a mile long. On the warmest days, when the valley below is calm, a steady breeze is felt on this piazza. There is reason thus for the preference of an open lawn near a house. This front lawn is simple in its suggestiveness, and there is no effort for striking effects. From the piazza there is no front view of rock-work or vistas. The only thought is to sit facing southern breezes, and have the eye enjoy the rest of simplicity. Turning, however, to the west, where the ground has been planted to form, when needed, a distinct building plot, but, until needed, to form a part of the general lawn, there is a vista bordered with natural rock-work, and finishing with the golden head of a large standard yew.

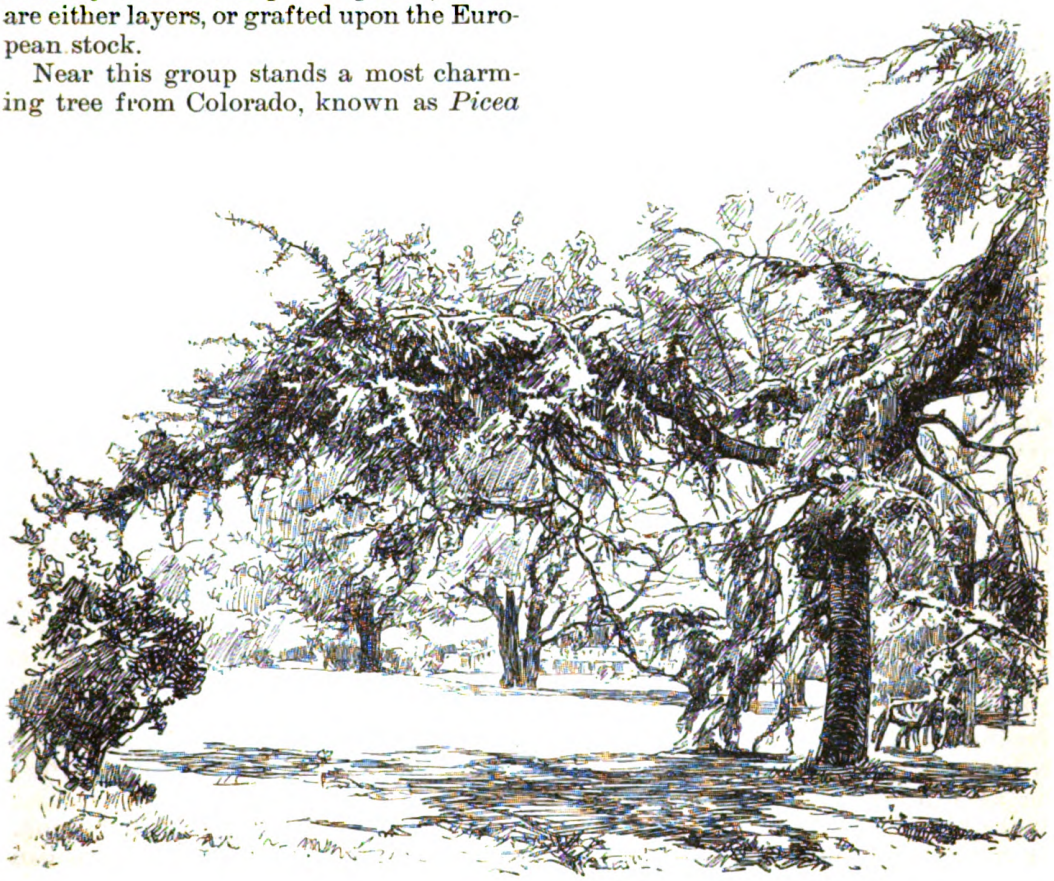
No allusion has been made to the rear of the house. Here is also an open lawn, with various trees on the farther edge. In the nearest view is the collection of American oaks before mentioned, still farther a gleam of the waters of the Sound, and then, beyond all, the brown cliffs of the Palisades. Here I have the kolreuteria, a charming Chinese tree, with rich crimped foliage overtopped with racemes of golden flowers. Here, too, is the Oriental spruce, with its symmetrical form and exquisite refinement of foliage, and here are various trees and shrubs which give me pleasure. On this lawn I have planted some peach-trees, for they give me delicious fruit, and the refreshing light green tint of their foliage is scarcely surpassed. Near this, and somewhat hidden, is the drying ground, surrounded by trellised grape-vines, and flanked by currants, strawberries, and raspberries.

In making the western lawn, the idea has been to form a natural belt of the finest trees and shrubs between the two lawns, leaving sufficient openings to give from one a view of the turf of the other, and thus make them appear parts of one pleasure-ground. In this belt is a group of rhododendrons, another of kalmias, evergreen prinos, *Andromeda floribunda*, and a mass of mixed shrubbery. Towering up above these shrubby masses is one of the most beautiful of evergreens, a Nordmann fir, thirty feet high, with regular symmetrical form and compact dark glossy foliage. In early June the light tint of its young growth against the glossy darkness of the old is very striking—like gold upon ebony. A mixed group of rhododendrons, kalmias, and hardy azaleas bloom one after the other, and form from the piazza a pleasant picture even in winter. The deciduous foliage of the azalea is relieved by the rich glossy leaves of the rhododendron, while the superb flower-

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cluster of the latter is enhanced in its beauty by the exquisite forms and varied tints of the bloom of the former. These two plants are essential to every lawn, and there are none more beautiful. Some of the azaleas are grafted upon the native American stock, and, we think, grow more thriftily than the imported plants, which are either layers, or grafted upon the European stock.

Near this group stands a most charming tree from Colorado, known as *Picea pungens*. Its form is regular, its foliage is compact, and its color is a most refreshing light lavender, on which the eye repeatedly turns and dwells with pleasure. It forms a striking contrast with its neighbor, the Nordmann fir.



WEEPING-LARCH.

In this lawn is a low bed of Japanese maple, containing all the best varieties. Among all the novel things sent from Japan, none are more novel and charming than these maples. Rarely growing large in this country, they form shrubs or dwarf trees with great variety of form and color. One variety is like burnished gold, another is veined green and white, another has a bright pink variegation, and others, in bright green and purple tints, are deeply cut like lace. My favorite is a ruby-tinted variety, with blood-colored leaves, through which the sun shines as through a glass of claret. This bed of Japan maples is the favorite spot with all visitors. For ten years they have borne unprotected the severest winters.* I should mention another Japanese tree in the group of maples, which, although small, gives great promise. It is the sun-ray pine, the bright green leaves of which are marked with a distinct sun-colored variegation. When this tree becomes large it will be a most striking and beautiful object.

* In a line with these maples is a mass of variegated *Arundo donax*, with its white and green leaves, and exceedingly showy. The engraving can not show a tithe of its beauty. Although tender, it can be protected by a covering of hay or litter, and will give then much stronger shoots than when taken up every autumn.

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Near this is a clump of tree peonies—plants difficult to propagate, easy to grow, very enduring in their character, and very showy in their masses of white, scarlet, and purple. Japan has given new varieties of this plant far surpassing the old. I should notice a plant of *Andromeda arborea* which attains a height of twelve to fifteen feet, and is remarkable for the beauty of its drooping flowers, for the delicate coppery tint of its new growth, and for the great charm of its autumn tint of reddish-mauve. A novelty in this border is a tall stem of English yew, trimmed up about eight feet, and grafted with the low-spreading variety before mentioned, which will make it an evergreen weeping tree of unique character. Near this stands a large group of shrubs and small trees, among which may be found purple hazel, variegated-leaved althea, Japan snowball, golden catalpa, burning-bush, golden oak, and other striking varieties. This golden catalpa I purpose cutting down to the ground every year for a bedding plant, as is done with the paulownia. It will then push out great broad golden leaves, and will make a plant almost as effective as an arum, and with much brighter color. Beyond these, and forming a background for the second lawn, is a grove of tulip-trees, horse-chestnuts, elms, beeches, and maples, planted fifty-five years ago, and against them gleams the auburn hair of the purple fringe. Under these newly planted trees was given me the ground for the garden of my boyhood—for the first exercise of budding horticultural propensities.

Thus ends the belt between the two lawns—not thick enough to make a dividing line, and sufficiently scattered to enable one lawn to be seen from the other, and while defining the limits of each, to seem as one. The western lawn is flanked by a hemlock hedge eight feet high—a compact evergreen wall—possessing a beauty which no other tree can give. The contrast between its new and old growth is particularly pleasing. Against this is planted a group of golden yews, a large and spreading white fringe, a trio of Irish yews, and a group of rhododendrons, with dotted specimens of golden retinospora. This last is an introduction from Japan, which is golden all the year, and very effective either as a single specimen, as a hedge, or as a low border. Occasional shrubs vary the belt, and some distance from it stands a European beech, with branches sweeping the ground, and possessing all the beauty described in a previous paper.

Between these trees and the dividing groups before mentioned is a wide stretch of turf in which can be placed a dwelling, with abundant open space around it. Standing on this dwelling-place and looking southward, the forms and colors are shown in their variation. To the right an Atlas cedar forty feet high exhibits the dark tufted cushion-like richness of its foliage. This tree is the African type of the family to which the cedar of Lebanon and the Himalayan cedar belong. Its best foliage lies on the top of the branches, and it therefore is seen best when near a chamber window from which it can be looked down upon. Here is the pyramidal form of the liquidambar, with its star-like leaf and the rich maroon tint of its autumn foliage. Near it is a silver weeping linden fifty feet high, with a graceful droop of branches and a quivering variegation of white and green as the leaves are stirred by the wind.

On this lawn is a large pyramidal oak in process of preparation for the grafting upon it of the golden oak. When this is done the mass of burnished gold glistening in the sun will be a thing worthy of remembrance. A mass of large shrubbery links this lawn with the one first described.

Thus, having a right and left flank, over the shadows of which the eye can pass to something more striking beyond, it rests upon a mass of earth with rocks cropping out. On this was originally an old bowlder too large and deeply anchored to be removed. On this bowlder earth and rocks were placed, and upon them were planted various sorts of trees and shrubs with picturesque forms. Over a piece of rock large enough for a seat droops the soft foliage of a weeping-sophora, having one side only, and that over the rock, on which is seated the figure in the engraving. Above it is a graceful mound formed by the weeping-hemlock untrained; and by its side, like a taller brother, is the columnar form of the weeping silver-fir. Near by *Eulalia japonica* throws up its drooping ostrich plumes, and the little epimedium shows its colored leaves. Between the rocks grows the deciduous *Rhododendron dauricum*,

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WEEPING-SOPHORA, OVER ROCK-WORK.

bearing the earliest shrub flower in spring. Irish yews stand guard here over their prostrate brother, the low-spreading yew, which is particularly effective among the rocks. Around are scattered sedums, ferns, Gregorian spruces, mahonias from Japan, and other plants, for the rare quality of which it is a convenient shelter. Over these are spread the giant arms of an *Abies alata* twenty-five feet high—a variety of Norway spruce originating in Flushing, and exceedingly picturesque in its outline.

A Cilician fir and a Japan larch, which is richer in its character than the European larch, give pleasure here, as does also the white fringe—a small tree with rich dark foliage and snow-white filaments of bloom, covering the whole tree with a very graceful beauty. On this lawn is a group of large English yews fifteen feet high and broad, and in front of them is a standard golden yew with a naked stem five feet high, and a head five feet in diameter. This golden globe on a pedestal of bronze is the most striking object at the end of the vista from the piazza, and makes a most appropriate jewel for the rock setting, which is seen through the same vista. The mass of hemlock and Norway spruce on the street side forms a good background for this picturesque grouping as it is seen from the dwelling site. An occasional plant like the lavender-colored *Picea pungens* or the purple birch serves to break up the regularity of the street belt.

On the third lawn, on which a dwelling has been placed, it seemed better to have the open turf upon the side, as there the

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peculiar architecture was shown to advantage. Some fine American elms, fifty years old, planted on the street, gave a finish to the front, which was supplemented by a few of the choicer trees which have been described. A tree on this lawn—*Picea cephalonica*—is a favorite not only for its own beauty, but for its pleasant associations with a ride which I once took up the Black Mountain in Cephalonia, where I found a forest of these trees seventy feet high, with broad diameters of branches sweeping the ground.

On this third lawn is a collection of magnolias, a fine specimen of virgilia, a tall tulip-tree, with its upright shaft, its light green foliage, and its showy flowers, a weeping slippery-elm, with the broad, sweeping curves of its branches, and the clean, steel-colored foliage of the Kentucky coffee.

These, with copper beech, weeping-sophora, Chinese cypress, rhododendrons, and shrubs, cover the front, while in the rear of the open side lawn is a double belt of shrubbery dividing it completely from a vegetable and fruit garden. These three lawns are thus entirely distinct, and yet so connected that they form parts of one pleasure-ground. In the same way the halls, library, drawing-rooms and dining-room of a well-constructed house, being made *en suite*, may preserve each its separate character, and yet be made parts of one whole.

The mode in which these lawns have been planted has been a gradual one. The outside lines were planted first; then tree after tree was introduced, with opportunity between to study effects. The contrast of form, the harmony or contrast of colors, and the result of light and shade at different periods of the day, all required consideration. It was not unusual to plant a tree, and, growing it a year, study it in all its aspects, imagine what it would be in fifty years, and then transplant it to some other point better fitted to develop its qualities. Sitting upon the piazza, the eye suddenly uplifted from the absorption of book or newspaper would chance upon a feature or a capability which had escaped more careful study.

This mode, however, would be too slow for the average planter, and it would, perhaps, be well to describe the course which should be taken by a gentleman who desires to have his grounds tastefully ornamented.

He should first employ a competent surveyor to make him a topographic map, locating upon it all buildings and all trees desirable to be retained. Except to make room for a house or to obtain a smooth surface, there should be no removal of soil. Earth-work is very expensive, and rarely justifiable. A varied and undulating surface is always preferable to a dead-level; rocks removable can be piled upon rocks permanent, and spaces between or above planted with small shrubs flanked by trees.

The map being secured, he should manure the whole ground very thoroughly. If he has courage enough, he can use one hundred dollars' worth of stable manure to the acre with great advantage, as my own experience teaches me. The ground should then be planted with potatoes, beets, or some other root crop, to deepen and pulverize the soil.

While these are growing, let him seek a landscape artist; and here will lie his difficulty. He can find men who will draw him a beautiful map, and whose correct eyes and taste may enable them to locate for present effect any material which is given them. He will find, however, very few who have the knowledge of trees and plants which will enable them to select that material. A landscape artist who is master of his profession must be familiar with all hardy trees and shrubs which are attainable in order that he may select those which, by their harmonious or by their strongly contrasting forms and colors, may be suitable for a picturesque lawn. He must know not only the size of the tree when planted, but what will be its height or breadth fifty years afterward. Without this knowledge he would place a Norway spruce where a yew should be, and his finest trees will be planted so closely that some of them will require to be cut away at the end of twenty years, or the whole plantation be ruined. Want of tree knowledge has spoiled many costly places, and a true landscape artist should be so saturated with this knowledge that he can always speak *ex cathedra*, and thus give his employer that confidence in him which is essential to success. A lover of trees must be at heart an artist, because he is familiar with the best forms; but an artist may have no knowledge of trees, and may therefore fail, because he strives for ultimate effects which he can not possibly foresee.

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The true landscape artist having been found, let the owner of the grounds give their whole arrangement into his hands, holding him responsible for the result. He may limit the expenses by requiring the selection of the more common trees and shrubs, in many of which there is great merit, but if he desire the highest expression of beauty, he must be prepared to pay for it. Tiffany's diamonds are better than his garnets, and many who buy of him willingly pay for the best.

I have been compelled to write of my own grounds because with them I am most familiar. There may be others with more varied features and greater charms.

In the contrasting of colors we may look forward to finer results than we have known; the last ten years have been wonderfully productive of new varieties in color, many of which are from Japan. The silvery white of some plants may be contrasted with the gold and purple and scarlet of others, until a lawn filled with hardy trees and shrubs of color may be made as striking as one composed of coleus and other bedding plants, which may then be relegated back to their only proper home, the greenhouse.

We have seen the gardens and lawns of the past, and can enjoy their beauty which remains to us. We can not look upon those of the future, but we may hope that the material now at command may be laid upon the earthly canvas by true landscape artists, so that in coming years those who are here may behold scenes more worthy of their enjoyment than the finest efforts of the most skillful masters that the world of art has yet known.

THE LITTLE WHITE BEGGARS.

THE small waves came frolicking in from the sea,
  Leaping the rocks where the big breakers roar;
Snowy crests tossing, so proud to be free,
Racing and chasing in baby-like glee
  Up the sand slope to the beach cabin door.

Throned on the post of the sea-looking gate,
  Safe in the fold of my sheltering arm,
Sat three-year-old Dick, like a king in his state,
Little feet drumming at rapturous rate—
  Small King Canute, do the waves own thy charm?

Laughing eyes, blue as the blue laughing sea,
  Smiles rippling over twin coral and pearls;
Dainty white arms tossing up in their glee,
Baby voice shouting as merry and free
  As the sea-breezes tumbling those sunshiny curls.

O Richard my king, what do babies' blue eyes
  Discern of the beauty of sea and of shore?
As much as the little sandpiper that flies
Where the crisp ripples curve, or the small waves that rise,
  When the floods clap their hands and rejoice evermore?

Do I slander the soul of my small "human boy"?
  Look out, then, my Dick, over ocean's blue floor,
And tell me what fancies those deep thoughts employ.
Ha! Dick, see them come! Do you join in the joy
  Of the little white horses all racing for shore?

The tiny uplifted arm paused in the air,
  The blue eyes grew thoughtful, the breeze-tousled head
Shook sunbeams around, and the sweet little pair
Of coral lips, trembling with utterance rare,
  "Doze isn't white horses," he earnestly said.

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What, not little horses, Dick? See how they run,
All their curly white manes floating back on the sea,
Dashing the drops up to shine in the sun,
Racing and chasing—what glorious fun!
"No, no; doze is 'ittle white beggars," said he.

"'Ittle white beggars," he murmured again.
Oh, little white breakers, you mean, I suppose.
"*Not* 'ittle white b'akers"—suggestion was vain,
My wisdom rejected with baby disdain—
"'Ittle white beggars dey is; I knows."

Little white beggars—well, that's an idea!
Then perhaps you can tell so we'll all understand,
What these little white beggars come begging for here;
And the soft baby lips whispered, close to my ear,
"Dey begs for de wocks, an' de sea-weed, an' sand."

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THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE IMPERIAL CROWN OF MEXICO.

DON AUGUSTIN DE ITURBIDE.

DURING the forenoon of the 21st of November, in the year 1865, the following note was delivered at the door of the American legation in Paris:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
"WASHINGTON, *6th November*, 1865.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I append a copy of a letter of the 3d inst. from Mrs. Alice G. Iturbide, marked confidential, and of my reply of the 4th instant, in regard to the detention of her infant child in Mexico without her consent, and to her desire to have him restored to her care and guardianship.

"Without entering into the questions raised in the letter of Mrs. Iturbide, I must request you informally to lend your good offices toward aiding that lady in the accomplishment of her object, so far as it can be done without injury to the dignity or rights of this government.

"Very truly yours,
"WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

An interview was arranged by the minister for the following day, and at the hour designated a lady of some twenty-three or twenty-four summers, and of more than ordinary personal charms, presented herself at the legation. A brief conversation disclosed to the minister the fact that his visitor was a native of the United States and of the city of Washington, and that she had exchanged her maiden name of Green for that of Iturbide only two or three years before; her husband, a son of the aforetime Emperor Iturbide, being, at the epoch of their nuptials, attached to the Mexican legation in Washington. These preliminaries disposed of, Doña Alice proceeded to explain the special motives of her visit to France and to the American legation. To render her story quite intelligible it will be convenient to many of my readers probably to be reminded of some facts in the history of our sister republic which it is no reproach to any of them perhaps to have never known, or to have forgotten.

It is about three hundred and fifty years since Cortez, with a handful of Spanish adventurers, landed at the port now called Vera Cruz. Profiting by the antipathies which alienated the native races from their Aztec conquerors, as well as by his superior arms and shameless duplicity, he was enabled to reach the city of Mexico, to dispossess the reigning sovereign, and convert a territory five times the size of France into a dependence of the Spanish monarchy.

Spain held peaceful possession of the territory thus acquired until the first Bonaparte robbed the Bourbons of the Spanish peninsula, and put one of his own brothers in their place, a period of nearly three centuries. The Spanish colonies in America unanimously refused to sanction the indignity put upon their mother country by the Bonapartes, and in 1808 the Mexicans seized the Spanish Viceroy and sent him a prisoner to Spain. The discovery then made of their power by the Mexicans was fatal to their value as colonists, nor did the restoration of the Bourbons to the Spanish throne in 1814 restore the loyalty of their American dependencies. A succession of conspiracies and a steadily increasing defection of the Spanish colonists from the mother country, punished, whenever possible, with Spanish cruelty, constitute the prevailing features of Mexican history for the next ten years. In 1821, however, Don Augustin Iturbide, a Spaniard who had held a commission in the royal army, and had been dismissed for cruelty to his prisoners, managed by intrigue and courage, guided by a genius of no common order, to sunder the ties which bound Mexico to Spain, to have the colony declared independent, and in May, 1822, to have himself proclaimed Emperor. Santa Anna, who has since figured so conspicuously in the history of Mexico, then a colonel of infantry, uniting with Generals Guerrero and Bravo, managed to have the election of Iturbide annulled by the Congress, a republican form of government proclaimed, and a law passed requiring the deposed Emperor to quit the territory of the republic at once, never to return to it, under penalty of death. At the same time, and to testify their sense of the obligations of their country to him for his part in ridding it of foreign rule, they allowed him a pension of $25,000 a year. After an exile of a few months, and presuming too much upon his popularity with the Mexican people, or too little upon the jealousy of the existing government, he ventured to sail again for his native land. The Mexican authorities, aware of his departure from England, of his destination, and probable designs, had

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him promptly arrested upon his arrival, and shot on the evening of the 19th July, 1824.

From this time forth until 1863 Mexico enjoyed what her rulers were pleased to term a republican form of government, and independence of all foreign potentates and powers.

When we say independence of all foreign potentates and powers, we should except one. Fully one-third of the real and personal property of the republic belonged to the clergy of the Latin communion, who, be it never forgotten, consider that they owe their primary allegiance to the head of the Church at Rome. Of course the holders of this vast wealth were a formidable political force, with which the government always had to reckon when it desired to reform any abuse in which the Church was interested, or to introduce any costly reform toward which the estates of the Church should contribute. Whenever the liberal party refused subservience to the priests, whenever they asked for laws to encourage foreign immigration, for the opening of new roads, for the construction of railways, for the privilege to all sects to worship God in their own way, for the freedom of the press, for the reduction of the prohibitory duties on imports, in fact when they asked any reform calculated to develop the vast natural wealth and resources of the country, the clergy immediately organized a pronunciamento against the government that initiated the reform, and with its enormous wealth had always been successful in overturning or corrupting it.

In 1856 a bold and successful effort was made to render the government supreme, and reasonably independent of clerical as well as foreign influence. Benito Juarez,* at this time Minister of Justice, a pure-blooded Indian, but endowed with many rare qualities for popular leadership, became conspicuous as one of the most earnest and efficient champions of this movement. The cause of the reformers was betrayed by the then President, Comonfort, through the influence of the Church. This led to the formation of a second government, of which Juarez was the head, to forced contributions for their support by both governments, an exhausted treasury, and unfulfilled engagements. Among the latter were some $8,000,000 owing to foreign governments—England, France, and Spain.

In 1861, and while the parties of reform under Juarez and of the reaction under Miramon and Zuloaga were struggling for the supremacy, the civil war broke out in America. Simultaneously European influences and intrigues re-appeared in Mexican politics. As our condition grew more critical, the foreign meddlers became more audacious and exacting. When at last the prospects of our Union wore their most desperate aspect, and there seemed to be no one to make aggressors afraid, France, England, and Spain, on the 31st of October, 1861, signed a joint convention by which they bound themselves severally to send each her quota of troops to occupy certain Mexican sea-ports, and appropriate the revenues collected there from imports to the payment of their respective debts; the high contracting powers, however, pledging themselves respectively "*to make no acquisition of territory or other special advantage, and to exercise over the internal affairs of Mexico no influence of a nature to impair the right of the Mexican nation to choose and freely organize its own government.*"

The United States was invited to join in this convention, but Mr. Seward wisely declined to countenance any scheme to land European troops upon this continent for any purpose whatever. He did, however, offer to guarantee the interests on Mexico's European debts for five years, upon such security as Mexico was quite able and willing to furnish. For reasons which none of them ever cared to avow, it did not suit the purposes of the European parties to accept this offer.

The Commissioners of the allied powers had reached Vera Cruz by the 10th of January, 1862, with an army of 10,000 men. When they met to submit the items and amount of the claims of their respective governments against Mexico, the French Commissioner presented a claim from his government of $12,000,000, to which enormous aggregate their grievances had swollen in almost a single night from less than one million. The other Commissioners did not disguise their surprise, and declined to make themselves in any way responsible for the correctness of the claim, or for its collection. It soon transpired that the Emperor of France had other purposes in view than were contemplated by his allies.

* Born at San Pablo Galateo, in the State of Oaxaca, 21st March, 1806.

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He proposed to come to the succor of the Latin race in its apparently unequal struggle with the Anglo-Saxon in the Western hemisphere. He wished also to conciliate at once the Pontifical and the Austrian courts, with neither of which was he on the best of terms, by giving an American throne and an imperial crown to the Most Catholic house of Hapsburg. He wished to erect a barrier against the farther spread of democratic institutions on this continent, and he wished to find remunerative and honorable places at another people's expense for some of his more troublesome dependents. Regardless of his engagements with his allies, and of the rights of an independent nation, he sent out a large army, marched them without any serious resistance to the city of Mexico, and procured from a handful of reactionary politicians what he styled an expression of a national wish that the Archduke Maximilian of Austria should come and rule over their country with the title of Emperor.

The Archduke hesitated. He at first refused to accept, unless the United States would acknowledge his government, the allies guarantee his authority, and the Mexican people, by a popular vote, invite him to come and rule over them. Neither of these conditions was complied with. But Maximilian had become hopelessly in debt; his estate at Miramar was covered with mortgages, which were threatened with immediate foreclosure, and it was a question of weeks, or of months at most, when the sheriff's flag would be hanging out of his castle windows. The Emperor of France profited by a condition of things so propitious to his designs, and offered to supply Maximilian with the means of discharging those debts. Taking counsel of his necessities and of his wife's ambition, rather than of his own judgment, the archduke clutched at this shadowy sceptre, and on the 10th of April, 1864, signed, at his own palace of Miramar, a convention which at once put him in possession of 12,000,000 francs, and of the right to be inscribed with the title of Emperor in the *Almanac de Gotha*. By the same signature, like Esau, he abandoned his birthright, and all claim of right in himself and in his descendants to succeed to the crown of Austria. On his way to take possession of his imaginary empire the inchoate sovereign, accompanied by his youthful and ambitious wife, passed through Rome to secure the blessing of the Pope—in other words, the co-operation of the Church in their adventure. They were received with distinction; the Pope treated them kindly, and promised liberally. He said a minister from his court should soon follow them, and explain more fully the wishes and expectations of the Holy See. A more enviable and envied pair apparently had never before been borne over the dark waters of the Adriatic. So auspicious did everything appear to this young couple—he was only thirty-two, and the archduchess but twenty-four—that even the warning of Pasquin did not disturb them, though, to such superstitious natures as Maximilian's, not of an assuring character. It proved to be strangely prophetic.*

On the 29th of May, 1864, Maximilian and the archduchess arrived at Vera Cruz. They proceeded directly to the city of Mexico, making no stop except at Orizaba to give thanks to the Virgin de los Remedios for the protection she had not ceased to extend to their steamer from the day it left Trieste.

Their reception was a disappointment. They looked in vain for the manifestations of genuine and unpurchased popular enthusiasm which they had been led to expect as one of the rewards of their condescension. They were attended, it is true, by an army of some 43,000 troops, commanded by a Marshal of France, but these were not Mexicans, and though this large army had been several months in the country—most of it about two years—more than thirteen States of Mexico were still in the hands of Juarists, and there was no satisfactory assurance to be had that the others would not be, the moment the pressure of foreign troops was removed.

Of the troubles and anxieties that this chromo Emperor encountered at the threshold of his reign; the discouraging state of his finances; his cruel desertion by the Papal Nuncio; the incompatible pretensions of Marshal Bazaine; the thiev-

* "Maximiliano, non te fidare,
Torna sollicito a Miramare;
Il trono fradicio de Montexuma
È nappo gallico, colmo di spuma;
Il 'timeo Danaos' a qui non ricorda;
Sotto la clamide trova la corda!"

("Beware, Maximilian! Return promptly to Miramar. The frail throne of the Montezumas is a Gallic snare—a cup full only of froth. He who does not remember the 'timeo Danaos', instead of a purple shall find a halter.")

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DON AUGUSTIN DE ITURBIDE.

ing and treachery to which the imperial household was a constant prey; the formidable army of European parasites by whom the new sovereign was infested and humiliated; of the blunders, follies, and crimes into which he was betrayed by wicked counsellors, and by his own and his wife's inexperience and weakness—all

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these are matters which it would take volumes to describe. For the present purpose it is enough to say that very soon after his arrival the Archduke realized that he could afford to neglect nothing that would help him in the slightest degree to stem the fearful current of national feeling that was threatening to sweep him away, and this brings us to the story of Madame Iturbide, to which we now invite the reader's attention.

She proceeded to say that the Archduke had been in Mexico but a few months when the difficulties of the task he had undertaken began to develop rapidly. He had not succeeded in securing the adhesion of the Mexican people. He was pressed by debts, which he could devise no means of discharging or of much longer extending. His plan for securing immigration proved abortive. His expectation of a recognition by the United States and their friendly alliance was not only not realized, but, on the contrary, his enemies were multiplied and strengthened daily by the undisguised sympathy which their cause received from their eastern neighbor. In casting about for the means of strengthening his position, and in some degree reconciling the Mexican people to his rule, he bethought him of holding out to them the hope that at his death his sceptre would descend to a pure-blooded Mexican of imperial lineage.

The marriage of Maximilian and Carlotta had not been blessed with offspring. Among the children of the Emperor Iturbide was Don Angel de Iturbide, the husband of Doña Alicia. They had one child, a boy, at this time only two and a half years old, who was bright, interesting, and already a public favorite. During the summer following Maximilian's arrival the elder members of the Iturbide family had received notice from Maximilian that they must leave Mexico. No reason for this extraordinary demand was assigned, and it was disregarded. Aside from the injustice, to which they were not disposed to submit, the Iturbides had no resources save the money owing them by the Mexican government—the remains of a pension awarded the family at the time of their father's death, and upon the revenues of which they were entirely dependent. They allowed it to be understood, however, that if Maximilian would guarantee their pension and pay up arrears they would go.

In progress of time Maximilian changed his policy, and instead of driving all the Iturbides out of the country, he determined to make them give hostages for their good behavior. He proposed to confer upon the child of Doña Alicia and upon its cousin (then a lad of sixteen) the rank and title of princes, to charge himself with their education, which should be suited to their proposed rank, and to make a suitable allowance to all the elder branches of the family who—save a maiden aunt, Josefa, who was to remain at the palace with the infant children—should leave their country, and never return to it without the permission of the Emperor. This proposition was rejected at first with indignation and scorn. Time and reflection, however, led the Iturbides to reconsider their decision. They bethought themselves that they were completely at the mercy of Maximilian and his soldiers, that their income could be stopped with a dash of his pen, and all of them not only reduced to beggary, but driven into exile. It was farther urged upon them that in declining this offer they were perhaps rejecting a brilliant opportunity for their children, and for themselves a title and rank which in any part of Europe would carry with it important privileges—that, in fact, they were surrendering wealth, rank, and social independence for perhaps destitution and despair.

Overruled by the counsel and persuasion of her husband's family and friends, and a little dazzled, as she admitted, by the brilliant prospects held out to her child, and by the thought of being herself, perhaps, at no very distant day, the mother of an emperor—for the purpose of making her little child heir to his crown was one of the inducements used to beguile her into its surrender, and alarmed by the perils and privations which seemed to be in store for them if they refused—Doña Alicia finally yielded, and on the 15th of September signed a contract of which the following is her own translation:

Secret agreement which the Children of the Liberator, Don Augustin de Iturbide, made with his Imperial Majesty.

His Majesty the Emperor, wishing to honor the memory of the Liberator Don Augustin de Iturbide, on account of the just titles which he has to the gratitude of the nation, and the children of said Liberator; wishing at the same time to facilitate all the means that may lead

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to the realization of the noble manifestation which his Majesty has conceived—

By order of his Majesty, his Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Don Fernando Ramirez, in charge of the Department of State, etc., and the Señores Don Augustin, Don Angel, and Don Augustin Cosma, and the Señorita Doña Josefa de Iturbide, have agreed upon what follows:

I. His Majesty will give a high position to the two grandchildren of the Emperor, Don Augustin and Don Salvador, as also to the daughter of the said Emperor, Doña Josefa de Iturbide.

II. Their Majesties will provide for the education of the said two grandchildren of the Emperor Augustin, as well as for the maintenance of the same and of Doña Josefa.

III. In proof of the special protection and favor which his Majesty wishes to dispense to the said grandchildren of the Emperor, Don Augustin and Don Salvador, his Majesty constitutes himself tutor and guardian of them, appointing Doña Josefa de Iturbide co-guardian.

IV. The Señores D. Augustin, D. Angel, and D. Augustin Cosmo de Iturbide promise for themselves, for Doña Sabina, and for their legitimate offspring, never to return to the empire without previous authorization of the sovereign or of his legitimate regency.

V. The government of his Majesty will order to be delivered by the National Treasury to the Señores D. Augustin, D. Angel, and D. Augustin Cosmo, Doña Josefa, and Doña Sabina de Iturbide, the sum of $30,000 in cash, and $120,000 in bills on Paris at the common rate of exchange, and payable $60,000 on the 15th of February, which makes a total of $150,000 (one hundred and fifty thousand dollars) on account of the credit which they have against the nation.

VI. The government of his Majesty will order the account or accounts of the family of the Liberator Iturbide to be liquidated, not only those which belong to it expressly, but also those which revert to them by inheritance, and will recognize the credit which may result.

VII. The government of his Majesty will give the proper orders so that the pensions which at present are held by Señores D. Augustin, D. Angel, D. Augustin Cosmo, Doña Josefa, and Doña Sabina de Iturbide be paid to them with all punctuality and without any discount, at their place of residence, or at the nearest convenient place, if Mexico have not with the former any commercial relations.

VIII. The government of his Majesty grants to the above-mentioned D. Augustin, D. Angel, and Doña Sabina, over and above the pensions, an annual allowance for life of $6100 (six thousand one hundred dollars) to the first, $5100 (five thousand one hundred dollars) to the second, which annually shall be received by the wife of D. Angel in case of his decease, and $1524 (one thousand five hundred and twenty-four dollars) to the last; and also the payment to Señor D. Augustin Cosmo of the full pay corresponding to his military rank. The necessary orders will be given so that these allowances be paid with all punctuality and on the same terms expressed in the preceding article in regard to the pensions.

In testimony of the present agreement is signed in triplicate at the Palace of Chapultepec on the 9th of September, 1865.

By order of His Imperial Majesty.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs in charge of the Department of State.

JOSÉ F. RAMIREZ.
JOSEFA DE ITURBIDE.
A. DE ITURBIDE.
ANGEL DE ITURBIDE.
AUGUSTIN C. DE ITURBIDE.
ALICIA G. DE ITURBIDE.

As soon as the instrument was signed, the Iturbides were notified that they were expected to quit Mexico without delay. The next day, the 16th of September, 1865, they set out from the city of Mexico, Doña Alicia consecrating the last moments of her stay near her child to the packing up and sending to the Empress some of his playthings, with a motherly note commending him to her protection.

As the distance grew between her child and herself in the progress of their journey, Doña Alicia began to realize what she had done, and the impossibility of ever becoming reconciled to it. She found she was more of a mother than a princess. On reaching Puebla she resolved to proceed no farther, and addressed a note to Marshal Bazaine, invoking his friendly offices with the Emperor and Empress for the restoration of her child. Unable to endure the anxious uncertainty with which she was harassed while awaiting a reply to her letter, she determined to retrace her steps to the city of Mexico. All alone she took the first diligence leaving for the capital, travelling under her maiden name of Alice Green. On her arrival she found refuge in the house of Doña Podresa, the wife of one of the Emperor Iturbide's most devoted and influential friends. This lady accompanied her to the quarters of Marshal Bazaine, by whom they were informed that he had just received a reply to the note he had addressed to the palace upon the subject of their visit, in which the Emperor stated that he had accepted Doña Alicia's child under a solemn contract signed by all the adult Iturbides, and the Marshal was requested

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to occupy himself no farther with her suit. Doña Alicia persuaded the Marshal to write again to the Emperor, and in the same inclosure to convey to him the following note from herself:

"SIRE,—After my departure from Mexico on the 16th of September, my presence in this city will appear strange to your Majesty; but a grief which has no bounds, a feeling the most intense known of humanity, have guided my steps in search of a son who is the charm of my existence. There is in the life of parents a constant thought, the welfare of their children, and I, who enjoyed life so much in looking at my child, thought always of his future; his education occupied me as the only mission to be fulfilled by me on earth, and in one of those moments in which I vacillated in regard to the position of my dear Augustin I allowed myself to separate from him—thanking your Majesty for keeping in mind the Iturbide family, in which you distinguished very specially my son—but I have so wept over this separation, I have undergone such bitterness during these nine days, that I have no words with which to explain to your Majesty all the magnitude of my trouble. I thought that if I did not see my child I would lose my mind, and all my family sharing that fear, permitted me to return to address the prayer which I make with a heart full of grief, with a heart which needs speedy consolation. This prayer is to see my child, and not to be separated from him in his infancy.

"In my dreams as a mother, I never thought that my son should one day be a prince who would aspire to a crown; my passion was to educate him as a good Mexican who, brought up with good ideas, might one day become useful to his country, but very contented with the humble position in which I lived. My happiness knew no limits, and now that your Majesty honors in my child a national memory, am I to separate myself from him while he stands in need of all my solicitude? What remorse, if I survived this separation, would not the least mishap in the life of my child create in me? This black thought has followed me everywhere since my child was no longer at my side, and I have nothing either in my heart or in my head to render me tranquil. Each passing hour increases my grief, and if your Majesty is convinced of the sincerity of my words, it is not possible that your Majesty would prolong my sufferings.

"No longer to see my child! To separate myself from him perhaps forever! To abandon him when he most needs my care! There is no agony compared to this sad thought. Your Majesty can not insist on a separation which puts in danger my existence, and I hope that, doing justice to my feelings, your Majesty will accept my gratitude for your affectionate treatment of my child, and will order that he return to the side of a mother who ought not for one moment to abandon him, no matter how great might be the expectations of his future.

"I am confident that her Majesty the Empress, who has shown herself so kind to my son, will support my prayer. The good heart of your Majesties can not permit that the profound affliction of your servant be prolonged.

"ALICE G. DE ITURBIDE.

"*To his Majesty the Emperor of Mexico.*
"MEXICO, *Sept. 27*, 1865,
"STREET OF THE COLISEO PRINCIPAL, No. 11."

To this letter no written answer was made, but the Empress sent to Marshal Bazaine by a messenger a copy of the letter by which Doña Alicia had commended the child to her protection. The messenger was charged in addition to say that their Majesties would at an early day make such farther reply as upon reflection they might think it deserved. After an interval of two days, and at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, one of the Imperial, or as it was the fashion to denominate them at court, Palatine Guards, called at the residence of Doña Podresa to say that their Majesties wished to see Doña Alicia at the palace that they might confer together more conveniently than was practicable by correspondence. The officer charged with this mission was apparently a gentleman of rank; he spoke kindly of her child, and of her prospects of recovering it. Instinctively she hesitated at first, but consented finally to go, apprehending nothing more serious than the persuasion and appeals with which her resolution might have to contend at the palace. On descending she remarked that one of the imperial carriages was waiting for her at the door. She asked of Doña Podresa if she would not allow her carriage to convey her to the palace. The officer expostulated, and begged her not to reject the hospitality of the Emperor's conveyance, which had been sent expressly for her. Anxious to do nothing that might prejudice the success of her mission to the palace, she finally, but not without misgivings, stepped in and rode off.

On reaching the corner of the street into which the carriage should have turned to go to the palace in the city, it went straight on. Noticing this, Doña Alicia said, "The court is at Chapultepec, I suppose?" The officer nodded an affirmative. Presently the carriage passed the street it should have taken to go to Chapultepec. Explanations ensued. She had been betrayed by her august sovereigns, and was on

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her way to Puebla and the sea-coast. On reaching the outskirts of the city of Mexico, they found a diligence awaiting them with another officer and one or two men for an escort. She got down from her carriage, seated herself upon a stone by the road-side, and refused to go with them farther. She was then taken up by the men, placed by main force inside the diligence, and driven off toward Puebla. In the toilet which she had made for her visit to the palace, with nothing but her mantilla over her head and shoulders, she rode all that day and the succeeding cold and rainy night, reaching Puebla and her husband on the following day. Then they received notice that they must be prepared to leave Mexico by the next steamer. On the following day they set out for Vera Cruz. From Orizaba Don Angel de Iturbide addressed to Maximilian the following protest against the series of acts which were culminating in the banishment of himself and most of his family from their native land, and against the farther forcible detention of his nephew:

"SIRE,—It is my duty to protest before your Majesty against your forcible detention of my nephew the Prince Don Augustin against the wishes of his Highness's mother, Doña Alicia G. de Iturbide. As in the present circumstances your Majesty has no legal warrant for such a proceeding, and if even such a title existed, I do not believe it would be consistent with your Majesty's dignity to maintain it, I hope, sire, you will take measures for the restitution of the aforesaid prince to the arms of his afflicted mother.

"I remain, sire, with profound respect, your Majesty's very obedient servant,

"A. DE ITURBIDE."

The family embarked from Vera Cruz on the next steamer.

When the child was first left at the palace on the 15th of September, the Emperor, the Empress, and the aunt Josefa promised solemnly to advise the parents daily by post or telegraph of its condition. On the first day's journey from Mexico, Doña Alicia received a telegram from the Emperor, stating that the child had slept well, and was gay and cheerful. This was the first, last, and the only communication ever received from any of them on the subject. Doña Alicia took her way as directly as was practicable to Washington, where she said she was encouraged by Mr. Seward to hope that the American minister in Paris might assist her in persuading the Emperor of France to intercede with Maximilian for the restoration of her child.

In reply to further inquiries, Doña Alicia stated that Maximilian was afraid of the popularity which the infant Iturbide enjoyed and was likely to acquire in Mexico, and had resorted to these proceedings as the best means of appropriating that popularity to himself, and of preventing its appropriation by any one else; that Marshal Bazaine treated her very kindly, regretted that he had no authority to take the child, and manifested a willingness to do everything in his power to induce the Emperor to surrender it. After hearing Doña Alicia through, the minister was obliged to tell her that he had no authority to interfere officially with what seemed to be purely a domestic grievance, for which the authorities of her country owed her redress, but that his sympathies for her both as a mother and as an American disposed him to go to the verge of official propriety to assist her. On the following day he called upon her husband and upon her brother-in-law, Don Augustin de Iturbide, and asked them to let him know in what way he could best serve them.

They said the greatest favor they could ask or expect was an opportunity of making a personal appeal to the Emperor Napoleon for a restoration of the child, and for leave to return to their own country.

On the following day, Tuesday, the 25th of November, the minister waited upon the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Monsieur Drouyn de Lhuys, recapitulated briefly the circumstances of the case, and then remarked that, while he had no vocation to represent Mexican subjects near the Emperor, he could not withhold his friendly offices from a fellow-countrywoman in distress, and expressed a hope that he would find it within the line of his duty to support their application.

Monsieur Drouyn de Lhuys said it was impossible for him or for the Emperor to receive the Princess Iturbide; that she should have appealed to the Emperor of Mexico, or have sought redress from the tribunals of her country; that the family had signed a contract, and must be bound by it; that France could not interfere with the domestic questions of another empire, etc., etc.

The American minister replied that in the first place the Iturbides had appealed to Maximilian, without success. In the

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second place, that Don Augustin had formally protested against the acts of Maximilian, in spite of which he and all his family had been expelled from the country. Any appeal to the local tribunals, therefore, was out of the question.

In the third place, the contract was scarcely of a character to bind the Iturbides to leave the child. As a condition of their leaving the country, the Emperor had charged himself with the education of the child. This condition bound the Emperor, but it was not so clear that the Iturbides were bound to avail themselves of it if they did not wish to.

The result of this somewhat protracted though entirely friendly debate was that M. Drouyn de Lhuys promised to write to the French minister in Mexico, instructing him to recommend the surrender of the child, and he engaged to mention to their Majesties of France the wish of Doña Alicia to see them personally, though he doubted whether they would be inclined to entertain her suit.

A few days later Drouyn de Lhuys restated to the American minister his own and their Majesties' reasons for declining to see the Iturbides. They had, he said, an official representative in Paris. They should be heard through him. He added, however, unofficially, that he was satisfied of the folly of the step Maximilian had taken, and had spoken of the matter to a person—not the Mexican minister resident in Paris—who corresponded habitually with the Emperor Maximilian, and who at his request would communicate to their Majesties in Mexico his views on the subject at length. M. Drouyn de Lhuys testified a becoming desire to do everything in his power unofficially to put an end to the scandal, of which his government could not hope to entirely escape the responsibility.

Here the matter ended for the present. Meantime the situation of Maximilian was daily becoming more desperate. Never a wise man, he seems to have lost his head completely in 1865. Forgetting that he had always justified his going to Mexico upon the plea that he was the anointed of the Mexican people, one of the first follies he committed after his arrival was to sanction and improve upon an order issued by the French General Forey as early as 1863, and before his arrival, proclaiming martial law for the trial of all armed persons not enrolled under the flag of the interventionists, the findings of this court to be without appeal, and its sentence to be executed within twenty-four hours. On the 3d of October, 1865, at the very time Maximilian's ministers abroad were protesting that the Mexican people were delighted with his rule, and M. Drouyn de Lhuys was assuring our minister in Paris that the French army would be of little farther use in Mexico, so trifling was the opposition to the intervention government, Maximilian issued a decree the first article of which declared that any persons taken with arms in their hands without legal—that is, imperial—authorization, whether with or without a political pretext, and whatever their number, character, or denomination, should be judged by a court-martial, and if found guilty, though only of the fact of belonging to such an armed band, should be condemned to death, and their sentence executed within twenty-four hours. By article six the same penalties were decreed against all who entertained or sheltered any such armed men.

Eight days later, on the 11th of October, 1865, Marshal Bazaine, the commander-in-chief of the French army of occupation, and acting for the Emperor of France as well as that of Mexico, issued an order in which, by virtue of the decree of the 3d of October, which he cites, he says: "The troops under your orders will make no prisoners. Every individual, of whatever rank, taken with arms in his hands, shall be put to death. In future let there be no exchange of prisoners. Let our soldiers understand that they can not surrender to such men. This is a death-struggle. On both sides it is only a question of killing or of being killed."

At the very time these atrocious decrees were made, by which every Mexican who ventured to defend his native soil against a foreign adventurer, or even offered a night's lodging to such a man, was proclaimed an outlaw, and shot down at sight, Juarez had an army of over forty thousand men scattered through the republic, and Maximilian required a foreign army of even larger numbers to enable him to remain alive in the country of which he professed to be the favorite.

These barbarous decrees could only be attributed to the blindness of despair. All other means failing, they sought to accomplish the annihilation of Mexican nationality by a system of brutal terrorism. Nothing better calculated to defeat the

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consolidation of the imperial power could have been devised. The persistent refusal of the United States to recognize Maximilian had given a moral support to Juarez and his followers which was becoming daily more threatening. The money and credit of the empire were both exhausted. On the 16th of February, 1866, Maximilian admitted to a deputation that waited upon him that his weekly expenditures were more than three times his receipts—$315,000 receipts against a million of expenses. The Emperor of France, to whom he looked for support, found himself in a position where the withdrawal of his troops from Mexico was the only condition upon which he could hope to maintain his authority at home or friendly relations with the United States.

Perils multiplied around Maximilian so rapidly on every side that he decided to send his wife Carlotta to Europe to urge upon their royal and imperial friends the necessity of coming immediately to their relief. She arrived in Paris in the month of August, 1866, taking up her lodgings, not at the Tuileries, where the royal families of Europe might be expected to find hospitality when in Paris, but at the Grand Hôtel. Maximilian's Minister of Foreign Affairs, Costello, who was a friend of the Iturbides, accompanied her. He encouraged Doña Alicia to hope that a note requesting an audience of the Archduchess would receive a favorable answer. The note was written, and a time for the audience was fixed. Colonel John Hay, temporarily in charge of the legation in Paris, in a letter to Mr. Seward, gave the following account of their interview as reported to him by Doña Alicia herself:

"The Archduchess received her very coldly, not even asking her to sit down. Doña Alicia seated herself upon the same sofa upon which her Majesty sat.

"The Princess Carlotta began by saying, 'You are much changed since I saw you last.'

"Madame De Iturbide answered that ten months of suffering had its effect upon her, and added that her Majesty was also much altered since she came to Mexico.

"She then renewed the request she had so often made without effect for her child. The princess said, with some displeasure: 'I have done you great honor in giving you this interview. You should not make me regret it. I wished simply to tell you that your child is well, and improving every day in person and intelligence.'

"Madame De Iturbide answered that what would under other circumstances be a great pleasure to hear was to her, deprived of her child, only a source of new grief.

"The Archduchess said, 'I am treating your child with the greatest kindness; I am supporting it with my own money.'

"Doña Alicia replied that she asked nothing more than the privilege of supporting it herself.

"The Princess Carlotta said, 'If we give you back your child, you should refund the money the Emperor paid to your family.'

"Madame De Iturbide replied that what her husband and brother had received was a debt due from the Mexican nation, and not a private liberality of the Emperor; but that if he made that a condition, they would refund it rather than be deprived of the child."

Let me observe here that this sum of money, which was to be paid to the Iturbides on their expulsion from Mexico, has not, as I am informed, been wholly paid, but a large portion of it is now overdue, and the drafts will shortly be protested.

"Doña Alicia further stated that she had good legal advice to the effect that she had never forfeited in any way the right to the possession of her child; that the claim was still perfectly valid in law.

"'You have this advice from foreign lawyers, I suppose,' said the Archduchess.

"'No,' replied Doña Alicia; 'from Mexican lawyers of the highest character.'

"'Ah! then you received this advice before giving up your child to us?'

"'No, your Majesty; I received it when I returned to Mexico from Puebla.'

"Doña Alicia then referred to the treachery and cruelty with which she was expelled from the city of Mexico, of which this legation has previously transmitted you the account.

"The princess said, coldly: 'The Emperor did right. You should not have come back to Mexico, and you did wrong after coming there to address yourself to Marshal Bazaine instead of the Emperor.'

"'I did not know,' said Doña Alicia, 'at that time of the misunderstanding which I have since learned exists between the Emperor and the Marshal.'

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"'There is no misunderstanding,' said her Majesty, sharply; 'but it was not an affair for the Marshal. You have always acted badly toward us. You stood aloof from us when we first came to Mexico, and now you show no gratitude to the Emperor for having made your son and nephew princes.'

"'My husband and his brothers,' replied Madame De Iturbide, 'are the sons of a legitimate Emperor, and if they have not borne their title of princes, it is because they have not cared to.'

"At another stage of the conversation the Archduchess said: 'What advantage can your son be to me? The Emperor and I are both young; we may have children of our own.'

"'I earnestly hope so,' rejoined Doña Alicia, 'if that will restore me mine.'

"'You may have other children,' said the Archduchess, reverting to this interesting aspect of the case.

"'I do not know,' said Doña Alicia. 'I am sure of this one, and I want him.'

"'For how long are you willing to give him up to us?' asked the princess.

"'Not an hour longer than I am compelled to,' said Madame De Iturbide.

"Doña Alicia could get no satisfaction from the Archduchess further than the promise that she would write to the Emperor Maximilian about the matter. She advised Madame De Iturbide to write herself to the Emperor.

"'I have done so many times,' was the answer, 'and received no reply.'

"'Write again,' said the princess, 'and write politely.'

"They are apprehensive that Maximilian may abdicate immediately on receipt of his wife's dispatches, which started several days ago from Paris, and that if he brings the infant prince with him to Europe, it will be still more difficult to obtain possession of him."

The conduct of Napoleon toward the imperial suppliant was ruthless and revolting. He sent no one, not even an aide-de-camp, to receive Carlotta on her arrival at St.-Nazaire, nor did he call upon her but once during her stay, and then not till after she had been two or three days in Paris. Accompanied by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Fould, the Minister of Finance, he finally waited upon her at the hotel, made a very ceremonious visit of not exceeding twenty minutes, and on rising to take leave of her, said, "An imperial car will be at your Majesty's disposal to-morrow morning, and you will please notify the Director what route it will please you to take out of France." With this exhibition of Parthian brutality, he withdrew from her presence and from the hotel. Unsuccessful in her suit with the Emperor of the French, who had no longer any strength to spare for saving other people's crowns, Carlotta repaired to Rome to lay her grief before the Pope, where, if anywhere in the world, she felt that she might yet look for that consolation for herself and aid for her imperiled husband of which both were now in such imminent need.

The last time Carlotta was in the Vatican was in 1864. The daughter of a King and the bride of an Emperor, she was on her way, as she supposed, to become, with her husband, the founder of an imperial dynasty in the New World. The Pope had then blessed her. His court had flattered her, and all Europe did her homage. *Vera incessu patuit dea.* Now, in her great sorrow, here, at least, she thought she would find friends, support, and sympathy.

Another illusion, from which she was destined to be rudely awakened! When she arrived at the pontifical city she hastened to the Vatican. Instead of being received in the private apartment of the Pope, as before, she was conducted to the large reception-room. When she entered she beheld the Pope at the opposite end. He did not advance to meet her, but awaited her coming. She was obliged to walk through the long line of attendants, assembled evidently to aggravate the ceremoniousness of the reception, from one end of the long hall to the other.

She was too well acquainted with the ways of courts and the refined devices which sovereigns have at their command for the expression of their displeasure—she had doubtless too often employed them herself—not to read in all this formality her doom, not to see that her journey to Rome had been made in vain, that the last reed upon which she could rest a hope of saving her husband's crown, and probably his life, was broken, and that the cloud-capped towers and the gorgeous palaces which her ambition and pride had been building for years had suddenly and irrevocably disappeared like the baseless fabric of a dream. In the highly nervous

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condition to which she had been wrought by the unexpected failure of her appeal to Napoleon, this revelation was too much for her.

Her reason, which more than once since she separated from her husband had experienced intervals of partial eclipse,* now wholly gave way. She became possessed by the idea that the people at the hotel where she lodged were determined to poison her. She refused to leave the Vatican, nor could the entreaties of the Pope or of Cardinal Antonelli induce her to depart. The Pope immediately telegraphed her situation to her brother, the King of the Belgians, and to her brother-in-law, the Emperor of Austria. The King of Belgium promptly sent his brother, the Count of Flanders, to Rome, and the broken-hearted creature was hurried off to Miramar as soon as possible, one of the most pitiable objects in which the image of God is ever clothed—a raving maniac. No attention was paid to the Pope's message by the Emperor of Austria; at least no one was sent by him to look after and minister to his brother's helpless and distracted wife.† As Carlotta, upon the death of her father, inherited some $6,000,000, which, upon her death, goes to the King of Belgium and his brother, the Emperor of Austria was required to sign an agreement, by which he relinquished all claim whatsoever to any portion of her inheritance. This accomplished, the Count of Flanders took Carlotta to Brussels, where she was at first put in the palace at Lachen, and afterward removed to the house in which she now resides, and where, we are told, she sees and is seen of but two persons, both ladies of the court. Her brother the King is understood to have seen her but once.*

The prediction of Pasquin did not wait long for its fulfillment. Impressed at last with the desperation of his situation, Maximilian decided to join his wife in Europe, and with a few of his followers set out for Vera Cruz, intending to embark in the Austrian frigate *Dandolo* awaiting him at this port. Before reaching the coast, however, his private secretary, Eloin, who had just returned from a tour of observation he had been instructed to make through Europe for the purpose of ascertaining what, if any, hope there was of Maximilian's receiving farther aid from beyond the Atlantic, not only brought him no comfort, but reported, among other things, that his brother, the Emperor of Austria, had authorized him to say that if Maximilian should return to his native land, he must expect to retain only the rank and title of Archduke, and that he would not be received as an Emperor. This information is said to have determined Maximilian to retrace his steps, to remain in the country at all hazards, and to live and die an Emperor.

Inconsiderately, in a military point of view, he forsook the strategic advantages which the city of Mexico afforded as a base of operations, and with his little army, now reduced by the withdrawal of the French contingent to a few thousand men, took up his position at Queretaro, where he was besieged by the republican troops on the night of the 14th of May, 1867, through the treachery of one of his generals taken prisoner with two of his staff, and brought to trial before a court-martial.

Only sixteen months before, the American Minister in Paris had begged M. Drouyn de Lhuys to interpose the influence of the French government between some of the victims of Maximilian's ruthless decree of the 3d of October and their butchers. The sardonic reply to this humane appeal was that it should have been addressed to Señor Juarez, and not to

* At Puebla, when on her way to Vera Cruz returning to Europe, Carlotta insisted upon visiting at midnight the house of Señor Esteva, the Mayor of the city. Señor Esteva was a young man of hardly thirty years. When there, her language and conduct were so in contrast with her usual deportment as to shock her attendants. M. Velasquez de Leon, who was one of Carlotta's suite on this journey, in his report announcing her complete derangement, alludes to this occasion, and to another at Acatzingo, a short distance from Puebla, where also some symptoms of mental alienation were exhibited.

† The feeling of the imperial court of Austria toward Carlotta was exceedingly inimical, and scarcely less so toward Maximilian. Carlotta was held responsible, as she doubtless in a large measure deserved to be, for Maximilian's embarking in his ill-starred Mexican adventure; while Maximilian, when he found his Mexican scheme of empire was likely to prove a failure, allowed it to be known at Vienna that he did not intend to be bound by the compact signed before leaving Miramar, by which he renounced all claims to the succession to the crown of Austria. Hence he was regarded at Vienna rather as a pretender and an enemy than as a brother.

* Gossip attributes this seclusion to a fear lest the ex-Empress should be beguiled again into matrimony, and her wealth be thus taken out of the family. It is not necessary, however, to seek in base motives for an explanation of the rigorous seclusion of any lady in her condition.

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him; that Maximilian was an Emperor to whom France had no authority to dictate. The tables were now turned. The European sovereigns who so recently were leaving the United States out of their calculations as a political force, the Emperor of France among them, were now suppliants to Mr. Seward for his influence with Juarez to spare the forfeited life of their protégé. Who would have suspected, a few short months gone, when Maximilian in his foolish pride signed those bloody decrees, that he would so soon have the cup he had so remorselessly brewed for the Mexicans, put to his own lips, and that he would so soon be himself begging for mercy at the hand of those to whom he had so inexorably refused mercy?

But his supplication was in vain. The prayers of the intervening powers were in vain. Even the friendly intercession of Mr. Seward—for, in spite of the provoking rebuff his prayers for the officers of Juarez six months previous had met with from the Bonaparte government, he did intercede—was ineffectual. Maximilian and two generals of his staff were brought to trial before a court-martial, tried, convicted, and shot in the public square of Queretaro on the 19th of June, 1867, just forty-three years and one month after the last preceding Emperor of Mexico had paid the like penalty of an unhallowed ambition.*

The night before his execution Maximilian asked his jailer to cut off a lock of his hair, which he inclosed in the following letter to his already distracted wife:

"To my beloved Charlotte,—If God ever permits you to recover and read these lines you will learn the cruelty of the fate which has not ceased to pursue me since your departure for Europe. You carried with you my soul and my happiness. Why did I not listen to you? So many events, alas! so many unexpected and unmerited catastrophes, have overwhelmed me that I have no more hope in my heart, and I await death as a delivering angel. I die without agony. I shall fall with glory, like a soldier, like a conquered king. If you have not the power to bear so much suffering, if God soon reunites us, I shall bless the divine and paternal hand which has so rudely stricken us. Adieu! adieu!

"Thy poor Max."

"If Fortune brag of two she loved and hated," one of them was the writer of this note, and the other was the wretched childless widow who received it.

Affliction always consecrates its victims, but there was one person, and she a wife and a mother, who could scarcely be expected to contemplate this disastrous wreck with unqualified regret. While prosecuting their plans of ambition, and in all the wantonness of despotic power, the imperial pair turned a deaf ear to her appeals, trampled upon her rights, and outraged her most sacred affections. The hearts that could not be softened by such sor-

* A dignified and impressive statement of the reasons why the Mexican government might find it impossible to spare the life of Maximilian was made by Señor Romero, then minister of Mexico at Washington, in a letter to Hiram Barney, dated 31st May, 1867. Whatever conclusion we may reach in regard to the wisdom or expediency of executing Maximilian, this letter of Señor Romero effectually vindicates his government from the imputation of inhumanity or unstatesmanlike vindictiveness. The following extracts from the letter, we think, will be found to justify this opinion: "I have read with interest your observations on the manner in which we should treat the enemies of Mexico. I am ignorant of the intentions of President Juarez in regard to Maximilian, but I fear, if the latter should be permitted to return to Europe, he would become a constant menace to the peace of Mexico. He will continue to bear to our shame the title of Emperor of Mexico. All discontented Mexicans, all who have a taste for intrigue, will cultivate a correspondence with him on the subject of his pretended popularity here, and these people may be able to induce him to return some day, as happened with Iturbide. Such as are able will take refuge in Austria, and will make for Maximilian a Mexican court at Miramar, and there will be enough of them to organize there a Mexican government, as the King of the Two Sicilies did at Rome after his expulsion from Naples. Certain European powers will continue to recognize him as Emperor of Mexico, as Spain did the King of the Two Sicilies.

"Whenever we may have complications with any European nations, the first step which the party interested will take will be to intrigue with Maximilian, and threaten *to support our legitimate sovereign to recover his authority from the usurper*, if we refuse to accept the conditions he may wish to impose upon us.

"Besides, should Maximilian be pardoned and authorized to return to his country, I am certain that no one in Europe would admit that we had acted from a magnanimous impulse; for feeble nations are never reputed generous; on the contrary, they will say that we have acted through fear of public opinion in Europe, and because we dared not treat with severity a European prince and *our sovereign*.

"I do not mean to say that Maximilian ought necessarily to be shot; what I do mean to say is that he ought to be deprived of all power for doing any mischief in Mexico before he is permitted to leave.

"The United States is a great country, and a perfectly organized power; it may therefore do things which would not be prudent for a country like Mexico. I have full confidence that President Juarez will treat Maximilian in conformity with the true interests of Mexico."

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rows as hers to let their infant captive go, had to be broken.

It is but justice to Maximilian to say that when he found the youthful Iturbide could be to him no longer a source of hope or fear, he had the grace to make such reparation to the bereaved parents as yet lay in his power. Shortly before his capture, and after he had formed the purpose of abandoning Mexico, he wrote to Doña Alicia that he could no longer protect her son, and that he would be glad to place the child in charge of any one she might select. About the same time she received a note from the Archbishop of Mexico informing her that he should send her son by the steamer of a date designated to Havana, where he recommended her to meet him. Doña Alicia profited by his suggestion, sailed for Havana, and after a separation of more than two years of incalculable solicitude, the mother and child were once more in each other's arms.

In the unsettled state of affairs in Mexico at this time, a return to their home was not to be thought of. The young Iturbide was accordingly placed successively under the best instructors that could be found in France, Spain, Germany, and England, where he enjoyed, besides, all the social advantages which his acknowledged rank as an imperial prince confers in those countries. Meantime his father and uncles died, leaving him sole heir to their common inheritance. About two years ago he returned to his native land, a very fine-looking, well-bred, and highly accomplished young gentleman of eighteen years. With a very pleasing address are combined in him abilities of no mean order. Immediately upon his return he placed his talents and fortune at the service of his country. He was offered a commission in the army at once, but upon the recommendation of the Minister of War he decided to enter the government military school, and study there a year or two, the better to qualify him for the brilliant career which the distinction of his lineage and the romantic vicissitudes of his life seem to have traced out for him.

There is, perhaps, no chapter in all human history that teaches more impressively the mutability of human affairs, and the uncertain tenure of such honors and rank as men can confer or take away, than that which embraces the life of this grandson of the first and the only lawful Emperor of Mexico. Maximilian, in whose palace he so recently was detained as a hostage, after some three years of crowned misery and humiliation, was betrayed, imprisoned, condemned, and shot as a disturber of the public peace; his two principal generals were shot by his side as abettors of his crimes; his wife, still in the bloom of her youthful beauty, was sent to wear out her days in a mad-house; General Bazaine, the Marshal of France under whose protection Maximilian was planted in Mexico, convicted by the tribunals of his country of treason in the defense of Metz, only saved his life by escaping from the prison in which he was confined, and is now an exile in Spain, depending upon the relatives of his wife for his daily bread; the Emperor of France who concocted the conspiracy against the liberties and autonomy of the Mexican people, of which the issues were so disastrous, after a succession of humiliating defeats on the field of battle, closed his public career in a prison, and ended his days in exile; his son, in whose behoof as the heir-apparent to the French crown this conspiracy was matured, was shot by an African savage, whose country-people he, without any pretext whether of personal or national wrong, had hired himself out to destroy; and finally, the autonomous sceptre of the Mexican people, which was wrested three centuries ago from the hand of a Sapotecos Indian, was restored by one of the same tribe, whose bravery and disinterested patriotism have entitled him to be distinguished among men in all future time as the Washington of Mexico.* The historian Florus pictures Scipio in his cradle as growing there for the ultimate destruction of Carthage. *Qui in exitium Africæ crescit.* So Juarez seems to have been reared by Providence, not merely to avenge the wrongs sustained by his tribe and country at the hands of the Spaniard, but more especially to put an end forever to Bonapartism and Cæsarism in Europe. If any one link in the chain of human events is of more importance than another, to Benito Juarez, with his patient faith, his indomitable will, his unfaltering patriotism, more than to any other person, belongs the imperishable distinction of exterminating a dynasty which for more

* It is a remarkable and most suggestive coincidence that both Montezuma and Juarez were of the Sapotecos tribe of Indians, and were both from the State of Oaxaca, where that tribe still flourishes.

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than half a century weighed heavily on mankind.

What the prophet said of backsliding Israel was not intended for any single nation or epoch, but for all nations and for all time: "They have set up kings, but not by me: they have made princes, and I knew it not: of their silver and their gold have they made them idols, that they may be cut off."

After more than three centuries of outrages such as would have exhausted a people of less endurance and vitality, the ways of God to men in Mexico have been vindicated. Her foreign oppressors have been driven ignominiously from her shores, the nationality of her people restored; a long vista of prosperity and happiness is opened before them, and the time seems not distant when the Muse of History will dwell as patiently and as profitably upon their achievements as upon those of the proudest of their oppressors.

If any counsels of ours could reach, in his studious seclusion, the young gentleman whose fortunes and misfortunes have been the theme of these pages, we would urge him to carefully study and wisely profit by the solemn lessons which his own and his country's experiences and trials were intended to teach. He should find in them a lamp to his feet and a light to his path. They would instruct him to place his reliance, not upon the arm of flesh, but upon that Providence which has already wrought for and in him such marvellous works. They would teach him not to attempt to force the hand of fortune, nor to allow himself ever, especially in his public relations, to take counsel of his vanity or his ambition. They would teach him loyally to recognize the people as the fountain of political power, and to turn a deaf ear to every party and sect—and there will be both—who would tempt him, if they can, to embrace the reactionary dogmas of divine right and of passive obedience.

There is no people more intolerant of an absolute or personal government than the Mexicans, and whoever tries to revive one in Mexico may expect, as he will deserve, to share the fate of all who have preceded him in such attempts. The Mexicans still cherish the memory of the Emperor Iturbide. They remember gratefully the services he rendered them, and are disposed to forget the crimes of which he was accused. They are proud, too, of his grandson, and will delight to honor him if he will be content with the honors they may choose to confer. From what we can learn of him, we feel that we should do injustice both to his character and his intelligence if we allowed ourselves for a moment to believe that the lessons of the past or the omens of the future will be lost upon him.

FOR THE MAJOR.

Chapter VII.

A FEW days after the funeral of the musician the Major was taken ill. It was not the failure of strength, which sometimes came over him, nor the confused feeling in the head, of which he never spoke, but which his wife always recognized when she saw him sitting with his forehead bent and his hand over his eyes. This time he had fever, and was slightly delirious; he seemed also to be in pain. Madame Carroll and Sara did not leave him: they were in deep anxiety. But in the evening relief came; the fever ceased, and he fell into a quiet sleep. The two women kissed him softly, and stole into the next room to keep the watch, leaving the door open between the two. A shaded night-lamp faintly illumined the room where he lay, but the outer one was in darkness. Scar had gone to bed, and the house was very still: they could hear the murmur of the brook through the open window; for although it was now toward the last of October, it was still summer in that favored land. The outer room was large, and they sat on a sofa at its far end; they could talk in low tones without danger of disturbing the Major, whose sleeping face they could see through the open door.

The moon rose. Madam Carroll went into the Major's room, and closed the dark curtains, so that the increasing light should not waken him; when she came back, the silver radiance had reached Sara, and was illuminating her face and figure as she leaned against the cushions of the sofa. "He is sleeping naturally and restfully," said the wife, as she took her seat again; "his face has lost that look of pain it has had all day. But do you know that you yourself are looking far from well, Sara?"

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"I know it. And I am ashamed of it. When I see you doing everything, and bearing everything, without one outward sign or a single betrayal, I am ashamed of myself that I have so little self-control. Why should *my* cheeks be pale, when yours retain their color? It is absurd."

"Have you been supposing, then, that this pink color was my own? Have you not suspected, all this time, that I was making it? I began in July—you know when. It was for that reason that I altered the hours of our receptions from afternoon to evening: candle-light is more favorable, you know. I also began then to wear a little lace veil. You think me about thirty-five, don't you? I am forty-eight. I was thirty-five when I married the Major."

"Do not feel obliged to tell me anything, mamma."

"I prefer that you should know, and it is also a relief to me to tell," answered Madam Carroll, her eyes on the dark outline of the mountains visible in the moonlight through the open window. "My poor little Cecilia passed easily for six, she was so small and frail, like Scar; in reality she was over ten. The story was, you know, that I had been married at sixteen. That part was true; but nineteen years had passed instead of seven, as they supposed. You are wondering, probably, why I should have deceived your father in such little things, matters unimportant. There had been no plan for deceiving him; it had been begun before I met him; he believed what the others believed. And later I found that they were not unimportant—that is, to him—those little things; they were important. He thought a great deal of them. He thought a great deal of my youth: youth and ignorance of the world, child-like inexperience, had made up his ideal of me, and by the time I found it out his love and goodness, his dear protection, had become so much to me that I could not run the risk of losing them by telling him his mistake. I know now that I need not have feared this, I need not have feared anything where he was concerned; but I did not know then, and I was afraid. He saw in me a little blue-eyed, golden-haired girl-mother, unacquainted with the dark side of life, trusting, sweet. It was this very youth and child-like look which had attracted him, man of the world as he was himself, and no longer young. And I feared to shatter his ideal. In addition, that part did not seem to me at all important. I knew that I could live fully up to his ideal of me, more fully, probably, and longer, than as though I had been in reality the person he supposed me to be; for now it would be a purpose, determinedly and carefully carried out, and not a mere chance. I knew that I could look the same for years longer, for I have that kind of diminutive prettiness which, with attention, does not change; and I should give the greatest attention. I felt, too, that he would lose nothing in another way: that I should always be entirely devoted to him. Gallant and handsome as he was, he was not young, and I knew that I should care for him just the same through illness, age, or infirmity, for I have that kind of faithfulness (many women haven't) and—I loved him.

"And as to my little boy, there again there had been no plan for deceiving him. People had supposed from my young face that I could have been married but a year or two, and that Cecilia had been my only child. It was imagined from my silence that my marriage had not been a happy one—they said I had that look—and therefore no one questioned me; they took it for granted. I said that my husband was dead. But I said no more. I had decided for Cecilia's sake to keep the secret of the manner of his death: why should her innocent life be clouded by the story of her father? Besides, could I go about proclaiming, relating, his—short-comings? He was my husband, though he had cared so little for me; he was my husband, though he had taken from me my darling little boy. About my little boy, my poor little drowned son, I simply had not been able to speak, the hurt was too deep; I could not have spoken without telling what I had decided not to tell, for where he was concerned I could not have invented. Thus I had kept the secret at first from loyalty to my dead husband, and for the sake of my little girl; I kept it afterward because I was afraid. The Major loved me—yes; but would he continue to love me if he should know that instead of being the youthful little woman who barely looked twenty-three, I was over thirty-five? that instead of being inexperienced, unacquainted with the dark side of life, I knew all, had been through all? that instead of the dear little girl's being my only child, I was the mother of

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a son who, had he lived, would have been a man almost full-grown—would he continue to love me through all this? I was afraid he would not. Remember that I had not planned his idea of me; he had made it himself; and such as it was, I knew I could live up to it. In that, at least, I have succeeded. I have lived up to it, I have *been* it, so long, that there have even been times when I have seemed to myself to really be the pretty bright little wife, thirty years younger than her husband, that I was pretending to be. But that feeling can never come again.

"I am not excusing myself to you, Sara, in all this; I am explaining myself. Under the same circumstances you would never have done it, nor under twenty times the same circumstances. But I am not you; I am not anybody but myself. That lofty kind of vision which sees only the one path, and that the highest, is not mine; I always see all the shorter paths, lower down, that lead to the same place—the cross-cuts. I can do little things well, and I can do a great many of them; I have that kind of small and ever-present cleverness. But the great things, the wide view—they are beyond me. And do not forget, too, how much it was to me. It was everything. I was alone in the world with my delicate little girl, who needed so much that I could not give—luxuries, constant care, the best advice. I had strained every nerve, made use of all my poor little knowledge and my trifling accomplishments; I had worked as hard as I possibly could; and the result of all my efforts was that I had barely succeeded in getting our bread from day to day, with nothing laid up for the future, and the end of my small strength near at hand. For I was not fitted for that kind of struggle, and I knew that I was not. I could plan and accomplish, and even, I believed, successfully, but only when sheltered, sheltered in a home no matter how plain, protected from actual contact with the crowd. In a crowd there is always brutality; in a crowd I lost heart. What were my small plans, which always concerned themselves with delicate little things and details, in the great pushing struggle for bread? It was when I was fully realizing the hopelessness of all my efforts, when the future was at its blackest, and I could not look at Cecilia without danger of tears—for they had told me that something might be done for her during the next year—for her poor spine—and I had not the money to pay for it, it was then that your father's love came to me like a gift straight down from heaven. But do not think that I did not love him in return—really love him for himself, not for what he gave me. I did. I do. I had suffered so much, my life had been so crushed under sorrow and trouble, that, save my love for Cecilia, I seemed to myself to have no feelings left; I thought they were all dead. But when the Major began to love me, when he spoke—oh, then I knew that they were not! I felt that I had never known what real happiness was until that day. There was gratitude in my love, I do not deny it; but the gratitude was for my little girl—the love was all for him. It has never lessened, Sara, from that hour.

"It seemed to me such a wonderful thing that he should love me. No one else had cared for me like that. No one else had cared for my little doll-like face and hair. But when I found that he cared for them, how precious they became to me, how hard I tried to keep them pretty, for his sake! When he first saw me I was trying to do the same thing, though in a less degree. I was spending a few weeks with Mrs. Upton, the wife of an army officer, at Mayberry, and I did not want her to suspect my inward despair. Mrs. Upton had known me at Natchez while I was trying to keep a little school there, and when I came to Mayberry to try again she asked me to come and spend a few weeks with her before I began. She knew that I was poor—she did not know how poor—and she had always been fond of Cecilia, who was—surely I may say it now—a very beautiful child. Think of it all, Sara; remember the needs of the child; remember what he was himself, and—that I loved him."

"I do think of it. And I do not blame you," Sara Carroll answered, speaking not as the daughter, but as one woman speaks to another. "You have made my father's life a very happy one."

"I have tried; but it has always been in my own small detailed way, the little things of each day and hour. It was the only way I knew."

There was a silence; the room had grown dark, as a broad bank of cloud came slowly over the moon.

"Cecilia is with her brother," said Madam Carroll, after a while; "Cecilia is a

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woman now, a woman in heaven. She was twenty-two on the 11th of September. I wonder what they are saying to each other! He used to be so fond of her, so proud when I let him hold her for a few minutes in his strong little arms! They will be sure to meet and talk together: don't you think so?"

"How can we know, mamma?" said Sara, sadly.

"We can not. Yet we do," answered Madam Carroll. "I know it; I am sure of it." She went on speaking softly in the darkness, as if half to herself. "His poor clothes, Sara—oh, so neglected and worn!—I could not bear it when I saw them. I had asked him about them more than once, and he always said that they were in good order—that is, good enough. But I pressed him; I wanted to see with my own eyes; and at last I succeeded in persuading him to bring a few of them late in the evening when no one would see him, and put them under the hedge near the gate; then, when everybody was asleep, I stole down to get them, took them into the sitting-room, lighted the lamp, and looked at them. In 'good order' he had called them, poor boy, when they were almost rags. I cried over those clothes, Sara; I could not help it; they were the only tears I shed. It showed so plainly what his life had been. I could not help remembering in what careful order were all his little frocks and jackets when he was my dear little child. After that I made him bring me a few things once a week. I gave him a little old carpet-bag of mine to put them in. I used to mend them in my dressing-room, with the door locked, whenever I had a little leisure (I took only my leisure), and then I carried them down and put them under the hedge when I knew he was coming. It was a comfort to me to do it; but he didn't care anything about the mending himself—he said so. He had lived so long with his poor things neglected and ragged that he didn't know any other way. Yet he tried, too, after his fashion—a man's fashion—to dress well. Don't you remember his red silk handkerchiefs and socks, and his silk-lined umbrella? Poor boy, he had the wish, but not the money or the knowledge. How could he learn, living where he had and as he had? That watch chain and ring he had when he came back—they were only gilt."

She stopped speaking, but seemed to be still pursuing the same train of thought in her own mind. When she came to something else she wished to say, she spoke again:

"I was so unwilling to tell you, Sara, to burden you with it! Nothing could have made me do it but the fear of illness for him, the fear of what afterward happened—death. For when he came back, and I saw how changed he was, how weak, and knew that I had nothing to help him with, then I lost my courage. I knew that he ought to return to that warmer climate, and at once; I had nothing of my own, and the Major's money, of course, I would not take. Yours is not his, and so I came to you; I knew that you would help me to the utmost of your power—as you have. But if there had been any possible alternative, anything else in the world that I could have done—and I thought over everything—I want you to believe that I should never have come to you."

"It was too much for you to bear alone, mamma."

"No, it was not that; I could have borne much more. I have borne it. But what I could not bear was that he should be ill. I had exhausted every means I had when he went away the first time; there was nothing left. I had given him everything, excepting what the Major himself had given me; I had even stretched a point, and added the watch your uncle Mr. Chase sent me when I was married. There was the little breast-pin also that Mrs. Upton gave me at the same time. Then there was the gold thimble and the sleeve-buttons you sent me from Longfields, and the gold pencil Senator Ashley gave me one Christmas. I even put in my little coral necklace. It had belonged to Cecilia, and was the only thing I had left from her baby days; it was of little, almost no value intrinsically, as I knew, because I had tried to sell it more than once when she and I were so poor; but if it could add even a few shillings to the hoard—so small!—that was to take him back to the climate he needed, I was glad to have it go. I tell you this only to show you that absolute necessity, and that alone, drove me to you."

"I am so glad you came, mamma!—glad that I was able to help you, or at least that I tried."

"Yes, you were glad to help me; you

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were very kind and good," answered the Major's wife. Then, sitting erect, and with a quicker utterance, "But you were always afraid of him. You never trusted him. You were always afraid that he would be traitorous, that he would go to your father. *I* was never afraid; I knew that he would never betray; he cared too much for me, for his mother; for although he had not been with me since he was a child, in his way he loved me. He was never selfish, he was only unthinking, my poor neglected boy! But *you* never gave him any mercy; you suspected him to the last."

"Oh no, mamma; I tried—"

"Yes, you tried. But you were always Miss Carroll, always scornful at heart, cold. You endured him; that was all. And do not think he did not see it, was not hurt by it! But I did not mean to reproach you, Sara; it is not just. I will stop this minute." She brought one hand down into the palm of the other with a decided little sound, and held them thus pressed tightly together for several minutes. Then, letting them fall apart, she leaned her head back against the cushions again. "You were thinking of your father," she said, in a gentler tone; "that was the cause of all. And now about your father; let us talk it over freely. Do you think that there was any time when we could have safely told him?"

"No," answered Sara. "I have been thinking about it, and I am sure we could not; it would have been, as he is at present, too great a shock. He could not have borne it."

"So it seemed to me. But I wanted your opinion too. You see, about me there is more than there used to be in his mind, or rather in his fancy: he doesn't distinguish. What were once surmises he now thinks are facts, and he fully believes in them. He has constructed a sort of history, and has woven in all sorts of imaginary theories in the most curious way. For instance, he thinks that my mother was one of a family well known in New York—so they tell me, at least: I know little of New York—the Forsters of Forster's Island. My mother was plain Mary Foster, from Chester, Vermont, or its neighborhood, a farmer's daughter. In the same way he has built up a belief that my father was an Episcopal clergyman, and that he was educated in England. My father was a Methodist missionary; he was a man of fair education (he educated me), but he was never in England in his life. These are only parts of it, his late fancies about me. To have brushed them all away, to have told him that they were false, to have bewildered him, given him so much pain—my dear gray-haired old Major! Oh, Sara, I could never have done it! 'A son?' he would have said, perplexed. 'But there is only little Scar.' It would have been cruelty, he believes in me so!" Her voice quivered, and she stopped.

"He has never had more cause to believe in you than now, mamma—to believe in your love for him; he does not know it now, but some day he will. You have been so unswerving in your determination to make secure, first of all, his happiness and tranquillity, so unmindful of your own pain, that it seems to me, his daughter, as if you had never been so faithful a wife as now."

"Oh, say it again!" said Madam Carroll, burying her face in her hands. "I did my best, or at least I tried; but I have been so—uncertain—"

The Major stirred in the next room; they hurried softly in. He was awake, he turned his head and looked at his wife as she stood beside the bed. "You and Sara both here?" he said. "Did I go to bed, then, very early this evening?" He did not wait for reply, but went on: "I have had such a beautiful dream, Marion; it was about that drive we took when we were first married—do you remember? Through the woods near Mayberry. There was that same little stream that we had to cross so many times, and the same bank where you got out and gathered wild violets, and the same spring where we drank, and that broken bridge where you were so frightened—do you remember?"

"Yes," answered his wife, brightly; "and I remember, too, that you lost your way, and pretended that you had not, and wouldn't ask, for fear I should suspect it."

The Major laughed, feebly but with enjoyment. "I didn't want *you* to know that *I* didn't know everything—even the country roads," he answered. "For I was old enough to be your father, and you were such a little thing: I had my dignity to keep up, you see." He laughed again. "That spring was very cold, wasn't it?" he said, and he lay thinking of it for a minute or two. Then slowly his eyes closed; he had fallen asleep

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again. They waited, but he did not waken. His sleep was peaceful, and they went back to keep their watch in the outer room.

"It is two o'clock, mamma. Won't you lie down for a while? I am strong, and not at all tired; if he should waken again I will at once call you."

"I could not sleep," answered Madam Carroll, taking her former seat. "I don't think you realize how much I love your father, Sara; more than ever since he has come to depend so much upon our love. We could neither of us sleep, I fancy, while there was the least danger of the fever's returning—as the doctor said it might."

"I thought perhaps you might rest, even if you did not sleep."

"I shall never be any more rested than I am now," answered the Major's wife. After a silence of some length she spoke again: "In all this we should not forget Mr. Owen," she said, as though taking up a task which must be performed. "I feel sure that he is suffering. You know what he must be thinking?"

"So long as he does not speak, what he thinks is of small consequence," said Miss Carroll.

"It may be so to you. It is not to him." She paused. "I can remember that I once liked him," she went on, in a monotonous tone. "And I can even believe that I shall like him again. But not now. Now it is too near—those cruel words he spoke about my boy."

"He did not know, mamma—"

"Of course he did not; and I try to be just. He was angry, hurt, alarmed; he was hurt that I should treat him as I did—I treated him horribly—and he was alarmed about you. I have never thanked you for what you did that day, Sara—the day he came to warn us; I could not. For I knew how you loathed it—the expedient you took; you only took it because there was no other."

"You are very hard to me, mamma."

"About your feeling I am: how can I help it? But not about the deed: that was noble. In order to help me you let Mr. Owen suppose that you were engaged to a man he—he despised. Well, you helped me. But you hurt him; you hurt Frederick Owen that morning about as deeply as you could." She moved to Sara's side in the darkness, took her hand with a quick movement, and held it in both her own. "And you are so proud," she whispered, "that you will never acknowledge that you hurt yourself too; that the sacrifice you then made in lowering yourself by your own act in his eyes was as great a one as a woman can make; for he loves you, and you—*you* know how much you care for him."

She moved back to her former place, and without leaving time for reply, went on speaking in her usual tone:

"This strange double feeling that I have about Frederick Owen makes me feel sorry to have him suffering, as I know he must be suffering; to have him thinking as he must of you and of me. For he thinks that you had a liking for a man whom he— But I shall lose my self-control again: I am all the time on the eve of it. He thinks that it was clandestine, that you dared not tell your father, and that I was protecting you as well as I could: all this of course he must believe. Death has put an end to it, and now it will never be known: this also is what he is thinking. But meanwhile he knows it, and he can not forget it. And he thinks you have in your heart the same feeling still. I did what I could by telling him that it would not last; that it was but a fancy of the moment."

"Oh!" murmured Sara; then she stopped.

"I was trying to pave a way out of it for you. You do not like the way, because it includes—includes the supposition that— But one can never please you, Sara Carroll!"

She rose and began to walk to and fro across the room, her footsteps making no sound on the thick old-fashioned carpet—a relic from the days of the Sea-island Carrolls.

"What do you want me to do?" she said, abruptly, as she passed Sara for the fourth time.

"If you are alluding to Mr. Owen, I don't want you to do anything," answered Miss Carroll.

"Oh, you are proud! For the present nothing can be done. But let me tell you one thing—do not be *too* repellent. 'Tis good in me to warn you, to take his part, when I hate him so—hate him for what he said. Do you suppose I would have had him reading prayers over my poor dead boy after what had passed? Never in the world. No one who despised him should come near him. So I had the

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"I AM AFRAID, MAJOR, THAT YOU ARE GROWING INDOLENT."

Methodist minister. I was a Methodist myself when I was a girl—if I ever was one. All this hurts *you*, of course; but I can not help it. Be patient. Some day I shall forgive him. Perhaps soon." She had paused in front of Sara as she said this, for they were both guardedly careful to speak always in the lowest tones.

The girl left her place on the sofa; she rose and walked beside her mother as she

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resumed her quick, restless journey to and fro across the floor. They came and went in silence for many minutes. Then Sara put her arm round Madam Carroll, and drew her toward the sofa again.

"Rest awhile, mamma," she said, placing the cushions so that she could lie easily; "you do not know how very tired you are." And Madam Carroll for a half-hour yielded.

"We must bear with each other, Sara," she said, as she lay with her eyes closed; "you must bear with me, and I must bear with you. For amid all our other feelings there is one which we have in common, and which is the strongest with us both—our love for your father. That is and always must be a tie between you and me."

"Always," answered Sara.

A little after daylight the Major woke. There had been no return of the fever; he had slept in peace while they kept the vigil near him; his illness was over. As he opened his eyes, his wife came to the bedside; she had just risen—or so it seemed, for she wore a rose-colored wrapper, and on her head a little lace cap adorned with rose-colored ribbon. The Major had not seen the cap before; he thought it very pretty.

"Trying to be old, are you, Madam Carroll?" he said—"old and matronly?"

Sara came in not long afterward; she too was freshly dressed in a white wrapper.

"I have brought you your breakfast, papa," she said.

"Isn't it earlier than usual?" asked the Major, turning his dim eyes toward the window. But he could not see the light of the sunrise on the peaks.

"I am afraid, Major, that you are growing indolent," said Madam Carroll, with pretended severity, as she poured out his tea.

"Indolent?" said the Major—"indolent? Indolence is nothing to vanity. And you and Sara in your pink and white gowns are living images of vanity this morning, Madam Carroll."

Chapter VIII.

Autumn at last came over the mountains; she decked them in her most sumptuous colors, and passed slowly on toward the south. The winds followed the goddess, eight of them; they came sounding their long trumpets through the defiles; they swept across the high green valleys; they attacked the forests and routed all the lighter foliage, but could not do much against the stiff dark ranks of the firs; they careered over all the peaks; sometimes they joined hands on Chillawassee's head, and whirled round in a great circle, laughing loudly, for half a day; and then the little people who lived on the ground said to each other that it "blew from all round the sky."

They came to Far Edgerley more than once; they blew through Edgerley Street; at night the village people in their beds heard the long trumpets through the near gorges, and felt their houses shake. But they were accustomed to these autumn visitors; they had a theory, too, that this great sweeping of their peaks and sky was excellent for their mountain air. And upon the subject of their air there was much conceit in Far Edgerley.

When at length the winds had betaken themselves to the lowlands, with the intention of blowing across the levels of Georgia and Florida, and coming round to surprise the Northerners at Indian River and St. Augustine, the quiet winter opened in the mountains they had left behind them. The Major had had no return of his October illness; he came to church on Sundays as usual, and appeared at his wife's receptions. It was noticed, although no one spoke of it, that he did not hold himself quite so erect as formerly, and that perhaps his eyesight was not quite so good; but he still remained to his village the exemplar of all that was noble and distinguished, and they admired him and talked about him as much as ever. He was their legend, their insignia; so long as they had him they felt distinguished themselves.

The winter amusements began about Christmas-time. They consisted principally of the Sewing Society and the Musical Afternoons. To these entertainments "the gentlemen" came in the evening—F. Kenneway, Mr. Phipps, the junior warden, and the rector when they could get him. A Whist Club had, indeed, been proposed. There was a double motive in the proposal: there were persons in the congregation who considered whist-playing a test of the best churchmanship, and these were secretly desirous to see the test applied to the new rector, or rather the

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new rector applied to it. But the thoughtful Mrs. Greer, having foreseen this very possibility at an early date in the summer, had herself sounded the rector upon the subject, and brought back a negative upon the end of her delicate conversational line. She had asked him if he thought that the sociability engendered by card-tables at small parties could, in his opinion, counterbalance the danger which familiarity with the pasteboard emblems might bring to their young men (Phipps and Kenneway), and whether he himself, at moments of leisure, and when he wished to rest from intellectual fatigue, of which, of course, he must have *so* much, ever whiled away the time with the gilded symbols, not with others, but by himself.

Owen, who had not for the moment paid that attention to the eloquence of Mrs. Greer which he should have done, did not understand her. He had received an impression of cymbals. This was no surprise to him; he had found Mrs. Greer capable of the widest range of subjects.

"I mean the painted emblems, you know —cards," explained Mrs. Greer; "clubs, diamonds, and spades, Mr. Owen. Nor should we leave out hearts. I was referring, when I spoke, to solitaire. But there is also whist. Whist is, in its way, a climate by itself—a climate of geniality."

This was a phrase of Madam Carroll's. Mrs. Greer had collected a large assortment of phrases from the overflow of the Farms. These she treasured, and dealt out one by one; her conversation was richly adorned with them. She had excellent opportunities for collecting, as Madam Carroll had long been in the habit of telling her any little item which she wished to have put in circulation through the village in a certain guise. She always knew that her exact phrase would be repeated, but not as hers; it would be repeated as if it were original with the lady who spoke it. This was precisely what Madam Carroll intended. To have said herself, for instance, that the new chintz curtains of her drawing-room combined delicacy and durability and a bower-like brightness was too apparent; but for Mrs. Greer to say it (in every house on Edgerley Street) was perfectly proper, and accomplished the same purpose. The whole town remarked upon the delicacy and the durability and the bower-like brightness; and the curtains, which she had made and put up herself at small expense, took their place among the many other peculiarly admirable things possessed by the Farms. Upon the present occasion, however, Mrs. Greer gave Madam Carroll's name to the phrase she had repeated; she thought it would have more influence. "Yes, that is what our dear Madam Carroll used to call it—a climate of geniality," she said, looking at the rector with an inquiring smile.

But ignoring the phrase of the Farms, none the less did Owen bring out his negative.

Armed, therefore, with this knowledge, Mrs. Greer was ready; she met the project of the Whist Club in its very bud, and vanquished it with a Literary Society, whose first four meetings she gave herself, with a delicate little hot supper thrown in. The Whist Club could not stand against this, Miss Honoria Ashley, who was its chief supporter, offering only apples and conversation. But a large cold apple on a winter night is not calculated to rouse enthusiasm; while, as to conversation, everybody knew that hot coffee promoted it. So the Literary Society conquered, and the whist test was not, for that season at least, applied to the churchmanship of the rector.

During these winter months Owen kept himself constantly busy. It was thought that he worked too hard. He looked tired; sometimes, young and strong as he was, he looked worn. There was a good deal of motherly anxiety about this; some sisterly too. Ferdinand Kenneway said that he felt toward him like a brother. But Owen pursued his own course, unmindful of these sympathetic feelings. He came to Madam Carroll's receptions as usual, but did not stay long: he was the last to come and the first to go. He called at the Farms, though not often; when he went there, he did not go alone.

So the winter passed on and departed, and spring came. Then a sorrow fell upon the little mountain town. Early one soft morning in March, when the cinnamon-colored tassels were out on the trees, and the air was warm and gray, with the smell of rain in it, word came down Edgerley Street, passing from house to house, that Carroll Farms had been visited in the night: the Major, their Major, had wakened quiet and content, but like a little child; the powers of his mind had been taken from him.

Every one had loved him, and now there

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was real mourning. They all said to each other and to themselves that they should never look upon his like again. The poor nation had greatly retrograded since his day; even their State was not what it had been: under these circumstances it could not be expected that the world should soon produce another Scarborough Carroll. They went over all the history of his life: his generous sharing of his fortune with his half-brother; his silence under the forgetfulness of that half-brother's children; his high position and many friends in the old army; his brilliant record in the later army, their own army of the South; they told again the story of his gallant ride round the enemy's forces in the Valley, of his charge up the hill at Fredericksburg, his last brave defense of the bridge on the way to Appomattox. His wounds were recalled, his shattered arm, the loss of his money, so uncomplainingly borne; they spoke of his beautiful courtesy to every one, and of his unfailing kindness to all the poor. And then how handsome he was, how noble in bearing and expression, how polished in manner! such a devoted husband and father, so pure a patriot! Their dear old Major: they could not say enough.

The junior warden kept his room all day; he could not bear to hear it talked about. Then the next morning out he went at an early hour to see everybody he knew, and he told them all how very imprudent Carroll had always been, recklessly so. He was up and down Edgerley Street all day, swinging his cane more than usual as he walked, thus giving a light and juvenile air to his arms and shoulders, which was perhaps somewhat contradicted by the uncertain tread of his little old feet.

In the afternoon Frederick Owen went to the Farms; for the first time since the preceding October he went alone. He saw Miss Carroll; she was in the drawing-room when he came in, receiving a visit of general inquiry and regret from the three Misses Rendlesham. They went away after a while, and then, almost before he had had time to speak, through the open door of the drawing-room appeared the small figure of Madam Carroll. She had not come down to see the three Misses Rendlesham. But she did come down to see the rector. She came straight to him, with her short, quick step. "I heard that you were here, and came down. I am anxious to see you, Mr. Owen. Not to-day, but soon. I thought I would come down myself and ask you; I did not want to write a note."

"At any time you will name," answered Owen. He had risen as she entered. Miss Carroll had seemed to him unchanged, save that her eyes showed that she had been crying; but the Major's wife, he said to himself, he should hardly have known. Her veil of golden hair was put back and fastened in a close knot behind; her eyes, the blue eyes he had always thought so pretty, looked tired and sunken and dim, with crow's-feet at their corners; all her lovely bloom was gone, and the whole of her little faded face was a net-work of minute wrinkles. She was still small and slender, and she still had her pretty features; but this was an old woman who was talking to him, and Madam Carroll had been so young!

"It will not be for some days yet, I think," she was saying. "I shall wait until the doctor has made up his mind. He wants more time, though I want none. When he makes up his mind, it will be as mine is now. Will you ask him from day to day what he thinks, and when he has decided, then will you come?"

"Yes," replied Owen. "But do you mean that the Major—"

"I mean that the Major is in no immediate danger; that he will continue about the same. He will not grow better, but neither will he grow much worse. He may be brighter at times, but he will not regain his memory; that is gone. But we shall not lose him, Mr. Owen, that is our great happiness. We shall not lose him, Sara and I, as we had at first feared."

Two tears rolled down her cheeks as she spoke. "It is because I am so thankful," she said, wiping them away. Her long lace-bordered sleeves had been turned back, and Owen was struck with the old look of her little wrists and hands. "I could not have borne it to lose him now," she went on, as if explaining. "You may think that existence such as his will be is no blessing, nothing to be desired for him or for me. But he is not suffering, he is even happy as a child is happy, and he knows me. He would be content himself to wait a little, if he could know how much it was to me, how much to have him with me, so that I can devote myself to him, devote myself entirely."

"You have always done that, Madam

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Carroll," said Owen, touched by her emotion.

"You will come, then—on whatever day the doctor makes up his mind," she said, controlling herself, and returning to her subject.

Here Miss Carroll spoke; she had risen, and now she moved a step or two toward her mother. "Isn't it better not to make engagements for the present, mamma?" she said, warningly. "You will overtax your strength."

"It is overtaxed at this moment far less than it has been for many a long month," answered Madam Carroll, as it seemed to Owen, strangely. She passed her hand over her forehead, and then, as if putting herself aside in order to consider her companions for a moment, she looked first at Sara, then turned and looked at Owen. "Do not stay any longer now," she said to him in an advising tone. He obeyed her, and went away.

On the tenth day after this the doctor, whose conclusions, if slowly made, were sure, announced his decision: it tallied exactly with that of Madam Carroll. The Major was in no present danger; his physical health was fairly good; his condition would not change much, and he might linger on in this state for several years. And then the Far Edgerley people, knowing that no more pain would come to him, and that he was tranquil and even happy, that he recognized his wife, and that she gave to him the most beautiful and tender devotion—then these Far Edgerley people were glad and thankful to have him with them still; not wholly gone, though lying unseen in his peaceful room, which faced the west, so that the sunset could shine every day upon the quiet sunset of his life. And they thought, some of them, that thanksgiving prayers should be offered for this in the church. And they all prayed for him at home, each family in its own way.

On the afternoon of the day when the doctor had made up his mind, Frederick Owen went to the Farms. Madam Carroll came down to see him; she took him to the library, now unused, and when they had entered, she closed the door. "Will you sit here beside me?" she said, indicating a sofa opposite the window. Again he was struck by the great—as it seemed to him the marvellous—change in her. She looked even older than before; her hair was put back in the same plain way; there was the same absence of color, the same tired look in her eyes, the same fine net-work of wrinkles over all her small face; but added to these there was now a settled sadness of expression which he felt would never pass away. He missed all the changing inflections and gestures, the pretty little manner and attitudes, and even the pronunciation, which he had supposed to belong inseparably to her, which he had thought entirely her own. He missed, too, though unconsciously, the prettiness of the bright little gowns she had always worn: she was dressed now in black, without color or ornament.

She seemed to divine his thoughts. "The Major can no longer see us," she said, quietly; "that is, see us with any distinctness. It is no longer anything to him—what I wear."

He had taken the seat she had offered; she sat beside him, with her hands folded, her eyes on the opposite wall. "I shall make no prefaces," she said. "The facts are all that I can tell you; feelings I can not dilate upon. I hope for your interest, Mr. Owen, even for your sympathy; but if I get them it will be accomplished by a plain narrative of facts alone, and not by any pathos in the words themselves. I got beyond pathos long ago. My name was Marion More. My father was a missionary in the Southwest—the exact localities I need not give. At sixteen I married. My father died within the year; my mother had died long before. My first child was a son, born when I was seventeen; I called him Julian. Later there came to me a daughter, my little Cecilia. When she was still a baby, and Julian was seven, my husband, in a brawl at a town some miles from our house, killed a man who was well known and liked in the neighborhood; they had both fired, and the other man was the better shot, but upon this occasion his ball happened to miss, and my husband's did not. I was sitting at home, sewing; the baby was in the cradle at my feet, and Julian was playing with his little top on the floor. My husband rode rapidly into the yard on his fast black horse Tom, sprang down, came into the house, and went into the inner room. He soon came back and went out. He called Julian. The child ran into the yard; then came back to get the little overcoat I had made for him. 'Where are you going?' I said. 'To ride

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with papa,' he answered, and, eager as he was to go, he did not forget to come and kiss me good-by. Then he ran out, and I heard them start; I heard Tom's hoofs on the hard road further and further away; then all was still. But less than half an hour afterward there was noise enough; the garden was full of armed men. The whole country-side were out after him. They hunted him for three days. But he knew the woods and swamps better than they did, and they could not find him. They knew that he would in time make for the river, and they kept a watch along shore. He reached it on the fourth day at a lonely point; he turned Tom loose, took a skiff which he knew was there, and started out with my little boy upon the swollen tide —for the river was high. They were soon discovered by the watch on shore. Shots were fired at them. But the skiff was out in the centre of the stream, which was very wide just there, and the shots missed. They followed the skiff along shore. They knew what he did not—that the river narrowed below the bend, and that there were rapids there. He reached the bend, and saw that he was lost; the current carried the boat down, and they began to shoot again; one shot struck Julian. Then his father took him in his arms and jumped overboard with him. That they knew was death. They saw the dark bodies whirled round and round, and amused themselves by shooting at them once or twice; they saw them sucked under. Then, further away, they saw them again swept along like logs, inert, dead; on and on; two black dots; out of sight. Then they came back, that hunting-party; and their wives came and told me, as mercifully as they could, that my husband and my little boy were drowned. I could not bury my dead; on the rapid current of the river they were already miles away, and in that country no one cared for the dead. They cared but little for the living. I took my baby and went away; I left that horrible land. I came eastward. I had no money, or very little; my husband had taken what—what he needed for his flight, and there was nothing left. I tried to teach little day schools for children. I gave music lessons. I did my best. But I was not strong; my little girl, too, was very delicate: there was something the matter with her spine. When this life of ours—hers and mine—had lasted ten years (for I am much older than you have supposed), I met Major Carroll. He was so good as to love me; he was so good as to marry me; he took as his own my poor little girl, and gave her all the comforts and luxuries she needed—things I could not give. She died soon afterward, in spite of all. But after my marriage she had had happy days, and when the end came she did not suffer: she went back to God in sleep. On the 6th of last July I was in the garden here, gathering some roses; it was below the slope of the Knoll, out of sight from the house. The gate opened, and a young man came in. He came across to me. He introduced himself as a stranger in Far Edgerley, who had admired our flowers. He spoke several sentences while I stood looking at him. I was frightened; I knew not why. At last, recovering myself, I turned to walk toward the house. Then it was that he put his hand on my arm, and said: 'Don't you know me, mother? I am Julian, the little boy you thought dead.' He was thirty-one years old, and I had lost him before he was eight. What had startled me was his likeness to his father. They had escaped, after all. His father had feigned death; he had let himself be swept along, keeping hold of the child, meanwhile, who was unconscious. It was a desperate expedient. But he was desperate. He was an expert swimmer, and he succeeded, though barely, with life just fluttering within them. They lay hid in a canebrake for some days, and then, after much difficulty, they made their way out of the country. They went to Mexico. Then they went to the West India Islands. They lived in Martinique, and they took the name of Dupont. My husband did not try to come back; a reward had been offered for him before he fled; there was a price on his head. He knew that I supposed him dead, and he was quite willing to be dead—to me. He was tired of me. I was only a burden to him. I was always talking about little things. My son thought that we were dead—his little sister and I: his father had told him so. But after his father's death he found among his papers some memoranda which made him think that perhaps we were not, that perhaps he could even find us. He did not try immediately; it was but a chance, and he was interested in other things. But later he did try; that is, in his way: he was never sharp and energetic—as you

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are. He found me, but his little sister had gone to heaven. My son had had only the education of the islands, and he was, besides, a musician. The temperament of musicians is peculiar. You will allow me to say that I think you do not understand it. He wished to go back to the islands; he had been in the United States for a year, and he did not like the life or climate. I helped him as much as I could. It was not much; but he started. Then he had that illness in New York, and came back. It was most important that he should start again, and soon—before the return of winter. I had nothing to give him, and so I went to my daughter—I mean my step-daughter Sara. She has, you know, a small income of her own, left her by her uncle. You are asking yourself why I did not go to the Major; why there should have been any secret about it from the first. It was because I had not told him at the time of our marriage, or at any time, that I had ever had a son. He thought when he married me that Cecilia was my only child; he thought me twenty-three, when I was in reality over thirty-five. It would have been a great shock and pain to him to know that I had deceived him—a shock which, in his state of health at the time, he could not have borne. When Sara knew, she helped me; she helped me nobly. But the time for the semi-annual payment of her income was not until the 12th of October, and by the terms of her uncle's will she could not anticipate it; we were therefore obliged to wait. Before the 12th of October my son was taken ill, as I had feared. And the rest—you know. The time when I could tell you this has now come. It has come because nothing can again disturb the Major's peace. He is near us in touch, and close to our love, but earth's sorrows and pains can trouble him no more. I can therefore tell you, and I do it for two reasons. One is that it will explain to you the course we took; it will explain to you what Sara said that afternoon, for I think that it has grieved you—what Sara said. It was an expedient that she thought of to divert your attention, to stop further action on your part. But it was only an expedient; it was never true." She paused for the first time in the utterance of her brief sentences, turned her head, and looked at him with her tired eyes.

Owen's own eyes were wet. "Even before that," he said, "and I do not deny how important it is to me—more important than anything else in the world—even before that, Madam Carroll, I beg you to say that you forgive me, that you forgive what I said. I did not know—how could I?—and I was greatly troubled."

"I forgive you freely," answered Madam Carroll, still looking at him. "If I had not already forgiven you, I should not be here talking to you now. I did not forgive you at first; it took time. But I have had the time. It is over now, and of course you did not know. But you never understood him, and—if you will be so good—I should prefer that you should never speak to me of him again; that is all I ask." She turned her eyes back to the wall. "About Sara," she continued without pause, "it was a pity. And it has been a long time for you to wait. But while the Major was with us consciously, I could not tell to you, a stranger, what I was not able to tell him; it seemed to me disloyalty—"

"A stranger," said Owen, interrupting her. "I am not that; can never be again, Madam Carroll. You do not know, then—"

"Yes, I know; I was coming to that. That is what I meant—that I have not felt that I could speak while you remained the stranger; but that since I have known that you cared so much for—for us, since then I have felt that I could speak; that is, when the time came. The time has come, and earlier than I expected, though I knew that it could not be long delayed." She paused as if thinking.

"Then she—then Miss Carroll told you?" said Owen.

"She told me because I asked her, pressed her. I had caught a glimpse of your face that afternoon—three weeks ago, wasn't it?—after you had left her. I was coming down the cross-road in the carriage, and you did not see me. I knew that something had happened, and I asked her. She is very reserved, very silent; she would never have told me, in spite of my asking, if her wish to show me that I had been mistaken in something I had said to her long before had not been stronger even than her reserve."

"What was it that you were mistaken in?" said Owen, quickly.

"I was not mistaken. But she wished to prove to me that I was. I had told her in October that she cared for you, and

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that she had made the greatest sacrifice a woman could make by lowering herself voluntarily in your eyes, allowing you to suppose—to suppose what you did."

"But you were mistaken after all, Madam Carroll," said Owen, sadly. "She does not care for me."

"Men are dull," answered the mistress of the house, wearily. "They have to have everything explained to them. Don't you see that it was inevitable that she should repel you? She knew that you believed that she had cared for—for Louis Dupont. And she knew your opinion of him. She knew that you had believed it clandestine; that she had not dared to tell her father. For you to come, then, at this late day, and tell her that you loved her, and tell her nothing else—that seemed to her an insult. Your tone was, I presume (if not your words), 'I love you in spite of all.'"

"Yes," Owen answered, "for that was my feeling. I did love her in spite of all. I had fought against it; I had thought—I don't know what. But it was over, and my love had conquered; I knew *that* very well."

"And you told her so, I suppose—'I love you in spite of all'—when you should have said, 'I love you; and it never existed.'"

"But she had told me with her own lips—"

"You should not have believed her own lips; you should have risen above that. You should have told her to her face that you did not believe, and never would believe, anything that was, or seemed to be, against her. I see you know very little about women. You will have to learn. I am taking all this pains for you because I want her to be happy. Her nature is a very noble one, in spite of an overweight of pride. She could not explain to you without betraying me, and that she would never do. But I doubt whether she would have explained in any case: it would have been doing too much for you."

"What she did was for her father," said Owen; "and it was the same with you, Madam Carroll. Seldom has man been so loved. My place with her will be but a second one."

"That should content you."

"Ah, you do *not* like me, though you try to help me," cried the young man. "But give me time, Madam Carroll; give me time."

"To make me like you? Take as much as you please. But do not take it with Sara."

"I shall take five minutes," Owen answered. Then he lifted her hand to his lips. "Forgive me for thinking of my own happiness," he said, with the gentlest respect.

"I like you to think of it; it gives me pleasure. And now I must come to my second reason for telling you. You remember I said that there were two. This is something which even Sara does not know—I would not give her any of that burden; she could not help me, and she had enough to bear. She could not have helped me; but now you can. It is something I want you to do for me. It could not be done before. No one now living knows; still, as you are to be one of us, I should like to have you do it."

And then she told him.

Chapter IX.

On Easter-Sunday morning Far Edgerley people woke to find their village robed in blossoms; in one night their fruit trees had burst into bloom, so that all the knolls and Edgerley Street itself stood in bridal array, and walking to church was like taking part in a beautiful procession.

Nearly a month had passed since the Major's attack; but all his old friends in the congregation of St. John's missed him more than ever on this Easter morning. Sara and Scar were in the Carroll pew at the head of the aisle; but it looked very empty nevertheless. During this month there had not been much change in the Major, save that for two weeks after the doctor's decision he had not been quite so well; but for the preceding few days he had been very much better. Every one was cheered by this; every one was interested in hearing that he had talked quite at length with his wife on simple local subjects, that he enjoyed little things, and thought about them. He lived entirely in the present, the present of the passing moment; everything in the past he had forgotten, and he speedily forgot the moment itself as soon as it was gone. What his wife said to him he understood, and he always knew when she was near though his blind eyes could not see her; he felt for a fold of her dress or the ruffle of her sleeve, and held it; the sense of touch had taken the place of the vanished sight. He

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listened for Scar's voice too, and seemed to like to have him in the room, to hold the child's hand in his. In the same way he always smiled and looked pleased when Sara spoke to him.

When the morning service was over, every one waited to ask how the Major was on this lovely Easter-Sunday. Lately they had come to like his daughter far better than they had liked her at first; they said she talked more, that she was not so cold. Certainly there was nothing cold in her face, but a beautiful sweetness, as she rose from her knees and, taking Scar's hand, turned to go down the aisle. She answered their questions on the steps and in the church-yard. For on Easter morning Far Edgerley people always brought many flowers to church; then, after service, they took them out and laid them upon all the graves, so that, as Scar once said, "they could have their Easter-Sunday too." Every mound had its blossoms to-day, and there were many upon the grave of the young stranger, Louis Dupont; this was because there was no one, they said, to remember him. So they all remembered him.

A little before sunset Frederick Owen, having officiated at the Easter service of the Sunday-school and at one of his mission stations, was on his way to Carroll Farms. As he came up Carroll Lane and crossed the little bridge over the brook, he saw that there was more bloom here than anywhere else in all the blooming town. For the whole orchard was out behind the house, and all the flowering almonds in front of it; the old stone walls rose close pressed in blossoms. Sara opened the door before he had time to knock. "I was watching for you," she said. "Judith Inches and Caleb have gone up the mountain to see their mother, as they always do on Easter afternoon, and they have taken Scar."

Owen paused in the hall to greet her; he was very proud of this proud, reserved girl whose love he had won.

"Do not wait, Frederick. Mamma has such a pleadingly sorrowful look to-day that I want to have it over."

"Only a moment," said Owen. He was standing with his arm round her, holding her close. "Do you remember that afternoon when I spoke to you of your mother, of the sisterly kindness she had shown to that poor woman who had lost her crippled boy? And do you remember that you said that no one save those who were in the house with her all the time could comprehend the one-hundredth part of her tenderness, her constant thought for others? Your answer put me in a glow of pleasure, I did not then comprehend why. I asked myself as I walked home if I cared so much to hear Madam Carroll praised. I know now what I cared for—it was because *you* had said it. For I had been afraid, unconsciously to myself perhaps, that you did not fully appreciate her, appreciate her as she seemed to me."

"And I had not until then. I shall always reproach myself—"

"You need not; you have made up for it a hundredfold," said Owen, looking at her sweet downcast face as he held her in his arms. "It was only that I wanted you to be quite perfect—as you are now."

He went up the stairs, and Sara turned the key of the front door. The Major, his wife and daughter, and the clergyman were now alone in the flower-encircled house. All its windows were open, and the flowers fairly seemed to be coming in, so near were they to the casements; outside the Major's windows two great apple-trees, a mass of bloom, stretched out their long flowering arms until they touched the sills.

The sun, now low down, was sinking toward Lonely Mountain; he sent horizontal rays full into the mass of apple blossoms, but could not penetrate them save as a faintly pink radiance, which fell upon the figure of Madam Carroll as she stood beside the bed. She wore one of her white dresses, but her face looked worn and old as the radiance brought out all its lines, and showed the many silver threads in her golden hair. The Major was sitting up in bed; he had on a new dressing-gown, and was propped with cushions.

"Has the clergyman come?" he said. He spoke indistinctly, but his wife could always understand him.

"Yes, he is here, Scarborough," she answered, bending over him.

"He is welcome. Let him be seated," said the Major, in his old ceremonial manner. Then he felt for his wife's arm, and pulled her sleeve. "Am I dressed?" he asked, anxiously. "Did you see to it? Is my hair smooth?" He supposed himself to be speaking in a whisper.

"Yes, Major, you have on your new dressing-gown, and it is of a beautiful color, and your hair is quite smooth."

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"I don't feel sure about the hair," said the Major, still, as he supposed, confidentially. "I don't remember that I brushed it."

Madam Carroll took a brush from the table and gently smoothed the thin white locks.

"That is better," he murmured. "And my clean white silk handkerchief?"

"It is by your side, close to your hand."

He thought for a moment. "I ought to have a flower for my button-hole, oughtn't I?" he added, looking about the room with his darkened eyes as if to find one.

Sara went to the window and broke off a spray of apple blossoms from the tree outside. His wife gave it to him, and he tried to put it into the button-hole of his dressing-gown; she did it for him, and then he was content. "I am ready now," he said, folding his hands.

Frederick Owen came forward; he wore his white robes of office. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony," he read, standing close to the Major, so that he could hear.

The Major listened with serenity; and of his own accord, when the time came, he answered, "I will."

When the longer answer was reached, Owen repeated it first, then Madam Carroll repeated it to the Major, as he could hear her voice more easily. "I, Scarborough, take thee, Marion, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth," said the Major in his indistinct tones, following her word by word, and holding the hand she had placed in his.

Then the wife drew off her own wedding ring, and guided his feeble fingers to put it back in its place again. "With this ring I thee wed," said the Major, repeating after her in a voice that was growing tired.

"Let us pray," said Owen. They knelt, and the Major bowed his head, and put his hand over his eyes. "Our Father who art in heaven," prayed Owen. And then he came to the benediction. The sun's rim had now touched Lonely Mountain; his last rays shot triumphantly under the apple blossoms and entered the room, where they shone on Madam Carroll's kneeling figure, and lighted up the Major's white hair. "That in the world to come ye may have life everlasting."

There was a silence. Then the Major took down his hand and tried to look from one to the other as they stood round his bed. His wife kissed him. And then Sara, weeping, came and kissed him also.

"Where is the clergyman?" said the Major to his wife, again supposing himself to be speaking apart. "I ought to shake hands with him, you know."

Owen came forward, and the Major bowed and put out his hand. Then he seemed to be forgetting all that had occurred. "I am very tired, Marion," he said, not complainingly, but as if surprised. "I don't know what is the reason, but I am very tired." They took out the cushions, and he put his head down upon the pillow. In a few minutes he was asleep.

At late twilight Scar came back in the wagon with Judith Inches and Caleb. His mother was waiting for him on the piazza; she took him in her arms and kissed him several times. "Why, mamma, you are crying!" said the boy, surprised. "Are you sorry about anything, mamma?"

"Yes, Scar. But it is over now. Come upstairs."

The Major was awake; he looked very tranquil. Sara was sitting beside him. Scar went up to the bedside. "It is Scar," said Madam Carroll. "Don't you remember him, Major? Little Scar?"

"Certainly," said the Major. "Of course I remember him; a little child."

She took his hand and put it on the boy's head. The Major stroked the fair hair gently. "Little Scar," he murmured softly to himself. "Yes, certainly I remember; little Scar."

THE END.

EASTER.

LIKE a meteor, large and bright,
Fell a golden seed of light
On the field of Christmas night
When the Babe was born.

Then 'twas sepulchred in gloom,
Till above His holy tomb
Flashed its everlasting bloom—
Flower of Easter morn!

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A NEW CINDERELLA.

TO one accustomed to the moral atmosphere of the "Home," there were signs of a "gathering of the clans"; but so vague, delicate, impalpable, were the tokens that whenever Miss Scattergood imagined she held a clew, she found it as elusive as the Irishman's flea—"when you put your finger on it, it's not there."

"Somethin's goin' on," said the baffled virgin, officially known as "the Matron"—"somethin's goin' on, and if I catch 'em at it, I'll bring every one of them before the Board, and we'll see if that won't settle 'em. For treason and plottin' and plannin', give me a house full of women!"

They did not look like such arch traitors as they gathered round the board at tea-time, and partook of the plain, often scant, fare set before them, and approved of by the "Committee on Household Affairs." Sixty girls, all young, for none were admitted who were over twenty-two, very weary-looking most of them, with that pathetic look which grinding labor leaves on youthful faces, some indifferent, some bright, many pretty—sixty, "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." What was wrong with their "Home"?

They broke the rules continually; violated the hours for rising and retiring, for going out and coming in; bought candles when the gas was turned off at ten; stole the bread that was for breakfast, or the cake for lunch, when the bill of fare was shorter than a hungry girl could exist on; waited up for comrades who were belated, and let them into the house by an unbolted window when it was no longer possible to get possession of the front-door key. In short, "there's nothin' they ain't up to, except courtin', and that they have to do outside, if they do it at all."

This "Home for Working-Girls," and its branches, though not wholly a charitable institution, as each inmate paid her board, was under the auspices of many good people who had given much time and thought, and even some money, to insure its proper management. They had made their rules of solid granite, if that would help any, so that the general code was rather reformatory and penitential than otherwise. But plainly something was still amiss with these troublesome girls. They would go to bed any time in preference to attending the little prayer-meetings that had been arranged expressly for their spiritual welfare. The Board had allowed, after a long and exhaustive study, and a serious viewing of the matter in all its lights, that each of the girls might have one gentleman caller one evening during the week, but strictly prohibited such visitors on Sundays. The callers, however, seemed shy of the long bare parlor, uncarpeted, desolate, and of the fifty-nine damsels they did not come to see, and especially of the acidulous smile of Miss Scattergood, and clung to the traditional Sunday night with a tenacity which no prohibition, reprimand, disgrace, or dismissal affected in the least. To be sure, they dare not approach the house, but Sunday afternoons or evenings saw the Home forsaken of its daughters; they would glide out, ostensibly to church, or to take tea with some one, and steal back, after night-fall, like so many Bo-Peeps without their sheep.

Dancing inside or out was forbidden: indeed, what was not forbidden? Yet tonight Susie was dressing for a ball! Visiting each other's rooms, too, was not allowed; but six girls, nevertheless, admitted to the secret and the toilet, were all together in a chamber so small that, as Beckie said, "If you walk in, you must back out, for you can't turn around."

This was Effie's room, and she lay in the little bed, with the brilliant color on her cheeks, and the fever-bright eyes, and the sharp cough that told her companions she would never rise again. She lay alone through the long, long days of her three months' illness, and wearied for the night to come—the night that brought the girls to her bedside with little gifts, and whispered secrets, and news of the outside world in which she had once taken part.

"Effie wants to see Susie get dressed, so, girls, if two of you will be kind enough to take the two chairs, and two of you stand in the closet, the other two can sit on the edge of the bed. This," said brisk Beckie, "is the only accommodation our limited space allows. Nell, you can stand in the doorway, and hum 'The Campbells are coming' in case the enemy surprises us. The visitors will please disappear *into* the closet and *under* the bed if we are attacked, and hold their breath till the danger's over."

"Lucky thing the Board has not regu-

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lated the breathing—it's a wonder they didn't," said Nell.

"Oh! they'd have made a rule for that too," said Beckie, "only they knew well enough that after you had obeyed all they *did* make, the little desire to breathe you'd have left wasn't worth regulating."

"We know it is wrong, Effie; we know it's all wrong, but when your ship comes in you'll build us a Home, won't you, dear?" said Susie, "and allow us to dance?"

Effie was to have money after a while, when a dead father's executors turned honest, and some great railroad was built somewhere, and bonds matured, and many other things happened that Effie did not understand, but when she did get the money it was all to be spent on the girls. "Such a Home, Susie!—such a Home! Lights in all the windows, so that you could see it far off at night. Every room bright and warm. Every chair an easy-chair. Books everywhere, and pictures, and no rules except mother rules!"

Ah, there was the key-note! Was there ever a Home for girls deserving of the name in which the motherly element could be safely ignored, and the government carried on by step-mother's breath or sourest celibacy?

Why not sanction song, with praise for her who sang sweetest? Why not the dance, relaxing the limbs cramped and stiffened by labor? Why might they not laugh aloud, and exchange their experiences of the day, and rove at will, with linked arms, through the house, since all day they were silent, assiduous, bound with chains to the iron wheels of Industry?

"The night cometh wherein no man can work."

Alas! even that is not the most sorrowful thing!

Do you blame them very much when at the very dreary entrance of this "Home," freedom and mirth, beauty and joy, and all that sweetens life after a day of incessant and unremitting toil, must be shaken like dust from the feet, and she "who entered here left hope behind"? Of what avail was it that the Matron, lynx-eyed and cat-footed, kept watch and ward? Sixty pairs of bright eyes, light feet, and quick hands, with the nimble wit of combined numbers against her fast-withering powers, overmatched her many a time. So Susie, who scorned a lie, and grieved and fretted in her bondage, must eat the fair Dead Sea apples, since no more wholesome fare was provided for her; would suck poison, if sweet, rather than go honeyless to bed; break rules of granite, defy disgrace and danger, and clutch with desperate hands a bright-winged hour, though honor and self-respect were crushed in the grasping.

Susie was "old Steinmetz's model"; Fashion's bondmaid, not her daughter. She toiled from early dawn till blackest darkness covered the earth—or would you call it worse than toil, this business of being a model? To stand, or walk to and fro, or turn round thousands upon thousands of times under a glaring skylight, that buyers, mostly men from the South, East, and West, might admire or criticise or condemn the draping and fitting and style of the costly mantles and wraps which they came to purchase. Not only to never see the sun, but to have the very seasons reversed. In summer's sweltering heat to wear the prescribed dress of black cashmere, and stand muffled to the neck in velvet, plush, wool, or fur, and soft wadded satin that would have gladdened the heart of a Russian. In winter's deadly chill to show the scarfs of gossamer and trailing robes of lace and lawn. Perhaps you think none but a bold gypsy would undertake to fill a position like this? They applied, certainly; but ah! where will you find keener eyes than were here to inspect, measure, and pass the applicants? Modesty, good-breeding, and grace were as essential and as much a matter of business as height and shape and personal beauty. If forty women stood before this grim tribunal with but one modest mien among them, there was never any mistake or difficulty in finding its possessor. To know whether a garment would "take," it was necessary to see it worn as a belle would wear it; to prove its perfection, perfection's self must wear it with ease; to enhance its beauty, beauty must stand draped in it.

For these requisites Susie received her wages weekly and was thankful. The continual presence of the firm protected her from rude remarks or undue familiarity. She stood silent ever, statuesque, looking steadily before her, hearing and seeing only the duty of the hour. Dreading nothing from these hurried men of business, who, however much they might have been inclined to trifle or amuse them-

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selves, had as little time as opportunity. With the keen instinct of a sensitive soul she had learned to know that there was comparative safety in her exposed position, calling as it did on the generosity and gallantry of the men around her. Because bold admirers *might* intrude or rude salesmen insult, they were more strictly warned away from forbidden ground. Even Charley, who had invited her to the ball, seldom spoke to her during business hours, and so solitary was she in the crowded salesroom that in three years she had made but a single friend, not counting Charley, who was simply an admirer, neither friend nor lover.

When not engaged in "trying on," which was but seldom, she took her work of tacking on tassels or making bows to a little table near the window of "old Abbott's den." Old Abbott was the bookkeeper in Steinmetz and Co.'s private office. There were dozens of others, upstairs and down; but he, forever at his desk in an inner room, to or from which there was no going save past the firm's own tribunal, reminded her of a prisoner of state. Untiring, but hopeless; faithful, but unpraised and unrewarded; not yet thirty, but with the grayness of premature age creeping over him, and clinging like a burr to his very name; friendless, but ever gentle and friendly to her —what was there wrong with the man?

"Oh, you see," said Charley, in one of their homeward walks, "he comes of a good family, Abbott does. He appropriated some of the firm's money about ten years ago, and was caught at it, too; he had done it to keep his father out of some financial difficulty, and bungled it somehow, for Steinmetz is like a steel-trap. They had all the evidence they wanted to put him in jail, besides his own confession, but they re-instated him in the office on his father's account—at half-price; for he couldn't get work anywhere else after that. His father died soon after—they say it killed him—and Abbott lives alone with his mother. Steinmetz works him like a slave, too. Why, he does the work of three men; for in importation season they keep him till twelve o'clock at night, and give him Sunday work besides. I pity him often. The boys have a joke that he is chained by the leg to his desk. He might be, for all we know, since no one is allowed in his room except the firm."

"Poor, poor fellow!" said Susie.

He had sinned and suffered, and after years of humiliating service he encountered strange faces or new hands about the place with peculiar horror. In a day or two they always learned his story, and he could see their knowledge of his crime so plainly in the look of wonder or curiosity with which they afterward regarded him that he shrank from it as he might have shrunk from heated iron. When Susie first came he waited in an agony of apprehension for the changed expression with which the frank eyes would rest on his, till he could scarcely work for thinking of it. He longed to rush from his den and declare himself a felon that he might end this miserable suspense. But day after day passed and he saw no glance that stung him into bitter remembrance. It was spring-time, and one morning Susie brought a handful of arbutus, fragrant and fresh, which she had bought in passing the market.

"Won't you have a spray, Mr. Abbott?" she said, brightly. "Indeed, I almost bought it for you. I do love it so, for it grows so good and sweet *underneath all the withered leaves;*" and then he understood that she knew, and he would have kissed the hand that held the flowers, had it been possible. However, with Steinmetz, senior and junior, bearing down upon them, he simply bowed his thanks, cherished the spray in water, and ere it withered pressed it in his pocket-book with day and date. Poor old Abbott!

Saw you ever Beauty dressing for a ball? The most indifferent and ascetic soul can not look on the transforming process without some degree of interest. The homely seed to the scarlet blossom, the rough bulb to the fair lily, the gray chrysalis to the gorgeous wings, are not more wonderful in their way than this magic by which a woman rises from the kitchen's smoke, the hearth's ashes, the November-browed life of every day, and flits away, a goddess in a rainbow-tinted robe, "this head of May with April mood," a creature "too bright," alas! if not

> "too good,
> For human nature's daily food."

Did not each girl feel, as Susie was stripped of her black garment, that for her too the future held a similar beautiful possibility? It was simply rehearsal for all but Effie, and for her too the change had its signifi-

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cance. They would all in turn, except her, steal away to theatre or concert, moonlight rowing or sleigh-ride, and come back to be admitted by some faithful comrade who kept watch, well aware that she would some time need a like service. Peril, danger, certain dismissal following detection, enhanced forbidden pleasures, and surrounding Susie's slender figure as she stood at the foot of the bed, they decked her with as much devotion as if she were a princess and they her maids of honor. They unbraided the raven hair, fastened it in shining waves upon the shapely head, and powdered it with diamond-dust till it glistened like frost in the moonlight. How well they knew how to tone down the too-glowing cheek, these cunning artists! Nor were flowers and the old lace (a comrade's only heirloom), and the bangles and bracelets of gold, wanting. Each girl had brought her best, to be accepted or rejected as Susie's taste decided. When at last they lifted the white robe over her shoulders, and gave it the thousand nameless touches with which women complete a toilet, Susie, the bondmaiden, had disappeared, and Aphrodite, indeed, seemed risen from the sea.

"It reminds me of Cinderella," said Beckie.

"It reminds me of the resurrection," said Effie.

For an instant they were silent, conscience-stricken.

"'Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old,'"

quoted Nell, gayly. "You look like an angel, Susie!"

"I feel like a fallen one! Cold chills run down my back, and there's a stone on my heart!"

"Somebody's walking over your grave, they say, when you feel so."

"What nonsense!" said Susie, with a quick glance at Effie. "Of what is it the sign, then, when you wake in the morning glad, and don't know what about?"

"It's a sign," said Effie, "that some bird is fledging that will sing for you; some flower budding that will bloom for you; some friend a little nearer who will love you; the sun shining and the grass growing in some fair spot where our lines 'shall be cast in pleasant places,' of which the morning joy is but the faint foreshadowing—"

"Or would you say," said Beckie, who hated the guilty feeling that somehow crept over them in Effie's presence, "as old Scrooge did, 'It may be a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, or something wrong with your digestion'?" It was Beckie, too, who could always arouse Susie's rebellious spirit. "Some of the Committee should see you now, you darling," said she. "If they had Nannie up before them for wearing a wrapper faced with crimson, and rated Helen not so much for extravagance as for the white dress 'fit for Saratoga or Newport,' to what a state of petrifaction would you reduce them! A working-girl in 'gloss of satin and glimmer of pearl'!"

"If Helen designs and makes as well as earns her own dress, and Nannie loves red, is that a sin, or even anybody's business?"

"Don't curl your lip at me, dear; I'm not one of the managers," said Beckie. "If the powers that regulate us even in our choice of a morning beverage, and allow us a glass of water, a mug of milk, or a cup of tea, but not the tea *and* water, or the milk *and* the water, or the tea *and* milk together—if these powers take to regulating the color of our clothes as well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Love and crave the thing forbidden, of course," said Susie.

"Like a true daughter of Eve; but don't forget the flaming sword, my dear."

"I shall not forget it, when I brave it to-night for only a glimpse of that paradise of which I never was an inhabitant; but shall I not 'smell of a rose through a fence'?"

"If I did not hate punning I'd say that was a cause of offense. But, my dear Cinderella, were I your godmother for an hour to-night, do you know what revenge I'd like to take on these incapables who rule us with a rod of iron?"

"Incapable!" said Nell. "Did not one of them for whom I sewed to-day ask me to make a hem an inch wide, and then say, 'Show me, please, how wide *is* an inch'?"

"Well, I'd go to this Artists' Ball, since Charley says 'all the tone in town will be there,' and I'd strip these grand dames by magic of every stitch of clothes, of their jewels, their pleasures, and set them in the midst of the raw material, until they had learned how to value the services of Cinderella and others of her ilk."

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"You savage!"

"I would, indeed," continued Beckie, "and laugh to see them with their shoes all gone to bundles of leather, their shining silk to cocoons, their flannel to fleece, their linen to flax, their cambric to cotton, their jewelry to unburnished lumps of ore! What a sight that would be! and how many millions of years do you suppose they'd sit shivering there before they'd be able to produce anything from such chaos?"

"'The Campbells are coming,'" lilts Nell at the door, and closing it behind her she saunters leisurely through the corridor to meet the approaching Matron on her round of inspection. She delays her with a request, and then, refused, seeks her own room. In Effie's there is a rushing as of leaves stirred by the autumn wind, a fluttering as of wings, a breathless flurry, and then all is still. Effie sleeping and Beckie calmly reading are all that meet her gaze as she softly opens the door; but were her ears as sharp as her eyes she must almost, they thought, have heard the throbbing of those muffled hearts in the closet and under the bed. She hears nothing, however, and passes on.

Their work done, they had now to contrive a way to get Susie, in such a dress, unseen from the house; once out, all was well, for Charley would be waiting near at hand with the carriage in the whirling snow-storm. Perilous work to run the gauntlet of fifty pairs of eyes, and, worst of all, to pass the Matron's door!

"You will draw this gossamer cloak over your fine feathers, my bird-of-paradise," said Beckie, "and you'll look as black as any crow. I will precede you to the door of the fair Scattergood and draw her attention to my nervous and exhausted condition, superinduced by my exertions as tire-woman, though I shall not mention it. She so dearly loves to give me a bitter dose that I think she will really go over to the medicine closet to get it for me herself, and while I ensnare her into the infirmary, do you make your escape. Mind, if you are taken alive, I shall not know you."

To fly along the dim corridor and down the stairs with bated breath and beating heart, to step a-tiptoe past the room whence the fiery-eyed and pitiless dragon might issue, to glide unnoticed through the lower hall, and never pause till portal and steps and pavement were left behind—this was the work of a few minutes, yet it seemed like an age of torturing dread.

Once in the carriage, where Charley sat, impatiently expectant, hope revived and strength returned. She would not spoil one instant of the precious and dear-bought hours by forebodings of evil.

In the ball-room at last, she felt as one might who had fallen asleep a slave, scourged and beaten with stripes, and waked to find herself a queen. She walked like one uplifted with the sense of wings, in that nervous state of exaltation which the unaccustomed intoxication of flowers and flashing lights, music and perfume, produced in her whirling brain. The past offered her but memories of hopeless servitude, the future brought only despair, but by the light of this so beautiful present she would warm herself, though to-morrow she must cover her head with its ashes; to-night she would sprinkle with wine and wreathe with roses this two-edged sword called Pleasure, though to-morrow it pierced her to the heart!

Not until she found herself, an hour past midnight, again within the walls of her prison, did the reaction come. Darkness, to her always gloomy and depressing, seemed horrible by contrast with the scene of enchantment from which she had torn herself. She durst not speak a word to Beckie, who had waited and watched for her. Accustomed as they were to groping their way unlighted, to-night she shook with vague terrors, and the very blackness of the grave seemed yawning to swallow her; she fancied a pitfall at every wavering step, and grasping her companion's hand tightly within her frozen fingers, together they silently made their way to the upper corridor. Safe at last! She had gone and returned unseen and unmissed. But listen! They had made no sound, aroused no sleeper: what could they hear but the quiet breathing or the soft murmuring of the slumbering household? Nay, piercing, shrill, a voice at her very ear startled the silence of the night: "Susie!"

And her name rang through the darkness as if it had fallen from some distant star. Then at their very feet low moaning that curdled the blood in their veins, a rustling as of ghostly wings, a rising form in the darkness, before which they stood appalled, speechless, cold outstretched hands that grasped them with the touch

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of death, and around them the suffocating blackness of the night.

"Merciful Heaven! what can it be?" and Susie wildly strove to release her hands from the chill fingers that held hers like a vise.

"Effie—only Effie."

"Poor, poor child!" said Susie, as she held the lifeless form to her heart, "where have you been? Cold and wet—so wet. Feel her night dress, Beckie; it is wet with something from neck to foot."

With her life-blood, alas! She had had a hemorrhage while alone, and rising to seek help, had fainted in the corridor at Susie's feet.

"Don't whisper any more, Beckie; rouse them up, and get a light. Dear God, do not let her die in my arms till she can see our faces once more!"

A light! An hour ago she had light and to spare, and now not one gleam for the dying one whose breath came so icy cold on her cheek, and whose blood was staining the snowy dress and trickling in heavy drops to the floor.

Thank Heaven for this candle which disobedience had ever ready for emergency, and by whose flickering beam they carried her most tenderly to bed, and saw, awe-struck, that the end indeed had come. "Fearfulness and trembling are come upon them;" "their heart is sore pained and withered like grass." Weeping they fall on their knees beside the bed, unconscious that in the doorway stands the astonished Matron with her lamp.

"Pray, Susie, pray!"

How could she pray in that dress, and with her throat as dry as summer's dust? How dare she refuse to pray, when in a few moments Effie would be beyond the sound of her voice?

"Now God be merciful to me a sinner! Look with Thine eyes of infinite pity on this our sister who is passing to that house of many mansions, not built with hands, eternal in the heavens—to a Home where the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, and there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, nor of the moon; for the Lord God Himself shall lighten it, and He shall be with them, and shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

And so comforted, Effie departed from these shadows to greet the dawning of a brighter day.

Of the twenty-five ladies who composed the Board of Managers, who so sternly inflexible as the President, Mrs. Paul Van Brunt?

So many years had elapsed since Sully had painted her portrait as a slender belle in her first ball dress of priceless lace, with lovely arms and snowy bosom bare, that she had forgotten, in carrying her present portly weight, the bounding blood and fiery impulses of her youth. She had danced, and sung, and feasted, and spent the glorious hours of her spring-tide to so little purpose that for the young creatures in this "Home" she had not one memory left to soften bitter denial, haughty prohibition, and strictest surveillance. So they sat, with her at their head, these twenty-five wise ones, and discussed Susie's case, which, true to her word, the Matron had laid before them. They passed their judgment on her boldness, her disobedience, her contumacy. That these were the general characteristics of her class there was no doubt. That leniency only fostered insubordination, and mercy nursed the viper of ingratitude, were axioms that their system had proved a hundred times; and to the end that an example might be set, that the thoughtlessness of youth might be rebuked, the lusts of the flesh crucified, and the pomps and vanities of this wicked world removed afar from the inmates of this Home, it was resolved that this girl Susie be requested to go from under its roof and seek a home elsewhere.

Elsewhere? Ah, where?

Fast-falling tears dropped in her lap as she sat, the day after her dismissal, under old Abbott's window, and faster still they fell when, stooping to pick up the tiny note that fluttered to her feet, she read these words:

"That *you* should weep, who brought to me the relief of the first merciful thought my sin had found in ten years of expiation, is like the bitterness of death! I entreat you, let me help you. If '*underneath the withered leaves*' of my life you look, you will find there the fragrant flowers of hope renewed and faith strengthened by your sweet charity. Grateful remembrance, faithful friendship, my Home, and more if you will accept it, are, as I am, yours ever,

"ABBOTT."

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CHAPTER XXXII.

IN A GALLERY.

AND now we must let a few years go by, and come to a certain Private View day at the Hanover Gallery, Hanover Square. This Gallery, which was intended to be an adjunct rather than a rival to the Royal Academy, had been opened for the first time the year before, and had provoked a good deal of animadversion, favorable and otherwise. For while some declared (with more insistence than was at all necessary) that its chief characteristic was an affected imitation of the manner of the early Florentines, but with the beauty and light and gladness of the old painters replaced by a sickly languor and distortion and decay; that the decorative character of the classical designs in no wise served as a cloak for obvious ignorance of anatomy and consequent bad drawing of the human form; and that the landscapes were less remarkable for a reverential study of nature than for an impertinent audacity, there were others who maintained (with a touch of personal injury in the tone of their remonstrances) that this Hanover Gallery collection was a welcome relief from the inanity of the common run of exhibitions; that at all events it drove people to think; that a seeking after the highest in art, with whatever short-comings, was better than the complacency of mediocrity; that, in short, anything was desirable that could help to get rid of the simpering curate sort of stuff that had for so long told its commonplace and silly little stories on the walls of British galleries. It needs only be added here that among the most vehement of the admirers of this new institution was John Ross. Whether dissatisfaction with the Royal Academy's continued neglect of him may have had anything to do with this feeling it is unnecessary to inquire, for human motives are mixed things; but at all events his championship of the new Gallery was so uncompromising that Mrs. Chetwynd, who was always on the lookout to do little kindnesses in this way, contrived a meeting between Sir Cyril Smith, who was the Director of the place, and the Scotch artist, which had, as it turned out, sufficiently important results for one of them.

So on this summer-like day in spring there was a large and fashionable assemblage circulating through the rooms, or congregated in groups here and there, chatting, or regarding their neighbors' costumes, which, among the young maidens at least, tended rather to sadness of hue and quaintness of design. But there was one group there, of which a tall, bright-eyed young lady was a conspicuous member; and certainly her gown, if there was a suggestion of mediævalism about the shape of it, was not lacking in boldness and richness of color. It was a velvet gown, of the color of the very darkest sort of wall-flower—a deep ruddy purple; and it was trimmed with lace, or what appeared to be lace, of a dusky yellow—not the yellow of primroses, but rather of daffodils. It was more the costume of a young matron than of a girl; but indeed when you looked at this person, it was not her dress that first attracted notice, but the grace and self-possession of her bearing, and the bright, frank laugh of her eyes.

A tall, elderly, handsome man made his way through the crowd to her.

"My dear child," said he, taking her hand, "I have been hunting for you everywhere. I was told you had come. And how well you are looking! And your dress, too—they say it is the prettiest in the room. Very pretty—very pretty!"

"But you need not praise me for it, Sir Cyril," said she, "nor my dressmaker either. My husband chose the colors. Was not that obedient of me? I told him I dressed only to please him, and that he might as well choose what colors he liked best. Was not that sweet of me?"

"Ah," said he, "young wives are always like that at first—"

"Young wives, indeed! And my boy will be four years old next June!"

"And your boy will have very little to thank you for if you go catching another fever, and have to winter in Italy, leaving the poor little fellow at home. Where is your husband?"

"Oh, he's away with John Ross somewhere—fighting, no doubt. They're always fighting now, ever since we came back from Italy."

"Have you been round the rooms yet?" he asked, glancing at the little group of friends from whom he had slightly separated her. She forthwith introduced him.

"No," she said. "It is a little too be-

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wildering yet—to me at least. All one's friends seem to be here; and it is so difficult to remember all you want to say at the moment that one has no time for the pictures. It is more exciting than sitting on a terrace at Sorrento, or in a veranda at Capri, watching the tourists climbing up the steps on the donkeys. We went to Ischia after you left us. Now don't stop talking to me, Sir Cyril; for you have all your friends to receive—"

"And the whole day to do it in," said he, lightly. "No, but I am coming back to you. You must not go away anywhere for lunch. I will come for you at one. Mind you have got hold of your husband and Mr. Ross; there is something very nice and quiet prepared in a corner—an invalid's luncheon, you know. Now go and get a seat; don't stand about all day; but indeed I never saw you looking better in my life."

He was going away, when he suddenly turned.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "I was almost forgetting to ask how your aunt is—better, I hope?"

"Oh, I think so. I think she is almost quite better. But she likes perfect rest, and seems disinclined for the trouble of going out. She says she won't go with us to Boat of Garry this year."

"But she is not ailing now?"

"Oh no, scarcely at all; the warm weather suits her, and all she suffers from now, she says, is an incurable laziness."

"One o'clock, then, mind."

Almost immediately after, Fitzgerald came hurrying along.

"Have you heard? has any one told you?" he said, eagerly.

"I have heard nothing in particular," she said. "But why did you put on that shabby old shooting-coat? Every one else has a frock-coat, and gloves. Where are your gloves? This isn't Capri."

"Every one says that Ross's pictures are the feature of the exhibition," he said, in the same rapid way, not in the least minding her remarks about his clothes. "They have given them the place of honor at the head of the next room—all five in a row. Come along and see them. Gifford"—here he turned to Mr. Gifford, who, with his wife, a tall and stately dame, was now examining some of the pictures close by—"Gifford, come and see some pictures in the next room. I told you they would make their mark."

"Your friend Ross's, I suppose?"

"Yes. Come and judge for yourself. Mind you, I mean to praise them, friend or no friend; so if you are afraid of the reputation of the *Liberal Review*, you'll have to get somebody else. Or we will appeal to an impartial authority, if you like."

No doubt Mr. Gifford, as the little party together made their way up to the head of the next room, considered that he himself was quite sufficient of an impartial authority; and, as it turned out, he was much struck by the series of landscapes. Or rather there was only one landscape, treated under five different atmospheric conditions. The subject was the stretch of meadow, water, hill, and sky visible from the window of the dining-room at Boat of Garry; the first showing the calm clear dawn arising in the east, the world being quite still and silent and lifeless; in the second was all the variety of a windy summer day—masses of white cloud and shadow, the trees blowing, the work in the fields going on, and over at the horizon an ominous rising of purple; then, in number three, a desolation of rain, everything gray and blurred and hopeless; number four showed the afternoon clearing up somewhat, with a golden mist beginning to tell as the sunlight got through the moisture; and finally the peace of a clear moonlight night.

"A most excellent idea!" exclaimed Mr. Gifford, at once. "Why, that is how one becomes familiar with a place! Why has no one done that before? No one wants any more variety than that—indeed, it shows all the more what skill the artist has when he can do without fresh materials. My dear fellow, you may praise those as much as ever you like. They are the best thing I have seen in the exhibition yet, except your wife's portrait. Praise them as you like; I sha'n't interfere with you."

"But you know," Fitzgerald said, "there will be a scrimmage amongst the critics, just as there was last year. Now don't let the *Liberal Review* in for anything rash. I'll tell you what I'll do: suppose we appeal; suppose we take the opinion of a thoroughly skilled artist?"

"Not a bit. On that theory you would have me allow poets to review other poets' poems, and novel-writers to review other people's novels, and so on. Would that be fair? We have set our faces against

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"THEY TURNED AND FOUND BEFORE THEM MR. SYDENHAM HIMSELF, AND ALSO HIS PRETTY WIFE."

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it since ever the *Liberal Review* was started."

"And yet it seems to me the only opinion worth having," Fitzgerald ventured to say, "if you can make sure it is without bias. Who can decide anything about any art who has not shown that he has mastered its technicalities? Surely the valuable opinion is that of a man who knows the art; who is himself a proficient; and who is so far above everybody else that jealousy or envy is out of the question."

"And do you expect the *Liberal Review* to pay men like that—"

"Oh, I was not talking about writing at all," Fitzgerald said, with a laugh. "I was talking about these pictures. Now I would take the opinion of Sydenham before any other. He is far beyond rivalry; he can paint landscape just as well as portraits, and nobody can come near him in either—"

"He is too good-natured; he finds good in everything," Mr. Gifford objected. "I have walked round the Academy with Sydenham. Not a word of objection anywhere; always the best points picked out; the difficulties explained to you; always praise, especially if the picture is by one of the younger men; always encouragement—very good-natured, but not criticism. No; I propose that if there is to be any appeal, it will be to your wife, for she knows the place. Mrs. Fitzgerald, we want your opinion of Mr. Ross's landscapes."

"Oh, don't ask me," said the tall young lady in the wall-flower and daffodil gown; "I want to buy them, and can't afford it."

"Well, that is an honest criticism," Mr. Gifford said. "I think, Fitzgerald, you may let the *Liberal Review* speak well of the Boat of Garry studies. But where is Ross himself?"

"He won't come into this room. He says it is like having himself put into a frame, and people examining him with a microscope."

But now they had to set to work to go through the galleries systematically and seriously, though that was often interrupted by the arrival of a fresh batch of friends who were all of them anxious to see the portrait of Mary Chetwynd (as some of them still called her), which had been painted by Mr. Sydenham, and which was supposed to be the chief ornament of one of the rooms. They were joined by Mr. Ross, moreover, whose remarks, if somewhat disjointed and dogmatic, were generally to the point.

"That fellow?" he said, regarding the work of an artist who had obviously spent an enormous amount of care in constructing an allegory (but the conundrum was difficult of solution until you turned to the title in the catalogue). "That fellow? Look at the thrawn necks! look at the sham sentiment! That fellow? he would get painted tin flowers to put on his mother's grave. There," said he, turning to the full-length portrait of Fitzgerald's wife that hung in the middle of the room. "Look at that, now. That is painted by a man who knows that it is his business to paint, and no to bother his head with the twelfth century, or the fifteenth century, or any other. Long ago he shook off the corpse-cloths; you canna bind a giant in spider-webs. There's just nothing that man can not paint: put it before him—a young lady's face, a bit of moorland, a collie-dog—no matter what it is—put it before him, and then you find the master-hand getting it on to the canvas with a power and a carelessness that has grown out o' the anxiety and hard work of a lifetime—the details that tell, *in;* the details that are of no use, *out*. Look at that fan for color, now—the sharp line in the dusk of the dress. Look at the eyes: they're no saying: 'What do ye think of me? Am I looking my best? Am I standing right?' They're saying: 'Here I am. I am in the world as well as you. I could speak to you if I liked.' People think he is careless; I say that he is careless about what is non-essential: but many a hard struggle it took him to find out *that*. Would they like him to labor the thing, so they could count the pins in the pin-cushion?"

"My dear Mrs. Fitzgerald," said a voice behind them, "I must really beg and entreat of you to come away."

They turned and found before them Mr. Sydenham himself, and also his pretty wife, whom Fitzgerald had in by-gone days endeavored to bribe with sandwiches.

"Is it fair?" said he. "Is it the act of a Christian woman to stand opposite my paint, and show people the difference? And you just back from Italy, too, with the Neapolitan sun on your cheeks?"

"I was listening to a lecture, Mr. Sydenham," said she. "Mr. Ross was delivering a lecture; and you would have been pleased if you had heard."

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"Is it to be 'claw me, and I'll claw thee,' then?" said the famous Academician, with a good-natured smile. "There's nothing in these rooms to beat your fine Irish sketches, Mr. Ross."

"It's no a claw I want from ye, sir," said John Ross, grimly. "It's a 'scratch,' when some decent fellow some day puts me up for an Associate. It is what everybody looks for, I suppose; though I jalouse there'll be more gray nor red in my beard by that time."

"You shall have my 'scratch,' and welcome; and I hope long before then," said the Academician; and then again he begged Mrs. Fitzgerald to come away from the neighborhood of her portrait, which she was not loath to do, for she was very hungry, she said, and one o'clock had arrived.

Presently Sir Cyril Smith appeared and carried the party off in a body—John Ross alone seeming shy or reluctant. But he was very soon put into a pleasant humor by his neighbor at table, who happened to be Mrs. Sydenham, who said she imagined he must be the friend on whose behalf Fitzgerald had endeavored to bribe her with sandwiches.

"That was no use," said he, bluntly.

"No, I should think not," said this pretty woman, with a charming smile. "I should think not, indeed. Not sandwiches. At my time of life one knows better than to eat sandwiches—"

"I wasna thinking of that, mum," said Ross; "I was thinking your husband ought not to be bothered with any such things. A man that can paint as he can paint should have nothing in the world to interfere with his time or attention. If he wastes a day, the country loses just so much."

"Oh, but he takes great interest in the younger men. And I am very glad he thinks so highly of your pictures—it was not to you alone he said that; and—and of course you must be proud of the place they have got."

"Oh, ay," he said; "the tod will find a hole somewhere."

"I beg your pardon?"

But as he did not answer—or did not hear—she went on to say that she understood he was again going to Ireland with the Fitzgeralds; and they were going early this year, were they not? and had he been allowed to see anything of the volume of poems—or poetical dramas—that Mr. Fitzgerald was understood to have finished in Italy, and that was now on the eve of publication? John Ross answered as best he could; but he was getting rather discontented; for there was nothing to drink at this needlessly sumptuous repast but thin cold wine. At last, however, he said to the servant who was in vain tempting him with various decanters,

"I say, my man, could you get me a wee droppie o' whiskey?"

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir."

And after that Mr. Ross proved a far more pleasant companion, and gave Mrs. Sydenham such a picture of the life at Boat of Garry, and such graphic accounts of the exploits of himself and his friends there, that she said that nothing but his description of the demon steam-yacht deterred her from begging for an invitation there and then.

After luncheon there was a movement to return to the pictures; and Fitzgerald seized the opportunity to bid them good-day.

"Where are you off to now?" his wife asked.

"I want to overhaul one or two of the libraries, if there's time before dinner."

"Let me go with you."

"In that dress? You would be a pretty spectacle in Shoreditch."

"I could remain in the hansom."

"Get away with you. You are off duty; you are a helpless invalid, though you don't look it. Stay with Mrs. Sydenham, and see your friends. My shooting-coat isn't swell enough for that."

"Very well," she said. "When shall you be home?"

"At a quarter to seven, whatever happens. I left word there would be an enormous *table d'hôte*, so you can seize hold of all the nice people. Don't forget John Ross; don't lose sight of him. We will make John Ross the occasion, and we will get him to make a speech."

"You will do nothing of the kind; I won't have anybody tortured. Shall I ask the Giffords?"

"Yes."

"And the Sydenhams?"

"If they have not had enough of us to-day already. Ask anybody you like who happens to be disengaged. It is John Ross's day; let him have a triumph in the evening."

And in a couple of minutes thereafter he was in a hansom, making for Com-

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mercial Road East, and striving to extract a few items of intelligence from that morning's newspaper, which he had not before had time to glance over.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AT INISHEEN.

AND again we will let a few more years go by, bringing us to quite the other day, in fact. At a window of a room in the Imperial Hotel at Inisheen a small boy, apparently about eight or nine, is standing regarding the carriage and pair below which are being led off to the stable-yard. He is a good-looking little lad, with large, soft, pensive eyes, a square forehead, and curly hair; a healthy-looking little chap too, though one foot is off the ground, and he is supporting himself with a stick. To him enters his father.

"Well, Master Frank, shall you be able to amuse yourself while I go out for a stroll? You see what comes of climbing after wood-pigeons' nests."

"A good job, too," remarked the small boy, with complacency.

"What is? Spraining your ankle?"

"Yes. You wouldn't have brought me with you if it hadn't been for that, papa. Mamma said you were very busy. And I wasn't to interfere with you. I was to take great care not to be a trouble to you, she said, for you liked to be alone when you were finishing a book, and I wasn't to mind if you left me by myself. And I don't mind a bit."

He glanced round the room.

"And is this really the inn that your papa kept?"

"Yes, it is; perhaps you don't think much of it?"

"Well," said the small boy, with delicacy, not wishing to wound his father's feelings, "it isn't *very* swell, is it?"

"When I was a boy, my lad, it was the only hotel in Inisheen, and it was regarded as a place of importance. See, here are your books. You'd better sit down for a while, and give your foot a rest."

"I like the stories you tell better than those in the books," remarked Master Frank, regarding the volumes with anything but favor, "only mamma says I ought never to believe them."

"Which, though?"

"The stories you tell. Mamma says you are always making a fool of people. Was it true, papa, about the man who went to India?"

"Really there are so many people go to India that I have forgotten."

"But the man who went out to India, and he pretended to have a sunstroke; and then, when he came back, he was allowed to do anything he liked, for his friends were afraid of bringing it on again, and the police always let him off, because he had been mad; and he lived such a merry life. Was that true, papa?"

"Well, if it had not happened, how would people have known anything about it?" was the evasive reply. "Now take a book, and put your foot up on a chair, while I go and see if there's anybody in the place I know now. I don't suppose there will be, since Andy the Hopper— Do you remember the sketch of him that Mr. Ross made for you one night?"

"Oh yes, papa."

"Well, he is away at Tramore now, they say; and I doubt whether there is a human being I know now in the town."

And yet, when he went out into the sunlight, this older part of Inisheen did not seem to have changed much during the last seven years. If there was any difference, it lay rather between the Inisheen that he was accustomed to dream about and this present, every-day, rather commonplace Inisheen. This was the second time he had visited the little town since finally he had left it for London, and on each occasion the same rectification had to be made. Yes; there were the quiet, respectable-looking houses, and the shops, and the town-hall; the wharves and quays, with tar-barrels and coals; the barks and brigantines stranded on the mud; and the broad waters of the bay, and the sunny green of the hills beyond. To get a wider view he climbed up the face of the steep slope on which the town is partly built; there were cottages here and there apparently clinging hazardously to the ascent; fragments of old ruins cropping up; cocks and hens fluttering among the dust or hiding among the nettles; children clambering over walls topped with marjoram; and an old gentleman, in a jacket without sleeves, fast asleep in a damp and shady angle of a garden wall which was profuse with moss and hart's-tongue fern. Then he came to the inclosures round the houses of the

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richer people—on the summit of the hill, amid gardens and lush meadows; and from this height he could look down on the picturesque little harbor, and the rippling green waters of the bay, and the wide sand-banks left exposed by the tide; and also on the far expanse of sea, pale and blue in the hazy sunlight, with one or two dots of ships apparently making slowly in for the tiny port before a gentle southerly breeze.

He felt so much of a stranger here! No doubt, if he were to go through the shops down there, he might discover this one or that who would perhaps recognize Master Willie; and no doubt, if he were away up over the hills there ("the mountain," they called them), he could find a cabin or two where he would be welcomed by some aguish old crone with many a "Glory be to God!" But of his old intimates, as he had learned from time to time, there was scarcely one left. His father had died many years before. Why, even the *Cork Chronicle*, which the Inisheen people used to take in chiefly because Master Willie put his poetry about Inisheen, and his songs and palaverings about the Inisheen girls, into it, existed no longer. When he drove up to the Imperial, the very hostler who took the horses had never heard of the Fitzgeralds who once had the place. And yet, as he looked at the quays and the houses and the harbor, Inisheen did not seem to have changed so much. It was he who was changed; and something else—was it his youth, or a remembrance of his youth, that, whether he thought of it or not, was always haunting him, and making Inisheen look strange?—seemed now far away.

He wandered down from this height, thinking he would go and have a look at the newer Inisheen that faced the sea. As he was walking along the main thoroughfare of the older town—perhaps not noticing much—and passing one of the side streets leading to the quays, he heard an exclamation behind him—

"The Lord be marciful to us!"

He turned instantly, and recognized old Molly, who for innumerable years had sold nuts and apples and oranges to the boys of Inisheen. The old woman struggled up from the barrel on which she was sitting.

"Och, God help us all, 'tis yourself, Masther Willie!" she said, and she seized his hand with her long skinny fingers. "Och, 'tis the great gintleman you are now, wid your horses and your carriages riding through the town. Shure I thought 'twas yoursilf, Masther Willie; and then I thought 'twas nansinse; and shure you're come to take the place your father had before ye—his sowl's in glory, amin!—oh, wirasthrue, but me back is broke wid the could nights—and yer honor's coming back to the Impayrial now; and you'll have a good word for ould Molly wid the sarvints—"

He had to explain to the ancient Molly—whose aspect, by-the-way, would have been more venerable had her gray hair been less dishevelled, and had she worn a dress more appropriate to her age and sex than an old soldier's jacket, the scarlet of which had got sadly faded through exposure to wind and weather—that he had no intention of re-establishing the Fitzgeralds in the Imperial Hotel; and then he presented her with all the silver he could find in his pockets, and passed on.

How often he had walked along this very road, in the far by-gone days, with the eager ambitions and wild desires of youth busy with the future! And now that he had attained to almost everything he had dreamed of—in certain directions to far more than ever he had dreamed of—to what did it all amount? Well, he had made many friends, known and unknown, and that was pleasant; and he strove to remain on kindly terms with them, and to do what little he could, in the way of writing, if that might be of any service to them, in as thorough and honest a fashion as was possible. But, so far as he could see, there was not anything in life much better than showing a picture-book to a sick child, or some such simple act of benevolence or charity; and in this respect he had entirely adopted the views of his wife. Neither he nor she was concerned about the motives that might be imputed to them. If it was a luxury, they could afford it. If it was self-gratification, at least it did not harm others. If it was outraging the principles of political economy, the principles of political economy would have to look out for themselves. In short, both he and she, as it turned out, found themselves with so many things to do that they really had no time to sit down and construct analyses of the Moral Faculty.

This newer Inisheen outfronting the sea was more changed than the older part

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of the town, for a number of new-looking villas had been added—most likely the summer residences of the Cork people. But it was pleasanter for him to turn his back on these, and find before him the old familiar picture: the spacious view that he was in the habit of conjuring up before his mental vision whenever he wanted to introduce a sense of light and width—and perhaps a touch of solitariness—into his writing. Solitary enough it was. Nothing but the level miles of pale brown sand, and the vast extent of glassy pale blue sea, and between these the long thin lines of the ripples that came in and in, darkening in shadow, until suddenly there was a gleam of silver, thin as the edge of a knife, and then a curling over of white foam sparkling in the sun, and the protracted "*hs—ss—ss*" as the wave broke along the shore. A pale and placid picture; perhaps a trifle sad also; for with such a faint and fair background the mind is apt to set to work to put in figures—and these would be walking along the sand, naturally; and they might be young, and dreaming dreams.

Then he recollected the poor chap with the sprained ankle; and so he turned and walked leisurely back to the hotel, discovering, when he got there, that Master Frank had been engaged the while in carving his name in bold letters on one of the window-shutters.

"When I grow up, papa," said he, contemplating this tentative effort at immortality, "I hope I shall be famous like you."

"Who told you I was famous?" his father said, with a laugh.

"Mamma. I wish I could get such nice letters from people you don't know; from America, and Canada, and as far away as where Robinson Crusoe lived. Sometimes mamma reads them to me. What did you do to make the Queen call you 'well-beloved'?"

"What nonsense has got into your head now?"

"No, it is not," said Master Frank, pertinaciously. "Mamma read it out of a big book. The Queen said you were 'trusty and well-beloved.'"

"Oh, that is nothing. Don't you know, when the Queen appoints you a Royal Commissioner to inquire into anything, that is the phrase she uses? I suppose your mamma had got hold of that Blue-book—"

"But the Queen would not say so unless she meant it. She doesn't tell lies, does she?"

"Why, of course not. Well, Master Frank, until you are older we will postpone the subject, and in the mean time we will have some tea. I suppose you are aware that you may have late dinner with me to-night?"

"Just as you please, papa. Mamma said I was not to trouble you."

"And you have remembered your lesson very well. In consideration of which I will tell you a story."

"Oh, will you?" and immediately the small lad hobbled across from the window to his father's knee, looking up with his big girlish-looking eyes full of expectation. For the stories his papa told were far more wonderful than anything to be found in books.

"Not only that, but it is the story of a bull!"

"A *very* wild one?"

"A *fearfully* wild one."

There was a sort of sigh of delight.

"Well, this bull used to roam about just behind this very town of Inisheen; and it is very open there—plenty of bog-land—and he could see you from a great distance; and he'd come stalking along the road, right in the middle, and allow no one to pass. And he was especially savage with boys; and you wouldn't believe the roundabout ways we had to take—"

"Oh, were you one of them, papa?"

"I was alive then," the story-teller continued, evasively, "and I may have looked on and seen what the other boys did. But the terrible business about this beast was that he could hop over a wall with the greatest ease; and it was no use shutting a gate on him if he meant to be after you. He was a terror to the whole district, especially to the boys; and we used to get angry—I mean, they used to get angry—and wonder what they would do to the bull if only they could get the chance. Then at last one of us—one of them—hit on a plan. They went carefully along the road and picked out a place where the bog came close up, and where there were just two or three clumps of moss, so that you could cross over if you went lightly and watched your footing. Of course you remember what Bruce did at Bannockburn?"

"He dug pits and covered them over."

"Precisely. Well, then, this was a sort of ambuscade like that. I don't think

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ambuscade is the right word; but it's good enough for a bull. Well, then, the next thing the boys did—"

"But you were one of them, papa?"

"I might be looking on. I might have gone round by the bog that day. At all events they went to a person called Andy the Hopper that I've often told you about; and Andy was a curious-minded creature, who always liked to have red sleeves, when he could afford it, to his jacket; and they got the loan of an old jacket with the red sleeves, and they spread that out on two sticks, and away they went along the road. And there, sure enough, was the bull. He didn't say anything; he only looked. Then they went on, cautiously, until they were within a certain distance; and there they stopped. The bull didn't move. Then they began to retreat a little—and you must know, Master Frank, that a bull always understands that as an invitation for him to come and chivy you. The bull came on a bit, stopped for a second, then gave a loud bellow, and then came on faster. This was precisely what those wicked boys wanted. For now they turned and took to their heels, and the bull came careering after them; and then, at the spot they had marked, they left the road and went hopping across the bog, that was very wet at that time, for there had been much rain. Very well, then, you see, when the bull came tearing along, he had no notion of a strategy, or an ambuscade, or anything of that kind; and he did not stop to consider that he was far heavier than a boy, and that his sharp hard feet would sink where theirs would just touch the little dry clumps; and so in he went with a splash and a struggle—and another splash and a struggle—and another splash and another struggle—always getting deeper and deeper into the thick black mud, and bellowing and roaring with rage. You never saw anything like it. Mind you, when we stopped and looked, I won't say we weren't a little bit frightened; for if one of his fore-legs had got hold of a piece of good solid ground, we might have had another run for it, and he'd have knocked the whole town to smithereens before he'd have stopped. After a long time, however, he gave it up. He found his struggles useless; and when he bellowed it wasn't, 'Wait till I catch you!' it was, 'Who's going to get me out?'"

"Papa," said Master Frank, thoughtfully, "could you have got near him then?"

"Oh yes, I dare say. He was stuck fast."

"You could have got near him in safety?"

"Oh yes, I think so," answered the father, not doubting that the boy, who had been taught to be kind to all animals, had imagined some way of getting the poor bull out of his troubles.

"Then didn't you get a big stick and beat him over the head?" said Master Frank, eagerly.

"Well, no," said the papa, a little disappointed. "But I'll tell you what happened: it took nearly half the people of Inisheen to get that bull out; for they were all afraid to go and fasten the ropes; and when it did get on to dry land again it seemed anxious to reduce the population of the neighborhood. I don't think I saw that," the narrator added, demurely.

"You didn't wait to see it hauled out?" said Master Frank, with staring eyes.

"No. You see, Frankie, there were a lot of wicked boys about the place, and the people suspected they had inveigled the bull into the bog; and supposing I had been about just at that time—looking on, you know—well, they might have thought I had had a hand in it, and one might have got into trouble. It's always the best plan to keep away when you see a scrimmage going on. The most innocent people are sometimes suspected. Never you go near crowds."

Master Frank thought over this story for some time, and then he said, in an absent kind of way,

"I believe it was you yourself, papa, that teased the bull into the bog."

They had late dinner together in the evening, and no doubt it was that circumstance that provoked Master Frank into unusual animation and talkativeness, in the course of which he unlocked many a dark and secret cupboard of his mind where he had stored away subjects or remarks for subsequent examination. He startled his father, for example, by suddenly, and *à propos* of nothing, asking him how it was possible for a man to have three grandmothers.

"I don't know what you mean," his father said.

"Why, don't you remember, papa, the organ-grinder coming to Hyde Park Gardens, and playing 'The Last Rose of Summer'?"

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"No, I don't recollect that remarkable circumstance. I suppose he didn't remain very long?"

"But don't you remember you asked mamma what sort of a man he could have been who first twisted the air about with variations?—and then you began and told me all that you hoped had happened to him when he was alive."

"Well, I don't remember that either."

"And you said you hoped he had three grandmothers, and never knew what his name was, because they kept bothering him."

"I am not quite sure, but I think we must have been talking nonsense, Frankie."

"And mamma said you had invented enough evil things for him, and you might turn to the men who were cutting the tails off cattle and shooting at people here in Ireland."

"The less you say about that the better, Master Frank, for in this part of the country walls have ears."

"I know," said Master Frank, confidently, "that mamma will be very glad when you have done with the fishing, and we all go back to England again."

"Nonsense!"

"But I heard her say so, papa!"

"She was having a little joke with you, Master Frank. You don't understand these deep questions yet, my lad. Don't you know that I am not a landlord, nor an Englishman, nor one who pays rent? So you see I can't do anything wrong; and we are as safe at Boat of Garry as in Hyde Park."

"I know mamma does not like you to go away fishing by yourself," said Master Frank, doggedly.

"But do I ever go away fishing by myself—or did I ever go away fishing by myself until you must needs set about spraining your ankle? And supposing there were any of these rascals about Boat of Garry, which there are not; and supposing they were coming stealing along on tiptoe when I wasn't watching; and supposing you were standing by, with a gaff in your hand, and a gaff with a remarkably sharp steel point, what then? What would you do? You can lay hold of a salmon or a sea-trout smartly enough. Could you catch one of Captain Moonlight's men by the ear?"

The boy did not answer that, for he was evidently considering something with much care. At last he said, meditatively,

"I wish you were the king, papa, and then you would show the rascals something."

"But how? What should I do?"

"Kill the whole lot," was the prompt answer.

"Well, that would teach them a lesson, wouldn't it?"

Dinner over, Fitzgerald drew in his chair to the fire—more by custom than for warmth, for the night was mild—and lit a cigar, and proceeded to look over a newspaper. This last performance was a sore trial for the patience of Master Frank, who doubtless considered that it would have been much more sensible to devote the time to a discussion of the affairs of the country between two congenial minds. As for himself, he scorned to seek refuge in books. Not having two legs that he could twist about the chairs in his usual fashion, he put the one at his disposal into every conceivable attitude, until he nearly succeeded in tilting the table over with his foot; then he tied a bit of string to a tea-spoon, and twitched, to see if it would spin like a spoon-bait; then he got out his pocket knife, and slowly and carefully sharpened the edge on the boards of a book, finishing up by carving his initials thereon, just to try the point, as it were; and then, as time went on, he grew suspicious.

"Papa," said he, "you are not going out, are you?"—for indeed Fitzgerald had once or twice gone to the window and glanced outside.

"If I do," his father said, "it won't make any difference. It will soon be time for you to be off to bed. I may go out, but I shall not be long, and you will be sound asleep."

Nothing more was said for a while, Master Frank being engaged in drawing a portrait of Balbus on the title-page of his Latin grammar. Then he said,

"Is it a beautiful night, papa?"

"Oh yes."

Then again,

"Is it a *very* beautiful night, papa?"

"The moon must be getting higher now," his father said, going to the window and pushing the blind aside. "Oh yes, it is a fine enough night."

The boy got hold of his stick and hobbled across the room.

"Let me look, papa. Oh, isn't it a

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beautiful night! What a pity it is we can't see the sea!"

"Frank," said his father, putting his hand on the boy's head, "would you like to go with me?"

He looked up with a bright, eager look of assent and gladness; but instantly, with a great deal of bravery, he shook his head.

"I promised mamma not to bother you," he said, slowly. "And—and besides, papa, I can't walk."

He hung down his head a little, to hide the tears of disappointment that would rise to his eyes. His father was looking out of the window, and did not notice. But presently he said:

"Poor chap, you've had rather a dull afternoon. Look here, Frankie, I'll tell you what we'll do—as sure as ever was. The horses have done almost nothing today; supposing we were to get the carriage round? What do you say to that? We'll go for a drive, my lad; and then you'll not only see the sea in moonlight, but the bay also, and a wooded glen I was going to. What do you say to that?"

"Mamma won't be angry?" suggested Master Frank, doubtfully; but it was clear from his face that he regarded the proposal with immense delight.

"We will buy her something, Frankie, to pacify her, when we get back to Bantry. Now you go and sit down, and I will get hold of Murtough, and as soon as we can we'll have the carriage ready for you. But I can tell you, my lad, that wasn't how I was treated when I was a boy; there were no late dinners for me, or a carriage to take me out for a drive in the moonlight. I really don't know what this generation is coming to."

"But, papa, if you could have got it you would have taken it?" said the boy, looking up.

"That's neither here nor there," his father said, as he put on his hat and coat. "That's neither here nor there. What I say is that boys nowadays are spoiled; and especially boys that are allowed to come to Boat of Garry when they ought to be at their school at Campden Hill, and still more especially boys whose mothers buy for them a twelve-foot trout rod before they've even got the length of *omnis Gallia*. Now don't you attempt to go down those stairs till I come and fetch you."

Fitzgerald seemed in the lightest and pleasantest of humors when finally he and his small boy had got themselves ensconced in the open landau, with an abundance of rugs over their knees. He had, indeed, been loath to leave the little chap for a second time that day, even though it was not very far from his bedtime; and he was glad to give him this unexpected trip as some compensation for the dullness of the afternoon. Moreover, the night was fine. The air was mild; the skies clear; Inisheen and its wide, still waters looked quite picturesque in the moonlight.

"And what would you say now, Master Frank," his papa asked, as they drove out from the town into the silence of the country, "if I were to tell you that I had a tryst with the fairies in the wooded glen I told you about?"

The boy looked up: he seldom knew whether his father was joking or in earnest.

"I did not think there were any fairies nowadays," was the answer.

"Well," his father continued, "if you ever make a tryst with Don Fierna and his little people to come and visit them once in every seven years, you will find it more and more difficult, as you grow older and older, to listen hard enough to hear them coming, and to look hard enough to see the sides of the glen opening and the long procession appearing. When you are young perhaps it is a little easier. Do you remember how they stole away Burd Helen into Elfinland?"

"Oh yes. You told me about that."

"Then you remember that Childe Rowland was the youngest of all her brothers. Do you think any of the older ones could ever have found out the dark tower, no matter how Merlin helped them? If Childe Rowland had not had the eyes of youth, he never would have found his way; and I believe Burd Helen would have been in the dark tower still."

"I have never seen any," was the small lad's practical remark.

"Well, that is strange. But in any case you won't mind waiting a little while in the carriage, when we get to the glen, and I will go down by myself, and if I hear or see anything I will come back and tell you."

"Oh, but I know better than that, papa," said the boy, shrewdly. "You are not going to look for any fairies. When you go away by yourself, it is to watch rabbits

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and other things, and write about them. I know very well. Whenever mamma sees you go out alone, without your fishing-rod, she always calls us back."

"Oh, indeed. But then, you see, Frankie, you were never at Inisheen before; and strange things used to happen about here, many years ago, when I was young; and I don't know what may not be seen in that glen. So you will remain in the carriage for a while, when we get there; and if I spy out the fairies down in the hollow, with their glow-worm lamps, you know, I sha'n't say a single word to them, but I'll come back to the road at once and whistle for you. Do you understand?"

"That's all nonsense, papa. I don't believe there are any."

"Wait and see."

At length they arrived at a portion of the road that was shadowed over by a double row of elm-trees; and here Fitzgerald called on Murtough to stop, and got out, leaving Master Frank in the carriage.

"Now you listen, Frankie," said he, "and when I whistle make ready—"

"I could not go down into that glen with my sprained ankle, papa," the boy said.

"People never know," said he, as he went up and over the little bank by the road-side, "what they can do when they see fairies coming along. It is quite an event in one's life."

Indeed, it was with no great heaviness of heart, no very acute anguish of remembrance, that he now, for the second time, and in middle age—that is to say, at seven-and-thirty—went to keep the tryst he had made at three-and-twenty. It was with a brisk enough step that he crossed the open glade, and then more cautiously made his way down the steep bank, through the brush-wood, until once more he stood by the little scooped-out hollow in the rock, into which the water fell with a continuous murmur. The place was quite unaltered. It might have been yesterday that he and Kitty had stood there, with their hands clasped, before he rowed her away back to Inisheen. It might have been yesterday that he had gone back to the place only to find himself standing there alone, conjuring up phantoms, and not then quite so reconciled to the fate that had befallen him.

Yes; that former visit, seven years before, had been a sharper thing. It seemed to him that then, for the first time, he had realized what this separation meant. Our other griefs and miseries over the loss of our loved ones who go away from us through the sad portal of death, keen as they may be, are in time solaced by a wistful hope of reunion. What is that but a temporary separation, if they are awaiting us yonder, with light on their faces? But this separation from one who, as we think, is to be linked with us through this brief life, and in death, and in the further life beyond—that seemed to him the true separation; and the breaking down of faith; and a hopelessness for ever and ever. Something of the old misery had come back on him; the old pain had stirred again at his heart; the quick, sudden agony of the discovery of her falsehood had throbbed again, even after these years. It was so strange—his standing here on one side; on the other a vacant space, a voiceless air, a darkness where the light of her eyes ought to have been. That night was one not easily to be forgotten.

But now, seven years later, all that was over for the most part; and he sought out a bit of rock which afforded him a kind of seat, and sat down and listened to the monotonous gurgling and rushing of the water. He was scarcely sorry now that all that had happened in the olden time. It was a kind of pretty picture mostly. Or rather it was a kind of well of romance and sentiment that he could dip into, when he pleased, for literary purposes. Nay, to tell the truth, had not this very journey been partly undertaken with some such purpose? It was like renewing one's youth to get into this realm of imagination again. That may have been the moral of his remarks to Master Frank about the increasing difficulty of finding out where the fairies were.

And yet, while he was thus convincing himself that he was a highly matter-of-fact person, and striving to regard that episode in his youthful life as something apart from him, and inclined to wonder what influence on his writing these occurrences and despairs and all the rest of it may have had, some foolish fondness for the by-gone days stole over him, and he would have been glad to know that Kitty was well, and looking pretty, and enjoying content. He had heard of her once or twice, but in the vaguest way. He did

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not know where she was living now. And indeed the only regret that possessed him at this moment was about the final portion of that vow that he and she had taken together. Why should there have been any hatred or revenge in these promises made by two young people who could know so little of what was before them? Kitty herself had begged of him to make it a love night. He remembered the imploring look of her eyes, the very tone of her voice (and how sweet and soft and musical that was!). "*Oh, Willie, not that*," she had said; "*let this be a love night!*" Did he wish "*grief to be a guest in her house, and sorrow to dwell in her house forever?*" Surely not.

Kitty had made his life very beautiful for a time. Supposing that he had never met her at all—in these early years? Could he ever have understood quite so well that nameless witchery that makes so much of the wonder and joy of human existence, and is the cause of so much of its misery? Could he have known quite so intimately what all the poets have been talking about, since ever Helen came to Ilion's towers, with "her young eyes still wounding where they looked"? He never would have known how keen the blue of the speedwell was, had not she and he together found it on those far uplands that now seemed to him as if they must have been very near the sky, so clear and vivid was the light over them. Poor Kitty! Did she ever sing now, 'Then farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour'? Had she ever come to Cork again, and climbed up to Audley Place, and thought of the old days? There was no reason why she should not have made such a pilgrimage; her husband was well off; Kitty would have a maid of her own now; and she used rather to like travelling about.

The night was just as still as that on which he and Kitty had come there; there was not a breath of wind stirring the bushes overhead; the only sound was the prattling of the streamlet in the silence.

"It sounds like laughing," he was thinking. "Perhaps it has listened to all the nonsense that has been talked by the different lovers who have come here; and it may have understood all the time, and gone on chuckling. It does sound as if it was laughing. To think of all the secrets it has heard; and the vows; and never a word of warning as to what it knew of the results. Is it malicious, or only sardonic—that chuckling down there? But it is better to make a joke of it. Everything gets laughed away in time."

All that by-gone period seemed far away, and beautiful in a fashion, now that the pain of parting with it was over. It had enriched his life; there were innumerable pictures he could conjure up—always with Kitty smiling and pleasant as the central figure; perhaps, too, it had given him a key to unlock some of the secrets and mysteries of existence. Was there any need to think harshly of poor Kitty, or to speak of betrayal or falsehood? We do not quarrel with the dead. She was as one dead to him; and the memory of her was not tragic, or even pathetic, but rather pretty, with a vague and poetical charm around it. It had been pathetic and tragic enough, and darkened with terror and pain and the wrestlings of despair; but now, when he thought of her, he saw a laughing and pleasant Kitty, rather inclined to be impertinent, and wandering carelessly in sweet woodland ways. It was never for Kitty to rise to the level of this other and beautiful nature that he knew; that was linked with his; that provoked his wonder and admiration the further that he saw of its nobleness and simplicity. No; Kitty was a charming little coquette; tender in a way; not without her good points; and a very fitting heroine for love verses in the *Cork Chronicle*.

And yet—and yet there was a kind of tremulousness about those pictures that rose before him; he could not quite coldly regard them, and ticket off their literary value; sometimes a trace of the nameless fascination and glamour of youth came wandering down through the years—a memory of something that he had seen in Kitty's eyes. Was it the night in the South Mall, the streets all swimming with mud and rain, the gas lamps shining golden on the pavements, these two under one umbrella, and Kitty suddenly turning her face to him? Or was it the Sunday morning up by the barracks, a spring morning, with the rooks cawing, and the air sweet, and Kitty, not knowing he was there, and going by him, and then raising the tear-filled eyes with astonishment and a quick glad light of love? Kitty had pretty eyes in that olden time, and a pretty voice too,

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whether she was laughing, or singing about the Bells of Shandon, or only teasing poor old Miss Patience.

He rose. To look over one's life in this way, however satisfied one may be with the existing result, is a sad kind of thing; and the stream down there in the semi-darkness seemed no longer chuckling and laughing at the follies and dreams of youth, but rather saying something of a farewell as it hurried away to the sea. "*Farewell—farewell.*" So lives pass to the unknown, and are forgotten.

He laid hold of one of the bushes, and clambered up into the moonlight again, and crossed the open space to the wall; then for a second he turned and glanced up and down the little valley that lay there so white and still. He was glad it had chanced to be so beautiful a night. This was a peaceful picture that he would carry away in his memory. In by-gone years he had looked forward to a solitary keeping of his tryst with a shuddering dread; but what was there to dread about it? It was a pretty place, and he had awakened some recollections that had a sort of half-pathetic poetic fancy about them. That was all. He wished he could paint the glen as it looked now; but he thought it would be difficult to convey the sense of solitude and remoteness that the perfect silence produced.

He mounted the wall, and leaped down into the road.

"Well, Master Frank," said he, lightly, "I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long. I almost think you'll want some supper when you get back."

But he found the boy standing up in the carriage, and looking wonderingly along the road behind them.

"Papa," said he, with an expression almost of alarm on his face, "did you see her? Did you see the lady?"

Fitzgerald stopped for a moment: he was just about entering the carriage.

"What lady?" he said, in a perfectly calm voice.

"Didn't you see her? A lady in mourning," the boy said; and now he seemed to be more re-assured. "I don't know who she is. I don't know her; but she came up and spoke to me."

His father regarded him, apparently unable to say anything, his hand still grasping the door of the carriage.

"She said, 'Is your name Willie?' I said, 'No; my name is Frank.' Then she said, 'But it is Frank Fitzgerald, is it not?' I said, 'Yes.' Then she said, 'Will you let me kiss you?' And she was crying when she lifted her veil. And then she went away along the road back there."

Fitzgerald glanced along the road; there was no one visible. Then, with every appearance of composure, he stepped into the carriage, shut the door, and said, briefly,

"Home, Murtough."

"Papa," said the boy, presently, "who was she?"

"How can I tell? Don't bother me—not at present."

There was a strange look on his face as they drove on in silence. Frank remembered his mother's injunctions; when his father seemed disinclined for talking he could keep his mouth shut. And indeed they were near to Inisheen before Fitzgerald again spoke.

"Don't you see, Frankie," he said, carelessly, "it is the most natural thing in the world? Of course there are plenty of visitors always coming down from Cork to the sea-side—to the villas I showed you; and on such a beautiful night why should not any one go out for a walk? Or the lady who spoke to you may belong to some house in the neighborhood; there is a little village, Carrigha, not more than a quarter of a mile further on. Why, it's the simplest thing in the world. It is just the night for any one to come out for a stroll. But I am beginning to doubt whether there was any such person. You were thinking of the fairies, Frankie; wasn't that it?"

"Murtough saw her, papa."

"Oh, well; a visitor in the neighborhood, no doubt," he said, absently.

"But how did she know my name?" said the boy, still wondering.

"That's what she didn't know," said his father, though he seemed to be talking about one thing and thinking about another. "As for guessing at Fitzgerald, that is nothing. It is simple to make a guess like that. Every one about here is a Fitzgerald or a McCarthy. That is nothing. No doubt she belongs to Carrigha. What was she like, did you notice?"

He spoke with indifference, but did not look at the boy.

"N—no," the small lad said, doubtfully, "for she was crying, and—and I was frightened."

"But she kissed you?"

"Oh yes."

His father was silent for some time.

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"Perhaps the lady has lost a little boy of about your age," he said by-and-by.

"Perhaps that is it," Master Frank said, thoughtfully, "for she was dressed all in black."

Then they rattled through the streets of the little town, and drew up at the door of the hotel.

"Now, Master Frank," said his father, when they were both together in the sitting-room, "you must be up early to-morrow, for we have to drive all the way to Cappoquin, and we ought to be there as soon as Mr. Ross."

"To-morrow? So soon as that? I would like to have staid some days at Inisheen, papa," said Master Frank, wistfully.

"Why?"

"To see all the places you have told me about. I would like to have seen the cabin where Jerry the tailor's hawks are, and—and the place where the bull went into the bog; and mamma said I was to be sure to cut her a piece off the hawthorn-tree."

"What hawthorn-tree?"

"The one you used to climb up; and the branches spread out at the top; and you used to have a seat there, and a book, and no one could see you—"

"Do you know, Master Frank, that cutting memorial bits off trees and carving your name on window-shutters are amongst the most heinous of crimes? And it would be no use your remaining in Inisheen, and trying to see all these places, for you can't get about easily at present, poor chap. No; some other time we will have a longer stay here; and perhaps we will come over in the winter, and then you might go out with me for a night after the wild-duck: wouldn't that be fine?"

"Oh yes, papa."

"And meanwhile we must get away at once from Inisheen, so as not to keep Mr. Ross waiting at Cappoquin or Lismore. When I was at your age I could easily get ready to start by seven."

"Do you mean seven to-morrow morning, papa?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I will be ready by seven."

And still he lingered about the room, without saying good-night.

"Papa," said he at length, "when I told you about the lady, why did your face turn so white?"

His father was sitting at the fire, staring into it, and did not hear.

"Come and say good-night, my lad," he said, presently, "and I will call you at half past six if you are not up. You are sure you won't have any supper? Very well, good-night."

"But I was asking you, papa—"

"Asking me what?"

"Why did your face turn so white, when you were in the road, and I told you I had seen the lady?"

"Nonsense—nonsense! Your head has got filled with fancies to-night, my lad—you were too close to Elfinland, perhaps. Good-night; and don't dream of Don Fierna."

"Good-night, papa."

The next morning was again fine; and they had every prospect of a beautiful drive along the banks of the richly wooded river. And when Master Frank, seated in the landau, and having his sprained ankle carefully propped and cushioned, understood that he was to see something more of the Blackwater, he almost forgot his disappointment over missing the various places at Inisheen he had expected to visit.

"Of course, papa," said he, "you'll show me the very spot where you fell in and lost the salmon?"

"We shall go near there, anyway," said his father, as they started, and drove away through the town.

"And you'll show me the moor-hen's nest, won't you?"

"What moor-hen's nest?"—for indeed this boy's memory was wonderful.

"Don't you remember, papa, you told me about a moor-hen that had got a bit of wicker-work by chance, and had pieced it into her nest? I *should* like to see that."

"Bless the boy!—do you imagine that the nest is in existence yet? All these things that I have told you about happened years and years ago."

They were now away from the houses; and he rose in the carriage, and turned to have a last look at the place they were leaving. Inisheen looked fair enough in the early light. The shallow green waters of the bay, the boats by the quays, the Town Hall with its golden cock, and the terraced hill with its gardens were all shining in the morning sun; and far beyond the harbor the pale blue sea was broken here and there with sharp glints

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of white, for there was a fresh breeze blowing in from the south. When he sat down again there was an absent look on his face.

"That moor-hen's nest, Master Frankie," said he, regarding the thoughtful eyes of the boy, "belongs to a time long gone by; and things change. Poor lad, that is a lesson you will have to learn for yourself some day."

THE END.

A VISIT TO CETYWAYO.

I REMEMBER that, being in Berlin at the close of the Franco-German war, I declined going out to witness the triumphal return of the victorious Emperor to his capital with the remark that I would not cross the street merely to gaze upon any crowned head of Europe. But the case I am now to describe is quite a different one. The ruler of the Zulus does not belong to "the common herd of kings" whom one meets in Europe, and I was willing to take some trouble to see a chieftain the story of whose savage energy reads like a romance of the Middle Ages. The diversity of opinion on his character and merits among my fellow-passengers to the Cape gave a keener edge to my curiosity. "A blood-thirsty tyrant, who ought never to have been taken alive, sir! Should have been pistolled on the spot, sir; and had I been the officer who took him I would have done it! Has put five hundred girls to death in cold blood, sir!" This judgment was uttered by a tall and florid gentleman, whose air was suggestive of that school of English politics which believes in English supremacy; I was therefore prepared to hear a different view from men of more liberal tendencies. Another passenger explained that the five-hundred-girl story originated in the strictness of Zulu law, which punishes with death a failing that brings nothing worse than social banishment in civilized countries. Moreover, as illustrative of the intelligence of the captive king, when he was taxed with this cruelty, he retorted by inquiring whether it were not true that within quite recent times a crime so petty as stealing a sheep was punished with death in England, and whether they expected the Zulus to be kept in order without severer laws than were necessary for Englishmen. I also learned that the Zulus were far superior to other African races, and that whites lived amongst them with perfect security of life and property.

It was from these last statements that my ideas of Cetywayo were formed. It was reasonable to suppose that the ruler of the bravest and most intelligent nation of the Ethiopian race should be himself a man of more intelligence than his subjects, and able to state their cases before foreign courts. Of course it could not be expected that he had learned either to read or speak even the English language with ease and fluency. But my imagination depicted him as possessed of a modest collection of books on English history and law, which enabled him to beguile the weary hours of his captivity by spelling out the hard words, and getting his keepers to explain the difficult passages.

It was on a December afternoon that our party, armed with the necessary official permit, set out from the Cape Observatory to visit the king. The residence purchased by the British government for his accommodation was about four miles from Cape Town, on a slight eminence in the midst of a prairie, with scarcely a tree, house, or other object within half a mile. It was reached by a front path through the fields, along which a carriage could be driven when necessary. On approaching the place one of the first things to catch our eyes was three nearly naked men seated at their afternoon meal alongside one of the out-buildings. We fancied that the features of one of them bore some resemblance to the pictures of the king, and wondered whether we should be received by him in his native costume. They took no notice of us as we passed and went to the door of the house. Here we were met by an old steward with a frank face and long gray beard, to whom we handed our credentials. We were shown into a little room in a wing of the building, and told that he would ascertain whether the king would receive us. The walls of our waiting-room were adorned with a miscellaneous collection of pictures, mostly cut out from the illustrated newspapers. In one corner hung a copy of the regulations for the government of those in attendance upon the king, in which, among other things, it was prescribed that a diary should be kept. On a table in the centre of the room lay a book containing the required diary, and a visitors' book, in which we recorded our names. A fear of meddling

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restrained us from examining the diary, and gratifying our wonder what there could be of sufficient interest for a daily record. We were kept waiting long enough to make it clear that some state still surrounded the monarch, and that visitors must await his Majesty's pleasure. Meanwhile our obliging friend the Astronomer Royal of the Cape, who was leader of our party, began to clear away our illusions with the assurance that Cetywayo could not speak a word of English, and that all our communication with him must be through an interpreter.

The monotony of the stay was relieved by the entrance of a Zulu, who, in addition to the scanty garment which forms the only clothing of his native country, had donned a ragged coat, thus giving a ludicrous look to his naked legs. He held out his hand with the word "Chillink! chillink!"

It took little familiarity with an uncivilized race to know what this meant, and her Majesty's astronomer handed him the required coin.

"Can you speak English?" he inquired.

The only but sufficient answer was a vacant stare.

"Shilling! you know that, and that is all the English you know. Shilling!"

"Chillink!" he repeated, and slowly loitered away.

At length it was announced that the king was prepared to receive us. We followed our guide into the open air and to the front door of the house, which opened directly into one of the principal rooms. The floor and walls were rough and bare; on the left was a long row of brown wooden chairs, and on the right, facing them, sat Cetywayo, alongside a pile of wooden boxes reaching nearly to the ceiling, probably containing the personal effects which he was to transport to his native country. He shook hands with becoming gravity, and as he turned toward the rest of the party I took the opportunity to study his face. It was a purer and blacker negro face than I had anticipated, but entirely without the repulsive features of the Caffre and other tribes which supply laborers to the Cape Colony. Easy good-nature was the quality which seemed most strongly expressed, and there was a general air of frankness about the man which explained how he had made so favorable an impression on his captors.

He was attired in a threadbare suit of blue flannel, well fitted to exhibit a physical development which any man might envy. His shirt collar seemed to have been several days absent from the laundry, and one end had broken loose from its button. Perhaps this as much as anything emphasized the contrast between the impression made by the man and what I knew of his history, and made it hard to conceive that one was in the presence of a modern Attila, who was once the terror of both races through a large part of South Africa. Could this be the king who, when the superiority of civilized weapons was first made clear to him, gave his chief officer till the grass should grow knee-high to arm his troops with muskets, on pain of death or banishment?—this the man who, when a missionary preached hell fire to him laughed to scorn the idea of a fire which his soldiers could not quench, and made good his words by setting fire to a field of dry grass, and then sending a regiment into it who stamped it out with their naked feet?

As we had a little favor to ask, the Astronomer Royal, with diplomatic acuteness, opened the conversation upon an agreeable subject. The party had just paid a visit to the admiral of the South African station, and learned that he expected H.M.S. *Briton*, which was on her way down the west coast, to arrive at Cape Town in a few days, and supposed that she would be designated to convey Cetywayo to Natal without further delay. When this pleasing anticipation was conveyed through the interpreter, the royal reserve vanished in a moment. The king sprang from his seat, danced toward the door, pulled the interpreter after him, and pointed toward the ocean, visible in the distance, with ejaculations of eager anticipation. The interpreter pointed in another direction, and an animated colloquy ensued, ending by the king pulling and laughing at the interpreter in a way which plainly said, "Ah, you rascal, you have been trying to play me a prank!" The interpreter explained that the exciting subject was the direction from which the ship was to come, and that he had been caught pointing in a wrong direction.

This little ebullition still farther disarranged the royal shirt collar, the loose end of which now protruded so far as to make the air of dignity with which its owner resumed his seat simply ludicrous. The interpreter next suggested the comet as a possible subject of interest.

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"Would the comet excite fear among your people?" inquired the astronomer.

"No," was the reply. "My people look upon an appearance of that kind above as a sign of good fortune."

"One of the best signs of a healthy mental state you could have given," said I.

The use of the word "above" seemed suggestive of a simple trust in a superior power. So I inquired what religious ideas he entertained.

"None whatever," replied the interpreter. "He seems to have absolutely no religious feelings or beliefs."

"But what do the funeral ceremonies of the Zulus indicate?"

"They have no funeral ceremonies of any significance."

"Has he no idea of a Supreme Being?"

"Well, he sometimes refers in an unintelligible way to something he calls 'the great.' But it seems to be a mere word. I can't find that he associates any definite idea with it."

He was then told that his visitors were from America.

"We have heard of you in America," said I, thinking of that prince of Ashantee whose first question of a civilized visitor was whether they talked much about him in England.

"I have heard that America is a very large country, the other side of Europe," he replied.

Nothing in his countenance indicated that the subject of his renown in America excited any emotion whatever. The interpreter explained that the royal ideas of the figure of the earth were rather confused.

"Is it any use to tell him that these Americans have come here to measure the distance of the sun by the transit of Venus?" inquired the astronomer.

"I fear there is no way to give him an idea of great distance. Even in the Transvaal all the Boers can tell you of any considerable distance is that it is so many hours on horseback. But perhaps we might give him some idea by a railroad train, the speed of which he knows. How long would it be to the sun by rail?"

"Tell him that if the swiftest train were to set out to the sun with a baby, the baby would die an old man long before the train got to the sun."

When this was translated to him, his hands were raised in astonishment, and wonder was unmistakably depicted in his countenance. I looked for an expression of incredulity, but saw none. To tell him of the transit was hopeless. More than once we had been greeted by the intelligent inhabitants of the village where our observations had been made with the remark, "I hear you have come to see a star in the sun."

"What did he think of London? and what impression did the sight of its activity make upon him?"

"He was simply bewildered, sir; so struck with wonder he could not take in the relations of things."

"Let him tell us what he will say about London and England when he gets back to his people."

"The first year I am at home I shall say nothing at all about it. After I have been a year among my people I can begin now and then telling them what I saw, a little at a time."

"Did you see anything in London which you would like to introduce into your own country?"

"When I get back I shall want to build myself a few houses. But I shall not give up my old kraal. I should only like to have some houses besides."

The delicate point to which our diplomacy had been directed was now broached. Our host had been taught by one of the officers in charge of him to make the letters of his name, and for the only time in my life I was an autograph hunter. I drew out a cabinet photograph, told him I was going to take this picture back to the capital of America, and would like to have his name written at the bottom by himself.

This abrupt way of introducing the subject was about as undiplomatic as it well could be. The transaction of business at the brokers' board in New York and at the court of a barbarous prince are two very different things. "He says he doesn't think he can do it," says the interpreter. I returned expressions of persuasion, but with no apparent effect, and was about to give up the attempt.

"Wait awhile," said the interpreter. A few moments of silence ensued. Then the king spoke a few words, and reached out his hand for the picture. "Oh, he is going to do it," said the interpreter, and sent for pen and ink. The party crowded around as he slowly began to make the strokes. I drew back, with the remark that we might be embarrassing him.

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"Oh, he is not a bit nervous," said the interpreter. "In fact, I never saw anything like nervousness about him."

The pen was an old one, and in the unusually firm grasp which pressed it, sometimes shed all its ink at a stroke. Each time it did so an expression of dissatisfaction issued from its holder's lips. It was previously understood that perfect gravity was to be maintained throughout, but the youngest of the party could not restrain a whispered allusion to Samuel Weller. The laborious character of the process excused the hesitation with which it was undertaken, but it was continued steadily to the end. Here is the result:



As this work of art was nearing completion the beggar of "chillinks" entered.

"Who is this fellow?" I inquired.

"Why, he is one of his chiefs."

"And those two naked men sunning themselves alongside the barn?"

"All are his chiefs, who have been sharing his captivity."

Of course the modest private library had long before this shrunk out of sight, and gone past inquiring for. And yet I was not wholly prepared to hear that these men, instead of being hungry hangers-on, as I first supposed, were head men of the Zulu nation. But I recalled the fact that on the bank of the Mediterranean I once had an errand-boy who was punctilious of a princely title, and in whose veins perhaps flowed the blood of the caliphs.

"What do you think of Cetywayo now?" said the astronomer, as we walked back over the prairie.

"He is perhaps a little more of a savage than I supposed," was the reply. And yet I could not but feel that there was more in the savage character than we commonly suppose. The estimates of Cetywayo are certainly most contradictory. By some he is denounced as the embodiment of everything mean in human nature; by others he is lauded as a wonder of morality when measured by the savage standard. Amidst these contradictory views two features of his career stand out in undisputed prominence. One is that though an untutored barbarian, he organized a tribe of savages into an army whose discipline and whose efficiency in every detail won the admiration even of his enemies. The other is that during his captivity he has exhibited a moderation, a frankness, and a common-sense grasp of the situation which have secured the confidence of his captors, and led to the restoration of his kingdom.

IN THE BELFRY OF THE NIEUWE KERK.

(AMSTERDAM.)

Not a breath in the stifled, dingy street!
On the Stadhuis tiles the sun's strong glow
Lies like a kind of golden snow.
In the square one almost sees the heat.
The mottled tulips over there
By the open casement pant for air.
Grave, portly burghers, with their *vrouws*,
Go hat in hand to cool their brows.

But high in the fretted steeple, where
The sudden chimes burst forth and scare
The lazy rooks from the belfry beam,
And the ring-doves as they coo and dream
On flying-buttress or carven rose—
Up here, *mein Gott!* a tempest blows!—
Such a wind as bends the forest tree,
And rocks the great ships out at sea.

Plain simple folk, who come and go
On humble levels of life below,
Little dream of the gales that smite
Mortals dwelling upon the height!

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is a hundred years ago, on the 3d of April, that Washington Irving was born in the city of New York, and he is still its most famous son. The only New-Yorker who could dispute this claim is John Jay. But universal and honorable as is Jay's renown in his own country, the name of Irving is more familiar to the English-speaking race. It is the synonym of a sweet literary grace and harmless gayety of humor which retain their charm in the midst of new tastes and among powerful rivals. Irving no longer shares with Bryant and Cooper the glory of being the sole or chief representatives of American literature, but he is still and forever its kindly patriarch, the modest author who first modestly answered the truculent question, Who reads an American book? by offering to the world an American book which it was delighted to read.

That intrinsically modest air never disappeared either from the works or the character of the benign writer. In the height of his renown there was no kind of presumption or conceit in his simple and generous heart. Some time after his return from his long absence in Europe, and before Putnam became his publisher, he found some disinclination upon the part of publishers to issue new editions of his books, and he expressed with entire good-humor his belief that he had had his day; and meeting some years afterward, in Mr. Putnam's office, one of the youngest of literary beginners, he said, with a humorous twinkle in the eye and with the husky whispering voice which gave a proper flavor to every pleasantry, "We old fellows had the advantage of you young men, for we wrote without rivals."

Every literary man of Irving's time, whether old or young, had nothing but affectionate praise of his artless urbanity and exhaustless good-nature. These qualities are delightfully reflected in Thackeray's stories of him in the Roundabout Paper upon Irving and Macaulay —"the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time." He came to one of my lectures in Washington, Thackeray says, and the retiring President, Mr. Fillmore, and his successor, Mr. Pierce, were present—"Two kings of Brentford smelling at one rose," said Irving, with his good-humored smile. In his little bower of a home at Sunnyside he was always accessible. One English newspaper man came and introduced himself, and partook of luncheon with the family, and while the host fell into the little doze which was his habit, the wary Englishman took a swift inventory of everything in the house, and served up the description to the British public, including the nap of his entertainer. At another time Irving said, "Two persons came to me, and one held me in conversation while the other miscreant took my portrait."

Thackeray tells these little stories with admiring sympathy. His manly heart always grew tender over his fellow-authors who had no acrid drop in their sweet humor. Irving was the earliest of American satirists, but there is no sting in the laughter that he moves. He was the first of our humorists, but his humor is pure lymph. It is unmixed with malice, and although, as Warner states, even his friend Gulian Verplanck resented a little the fun of Knickerbocker, and some scions of the old Dutch stock of fair Mannahatta assumed to be indignant with his resistlessly droll portraiture of the fathers of New Amsterdam, Irving's own limpid good-nature dissolved the hard feeling, and left only the best understanding.

Sir Walter Scott, who recognized at once the power and the humor of *Knickerbocker's History*, felt its kindred with the great works of a similar genius in English literature—a stroke of Swift, a touch of Sterne. But a recent paper upon American literature in *Blackwood* holds that it is ludicrous to compare the mild humor of *Rip Van Winkle* with the "robustious fun" of Swift. This is a curious "derangement of epitaphs." Swift has wit, and satiric power, and burning invective, and ribaldry, and caustic, scornful humor; but fun, in any just sense, he has not. The airy grace and imaginative play of *Rip Van Winkle* are wholly beyond the reach of Swift. It is certainly true, as *Blackwood* remarks, that Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Pope, and "so many more" will not be replaced by "Mr. Washington Irving and Mr. Lowell." But it is equally true that the "Rape of the Lock" and the "Absalom and Achitophel" will not displace *Knickerbocker's History* and the *Biglow Papers*. Since Swift the *Blackwood* critic can not find in English literature political satire more trenchant, humorous, and effective than the *Biglow Papers*, and nothing in Swift more original.

Irving and the other chief American writers are not rivals of their associates in the literature of the language; they are worthy comrades. Pope and Dryden are not the peers of Shakespeare and Milton, but they are nevertheless Pope and Dryden, and their place is secure. The brows of Irving and Cooper, of Emerson and Hawthorne, do not crave the laurels of any other master. The perturbed spirit of *Blackwood* may rest in the confident assurance that no generous and intelligent student of our literature admires Gibbon less because he admires Macaulay, or Bacon, because he delights in Emerson, or denies the sting of Gulliver because he owns the charm of Knickerbocker. It is with good fame as with true love,

"That to divide is not to take away."

Knickerbocker's History was the work of a young man of twenty-six, who lived fifty years afterward with a constantly increasing fame,

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making many and admirable contributions to literature. But nothing that followed surpassed the joyous brilliancy and gay felicity of the earliest work. Appearing in the midst of the sober effusions of our Puritan literature, and of a grave and energetic life still engrossed with the subjugation of a continent and the establishment of a new nation, *Knickerbocker's History* was a remarkable work. To pass the vague and venerable traditions of the austere and heroic founders of the city through the alembic of a youth's hilarious creative humor, and turn them out in forms resistlessly grotesque, but with their identity unimpaired, was a stroke as daring as it was successful. The audacious Goth of the legend who plucked the Roman senator by the beard was not a more ruthless iconoclast than this son of New Amsterdam, who drew his civil ancestors from venerable obscurity by flooding them with the cheerful light of a blameless fun.

The skill and power with which this is done can be best appreciated by those who are most familiar with the history which the gleeful genius burlesques. Irving follows the actual story closely, and the characters that he develops faithfully, although with smiling caricature, are historical. Indeed, the fidelity is so absolute that the fiction is welded with the fact. The days of Dutch ascendency in New York are inextricably associated with this ludicrous narrative. The Wouter van Twiller, the Wilhelmus Kieft, the Peter Stuyvesant, who are familiarly and popularly known, are the figures drawn by Diedrich Knickerbocker. In a comical despair the historian Grahame, whose colonial history is still among the best, says of Knickerbocker, "If Sancho Panza had been a real Governor misrepresented by the wit of Cervantes, his future historian would have found it no easy matter to bespeak a grave attention to the annals of his administration."

Irving's position in literature is assured, although literary fashions will change, and critics will stoutly and ingeniously maintain their varying views of the quality and character of his genius. Horace Binney Wallace, one of his most careful American critics, denies him both imagination and humor, and finds him to be at once an extreme realist and caricaturist. Others hold him to be slenderly equipped for a long contest with the envious obscurity that forever threatens renown. Undoubtedly he is less read by this generation than by his own. But this is true of his chief contemporaries, Scott and Byron. Irving's exquisite literary art, the freshness and gayety and originality of *Knickerbocker*, the charming legends of the Hudson, the idyllic England of the *Sketch-Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*, the picturesque and poetic narrative of the *Columbus*, all touched by the nameless grace of a gentle, humane, refined, and healthy genius, secure to him as to Goldsmith a long and affectionate remembrance. His own aspiration, in the words which Willis oddly selected for the motto of his second volume, *Fugitive Poetry*, published in 1827, has been amply fulfilled: "If, however, I can by lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sadness if I can, now and then, penetrate the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good-humor with his fellow-beings and himself—surely, surely, I shall not then have written entirely in vain."

The portrait of Irving which adorns this number of the Magazine is taken from the picture painted by his friend Stuart Newton, ten years after the publication of the *Knickerbocker*, when Irving was thirty-six years old. It belonged to John Murray, the publisher, and shows the Irving of the *Sketch-Book* and the *Columbus*, the Irving of the sunny hour when Byron wrote to Moore that the American author's books were his delight, and the ever-generous Scott pleasantly told him, as Warner recalls,

> "Your name is up, and may go
> From Toledo to Madrid."

Irving's name has gone farther, and his native city may well reflect, on the centenary of his birth, upon the odd caprice of fortune which has made her most illustrious son the least representative of her character and interests.

MR. HOWELLS must be disposed to swear that he will never do another good-natured thing. Some months ago he wrote a paper upon Mr. Henry James, Jun., giving in a most friendly and pleasant manner his estimate of that gentleman's talent and work, and naturally expressing some views upon fictitious writing in general, with casual comments upon some famous story-tellers. The paper was written in the most quiet tone, but it has raised an uproar. Indeed, nothing that Mr. Howells has ever written has caused such commotion. He has been accused of depreciating plots in stories because he has no invention, and of decrying great names that he may exalt little men. He is charged with uttering a counterfeit theory of novel-writing to enrich his own reputation and that of Mr. James. In fact, these two excellent and inoffensive writers are represented as a pair of accomplished literary "cracksmen" who are bent upon breaking into the inner treasury of Fame, and carrying off her choicest prizes for themselves. The virulence of the assault upon Mr. Howells for writing the paper, and upon Mr. James for being written about, recalls the feeling with which a couple of clever, well-dressed, and high-mannered boys are sometimes regarded by the crowd of Dr. Birch's young friends.

The turmoil touches the ludicrous point in an article in the London *Quarterly Review*, which

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actually describes Mr. Howells's paper as a crafty puff of his friend James and himself. The *Quarterly* sneers at them as pretentious novelists advertising themselves energetically; and with a wholly unnecessary bitterness it girds at the "artificial mannerisms" and "tawdry smartness" of their tales, even stooping to speak of the "pretty portrait" published with Mr. Howells's paper, until the reader can not avoid the suspicion that some personal malevolence goads the writer to a tone as destitute of literary courtesy as it is of critical discrimination. It is surely a severe arraignment of the reading public of the two English-speaking countries to represent them as charmed with the works of a pair of feeble, dawdling, mutually admiring, coxcombical pretenders.

The views which Mr. Howells holds of literary art, of fiction, and of novel-writers may be sound or unsound, according to the reader's own opinions of those subjects. But they are the honest opinions of a man who by charming the literary taste of his time has gained the public ear, and they are expressed with perfect courtesy and refinement. They are neither disproved nor disturbed by a sneer that he is envious of Thackeray, and that he is a whipster striking at Walter Scott. When Mr. Howells says that the stories were all told long ago, and that now we wish mainly to know what the novelist thinks about persons and situations, he means to say, as we understand him, that analytic fiction is more agreeable to the literary taste of the time than descriptive fiction. This does not seem to be very wide of the truth. What is it but saying that the novel of adventure like Smollett's, and even the historical novel of Scott, are less to the public mind than the critical, observing, moralizing story of George Eliot and Thackeray? Mr. Howells says that we should not permit a writer nowadays to stop and preach as Thackeray does in his novels. But Thackeray good-humoredly chides himself for the practice, while, for our own part, we think it one of his delightful traits, and could no more spare the sermon than the text.

To represent Mr. Howells as decrying the great masters of his art is absurd. He is merely noting the changes of taste and the new stage of development, and he points out why, to an age which is introspective and analytical, a critical talent in fiction is not less attractive than a creative talent. The wrong done to Mr. Howells lies in regarding his paper upon Mr. James as a complete body of doctrine upon novel-writing, and the expression of his estimate of novel-writers. A critic may certainly characterize Homer and Dante and Chaucer, and contrast them with other poets, showing in what this one excelled, and why that one has fallen from favor, and how schools and standards of poetry have changed, without laying himself justly open to the condemnation of depreciation and jealousy. There is a spirit of the age recognizable in every literary epoch. Would a writer be tolerated by the readers of this Magazine who should write with the freedom of Fielding and Smollett and Sterne? How sweet and smiling is Irving's genius, but even the *Knickerbocker* chronicle could not be admitted to these pages without judicious excision.

The *Quarterly Review* reproaches Mr. Howells and Mr. James that their stories are not American in the sense that Brockden Brown's and Cooper's and Hawthorne's are American, but that they introduce us to Europeanized Americans, which adds nothing to the knowledge of American character. Apparently the *Quarterly Review* thinks a novel to be American if it deals with the prairie and the Indian, the Puritan, and the city of Washington. Certainly such a novel may be American, as the stories of Cooper and Hawthorne attest, but not necessarily, as Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming" proves. It has escaped the *Quarterly's* attention, perhaps, that nothing is more distinctively interesting in American life than the effect upon its development of European influence. Civilized America, as the *Quarterly* may remember, is in its origin, European. Its political traditions and institutions are in great part European. An American wit, without the fear of Mr. Freeman before his eyes, once remarked that America was a splendid exile for the Saxon race, and there is a filial yearning of the American heart and mind toward Europe, which is evident in many ways, and which is not repulsive in any aspect.

The pinchbeck imitations of foreign follies in this country, indeed, are as ludicrous as the sage assertion of Americans who admired the Second French Empire that things would never be in proper order here until a monarchy should be well established. But the Europeanized American, in whatever form he may be viewed, is as distinctive an American figure, and as legitimate a study for the satirist, the novelist, or the philosopher, as Billy Bowlegs, or Leather-stocking, or a party boss. Daisy Miller, on the other hand, although a mere sketch, a study, is quite as distinctively American as any heroine in Cooper's novels, while the women in Mr. Howells's stories, if not of the highest type of womanhood, are intrinsically Yankees.

Meanwhile that gentleman must be greatly amused by the commotion which his comments upon Mr. James and the literary taste of the age have produced. Neither of these gentlemen is likely to be diverted or perverted from his own course by loud denunciation of his canons of literary art or by caustic depreciation of his literary work. No men who write the English language to-day have a higher estimate of that art, or are more thoroughly and carefully trained in its exercise. In this they are like Hawthorne and Irving. But the abstract question of comparative genius is always a thankless one. Mr. Freeman insists that Americans are but Englishmen upon another continent, and *Blackwood*

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insists that if this be so, American literature is but a provincial English literature. The literary casuists may please themselves upon this point. The name will not change the fact. Hawthorne and Emerson, each in his kind, will still remain masters in the literature of their language.

An admirable actress said the other day that the audience in the theatre was probably little aware how much its conduct affected the performance. A listless, whispering, uneasy house makes a distracted and ineffective play. To an orator, or an actor, or an artist of any kind who appeals personally to the public, nothing is so fatal as indifference. In the original Wallack's Theatre, many years ago, the Easy Chair was one of a party in a stage-box during a fine performance of one of the plays in which the acting of the manager was most effective. It was a gay party, and with the carelessness of youth it made merry while the play went on. As the box was directly upon the stage, the merriment was a gross discourtesy, although unintentional, both to the actors and to the audience; and at last the old Wallack, still gayly playing his part, moved toward the box, and without turning his head, in a voice audible to the offenders, but not to the rest of the audience, politely reminded the thoughtless group that they were seriously disturbing the play. There was some indignation in the box, but the rebuke was courteous and richly deserved. Nothing is more unpardonable than such disturbance.

During this winter a gentleman at one of the theatres commented severely upon the loud talking of a party of ladies, which prevented his enjoyment of the play, and when the gentleman attending the ladies retorted warmly, the disturbed gentleman resorted to the wild justice of a blow. There was an altercation, a publication in the newspapers, and finally an apology and a reconciliation. But it is to be hoped that there was some good result from the incident. A waggish clergyman once saw a pompous clerical brother march quite to the head of the aisle of a crowded church to find a seat, with an air of expectation that all pew doors would fly open at his approach. But as every seat was full, and nobody stirred, the crest-fallen brother was obliged to retrace his steps. As he retreated by the pew, far down the aisle, where the clerical wag was sitting, that pleasant man leaned over the door, and greeted his comrade with the sententious whisper, "May it be sanctified to you, dear brother!" Every right-minded man will wish the same blessing to the rebuke of the loud-talking maids and youths in theatres and concert halls, whose conversation, however lively, is not the entertainment which their neighbors have come to hear.

Two or three winters ago the Easy Chair applauded the conduct of Mr. Thomas, who, at the head of his orchestra, was interrupted in the midst of a concert in Washington by the entry of a party, which advanced toward the front of the hall with much chattering and rustling, and seated themselves and continued the disturbance. The orchestra was in full career, but Thomas rapped sharply upon his stand, and brought the performance to an abrupt pause. Then turning to the audience, he said—and doubtless with evident and natural feeling—"I am afraid that the music interrupts the conversation." The remark was greeted with warm and general applause; and waiting until entire silence was restored, the conductor raised his baton again, and the performance ended without further interruption.

The Easy Chair improved the occasion to preach a short sermon upon bad manners in public places. But to its great surprise it was severely rebuked some time afterward by Cleopatra herself, who said, with some feeling, that she had two reasons for complaint. The first was that her ancient friend the Easy Chair should place her in the pillory of its public animadversion; and the other was that the Easy Chair should gravely defend such conduct as that of Mr. Thomas. No remonstrance could be more surprising and nothing more unexpected than that Cleopatra should differ in opinion upon such a point. To the personal aspect of the matter the Easy Chair could say only that it had never heard who the offenders were, and that it declined to believe that Cleopatra herself could ever be guilty of such conduct. Her Majesty then explained that she was not guilty. She was not of the party. But it was composed of friends of hers who seated themselves near her, and when the words of Mr. Thomas concentrated the gaze of the audience upon the disturbers of the peace, her Majesty, known to everybody, was supposed to be the ringleader of the *émeute*. The story at once flew abroad, upon the wings of those swift birds of prey—as she called them—the Washington correspondents, and she was mentioned by name as the chief offender.

It was not difficult to persuade the most placable of queens that the Easy Chair could not have intended a personal censure. But the Chair could not agree that Thomas's conduct was unjustifiable. Cleopatra urged that the conductor of an orchestra at a concert is not responsible for the behavior of the audience. An audience, she said, can take care of itself, and it is an unwarrantable impertinence for a conductor to arrest the performance because he is irritated by a noise of whispering voices or of slamming doors. "I saw you, Mr. Easy Chair," she said, "on the evening of Rachel's first performance in this country. What would you have thought if she had stopped short in the play—it was Corneille's *Les Horaces*, you remember—because she was annoyed by the rustling of the leaves of a thousand books of the play which the audience turned over at the same moment?"

The Easy Chair declined to step into the

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snare which was plainly set in its sight. It would not accept an illustration as an argument. The enjoyment at a concert, it contended, for which the audience has paid in advance, and to which it is entitled, depends upon conditions of silence and order which it can not itself maintain without serious disturbance. It may indeed cry "Hush!" and "Put him out!" but not only would that cry be of doubtful effect, but experience proves that a concert audience will not raise it. If the audience were left to itself, it would permit late arrivals, and all the disturbance of chatter and movement. To twist the line of Goldsmith, those who came to pray would be at the mercy of those who came to scoff; and such mercy is merciless. The conductor stands *in loco parentis*. He is the *advocatus angeli*. He does for the audience what it would not do for itself. He protects it against its own fatal good-nature. He insists that it shall receive what it has paid for, and he will deal with disturbers as they deserve. The audience, conscious of its own good-humored impotence, recognizes at once its protector, and gladly applauds him for doing for it what it has not the nerve to do for itself. No audience whose rights were defended as Thomas defended those of his Washington audience ever resented the defense.

"No," responded Cleopatra, briskly; "the same imbecility prevents."

"Very well; then such an audience plainly needs a strong and resolute leadership, and that is precisely what Thomas supplied. A crowd is always grateful to the man who will do what everybody in the crowd feels ought to be done, but what no individual is quite ready to undertake."

When Cleopatra said that an audience is quite competent to take care of itself, her remark was natural, for she instinctively conceived the audience as herself extended into a thousand persons. Such an audience would certainly be capable of dispensing with any mentor or guide. But when the Easy Chair asked her if she was annoyed by the chattering interruption which Thomas rebuked, she replied that of course she was annoyed. Yet when she was further asked if she cried "Hush!" or resorted to any means whatever to quell the disturbance, the royal lady could not help smiling as she answered, "I did not," and the Easy Chair retorted, "Yet an audience is capable of protecting itself!"

Meanwhile, whatever the conductor or the audience may or may not do, nothing is more vulgar than audible conversation, or any other kind of disturbance, during a concert. Sometimes it may be mere thoughtlessness; sometimes boorishness, the want of the fine instinct which avoids occasioning any annoyance; but usually it is due to a desire to attract attention, and to affect superiority to the common interest. It is, indeed, mere coarse ostentation, like wearing diamonds at a hotel table or a purple velvet train in the street. If the audience had the courage which Cleopatra attributed to it, that part which was annoyed by the barbarians who chatter and disturb would at once suppress the annoyance by an emphatic and unmistakable hiss. If this were the practice in public assemblies, such incidents as that at the Washington concert would be unknown. Until it is the practice, even were Cleopatra's self the offender, every self-respecting conductor who has a proper sense of his duties to the audience will do with its sincere approval what Mr. Thomas did.

IN Josiah Quincy's *Figures of the Past*, a delightful book of recollections of men and manners for more than half a century, there are some admirable glimpses of old John Adams. Mr. Quincy himself, the son of President Quincy and the grandson of Quincy of the early Revolution, was a man of charming accomplishments and of the high courtesy which is supposed to have characterized the "old school." That school is naturally a jest with its successor, because of a noble if somewhat too stately deference to the gentle sex, of which small trace is to be found in the free and easy nonchalance of a later day. The dignified politeness of a chevalier who was always a little upon dress parade in the presence of ladies is, however, quite as agreeable to the ideal of a gentleman as the slouch of his successor, with his hands thrust into his pockets, and puffing a cigarette. The "old school" was the school of a polished address and a careful appearance, with an intelligence and wit and gayety of conversation which do not always distinguish the new school. In an entertaining book published fifty years ago, called *Familiar Letters upon Public Characters and Events*, by William Sullivan, a townsman of Mr. Quincy and a gentleman of a still older school, there is a graphic description of Alexander Hamilton as he appeared in society at the beginning of the century. The portrait may be commended to young Cigarette as a figure not less worthy of his attention and emulation than the London club lounger of to-day.

Mr. Quincy, however, was born only at the end of Hamilton's career, and his reminiscences are of a later generation. But we mention especially the glimpses of old John Adams because it is the fashion rather to depreciate that great figure in our history. He was one of the true builders of the state. Old John Howland, of Providence, who was born in 1757, says, in his autobiography: "I remember, some years after I set up in business [as a barber], hearing Daniel Lawrence ask Governor Hopkins in my shop which of the Adamses he considered the greatest. To this the Governor replied, 'John Adams is the greatest man in the country to build up a government, and Samuel Adams is the strongest man to pull one down.'" No statesman of his time read the probable course of our political history so surely, and his

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correspondence with Roger Sherman upon the constitutional blending of the President and the Senate in appointments is a remarkable illustration of shrewd prescience.

The three men among the fathers who may be classed together intellectually are John Adams, Hamilton, and Jefferson. But of the three, John Adams's character was the best type of the qualities of the race which has developed political liberty. Hamilton was skeptical of the republican system, to which, however, he more than any other man gave practical impulse upon the organization of the new government. Jefferson was what would now be called a sentimentalist and doctrinaire, with a French rather than an English view of popular government. But John Adams conceived free institutions with the English instinct, and his love of circumstance and his pomp of manner no more affected his firm faith and his clear insight than the same tastes affected Chatham's eloquence. The foundation of moral principle was stronger with him than with either of his peers, and that highest courage in a statesman, the ability to stand alone, was one of his great qualities, from the moment that the young lawyer volunteered to defend the British soldiers of the Boston massacre to the hour when the President broke with the Federal party. A strong, sound, masculine intellect, a supreme moral sense and fidelity, extraordinary political sagacity, inflexible courage and independence, and vast experience—these were his qualities. Yet there is a common view that he was merely a fussy, choleric little man, a kind of Sir Anthony Absolute in American politics.

But you will admit, said a great party leader to the Easy Chair, not long ago, that he was not a great party leader. Neither father nor son attracted men and swayed them. They were eccentric politicians.

The reply is that the Adamses were patriots before all, and in a strict sense a great patriot can not be a great party leader. The Adamses share that distinction with Washington. They looked first at the interest of the country, and they were not victims of the sophistry that the interests of a party are always and necessarily those of the country. The old cry, "My country, may she be always right, but right or wrong, my country," is a cry of which the real nature is shown by its parody, "My party, may it be always right, but right or wrong, my party." The political conscience and courage of the Adamses were as conspicuous as their remarkable ability.

Mr. Quincy was their hereditary friend as well as neighbor, and it is delightful to catch characteristic glimpses of the old President in the midst of the brilliant and interesting company that crowds his charming page.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE character of Heinrich Heine, as undesignedly drawn by Mr. William Stigand in his *Life, Work, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine*,[1] is not an engaging or invigorating one. Conceited, cynical, moody, and malicious; irritable, and habitually nursing his irritability to keep it warm; brooding over petty infelicities, many of which were of his own creation; morbid in his dislikes and rancorous in his resentments; lacking the generous and unselfish ardor which chastens and strengthens pure love and kindles patriotism into a holy flame; and beset by many of the weaknesses of Byron, to whom he has been likened by some of his admirers, without the counterbalance of Byron's iron will and fierce strength—there was little in Heine's personal characteristics to enforce admiration. Born a German, he had no consuming love of country, no pride in his native land; and for purely personal and interested ends he transferred his sympathies and affections to her great rival, France. Born a Jew, and at the outset a Jew from conviction, an enthusiastic advocate of the civil and social equality of his co-religionists, and an impassioned eulogist of the grandeur of their intellectual and moral faculties, he became a Christian—not because he recanted his Jewish faith or believed in the faith that he adopted, but merely that he might enjoy social, professional, and political privileges and advantages that were denied to Jews in Germany. Of course such an apostasy brought in its train the usual fruits of religious treason, and for nearly all the years of his prime he was a skeptic or a pagan, giving, it is true, the homage of his intellectual worship to the sublime recitals of the Old Testament Scriptures and to the wondrously touching story of the New Testament, but his worship was merely the æsthetic tribute of an artist, and was extended in an equal degree to the productions of the poets and artists of ancient Greece. Heine had no great vices, neither had he any sturdy virtues. If he would do no one a wrong, he would sacrifice only what he could conveniently dispense with for any one, no matter how near to him by ties of blood or friendship. He was not so much actively bad as negatively selfish and cold-hearted. If his character, as we have derived it from Mr. Stigand's limnings, seems deficient in the nobler qualities, so his poetry, as translated by the same hand, does not exhibit any excellences. Always graceful, musical, abounding in felicitous word-paintings, and laden with subtle or delicate fancies, and—as where it pictures natural objects, or

[1] *The Life, Work, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine.* By William Stigand. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 402 and 441. New York: J. W. Bouton.

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transfuses simple folk or legendary lore into rippling verse, or gives voice to the plaints of sensuous passion—often sparkling with brilliant jets of true poetry, yet it must still be said that generally his poesy is weird and artificial, that it is seldom spontaneous or imaginative in the highest sense, and that it is more often dependent for its effects upon its ingenious conceits and similes, and its novel or far-fetched turns of thought and expression, than upon any real feeling or genuine emotion it displays. On the whole, Heine appears to the best advantage as a literary and historical critic. In this sphere, however capricious and paradoxical some of his opinions and verdicts may seem, he was really great. The very defects of his character—his cynicism, his irritable susceptibility, his supersensitive artistic and æsthetic tastes—joined to the phenomenal acuteness of his perceptive and intellectual powers, and re-enforced by the inexhaustible vocabulary of keen and polished words and epithets that he used with preternatural dexterity, contributed to make him one of the ablest, boldest, and most subtle critics of modern times. And although much of his criticism is of the iconoclastic kind, much more of it is eminently constructive, and is luminous with fine interpretations and analyses of the beautiful in history and art. Heine's principal prose writings were essentially critical, whether avowedly so, or professedly historical, philosophical, or literary. And one of the most celebrated of these, *The Romantic School*,[2] is now placed within reach of English readers in an excellent translation by Mr. S. L. Fleishman. In this brilliant essay Heine deals with the German revolt against classicism in the eighteenth century, which culminated in the resuscitation of the Romantic poetry of the Middle Ages, as it had manifested itself in the poems, paintings, and sculptures, in the life and art, of those times. And although he himself was formed in the Romantic school, and largely partook of its characteristics, he directs with powerful effect all his ample resources of wit, humor, raillery, sarcasm, and mockery against the system and the chiefs who originated and perpetuated it. In the course of a masterly critical and historical review of the Romantic movement he traces in graphic outline the history of German literature from the "Nibelungen Lied" to his own day, and embodies, with many acute and vigorous thoughts on art, more particularly on the art of the Middle Ages as exemplifying the mind and character of the times, a vivid account of the dawn of the renaissance of art and poetry, and a series of masterly biographical sketches of the great Germans—Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Jean Paul, Voss, Schiller, the Schlegels, Bürger, and others—who participated in it, and assigns them their place in the literature of the country.

[2] *The Romantic School.* By HEINRICH HEINE. Translated by S. L. FLEISHMAN. 16mo, pp. 273. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

AT length the history of our colonial period is engaging, as it deserves, the attention of capable writers both in this country and in England. Within the last forty or fifty years the Legislatures of several of the "Old Thirteen" have exhibited a commendable enterprise in exhuming the contemporaneous documentary evidences of the history of that period from their hiding-places beneath piles of accumulated rubbish in out-of-the-way corners, where our early archives were too often carelessly thrown, and in rescuing others from the keeping of private collectors in America and England; and they have republished many invaluable records which throw light, not only on the minute occurrences of the times, but on the general sweep of events, and the march of social, political, and intellectual forces. Some of the most important documents relative to the colonial period have also found safe resting-place in the great libraries, and especially in the Public Record Office of Great Britain, and the diligent researches of historical scholars have put us in possession of many valuable reprints, and have made the contents of all these collections comparatively available by carefully prepared catalogues and bibliographical descriptions. It is only recently, however, under the inspiration of the example of Mr. Bancroft—whose account of the settlement and development of the colonies in the first and second volumes of his masterly history still remains marvellously full and exhaustive—of Mr. Brodhead of New York, Mr. W. A. Whitehead of New Jersey, and other local historians, that writers imbued with the true historical spirit have availed themselves of the large body of materials that have been made accessible, to produce records of the time worthy to be dignified by the name of history, and which shall take the place of the numerous scattered volumes of pamphlets, monographs, annals, and documentary collections on which we have hitherto been forced to rely for a knowledge of the formative period of our country and its institutions. In a late number of this Magazine attention was invited to a thoughtful and able *résumé* of the colonial period by Mr. Eben Greenough Scott, exhibiting the origin and development of constitutional liberty in America. A series of admirable historical studies, exhaustively treating the political, social, domestic, and moral and intellectual life of the several colonies, by Mr. John Fiske, is also now in course of publication in this Magazine, having begun with the number for November last. Both of these deal with the subject broadly and philosophically, from the stand-point of Americans, but without any sacrifice of historical accuracy, or any suppression, or perversion, or undue heightening of the coloring of the facts, events, and tendencies of the period. Almost simultaneously English scholars are showing that they are equally sensible of the importance of cultivating this field of historical inquiry; and

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one of them, Mr. J. A. Doyle, of All-Souls College, Oxford, has made *The English Colonies in America*[3] the subject of an extensive and elaborate work, in which he treats their history from the point of view of a liberal Englishman, and more particularly for the information of Englishmen, but without any unfriendly prepossessions, and with substantial accuracy and fairness. Having in mind that his readers will be chiefly among his own countrymen, he occupies much ground with which Americans are already familiar, particularly that which relates to the period of the discovery, the character, habits, qualities, and institutions of the aborigines, and the geographical and climatic features of the territory now comprised in the United States. His work is less philosophical than the works of Mr. Scott and Mr. Fiske, and although proceeding upon the same general lines, and in most material points arriving at similar deductions, it is less minute in its details and less vigorous and acute in its general treatment. The volume, after the preliminary view to which we have adverted as being very familiar to American readers, is confined to a sketch respectively of Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas during the colonial times, and is intended as an installment toward a complete history of all the colonies, it being Mr. Doyle's purpose to follow with a second volume, in which he will deal with the New England colonies down to the close of the seventeenth century, and with a third and final volume, which will include the remaining colonies, and the history of the entire group from the beginning of the seventeenth century down to the period of separation from the mother country. In one aspect the work is one of great value. Writing with the leisurely ease and expansiveness that are characteristic of most English historians, Mr. Doyle has it in his power to incorporate in his text and in his valuable notes and appendixes many important original documents and many interesting facts derived from the archives in the Public Record Office, which are not generally accessible, and are seldom given in full by our own writers, but which are essential to a minute knowledge of the period, and of the interior influences that were brought to bear upon it. His volume is an important contribution toward a more perfect knowledge of a stage in Anglo-Saxon history that is scarcely less interesting to Englishmen than to Americans.

NEARLY half a century ago the first volume was published of Mr. Bancroft's *History of the United States*,[4] since when it has assumed its just place among the standard works of the foremost modern historians. And now, with that reverent regard for his calling which almost amounts to a passion with the true and conscientious artist, his venerable age has been employed in supplementing and correcting the labors of his prime—in making extensive changes in the original text, in condensing in some places and enlarging in others, in revising here and pruning there, and in embodying the results of the latest researches, so as to make the great work of his life practically a new one. As originally published, the work was in twelve octavo volumes; but the present edition, of which the first volume, covering the period of the settlement and colonization, is now before us, will be completed in half that number of volumes, with the author's latest corrections. To offer a criticism of the work at this day would be merely an ostentatious display. The judgment of scholars has been pronounced, and the work is recognized as authoritative; and, subject to such limitations as must be associated with everything human, it is likely to remain so. The changes the author has made in his text, resulting from the opening of new sources of knowledge, from a more highly disciplined judgment, and from a maturer and riper experience, and the principles by which he was governed in making them, are stated with such calm and comprehensive perspicuity, in the preface to the new edition, as to give the reader the best possible idea of their scope and value. "In this last revision," says Mr. Bancroft, "as in the first composition, it is the fixed purpose to secure perfect accuracy in the relation of facts, even to their details and their coloring, and to keep truth clear from the clouds, however brilliant, of conjecture and tradition. No well-founded criticism that has been seen, whether made here or abroad, with a good will or a bad one, has been neglected . . . . Repetitions and redundancies have been removed; greater precision has been sought for; the fitter word that offered itself has been accepted; and, without the surrender of the right of history to pronounce its opinion, care has been taken never unduly to forestall the judgment of the reader, but to leave events as they sweep onward to speak their own condemnation or praise."

PROFESSOR FRANÇOIS LENORMANT, who fills the chair of Archæology in the National Library of France, has earned an exalted reputation among scholars of the most opposite schools by the extent and importance of his researches in classical antiquities and the Oriental languages. His profound learning and great natural abilities are re-enforced by great quickness and general soundness of judgment, and his veracity and candor command universal respect. A distinguished Assyriologist, an indefatigable traveller, a successful excavator and decipherer, and the author of numerous highly esteemed historical, linguistic, and scientific works, Professor Lenormant inherited

[3] *The English Colonies in America: Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas.* By J. A. DOYLE. 8vo, pp. 420. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[4] *History of the United States of America from the Discovery of the Continent.* By GEORGE BANCROFT. The Author's Last Revision. Volume I. 8vo, pp. 619. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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from his father, who was also an accomplished student and professor of archæology, the bias for scientific investigation to which his whole life has been devoted; and doubtless it is to this early training, and the resultant familiarity of the boy with the technical methods of the art of scientific investigation, that much of the almost intuitional readiness and penetration of the ripe scholar may be ascribed, together with his marvellous rapidity and expertness in unlocking linguistic secrets and in interpreting difficult archæological problems. The latest, and in the opinion of eminent specialists the most mature, work of this distinguished scholar is a volume entitled *The Beginnings of History, According to the Bible and the Traditions of Oriental Peoples*,[5] which is a full collation of the most unique and interesting records and legends of ancient peoples, from the creation to the deluge, bearing upon the sources and composition of the Sacred Text. Professor Lenormant approaches his investigations of this delicate and absorbing subject in the spirit of a devout Christian; and he takes pains all the more emphatically to announce his belief in the inspiration of the Bible because he is conscious that this belief may be a cause for reprobation with many modern scholars. At the same time he no less emphatically claims for himself the right of untrammelled critical freedom. His faith, he declares, rests upon too solid a foundation to be timid, and he announces that if he should happen in the course of his researches to encounter an apparent antinomy between science and religion, he should not for a moment dream of understating or concealing it, but should boldly put forth the two contrary statements, in the confidence that a day will come when they will attain a complete harmony. But he adds, in all sincerity, that he has never yet come face to face with a genuine conflict between science and religion in which the latter has been a real sufferer. This assurance, however, is robbed of much of its effect when we say that while Professor Lenormant believes firmly in the inspiration of the Sacred Books, and subscribes with entire submission to the doctrinal decisions of the Church in this respect, he at the same time holds that these decisions extend inspiration only to that which concerns religion as touching faith and practice, or in other words solely to the supernatural teachings contained in the Scriptures; and that in other matters the human character of those who wrote them is fully evident, that each one has put his personal mark upon the style of his book, and that where the physical sciences were concerned they did not have exceptional light, but followed the common and even prejudiced opinion of the age in which they lived. Further, it is his conviction that when the question comes up of deciding upon the character of the Bible records, upon the interpretation to be accorded to them from the historical stand-point, upon their degree of originality, upon the manner in which they were connected with the traditions found among other contemporaneous peoples, and upon the date and mode of their composition, then scientific criticism may exercise all its rights, and is justified in freely approaching these various questions and in taking its position on the grounds of pure science, which demands the consideration of the Bible under the same conditions as any other ancient book, examining it from the same stand-point, and subjecting it to the same critical methods. Practically applying these tests and conditions, Professor Lenormant does not believe it possible to continue to hold the opinion that has prevailed as to the *unity of composition* of the books of the Pentateuch, and very frankly avows his conviction as a scholar that the century of external and internal criticism of their text has led to positive results to the contrary, which he has not accepted without demur, though he has been finally compelled to yield to the evidence. He also holds as fully demonstrated the distinction between the two fundamental documents, the Elohist and the Jehovist, which in his judgment served as sources to the final editor of the first four books of the Pentateuch, who has done little more than establish a sort of concordance between the two, while leaving their redaction intact. As to the date to be assigned to the composition of these two original texts, and their final combination in a single book, he decides that no substantial result has yet been reached, none of the systems which have assumed to determine this point presenting sufficiently decisive marks of demonstration to authorize their adoption—leaving the question still undecided, except that it is almost settled, contrary to long-received opinion, that the Jehovist text, whatever may be its date, is considerably older than the Elohist, and actually represents the very earliest book relating to the beginnings of Israel, its exodus from Egypt, and its sojourn in the desert. In his opinion—and to the elucidation of this the volume before us specifically tends—the first chapters of Genesis are to be regarded, not as an account dictated by God Himself, the possession of which was the exclusive privilege of the chosen people, but as a tradition whose origin is lost in the night of the remotest ages, which all the great nations of Western Asia possessed in common, but with some variations, and that they represent, for the most part, selections from the stock of Shemitic traditions that were held in common by the Hebrews, the Babylonians, the Phœnicians, and their kin, but cleansed of their impurities, purged of the exuberant polytheism which encumbers

[5] *The Beginnings of History, According to the Bible and the Traditions of Oriental Peoples.* From the Creation to the Deluge. By FRANCOIS LENORMANT. With an Introduction by Professor FRANCIS BROWN, of the Union Theological Seminary of New York. 8vo, pp. 588. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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them, charged with the severest monotheism, and transformed into fit vehicles for spiritual instruction by the Divine Spirit, under whose influence the Hebrew writers stood. While Professor Lenormant's conclusions will not be generally accepted by orthodox Biblical scholars, his full presentation and masterly grouping of historical and literary facts, the reverent spirit that animates his investigations, the opportunity he affords for the formation of just opinions, and the great mass of information that he has accumulated in relation to the early traditions of primitive peoples, will be recognized as of great value and importance. The volume opens with the Biblical account of the Creation, of the Creation of Man and Woman, of the First Sin, of Cain and Abel and the Race of Cain, of the Race of Seth, of the Children of God and the Children of Man, of the Deluge, of the Curse of Canaan, of the Peoples descended from Noah, of the Tower of Babel, and of the Origin and Migration of the Terahites, as presented severally in the Jehovist and Elohist texts, and these are followed by a series of exhaustive comparative studies of the Biblical account and of the parallel traditions bearing upon each of these topics, illustrating the supposed indebtedness of the Bible narrative to the traditions of the surrounding nations, or rather the manner in which the Hebrew writers adapted and incorporated those traditions into their inspired account. These studies are assisted by a large body of valuable material gathered together in an appendix, giving synopses of the cosmogonical accounts of the Chaldeans, Babylonians, Assyrians, and Phœnicians, and reproducing fragments of the cosmogony of Pherecydes, an account of the antediluvian divine revelations among the Chaldeans, an abstract of the classic texts relating to the astronomical system of the Chaldeans, the tables of the Chaldeo-Assyrian calendar and other Semitic calendars, and the Chaldean account of the Deluge—the latter being a transcription of the text with an interlinear translation.

IN his new volume, *Pearls of the Faith*,[6] Mr. Edwin Arnold has less opportunity to display his rich and sustained imaginative power than was afforded by his powerful continuous poem, *The Light of Asia*. Comprising nearly a hundred poems, which are disconnected, or held together by a slight thread of association only, each is admirable in its kind and complete in itself; but the topical variety of the themes, their brevity, and their lack of prevailing unity, are not propitious to the display of lofty or prolonged poetical effects, and rob them of the strong epical interest that pervaded *The Light of Asia*. As Mr. Arnold informs the reader, these poems were suggested by the custom of many pious Muslims to employ in their devotions a three-strung chaplet, each of whose strings contained thirty-three beads, each bead representing one of the ninety-nine beautiful names applied to Allah; and further, that in obedience to the injunction of the Korân to "celebrate Allah with an abundant celebration," on certain occasions, such as during the intervals of the Tarâwih night service in Ramadhân, the faithful pass these ninety-nine beads of the rosary through their fingers, at the same time repeating with each of the "beautiful names" an ejaculation of praise and worship. Mr. Arnold rehearses these ninety-nine "names," and makes each of them the text of an appended poem, in which he embodies, from the point of view of an Indian Muhammedan, some legend, tradition, record, or comment, drawn from diverse Oriental sources, illustrative of the attributes of Allah; and he occasionally introduces a versified paraphrase from the Korân itself of any particular passage that contains the Sacred Title, or Name, or that casts light upon it. Thus the entire body of poems in the volume forms an imaginary poetical rosary, on which are strung together the separate "beads" or "pearls" of the Muhammedan faith, represented by the distinct poems. All of these, while poetic in form and spirit, have a specific didactic purpose. This purpose, as frankly revealed by Mr. Arnold—whose admiration for the sacred books of the Hindoos and Muhammedans is scarcely, if at all, inferior to his admiration for the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures—is to present the "spirit of Islâm under a new and not unacceptable form, since almost every religious idea of the Korân comes up in the long catalogue of attributives which are rehearsed in the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah" that form the themes of the poems. The Korân, in his opinion, must be replete with interest for Christendom, because "if Islâm was born in the desert, with Arab Sabæanism for its mother and Judaism for its father, its foster-nurse was Eastern Christianity," and besides, because "Muhammed's attitude toward Christ, and toward the religion which bears His name, is ever one of profound reverence and grateful recognition." Moreover, Mr. Arnold considers that the differences between the Christian and the Muhammedan creed are not as great as their similitudes, especially as to the unity, and the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness of God, the oneness of the origin, government, and life of the universe, and the resignation of His people to His will; and he earnestly states his conviction that Islâm must be conciliated, that it can not be thrust scornfully aside or rooted out, and that it shares the task of the education of the world with its sister religions, and will eventually contribute its portion to

> "that far-off divine event
> Toward which the whole creation moves."

As has been already indicated, the method pursued by Mr. Arnold in presenting the spirit of

[6] *Pearls of the Faith; or, Islam's Rosary.* Being the Ninety-nine Beautiful Names of Allah. By EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I. 16mo, pp. 319. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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Islâm is to take in succession the ninety-nine names of Allah, as represented by the various appellatives epitomizing his attributes—as, for instance, "The Merciful," "The Compassionate," "The King of Kings," "The Help in Peril," "The All-Compelling," "The Creator," "The Bestower," "The Provider," "The All-Knower," "The Uncloser," "The All-Seeing," "The Hearer of Prayer," "The Loving," "The Self-Subsisting," etc.—and under each of them to give a poetic version of some Muhammedan or Oriental legend, story, tradition, vision, parable, or psalm, describing Allah's dealings with men and with good and evil angels, and illustrative of the particular attribute which is epitomized in the appellative that forms the text of the poem. Some of these poems have all the marks of originality that any poem could have whose frame-work of incident is derivative, and all are richly laden with Oriental imagery and modes of thought, revealing the commixture of the pure and the base, the spiritual and the sensual, the lofty and the ignoble, that characterizes the religion of Muhammed even where it is at its best. So little obtrusive is the didactic purpose of the poems that the reader will be scarcely conscious of it, and in no wise will it diminish his enjoyment of them for their poetry solely. This volume concludes the Oriental trilogy which Mr. Arnold has essayed to celebrate in his several volumes of poems. In his *Indian Song of Songs* he sought to transfer to English poetry a Sanskrit idyl of the Hindu theology. In his *Light of Asia* he related the story and displayed the gentle and far-reaching doctrines of the great Hindu prince who founded Buddhism. And in *Pearls of the Faith* he has attempted to present in the simple, familiar, and credulous, but earnest, spirit and manner of Islâm—and from its own point of view—some of the finer thoughts and purer beliefs of the followers of the great pseudo-prophet of Arabia.

If philosophical and scientific subjects have been seldom happily wedded to poetry, it is not because of any intrinsic incompatibility between science and poetry, or of the inability of the language of poetry to give expression to scientific facts, thoughts, and hypotheses; but rather because, on the one hand, philosophers and men of science have rarely been poets, or able even to deliver themselves poetically, and on the other, because when the union has been attempted, it was by indifferent poets, whose imagination was too feeble to lift them out of the atmosphere of prose, and whose taste and artistic skill were inferior to their learning. That this intrinsic incompatibility has no real existence has been abundantly shown by some noble examples among the elder Greek poets, and was notably illustrated in the case of the *De Rerum Natura* of the great Roman poet Lucretius, where the language of poetry was so accommodated to the terms of physical and metaphysical science as to avoid the pedantry as well as the abstruseness and obscurity of technical terminology, and where the most intractable philosophical materials have been treated practically, and illuminated by grand and picturesque descriptions, and by imagery of great splendor and beauty. In our tongue also, notwithstanding such dry and forbidding productions of the poets of the metaphysical and philosophical school as Hawes's *Pastime of Pleasure*, Lord Brooke's (Fulke Greville) *Treatise on Humane Learning*, Sir John Davies's poem *On the Immortality of the Soul*, and Erasmus Darwin's *Zoonomia* and *The Temple of Nature*, there have been conspicuous examples of similar excellence where the art and genius of the poet have transmuted the dry facts and stubbornly prosaic teachings of science and philosophy into the "gem serene" of true poesy—as, for instance, in portions of Chaucer's *House of Fame*, in the two splendid cantos "Of Mutability" attached by Spenser to his *Faerie Queene*, and in parts of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and of Wordsworth's *Excursion*. But perhaps nowhere in our literature or elsewhere is a finer instance to be found of this alchemic power of poetic genius to harmoniously blend philosophy and poetry in a few lines, so that no violence is suffered by either, while each enhances the effects of the other, than in Dryden's admirable epitome of the atomic theory of the structure of the world and the origin of man in the opening strophe of his magnificent ode, *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*. It is no mere conventional compliment to say that one of the finest poems of this class that has come within the range of our reading is the production of a contemporary and fellow-countryman of whose previous writings, if indeed there have been any, we are ignorant. *Monte Rosa*,[1] by Mr. Starr H. Nichols, is in truth an *epic* of an Alp, in which the facts and theories of science as to the operation of the forces of nature in producing and giving shape to one of the "everlasting hills" of the Pennine Alps are clothed by the versatile fancy and vivid imagination of the author in the flowing robes of poesy, and their whole circumambient air, to filch a phrase from Longfellow's *Hyperion*, "is painted with the seven listed colors as from the trail of pencils." With literal fidelity, but yet with absolute freedom from abstruseness or technicality, Mr. Nichols follows the revelations of science as to the effect of heat and cold, sunshine and storm, frost and snow, wind and cloud, rain and dew, glacier and mountain stream, upon the configuration of the Alps, and in the formation of their awful chasms and stupendous precipices; and he reproduces the sublimities and beauties of Nature in a succession of pictures of rare power and delicacy, and so vividly and withal so dramatically describes the processes of the myriad centuries that they seem to occupy a mere

[1] *Monte Rosa.* The Epic of an Alp. By Starr H. Nichols. 16mo, pp. 148. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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point of time. We should, however, convey an erroneous impression of this fine poem if we left it to be inferred that it is exclusively a poetic transcript of the scientific facts in the physical history of the primordial formation and evolution of a mountain of the Alpine type. Successfully as this has been done by Mr. Nichols, he has blended with it a perception of the innumerable transporting sights and scenes that greet the eye of the visitant of to-day, from the sequestered village slumbering at the foot of a majestic Alp, from the vantage-ground of an inferior neighboring peak, from the duomo of some far-off city, and from various stages on its own broad bosom,

> "till he stand supreme
> On the sharp tip, a blunted needle's point,
> And zone the world with solitary gaze."

The poem is written in heroic blank verse, whose stately measure and resonant cadences are thoroughly in unison with the grand and sublime objects that are mirrored forth by the imagination of the poet; nor is it incapable in Mr. Nichols's skillful hands of those finer notes of almost Lydian softness, whose tones are fitted to scenes of engaging simplicity or of enchanting loveliness and beauty.

If the poems in Mr. Browning's new volume, *Agamemnon, La Saisaiz, and Dramatic Idyls,*[8] were destined to be read by those only who are able fully to comprehend them, the most of them would have an exceedingly limited circle of readers. But that they will not be subject to any such limitation is a legitimate inference from the reception that has been accorded to his previous poetical productions, which have been popular in proportion as they were inscrutable, and have been at least as widely read and as enthusiastically admired by those who were unable as by those who were able to fathom them. It can not be denied that Mr. Browning has a select body of hearty and appreciative admirers among highly cultivated readers, who accept his delphic utterances as poetic inspirations; but it is probably true that far the greater number of his most ardent worshippers is composed of those who are bewildered and yet attracted by his dark parables and hidden or remote meanings, who find a charm in his difficult enigmas and psychological or philosophical subtleties, who are profoundly impressed by his transcendentalism, who flounder most hopelessly through the mazes and eccentric mannerism of his ragged and parenthetical style, and who, in proportion as they are befogged and bewildered, fancy that these are the genuine marks and essential characteristics of poetical inspiration. The intellectual power and brilliancy of Mr. Browning, and the wise and profound thoughts and deep ethical moralizings that are present in all—even the most unequal and obscure—of his poetical efforts, are so manifest that they must be recognized by all but the most stolid; and if these were the chief essentials of poetry, he would indeed be a great poet. But while these ingredients are and must ever be present in some degree in all true poesy, they are not its distinctive characteristics, and are even more manifestly visible in the productions of historians, philosophers, orators, political economists, theologians, scientists, and metaphysicians than in the masterpieces of the great poets. The field of the poet is not so much that of the pure intellect as it is that of the fancy and the imagination. He creates, rather than reasons; pictures, relates, and describes, rather than analyzes or dissects; idealizes, rather than speculates; touches the emotions, awakens the sympathies, thrills the passions, appeals to the senses, exalts the feelings—in fine, moves and engages the heart through the medium of the fancy and imagination, rather than the brain through the medium of the intellect. And herein it is that Mr. Browning fails as a poet, however brilliant, or wise, or powerful, or original, he may be as a thinker; for while in these latest poems, as in the most of their predecessors, there are some charming poetical oases—occasional spots of rare beauty and verdure and freshness—they are not numerous, and often may only be reached after long and wearisome wanderings across wide stretches in which few flowers of poesy gladden the eye.—Some of the most intelligible and poetical of Mr. Browning's poems have been collected by Mr. Edward T. Mason in an elegant volume[9] consisting of selections from his lyrical and dramatic poems, and accompanied by the brilliant study of Browning which formed a part of Mr. Stedman's *Victorian Poets*. These selections present the poet at his best, both as an interpreter of nature and the human heart whom all can understand, and as a creative artist whose intense personality and fine dramatic gifts are not expended, as is too commonly the case in his productions, upon inscrutable abstractions and puzzling enigmas.

The days are gone by when Dr. Johnson could with fairness class "the writers of dictionaries" as pre-eminent among "unhappy mortals." Such men are no longer "the drudges that facilitate the progress of learning without sharing in its glory." Their work is not now a work in which "success is without applause, and diligence without reward." The modern learning is built up upon the modern dictionary. From the day when Adam Smith sat down to write his criticism of Samuel Johnson's mighty folio the progress of exact scholarship, the progress of modern philology toward the precision of true science, may

[8] *Agamemnon, La Saisaiz, and Dramatic Idyls.* By Robert Browning. 12mo, pp. 436. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[9] *Lyrical and Dramatic Poems.* Selected from the Works of Robert Browning. With an Extract from Stedman's Victorian Poets. Edited by Edward T. Mason. 16mo, pp. 275. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

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be measured by tracing the advances made in lexicography between that day in 1755 when Johnson's Dictionary first appeared in London, and that day in January, 1883, when the seventh edition of Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon,[10] "revised and augmented, with the co-operation of Professor Drisler, of Columbia College, New York," came forth simultaneously, on the two sides of the Atlantic, from the presses of the University of Oxford and of Harper and Brothers.

Of all the means by which we moderns come to the knowledge and to the appreciation of ancient languages and literatures, the well-wrought lexicon is the most precious. The men that give us such a work are worthy of all scholars' homage; the men that are capable of executing such a work, capable of bringing into exact expression and into lucid order all the scattered facts of language that the diligence of centuries has amassed—such men, far from being the drudges, are the leaders and champions of modern philology.

Such men have been at work for us in the preparation of the seventh edition of Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon. And this work is so well done that Greek learning, both in this country and in England, by the publication of this lexicon, escapes from many of its old hinderances, and enters upon a brighter time of growth. As compared, indeed, with the sixth edition (English), with its 1865 pages, this seventh edition is complete in 1776 pages. But the pages themselves are larger, and the noble volume is at once more shapely and more copious. Many articles, especially on difficult words that involve syntactical discussion, have been largely augmented in compass. Other articles, although not enlarged, have by better arrangement been made more precise and instructive. Old blunders have been removed; newly discovered truths have been inserted. The new edition incorporates the results of twenty-five years of specialized investigation in Greek philology.

Among the additions most conspicuous in value to the scholar is the incorporation of the forms of the Greek verbs as catalogued by Dr. Veitch, and of the scientific etymologies, so far as reasonably settled, of the Greek words as recognized by Dr. Georg Curtius. These additions to the separate articles will be deemed by all good teachers as incalculably precious. They not only widen and quicken the spread of truth, but they cut away the constant growth of error that came from the false and defective statements of the old editions. In Greek composition especially the old editions—even the sixth, by its defective display of inflection—were often a serious hinderance to sound teaching; but the new edition, wherein the articles have been tested, contains the true forms so presented and discriminated as to help the careful teacher. So too in comparative grammar, false etymologies no longer flout themselves on the pages of Liddell and Scott to break the effect of sounder teaching given in the class-room. The etymologies of the new edition will serve fairly well for some years to come as examples and confirmations of sound class-room teaching.

In respect of proper names, the omission of the great majority of them, even if unavoidable, is deeply to be regretted. For our own part, knowing the needs of the school and college, we wish, even at the cost of two or three hundred pages more, that all the proper names that occur in literature, exclusive of inscriptions, down at least to the close of the Attic period, had been put in. But as the edition now stands room is left for the publishing of a special dictionary of proper names, with the inflection of each, and the suggestive and amusing etymological interpretation.

The new edition reaches its climax of excellence in the points where lexicography touches syntax, especially in the classification of meanings and uses under all the important particles. In such articles the lexicon surpasses all previous work done in Greek lexicography. Even in length and compass of treatment, wherever syntax has to be developed, the lexicon is more copious than the last edition of the Thesaurus, and in method and value of syntactical discussion it rises far above all comparison with the Thesaurus or other dictionaries.

In such points as these, where nice perceptions of syntax are involved, and sharp expression of syntactical truth is desired, the co-operation of our American Hellenists has been immensely valuable. For the American mind, with its keen powers of analysis and classification, when turned to classical philology, works at its best in the sifting and arrangement and exploration of syntactical facts. The special merit of our best scholarship lies in the tracing of historical connection in syntax, and in the perception and expression of logical relations. These qualities of mind give high value to the articles contributed by Dr. Gildersleeve and by Dr. Goodwin. The merit and originality of this part of the new lexicon make the work superior to any other Greek dictionary in existence.

The teachers and the scholars of the English-speaking world are to be warmly congratulated on having for use a Greek lexicon that opens so fully to them both the treasures of Greek antiquity and the best results of modern philology. Americans will feel an especial pride in knowing that the execution of this last and best of Greek dictionaries is due so largely to American scholars; that many of the best articles are from the Greek professors at Harvard and at Baltimore; and that Dr. Henry Drisler, the Professor of Greek at Co-

[10] *A Greek-English Lexicon.* Compiled by HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL, D.D., and ROBERT SCOTT, D.D. Seventh Edition. Revised and Augmented throughout, with the Co-operation of Professor DRISLER, of Columbia College, New York. Harper and Brothers.

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lumbia College, has watched each page, scrutinized each article, and wrought the stores of his learning quietly and effectively into all the texture of the work.

It will interest those of our readers who may desire to enrich their libraries by the addition of Hawthorne's works to those of their other favorite authors, to learn that a handsome and uniform octavo edition[11] of them is now in course of publication, in the best style of the "Riverside Press." The edition will consist of twelve volumes, and will include the complete works of Hawthorne, accompanied by introductory biographical and bibliographical notes by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, and will be illustrated with etchings by Blum, Church, Dielman, Gifford, Shirlaw, and Turner. The first and second volumes, now just published, comprise *Twice-told Tales*, and *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

The Messrs. Appleton of this city have just published the third volume of their dainty "Parchment Edition" of Shakspeare's works,[12] without note, illustration, or comment, comprising, in convenient form for the pocket or satchel, the *Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, the *Taming of the Shrew*, and *All's Well that Ends Well*.

The sketches of the "grim and rude but hearty old times in Georgia," which Mr. Richard Malcolm Johnston has collected in a number of the "Franklin Square Library," under the title of *Dukesborough Tales*,[13] form a series of well-told stories, and something more. As a story-teller, Mr. Johnston is what may be colloquially defined as "an original," and the characters he describes are "originals" also. He has his own peculiar way of looking at men and things, and his own peculiar and very taking way of hitting off their angularities, oddities, and idiosyncrasies. A genuine humorist himself, he is greatly attracted by what is quaint and humorous and a little spiced with eccentricity or extravagance in the life and manners of others; and he has the faculty of reproducing the persons and situations that have excited his own mirth so as to excite the kindliest and most genial mirth in his readers. There is a touch of this extravagance or eccentricity in nearly all his characters, and yet there are none of them but are strictly true to nature, and suggestive of types of humanity that have their counterpart in our every-day experience. In these tales Mr. Johnston often illustrates how closely tenderness and humor, mirth and tears, are allied; and there is scarcely one of them whose exuberant blitheness and drollery are not refined and softened by an under-tone of subdued pathos. They are also highly interesting as graphic realistic sketches of local manners, customs, and characteristics that were once prevalent in parts of Georgia, but which are now vanishing away before the rising sun of modern progress and innovation. Mr. Johnston's humor is frank and downright, but never broad or vulgar even by implication. His freest and raciest sketches are thoroughly delicate in their tone, and often display traits of character as intrinsically noble and pure as they are provocative of kindly merriment.

The past month has not been prolific of novels, but the few that have made their appearance are fairly satisfactory in quality. To give an outline of each of them would rob them of their charm for the genuine novel-reader, who relishes a story in the proportion that its transitions and mutations are tinctured with the zestful element of the unexpected, and who finds his enjoyment in the curiosity and suspense with which an ingenious story-teller invests the evolution of his plot and the vicissitudes and development of the character of his actors. When there are no strong literary reasons for a contrary course it is doubtless more agreeable to lovers of fiction to have their attention directed in the simplest and briefest manner to such novels as are worth reading, rather than to be regaled in advance with tell-tale epitomes and critical analyses of them. None of the novels and tales of the month invite special criticism, and the following list comprises the best and most entertaining of their number: *Gabrielle de Bourdaine*,[14] by Mrs. Spender; *Mrs. Lorimer*,[15] by Lucas Malet; *George Vanbrugh's Mistake*,[16] by H. B. Pritchard; *Barrington's Fate*,[17] by an anonymous author; *My Connaught Cousins*,[18] an Irish story; *The Jews of Barnow*,[19] by Karl Emil Franzos; *Homespun Stories*,[20] for boys, by Ascott R. Hope; and *Tim and Tip; or, The Adventures of a Boy and a Dog*,[21] a juvenile, by James Otis.

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[11] *The Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne*. With Introductory Notes by George Parsons Lathrop, etc. Vol. I., 8vo, pp. 538: *Twice-told Tales*. Vol. II., 8vo, pp. 559: *Mosses from an Old Manse*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[12] *Shakspere's Works*. Vol. III. Limp Parchment Antique. 18mo, pp. 355. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[13] *Dukesborough Tales*. By Richard M. Johnston. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 92. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *Gabrielle de Bourdaine*. A Novel. By Mrs. John Kent Spender. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 61. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *Mrs. Lorimer*. A Sketch in Black and White. By Lucas Malet. 16mo, pp. 342. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[16] *George Vanbrugh's Mistake*. A Novel. By H. Baden Pritchard. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 62. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Barrington's Fate*. "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 414. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[18] *My Connaught Cousins*. A Novel. By the Author of The Queen of Connaught. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 54. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *The Jews of Barnow*. Stories by Karl Emil Franzos. From the German by M. W. Macdowall. 16mo, pp. 334. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[20] *Homespun Stories*. By Ascott R. Hope. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 346. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[21] *Tim and Tip; or, The Adventures of a Boy and a Dog*. Illustrated. By James Otis. 18mo, pp. 179. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed February 20.—The leading matters of business transacted by Congress were as follows: The Naval Appropriation Bill passed the House January 25, by a vote of 135 to 95.—On February 1 a joint resolution was introduced in the Senate providing for an amendment to the Constitution empowering the President to veto one or more items in an appropriation bill.—On February 3 Alexander P. Ketcham was confirmed as Appraiser for the port of New York.—The House, February 3, passed the Senate bill to encourage the holding of a World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition in 1884.—The Army Appropriation Bill, increased to $25,471,500, was reported in the Senate January 29.—The House, February 15, and the Senate, February 16, adopted the conference report on the Japanese Indemnity Bill, providing for the return to Japan of the original sum received from that government, $785,000, without interest.—The Legislative Appropriation Bill passed the House February 16.—An unsuccessful attempt was made in the House, February 19, to suspend the rules and pass a bill reducing internal revenue taxation to the extent of $41,000,000. The vote stood 162 to 97, but lacked the necessary two-thirds.

The following United States Senators were elected during the month: John E. Kenna, West Virginia, and Richard Coke, Texas, January 23; J. R. McPherson, New Jersey, and P. B. Plumb, Kansas, January 24; Thomas M. Bowen and H. A. W. Taber, Colorado, January 27; General C. F. Manderson, Nebraska, January 31; D. M. Sabin, Minnesota, February 1.

Heavy floods in the Ohio Valley caused great destruction of property and the loss of several lives. Large tracts of country were submerged, railway bridges swept away, mills damaged, and thousands of families driven from home. The cities of Cincinnati and Louisville suffered greatly.

Affairs in France were greatly disturbed during the month. The arrest of Prince Napoleon for issuing his manifesto led to a crisis, and on January 28 the Ministry resigned. On the 29th a new cabinet was formed, under M. Fallières, with M. Thibaudin as Minister of War. On February 1 the Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 343 to 163, passed M. Fabre's compromise bill prohibiting the princes from filling any civil or military post, empowering the President to expel them, and imposing a penalty of from one to five years' imprisonment for the violation of a decree of expulsion. The Senate, February 12, by a vote of 172 to 89, rejected the first clause of the Expulsion Bill, and adopted a measure providing for the banishment of a prince found guilty of further pretensions endangering the state. As a consequence of this action of the Senate the Ministry resigned. On February 15 the Chamber accepted a compromise proposal of Senator Barbey's rendering the princes liable to expulsion by the decree of the President of the Republic, with a modification placing the princes under half-pay instead of depriving them of their military rank. On February 17 the Senate practically rejected the measure. The following day a new Ministry, under Jules Ferry, was announced.—The indictment against Prince Napoleon was quashed February 9, and he was released from custody. Soon afterward he went to London.

The Spanish Chamber of Deputies, February 4, refused, by a vote of 162 to 13, to abolish the Parliamentary oath.—The Ministers decided to treat as freemen 40,000 slaves who were not liberated by their owners in Cuba in 1870. The slaves referred to are those not included in the census taken in 1870, under the law for gradual abolition, because their owners failed to enter them in the lists.

Cetywayo was re-instated as King of Zululand January 31. About five thousand Zulus attended the ceremony.

DISASTERS.

January 21.—Between thirty and forty Chinamen killed by an explosion of giant powder near Oakland, California.

January 27.—Steamer *Agnes Jack* wrecked near Swansea, Wales. Captain and crew of twelve men lost.

January 29.—News of three shipwrecks in the English Channel, with a loss of fifty-six lives.

January 30.—Seven men killed and eighteen injured by a snow-slide near Crested Butte, Colorado.

January 31.—Italian steamer *Ansonia* wrecked on the coast of Tripoli. Many lives lost.

February 1.—Twenty-three persons killed and twenty-eight injured during a panic in a wool factory in Bombay.

February 2.—Thirty-two lives lost by the foundering of the steamer *Kenmure Castle* in the Bay of Biscay.

February 16.—Seventy men killed by a landslide in a coal mine at Braidwood, Illinois.

OBITUARY.

January 23.—In Paris, France, Gustave Doré, aged fifty years.—In New York city, Dr. George M. Beard, aged forty-three years.

February 9.—In New York city, William E. Dodge, aged seventy-seven years.

February 10.—In Hartford, Connecticut, Hon. Marshall Jewell, in his fifty-eighth year.

February 13.—In Venice, Richard Wagner, aged seventy years.

February 14.—In New York city, Hon. E. D. Morgan, aged seventy-two years.

February 17.—In Albany, New York, George Dawson, aged seventy years.

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Editor's Drawer.

NONE but children and fools make April-fools of one another nowadays, and the children have pretty much given it up. The older people remember when the business of playing pranks on the 1st of April was as common as Christmas cards are now, and it is an old saying that it is good to be a fool at times. Some are born fools, others make themselves fools, and still more try to make fools of others. And so it comes to pass that all the world now and then find they are not as wise as they ought to be. One of the British magazines discusses gravely the "Decline of Merriment," and the writer comes to the conclusion that this is an age so thoroughly busy and commercial that people do not have as much fun as they did in former times. Well, what is there now that was not better in the days of old? If it has come to this, that we are not so wide awake as our forefathers and foremothers, that they laughed and played more and had better times generally, we may despair of the republic. So far from the truth is this solemn charge, we think it more nearly the fact that the tendency of our age, and especially of this free and happy land, is to turn everything into fun. Everybody laughs everywhere, and perhaps the lack of reverence is a feature of the times.

AT a public dinner in this city last winter, international in its object and company, the toast was given, and *not* drank in silence: "England—on whose dominion the sun never sets, and seldom shines."

THE Texas *Siftings* man has a recipe for getting the water just right for the babies:

"I don't believe you have the water of the right temperature. You must get a thermometer," said an Austin mother to the new colored nurse.

"What am dat?"

"It is an instrument by which you can tell if the water is too hot or too cold."

"I kin tell dat ar without any instrumen'. Ef de chile turns blue, den de water am too cold; and ef hit turns red, den I knows dat de water am too hot."

SOME twenty years ago—I do not know how many exactly, but it was some time during the war—I heard a story which a soldier was reading in a newspaper to a little group around him, to their great enjoyment. I shall tell it only in brief, though, I remember well, the filling in was a good part of it, which will be missing in my recital.

Mr. S. C. Peterkin was a prosperous youngish man of business who got ahead in spite of his constitutional modesty. This was in his way in society more than in trade: he was afraid of women more than men. For a long, long time he had set his heart upon a lovely young lady, whose sweetness was like her name, which was Violet. He had often called upon her, and resolved again and again that he would make her an offer of his heart and hand, but as often that heart failed him. Through the whole of the evening he would sit and

> gaze upon her as a star
> Whose purity and distance make it fair,

and come away without making any progress in his suit. At last he became alarmed by the fact that the dashing Captain Latham, of one of the Sound steamers, was often at the house when he called to see his charmer, the charming Violet. At last he could not bear the suspense any longer, and he ventured, with much hesitancy and awkwardness, but with do-or-die determination, to ask her if she would be his. With remarkable coolness, she replied:

"You should have spoken long ago, Mr. Peterkin; I have been engaged to Captain Latham for some time past, and we are to be married very shortly. I am sorry to disappoint you, but we will be as good friends as ever, and you must come to see me just the same. The captain will always be glad to have your company."

Peterkin went away sorrowful. But a brighter day soon dawned, for within three months after they were married the captain fell off the steamer in a fog on the Sound and was drowned. Now Peterkin took heart. He would have the widow.

A year of mourning wore slowly away. He kept his eye on the widow, but would not insult the memory of the dead by proposing until a decent interval had passed. The year ended, and he laid his heart again at the little feet of Violet. She heard him quietly, and quietly remarked, "My dear Peterkin, I am sorry to disappoint you again, but for the last six months I have been engaged to Dr. Jones. It was hard to make up my mind between him and his friend the handsome Lawyer Bright, but Dr. Jones was so good to me while I was sick in the winter after my husband's death that I promised him I would be his at the end of the year."

So poor Peterkin retired once more; the widow Latham became Mrs. Dr. Jones, and so remained, while the discomfited Peterkin wished the doctor might take enough of his own pills to make an end of him.

Time passed on. Peterkin was walking down Broadway one day, while not very far ahead of him he saw two men, one of whom he knew to be this hated Dr. Jones. A large flat stone was being hoisted to the coping of a new building; the ropes gave way; it fell and instantly killed the two men. Peterkin rose to the emergency of the moment. For the dead he could be of no avail. His thoughts were on the widow. He turned; he ran, he flew, to her

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abode. When she entered the room where he awaited her, he began:

"My dear Mrs. Jones, I bring you dreadful news. I was walking on the street, when I saw a stone fall from a house upon your poor husband, and he is dead; but you must let me comfort you. I beg you now to be mine, my Violet, at last."

"Dear Mr. Peterkin, I am so sorry! but when Dr. Jones and Mr. Bright were both begging me to marry, I took the doctor, and promised Mr. Bright, if anything happened to Jones, I would certainly be his. So you see I am engaged. I am sorry, for I do think a great deal of you, my dear Peterkin."

Peterkin was very calm and self-contained. He said, "And will you promise to be mine when that lawyer is no more?"

"Certainly I will, with all my heart and soul."

"Then come to my arms, my Violet, for the same stone that killed the doctor was the death of Bright, and you are mine at last."

ROGER M. SHERMAN, of Fairfield, Connecticut, was one of the ablest men this country has ever produced. He was very eminent at the bar forty years ago, and was not surpassed by any one except Mr. Webster. Mr. W. A. Beers has recently prepared a sketch of Mr. Sherman, which has some fine anecdotes of him, but not all that might have been gathered. Here is one we remember, which we heard while Mr. Sherman was living. He was often pitted in courts against Mr. Daggett. One day Mr. Sherman, while on his legs arguing a case, was bothered in finding a reference that he wanted. Judge Daggett, to bother him more, said, "Take my spectacles."

"No, thank you," said Mr. Sherman: "no truth was ever discovered with *your* spectacles."

He was in a case where the presiding judge was a pompous man with little ability, who had been lifted to his station on his father's shoulders. This judge found some fault with Mr. Sherman for his frequent quoting from English authorities, and as one of these precedents was about being read, remarked, "You need not take the trouble to read any more of those, as far as I am concerned."

"Well, then," said Mr. Sherman, a little warmly, "with your honor's permission I will read it to the jury; and, before I read it, let me say it is the opinion of Lord Ellenborough, a Chief Justice of England, who rose to the woolsack by his own merits, and who shone by no reflected light."

Mr. Beers says that to opposing counsel he was uniformly fair. He avoided, as a rule, sarcasm and personal allusion; but when pushed hard in this direction he would throw off a keen retort, in a sort of parenthesis, or as if brushing away an insect, and with unruffled self-poise pursue his consummate, clean-cut, convincing, impregnable logic. On one occasion when he had quoted to point an illustration the familiar lines from "Hudibras,"

> distinguish and divide
> A hair 'twixt south and southwest side,

the opposing counsel, Judge Daggett, plucked a hair from his wig, and pretended to bisect it with his penknife. Mr. Sherman turned for a single instant to remark, "I did not say a *bristle*, sir," and continued the majestic march of his argument. He had ready and delicate humor, and was one

> Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
> Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

The late Mr. Hungerford, of Haddam, used to tell an anecdote of him. An effort had been made to remove the court from Haddam, and during the trial Mr. Sherman testified to the inconvenience of the town as a county-seat, stating, among other objections, that when he drove up there to attend court he was obliged to put up at one place and his horse at another. To which Mr. Hungerford slyly replied (as much to Mr. Sherman's amusement as his own) that he had "never before heard it urged that it was necessary for the due administration of justice for a lawyer and his horse to put up together."

ONE of the best anagrams was made by the old Federalists, who opposed the Embargo Bill, and spelling the name backward, nicknamed it the "O Grab Me Bill." In consequence of its passage John Quincy Adams resigned his seat in the Senate, informing the President that "if the measure were persisted in, New England would separate from the Union until this obstacle to her commerce was removed."

THE following is a correct copy of a letter received by a large publishing house in this city. It is conjectured that there must have been some mistake, and that the writer made out an order for a Family Bible at the same time, and that the letters were changed in the direction of the envelopes, the order for the Bible going to some clothing establishment. The postmark was in Louisiana:

Mr Litle & Crowning
dur Sir Gents it is with pleasure I do address you all theaze few lines as I hav Recive your adress that you keep a large store an I need som things for my Wedin an I fin you state in your statement that you keep such artickle for Sail

I now wants my Wedin Suit an now Rite to you for them a Frocktail coat size 36 an pance 36 ves 34 You all just What is in quire for a gentleman wedin suit All so Reath an all of my Bride Suit that is Now fashable for Ladys to marry in please to let me know what coul you let me hav my Wedin Suit an my Bride

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Suit my Suit I want pance 36 an coat an ves to correspon let me know What Will you charge me for my Suit an my Bride Suit I want a very fine Reath an a hat made for her Secon days Wareing

Will you please to Sen me word What will you let me have my weden Suit for at the Lowest Rate 1 Black frocktail Coat Black Pance black ves pance size 36 ves an coat to Correspon All of my Bride Wedin Suit please to Sen me the Wor what will you charge me for the Suits What will be the caust of my Suit an What Will be the caust of the girl Suit please to let me know What will be the caust for 1 Ring with a large Duble hart in it I dont want the Set to be no smaller then your little finguar nail the Ring I want with a very Large Doble Hart in it let me know what will be the cause of the Ring dont fail to let me know what will be the cause of Each Suit Remain truly your friend

W. R. SMITH.

let me know what will it cause I will sen the money in my Nex dont fail to Sen letter Sen me an swer Soon

---

SHE was only four years old, and very wise. She was one of those little ones who are so bright that you have to look at them through smoked glass. Her *speeches* were the wonder and sometimes the terror of her parents, who did not know what was coming next. She had a very pious nurse, who always said her own prayers in the hearing of the child, who early learned to pray, as all good children do. One day Mary got provoked at her nurse, and called her "a wicked old thing." This was so serious an offense that it was reported to the mother, and the child was taken to task and duly corrected for such improper language to her nurse. Mary submitted to the correction, but as soon as she found herself alone in the nursery with the nurse she opened on her thus: "Yes, I did call you a wicked old thing, and you are, for I'm the youngest in the house, and you are a great deal older than I am, and it is right for me to call you *old;* and as to your being wicked, I've heard you tell the Lord so a hundred times."

That was logic, and very conclusive. No doubt she will be a philosopher of some sort, if, like a good many other precious children, she does not run to seed too soon.

METHODIST ministers have always been among the most frequent and valued contributors to the Drawer. One of them is responsible for the following:

As a couple of the brethren entered a praying tent where the Rev. Brother Plant was exercising his gifts, they heard him express the desire that the Lord would *subfundicate* the people. They did not understand exactly what he would have done to them, but evidently it was something great and good. One of the brethren, being endowed with eminent poetical powers, improvised the following stanza, which soon found its way from mouth to mouth, and now appears in the Drawer:

> The Lord in mercy please to grant
> A blessing on dear Brother Plant;
> And if the favor's not too great,
> His needy soul subfundicate.

THE Emperor Alexander of Russia during the occupation of Paris was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates for contributions were passed around by the ladies who patronized the institution. The plate presented to the Emperor was held by an extremely pretty girl. The Emperor dropped in a handful of gold, and whispered, "This is for beautiful bright eyes." The charming little damsel courtesied, and immediately presented the plate again.

"What!" said the Emperor, "more?"

"Yes, sire," said she; "now I want something for the poor."

IN the British army in India betting among the officers often runs to an extreme of vice that is sometimes fearful to contemplate. Perhaps it is no worse than in club life in London, where the most amusing as well as tragical stories are told of the curious bets that are made. Betting on a certainty is held to be unfair, unless the avowal is distinctly made, so that no undue advantage is taken.

An officer in the army had imported for his private apartments a new and beautiful mahogany table. A day or two after it had arrived and had been duly installed in his quarters, a brother officer, a great swell and very unpopular, dropped in familiarly, and greatly admired the beautiful table. The owner was shaving himself at the glass with his back to his visitor—Colonel Brown—but continued the conversation until the colonel withdrew, the latter remarking that he hoped soon to have his legs under that elegant mahogany.

The owner of the table, whom we must call Major Jones, made up a little dinner party in the course of a few days, and Colonel Brown was one of the number. It was natural that the new table should be the subject of remark, and Brown, who affected to be a connoisseur in all matters, said the table was perfect, with one exception.

JONES. "And pray what is that, colonel?"

BROWN. "It is just a little too high."

JONES. "Do you think so? How high would you suppose it to be?"

BROWN. "I presume it is the usual height, just thirty-six inches, and it ought to be less than that by at least half an inch."

JONES. "That is the exact height, thirty-five and a half inches, not thirty-six, as you suppose."

BROWN. "Pardon me. I am certain it is three feet high: I will make you a bet on it."

JONES. "You will lose if you do, for I give

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you notice that I know its exact height to half an inch, and if I bet I shall bet on a dead certainty."

BROWN. "I am just as sure as you are: I am betting on a certainty also: my eye never deceives me. I will lay you a hundred or a thousand pounds that this table is thirty-six inches high; no more, no less."

The major sought to dissuade his guest from his purpose to make a bet, assuring him that he *knew* the height of the table, and did not want to bet on a certainty, but, when the excitement grew furious, the wager was finally laid at an enormous sum—I have heard it stated as high as $50,000—£10,000. That seems preposterous, when such a trifle was the subject, but the gambling spirit does not stick at trifles. When the betting was finally arranged, Colonel Brown exclaimed, exultingly, "I told you I *knew* the table was exactly thirty-six inches high: I did *know* it, because when I called, just after it arrived, I took its measure on my cane as I sat by it, and after I went out I measured, and found it to be, as I have said, precisely thirty-six inches high."

"Yes," said Major Jones, "I was sitting with my back to you, but I was shaving before the looking-glass, and I saw you taking the measure of the table with your cane. Suspecting that you were preparing for a bet as to its height, after you left I had half an inch taken off, and it is now precisely thirty-five and a half inches high."

The applause that followed this result was tremendous, and completed the discomfiture of the unpopular colonel. It was evident that he had been laying a plan to cheat, and would have pocketed the money if he had won. He was sent to Coventry. He sold his commission and returned to England, being unable to stand up against the contempt of the officers, who thoroughly despised his character.

JEREMY TAYLOR is of all the old divines one of the most devout and sober-minded, yet there is a vein of humor in him that breaks out most quaintly even in his *Holy Living and Holy Dying*. In his consolations to widows he cautions them against consoling themselves too soon with fresh husbands, and by way of an example of unseemly haste he cites the widow of Ephesus whose story is told by Petronius:

Her beloved spouse was laid in the tomb, and the same night she came and went down into the vault to weep and die with him. In the midst of the cemetery was a gibbet, on which was the dead body of a murderer, and a soldier stood guard. He saw the woman go into the vault, and finding it very lonely where he was standing, he presented himself at the door of the tomb, and scraped acquaintance with the disconsolate woman. She permitted him to come in, and then told him that she was there to perish with her dear departed. He succeeded in the course of a few hours in convincing her that it would be much more sensible to live for him than to die for the dead man, and they struck up an engagement before the morning light returned. This being settled, the soldier went up to look after his charge on the gibbet, when, lo! the friends had been and stolen him; and the soldier, rushing again to the vault, drew his sword to kill himself, for his life would be the forfeit of his neglect of duty. But she told him she could show him a game worth two of that: the dead husband was nothing to her now she had a live one, and so together they managed to get the corpse out and upon the gibbet in the place of the murderer. Thus the life of the soldier was saved, and the widow didn't starve to death in the tomb.

Jeremy Taylor thinks this was unbecoming haste, and we quite agree with Jeremy.

IN a letter written by the late celebrated Dr. Francis Lieber to General Garfield in 1871, preserved in Lieber's *Life and Letters*, the doctor tells an anecdote of Washington which is interesting as the record of a historical incident of some significance, and also as an additional instance of Washington's rare indulgence in humor or pleasantry of any kind.

Lieber says he had been speaking at some length, in his lecture-room at Columbia College, of the representative system of two Houses, and the dislike of the French democrats to the bicameral system, when one of the students privately imparted to him a story which so greatly impressed the doctor that he requested the student to repeat it to the whole class. It was this: the student had heard Laboulaye lecture in Paris just before the war. When Laboulaye spoke of the bicameral system, recommending it, he concluded his remarks with relating that Jefferson one day visited Washington, and being full of French views, zealously attacked the system of two Houses. Washington replied that Mr. Jefferson was much better informed than himself on such topics, but that he would adhere to the experience of England and America.

"You yourself," said the General, "have proved the excellence of two Houses this very moment."

"I!" said Jefferson. "How is that, General?"

"You have," replied the heroic sage, "turned your hot tea from the cup into the saucer to get it cool. It is the same thing we desire of the two Houses."

There is not the least doubt, adds Lieber, that Laboulaye told this; but whence has he the delectable anecdote? I should give much to know. It comes in so well, and it is always delightful when popular illustration helps the truth.

At the close of a letter to George Ticknor, in 1870, Dr. Lieber writes: "You used to like a good anecdote: let me fill the remaining

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place with one. Last year, previous to the inauguration of Humboldt's bust in Central Park, and when it was announced in the papers that I should deliver the German speech, a friend of mine was thus addressed, in the car from Orange, by a car acquaintance, who pointed to my name in the paper: 'Don't you think it remarkable, sir, that a man like Dr. Lieber should publicly speak for that Helmboldt and his buchu? Helmboldt must pay him a thundering price—that I know.'"

"I once asked Secretary Stanton," says Dr. Lieber, in a letter to Secretary Fish, "how I might manage that confidential letters might reach him; he promptly said, 'Not by writing *private* outside, for in that case the letter is sure to be opened before I see it.'"

THE editor of the New Haven *Palladium* has had an experience. It was in this wise, as he narrates:

Not long ago we went to church in the city of—well, no matter where. There had recently occurred in our personal experience some things to gladden us, and others to give us anxiety, and we felt unusually disposed to seek the relief of prayer and praise in public worship. We hoped that the minister would be able to express our desires better than we could, and that we might be able to join in some hymn of thanksgiving set to a familiar tune—our répertoire is not large. We had been sitting in the richly upholstered pew and staring at the painted windows but a few moments when the organ suddenly hushed, and in a distant corner of the church four fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen arose and sang. And this is what they sang:

God is a Spirit—God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him—and they that worship Him—and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him—God is a Spirit—must worship Him—they must—must worship—ship Him in spirit and in truth. For the Father seeketh such—[tenor] for the Father [all, loud] seeketh such—seeketh such—seeketh such to worship Him. [Very softly] God is a Spirit—[waxing louder] God is a Spirit, and they—they that worship Him—they—and they—they that worship Him—must worship Him—must worship Him—and [loud, yellendo] THEY that worship Him—and they—must—that worship Him—[tenor, softly] must [contralto] worship [all] Him in spirit and in truth. [All but tenor] For [all] the Father seeketh such—[bass] seeketh such [all, softly] to worship Him—to worship [sort of dying away] in spirit and in tru-u-u-th.

As the concluding cadences softly died away among the vacant pews, like the "still, small voice" among the cliffs of Sinai, we could not help wondering whether those much-tortured words had any meaning, and if so, whether that meaning had any application to the performance just ended. What *is* "worship in spirit and in truth"?

UNCLE D. P. OLIVE, now a prosperous storekeeper in a prosperous Iowa village, once practiced law in Ohio. Being met by an old acquaintance, he was asked for all the particulars of his giving up the profession.

"Didn't it agree with your health?"

"Oh yes," answered Uncle David.

"Didn't it pay?"

"First-rate."

"Meet with sufficient favor from the courts?"

"All I could ask."

"Then what was it compelled you to quit it?"

"Well, I'll tell you—I was too honest."

A loud laugh from the by-standers aroused Uncle David into earnestness, and he repeated the strange statement, and nailed it to his shop counter with his huge fist. But his cross-questioner went on:

"When did you find this out?"

"In my very last case."

"What was that?"

"One in which I was retained to prosecute a neighbor for killing a dog."

"And he was acquitted? So you lost the case, and gave up your profession discouraged?"

"No; he was convicted."

"Then he was guilty?"

"No; he was innocent."

"But didn't the evidence prove his guilt?"

"Certainly it did."

"Then why do you say he was innocent?"

"Because I had killed the dog myself a few nights before for trespassing on my poultry, and I came to the conclusion that any business that would aid a man to convict a neighbor of his own crimes wasn't the business for me, so I gave it up."

WHILE the Army Bill was under discussion in the Senate, a short time ago, one of the Senators from Texas, in making an earnest speech against the retirement-at-sixty-two clause, said: "Look at the honorable Senator from Vermont, who has just celebrated his seventy-second birthday! See how he stands here, strong and vigorous, like Saul of Tarsus, a head and shoulders above his fellows!" I expected to see involuntary smiles flit across some of the faces within the charmed circle of the Senate chairs, but no one seemed to have thought that the intended allusion was to Saul the first King of Israel (I. Samuel, ix. 2), instead of Saul of Tarsus, of whom it is said (II. Corinthians, x. 10) that his bodily presence was weak.

AMUSING THE CHILDREN.

MANY of the household recipes printed in the newspapers are glaring frauds, calculated to engender trouble and cause infelicity in the domestic circle.

The other morning Mr. Newbanks read in his favorite journal an article on "How to Amuse the Children at Home." The following formula was one of the plans suggested:

"Plaster of Paris is cheap: let the children have some to mix with water, and pour into anything hollow, as, for instance, the halves of old tin animals which have been parted

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asunder, and the result will delight their young souls."

This scheme favorably impressed Mr. Newbanks. It possessed many advantages over such juvenile pastimes as constructing mud pies, falling into ponds, and stoning the neighbors' cats and dogs, and was designed to develop an artistic taste in the children.

In the afternoon, as Mr. Newbanks was deeply absorbed in the composition of an elaborate paper on the "Invisibility of the Unseenness" for a scientific monthly, his wife entered his library, and impulsively exclaimed, in a sentence wholly innocent of punctuation points,

"Now William I'm going out a couple of hours and do see if you can't keep the children out of mischief until I return and is my bonnet on straight?"

"Oh, there'll be no trouble about the children—don't worry about 'em," said Mr. Newbanks, confidently, without looking up from his writing. "Your bonnet's all right."

The plaster-of-Paris project was still fresh in Mr. N.'s mind, and after the departure of his wife he summoned his children—two lively boys and a ditto girl—and read them the simple directions of the recipe. Then he procured a peck of the plaster, and instructed them how to mix and use it, "delighting their youhg souls" by imprudently pouring a quantity of the stuff into a small bottle, which he afterward broke and showed them the "result." He knew from the eagerness manifested by the little ones to test the recipe that it was going to be an overwhelming success; and providing them with a number of hollow things with which to experiment, he left them, with the injunction to "amuse themselves and keep out of mischief." Then he returned to his library, and resumed work on his scientific essay.

The children remained very quiet, and Mr. Newbanks's favorable opinion of the recipe steadily increased as the hours went thundering down the ages.

"The women-folks," he soliloquized, fixing his eyes on a handsome monogram pen-wiper, and instinctively wiping his pen on his coat sleeve, "are forever prating and moaning about being 'worried nearly to death by the children,' and having 'the life worried out of them,' and all that sort of nonsense. Why, it is the simplest thing in the world to amuse the little ones and keep them out of misch—"

"Papa, I can't get this out," said little Tommy, breaking in upon his parent's reflections. "You fix it." And Tommy placed on the table his father's twenty dollar meerschaum pipe—a highly prized Christmas gift—the bowl of which he had filled with plaster, and then essayed to crack the "mould" as his father had treated the bottle.

Mr. Newbanks rapidly grasped the situation, and his opinion of the recipe fell to zero as if by magic. Seizing Tommy by the arm, he angrily exclaimed: "Why, you little rasc—"

"Papa! papa!" cried Rosie, rushing into the library, with her eyes full of delight, and her dress full of the mixture, "come out an' see what Charlie's doin'."

"Why, Rosie," said the father, with considerable asperity, "just look at your dress! My! my! I'll have to—"

"Wow! Woo-ooo-oow-ouch-wow!" screamed Charlie, dashing into the room at this juncture, with blood oozing from a war map on his left cheek, and his hair matted with plaster. "Wow-ooo-wow!"

"Why, what in the world is the matter, Charlie?" anxiously questioned the father. "What has happened?"

And Charlie said, "It was—boo-hoo—the cat."

Mr. Newbanks soon discovered that the children had literally followed the newspaper directions, and poured the plaster "into anything hollow"; and if the author of the recipe had made his appearance at that moment he would have been assassinated on the spot. Charlie had discovered a cavity in the cat's ear, and despite the animal's terrible spitting and swearing, insisted upon filling it with plaster, and only desisted when the feline further showed her disapprobation of the scheme by inserting a couple of claws in the little fellow's cheek.

Mr. Newbanks was constrained to admit that while this mode of amusing the children might delight their young souls, it had a decidedly antipodal effect on the more mature spirit. With gloomy forebodings he made a reconnoissance of the premises, and found the following among other "hollow things" which had been brought into requisition to amuse the children and keep them out of mischief:

Mamma's seventy-five dollar Japanese vase, badly battered in the effort to loosen the plaster; little Tommy's savings-bank, the contents of which, when removed, delighted their young souls by bearing a striking resemblance to a lump of cream candy interspersed with walnut kernels; the waste-pipe in the bath-tub (plumber's bill for repairs, $11 45); papa's curious bronze inkstand, a relic of the Centennial—had never been soiled with ink—badly damaged; key-hole of the door (bill for removing the plaster, $1 25); Rosie's pocket—a rather brilliant idea, but a dismal failure in an artistic point of view.

When Mrs. Newbanks returned home she surprised her husband surveying the ruins—or "mess," as she termed it—and from the significant manner in which she elevated her hands and fixed her eyes upon him he correctly inferred that she was about to make some derogatory remarks, and not wishing to interrupt her oratory or dam her flow of eloquence, he rushed from the house with the explanation that he must be at the post-office before the mail closed, and he had only three minutes to spare. All he heard, as he shot out of the door, was,

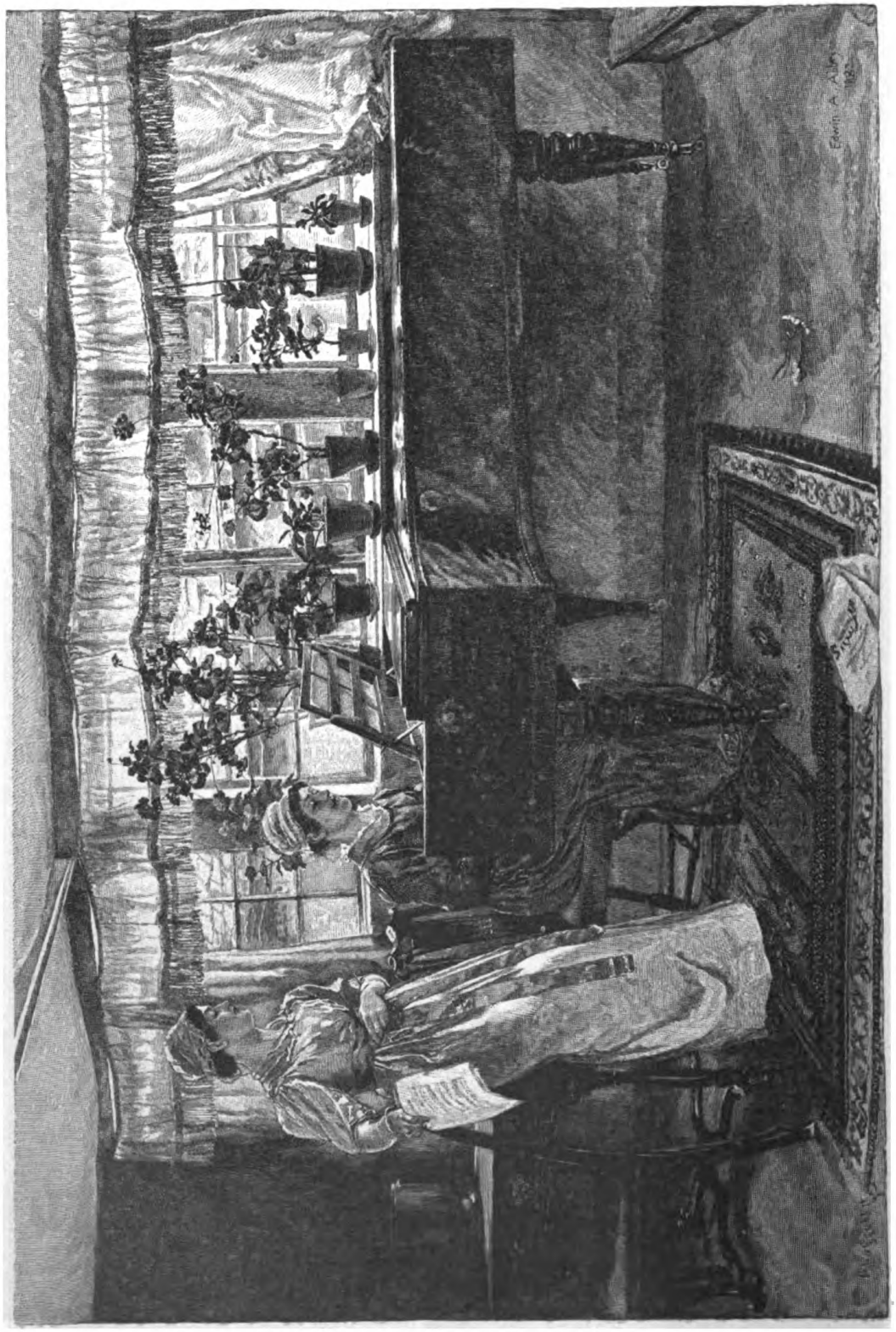
"Just as I expected." J. H. W.

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"THE SISTERS."—From a Painting by E. A. Abbey. By Permission of Mr. C. T. Barney.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXCVI.—MAY, 1883.—Vol. LXVI.

SAN FRANCISCO.

IT is the way of sea-coasts, as observed from the water, to maintain a close reserve. If they allow us to see a cliff or two, a suggestion of the green of forests, or a mountain in the background, it is as much as they do. They are in the habit of drawing in their horns. All their natural projections, from a steamer's deck, retire into a straight line. "You have chosen your element," the shore seems to say to the voyager sailing by, "and you shall not have the pleasures of both. If you can do without me, so can I without you, and until you take the pains to disembark upon me you shall know nothing of the attractions I purposely keep out of sight just over the line of my surf-whitened margin."

The coast of California seems of even especial moroseness in this respect. I came to it by sea from Mexico, having entered Mexico from the Atlantic side, and keeping the attractive journey across the continent to New York by the Pacific railroads for the return. We pass some large islands, and the inlets at San Diego and Wilmington, the Santa Barbara Channel, the bays of Santa Monica, San Luis, and Monterey, but for the most part the land of gold stretches on little broken. It is low, brown, and bare, and search is vain for any suggestion of orange or palm grove. It is a foreign-looking coast to one who arrives from the eastern shores of the United States. Lions might come prowling down over such slopes. It might be the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco, and we some other Crusoes escaped in the long-boat with the boy Xury from captivity under the Rover of Sallee, and afraid to land for the howlings of wild creatures at night. However this may be, if, in our great Pacific Mail steamer, we were discovering the country for the first time—as every new traveller really does discover a new country for himself, no matter what he may previously have heard of it—we should have tried along finding scarcely a safe harbor to put into for the six hundred miles or so from the Mexican frontier northward.

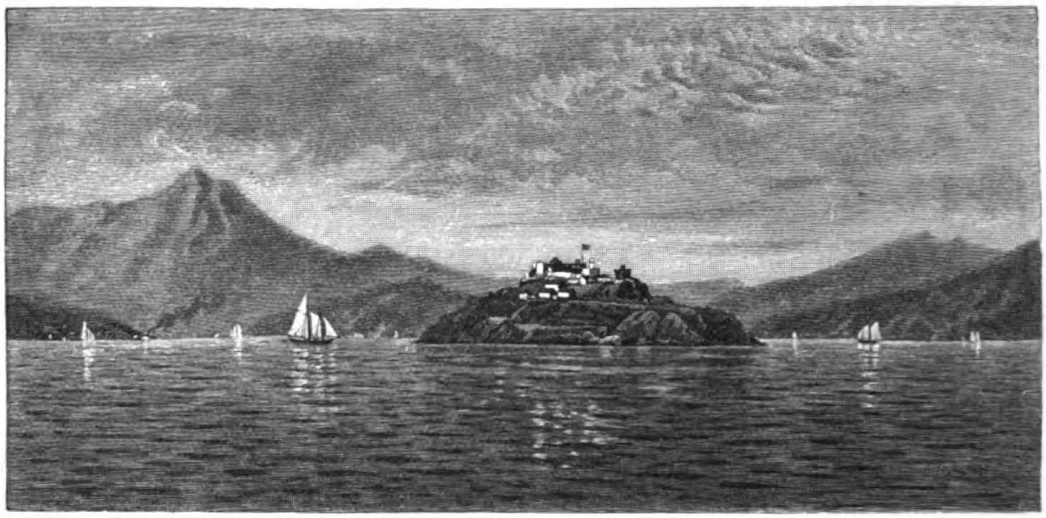
Then all at once occurs an opening through a bold mountainous range on the very water's edge, and we are at the far-famed "Golden Gate" of San Francisco. It is a mere eyelet slit of a strait, but gives access to a wide expanse of bay. So happy is the opening and so commodious the shelter that the reversal of the churlish tradition by which the shore has been governed up to this point seems quite startling.

There is no room for doubt, when once the site is known, as to why San Francisco is located where it is. It has the only natural harbor between Astoria, Oregon, seven hundred miles to the north of it, and San Diego, six hundred miles to the southward. It has, with this advantage, such a relation to the resources of the country behind it that it could not escape a destiny of greatness if it would.

It is not simply a bay upon which we enter, but an inland sea with a commerce of its own. There are islands in front—round-backed Goat and Angel, islands like sea-monsters gone to sleep; and terraced Alcatraz, with its citadel as picturesque as a bit of Malta. Far vistas open beyond them on many sides, and there are gleams of light on white cities under low-lying areas of smoky atmosphere. San Francisco itself, close at hand, bristles up sharply from numerous hills. The water-front is lined with shipping. A Mexican gun-boat and a French and Russian frigate or two are lying at anchor. Craft of all shapes and sizes cut across one another's tracks in the harbor. The lateen-sails

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ALCATRAZ ISLAND.

of Genoese and Maltese fishermen and the junks of Chinese shrimp-catchers figure among them. Ferry-boats of a pattern much superior, as a rule, to anything of the same kind we are familiar with at the East, ply to the Brooklyn-like suburb of Oakland—already a city of fifty thousand people; to Alameda, with its esplanade of white bathing pavilions; to Berkeley, with its handsome university buildings and institution for the blind and deaf and dumb; and to rustic Saucelito and San Rafael, under the shade of dark Mount Tamalpais.

Yonder from Oakland projects the interminable pier of the Central Pacific Railway. It is a mile in length as it is, and but for being stopped by what was probably the short-sighted policy of opponents, it would have gone on to a junction with Goat Island, which would then have been made a city, and the terminus of overland journeys. Some patches of yellow soil on the right, under the Presidio, are taken by a novice for the "sand-lots," so famous in the late Kearneyite agitations. The Presidio, now a barrack, was a fort and mission at the time of the first settlement of the place by the Spaniards—to what very slight extent they ever settled it—in the year 1776. But the man who "has been there before" comes out strong on the arrival of a ship in port. This personage, planting himself squarely, with his legs well apart, and pulling his silk cap down on his forehead, points out that the sand-lots are not at the Presidio, but are the yard of the new, unfinished City Hall, in the centre of the town. But Kearneyism is dead and buried, he says—as the case, indeed, proves—and there will be no opportunity to see one of the traditional assemblages on them.

He points out, too, as we come up, the various hills, the Palace Hotel, the Market Street shot-tower, and the houses of the great millionaires who have made such a stir in their day and generation. Three or four of these, of great size, crown California Street, or "Nob" Hill, as it is called. with a prominence in keeping with their owners' station. They are chiefly those of the railroad kings, as Crocker, Stanford, and Hopkins, the Bonanza or mining kings having up to this time preferred to expend their principal building efforts in the country. "Nob" Hill is three hundred feet high, the more vulgar Telegraph Hill nearly as much, and Russian Hill, behind the first, also coming into favor as a precinct for fine residences, is three hundred and sixty. Murray Hill in New York is seventy-eight, and rises far more gradually. How in the world do these millionaires and the others get up to their imposing homes? All in good time! We shall see.

The city does not begin directly at the ocean, but a mile or two within it. It follows the inner shore of the long narrow peninsula which comes from the south to meet that coming from the north, and to form with it the strait and the in-

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closed bay. It is indeed an inland sea, this bay. You can go southward upon it thirty miles, northward as far, and thirty miles northeastward also to the Straits of Carquinez—with Benicia on one side, and Martinez, the point of departure for the ascent of the high peak of Mount Diablo, on the other—and through these straits into Suisun Bay, which receives the waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and is itself some twenty miles long in addition.

How strange it is, arriving from the other side of the world, to find the line of people waiting for us at the edge of the dock all dressed in the usual way, and chattering in the familiar speech, even to the latest bit of current slang! A China steamer, however, has come in just before us, and supplies a sufficient element of foreignness. The almond-eyed Celestials in blue blouses are swarming on her decks, and pouring down her sides. Groups of them are loaded into express wagons, and driven up town under the convoy of friends who have come down to meet them. Others trudge stoutly away on foot, with their effects deposited in a pair of wicker baskets, one at each end of a long bamboo rod supported on their shoulders. This is a way of carrying burdens constantly met with in the town, especially among the vegetable dealers, who hawk their wares from house to house. The figures thus equipped present exactly the aspect of those shown us in the cuts of the laborers in the tea fields. Nothing is more to the traveller's taste than the spice of foreignness. It is poor travelling when the curiosity alone and not the imagination is gratified, and San Francisco promises ample material for both.

The arrivals in the gold-hunting days of '49 landed some half-dozen blocks further inland than we of to-day, for by so much has the original water-front been extended, and built up into a solid commercial quarter. The 'Forty-niners found but a scanty strip of sand at the base of the steep hills. Why, then, did they stop here, where it must be such infinite trouble to build their city, instead of seeking some more convenient site elsewhere on the bay? There is—or was at the time—some serious objection to all other locations as well. At Oakland there was not sufficient depth of water. Saucelito, where whalers, Russian and other, had been accustomed to refit, was backed by Tamalpais, 2700 feet high, instead of Telegraph Hill. Distant Benicia and Vallejo—the latter the naval station of the Pacific coast, and once for a brief space the capital of the State—were much too distant in those days. Steam was little in use then. The greater part of the ships that came in were under sail, and there were no tugs to pull them about. They must be able to get in and out with the greatest attainable facility.

Such ships as they were, according to the accounts we have of them! The most antiquated and dangerous hulks were furbished up to make this one more voyage. The freight of eager humanity they carried gave little heed to perils and discomforts, so it was but on the way to the goal to which all adventurous spirits turned. When the port was still but a beggarly scattering of huts and tents it mustered two hundred vessels, good and bad, at one time. Plenty of these never got out again. It was not on account of nautical difficulties, but partly because they had no return cargoes, and principally because their crews ran away from them to the mines the moment they set foot on shore. Certain of these vessels were beached and converted into dwellings; others, utilized for a time as warehouses, rotted at their moorings, and to-day form a part of the "made" ground. This remarkable young city, which had eight hundred and fifty people in 1848, twenty thousand in '49, has now, after an existence of thirty-four years, three hundred thousand.

The buildings on this level ground are generally on a foundation of piling. The practice prevails, too, of tying them well together with iron rods, against the jar of the occasional earthquake, which is among San Francisco's idiosyncrasies, with so many others. Along the water-front, which it is proposed to improve, in time, with a massive sea-wall, a portion of it being already built, are seen extensive yards of the attractive-looking redwood lumber, which resembles cedar; and warehouses for the storage of grain. The elevator system, owing to the lack of proper ships for carrying grain in bulk, is not in use in California.

Beyond, we pass through a precinct given up to a heavy traffic in the fruits and other produce of the country. Battery and Sansome streets are lined with large wholesale dry-goods houses similar to those seen in the greater Eastern cities. Montgomery Street shows stately office buildings,

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exchanges, and hotels. Kearney Street, above—all those named are parallel, and run north and south—has been the chief thoroughfare for dry-goods, clothing, jewelry, and the lighter articles, at retail. Its exclusive prerogative is passing, however, to the wide thoroughfare of Market Street, which is not unlike State Street in Chicago. Having unlimited room for extension in the direction of the trend of the peninsula, whereas the others named are contracted, Market Street is certain to be San Francisco's Broadway of the future.

The financial centre is the area of two blocks contained between California and Bush streets, north and south, and Sansome and Montgomery, east and west. Here are those great institutions whose immense transactions and singular histories are unknown now in but few parts of the earth. The Nevada Bank, the lever of the Bonanza kings, and the supposed emanating point of all the weightiest influences in mining matters, is found to be a four-story and Mansard-roof iron façade, decorated with the usual classic "orders." The Bank of California, whence the brilliant Ralston rushed forth in his trouble to drown himself in the bay, is two stories in height, of "blue stone," of a pleasant color, and an exceedingly sharp, agreeable cutting. The Merchants' Exchange, erected so long ago as 1867, is a very ornate, city-hall-looking building, of iron and stone, dark-colored, and with a clock tower in the centre. It is adjoined by the Safe Deposit Company's block, in similar style. A glimpse is had in the basement of this of a splendid steel vault, or treasure-chamber, decorated with a dozen life-size, gilded figures of men in armor.

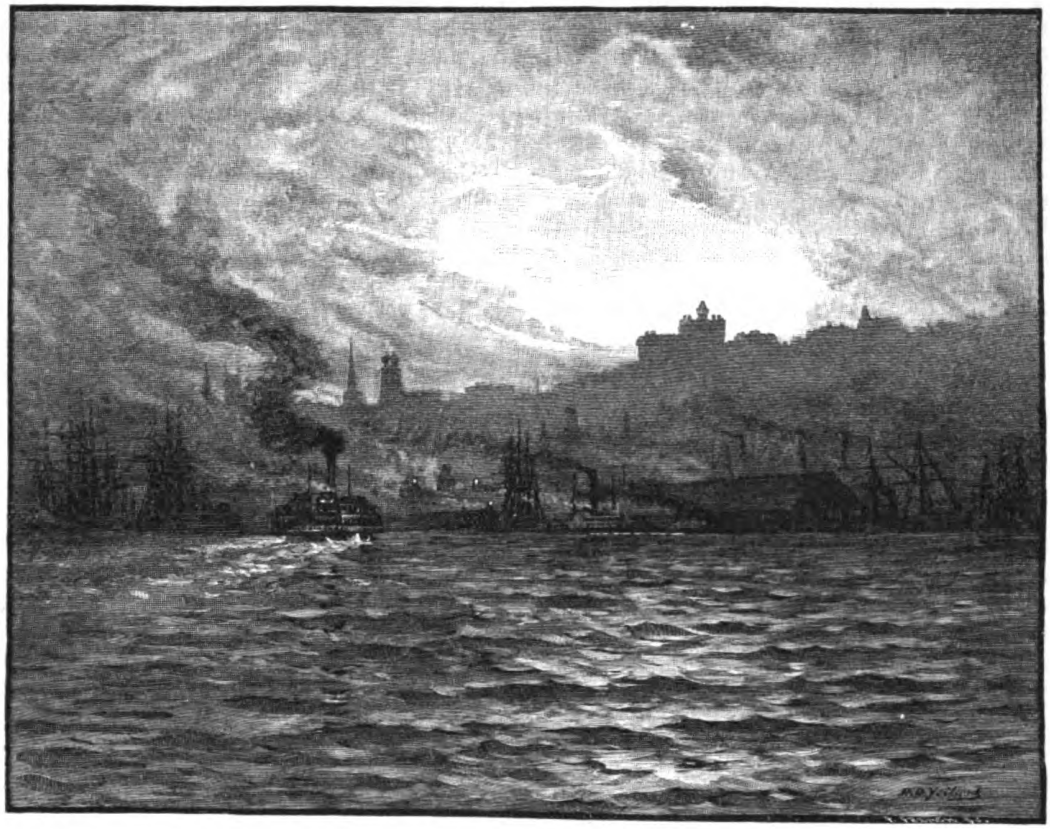
The large and agreeably proportioned Stock Exchange, on Pine Street, is in gray granite, with numerous polished columns of the same. The board-room within is amphitheatre-shaped, and a bronze railing protects the circle of seats. With its agreeable illumination and bright neat furniture, which includes Axminster rugs in the central space, it presents a much more comfortable, home-like air than is the rule in such chambers. It is mining stocks exclusively that are dealt in. We find it quiet enough now. There is no lack of complaints of the evil times upon which we have fallen—complaints how that capitalists have withdrawn their millions to the East; that ships are coming only in ballast for grain, instead of bringing valuable exchange cargoes, and are in consequence charging almost prohibitory rates; that there is not one "turn-out" on the Cliff House road where there were formerly a dozen: and how that real estate has shrunk fifty per cent., if in certain places it have any value at all.

But this board was once the theatre of a speculative movement which took hold upon the community like a madness. The aggregate value of the mining stocks which belonged to the list at the period of highest prices, in the year 1875, was, in round numbers, $282,000,000. The aggregate value of the same stocks in the summer of 1881 was but $17,000,000. There had occurred a shrinkage of $265,000,000, or more than fifteen times the amount of the total value surviving. What had happened? The "bottom had dropped out" of the famous "Comstocks," which had been during their productive period among the richest mines known to the history of the world. "Consolidated Virginia," which had been valued at $75,000,000, was now estimated as worth less than one. "Sierra Nevada" had fallen from $27,000,000 to $825,000. But the greatest shrinkage of all was in "California," which declined from $84,000,000 to $351,000. These figures alone explain a depression the vestiges of which, though the ruinous crisis is long past, still remain. The stock-gambling mania had possessed the community, hardly making a distinction of either age or sex, and when the bubble broke there was reason enough for gloom among those who had laid up their treasures in this kind of securities.

Some of the earlier buildings, which now appear of a flat, thin, unornamental sort, were obtained, nevertheless, at trouble and expense quite out of proportion to their plainness. The stone of which the old City Hall is made was brought expressly from Australia; that of Wells-Fargo's Express building, the Union Club, and others, from China; the granite of the fine Branch Mint was dressed in Oregon. The newer structures, however, exhibit all the modern varieties of form and color decoration carried out in excellent materials found in the State itself.

The idea of being upon a remote side of the world is kept before one by such signs as that of the New Zealand Insurance Company. It gives no mean idea of New Zealand itself, where a cannibal population were but lately eating mis-

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"NOB" HILL, AS SEEN FROM THE BAY.

sionaries, that it should be able thus to send over and take an American city under its protection. Here are the Alaska Commercial Company, and the Bank of British Columbia; and here again, its inscription gilded in Chinese as well as in English, The Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Company. An occasional office building is noted without the usual doors, its main entrance and staircase, owing to the comparative mildness of the climate, being left as open as the street.

A system of alleys passing among the colossal business buildings is filled up with small refreshment resorts, such as "The Dividend Saloon," "Our Jacob," "The Comstock Exchange," and "The New Idea," to which the busy inmates repair in the intervals of their labors. The San Francisco boot-blacks seem quite a model to their class. They are neatly uniformed men instead of, as with us, ragged boys. Favored by the open climate, they establish their rows of easy-chairs upon platforms under neat canvas awnings which are not at all disagreeable to the sight.

The corner of California and Montgomery streets, in the quarter just described, may be considered one of the two focal points of San Francisco, the "Lotta Fountain" the other. The Lotta Fountain is a tawdry little cast-iron affair, which was presented to the city by the minor actress after whom it is named, and has been placed in a position of distinguished honor. Five important streets radiate from it, and its pedestal is a place where you seek refuge at need from the throng of vehicles coming along them. Market Street extends to the Oakland Ferry in one direction, and off (past the Mechanics' Institute Fair, and the popular pleasure resort known as Woodward's Garden) toward the distant Mission Hills in the other. Geary Street takes you by its cable road to Lone Mountain, around which all the cemeteries are grouped, and to the Golden Gate Park, which reaches westward to the ocean. Upon the top of

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Lone Mountain stands up a dark cross, which recalls the Crucifixion. Third Street, a thoroughfare of the working-people, and abounding in small restaurants, markets, and "tin-type" galleries, leads to the water at a different angle from Market. Finally Kearney Street debouches here, and Montgomery terminates at but a few steps below the same point.



LONE MOUNTAIN.

The Palace Hotel, a vast drab-colored building of iron and stuccoed brick, looms up nine stories in height on Market Street, and closes in the vista at the end of Montgomery. It is so studded with bay-windows that it has the air of a mammoth bird-cage. The devoted San Franciscan, wherever met with, never fails to boast of this hotel as the most stupendous thing of its kind in the world. With the conviction that size is not the kind of improvement which all of our hotels, and our communities as well, most need, I should say at least that perfection in exterior design had not been reached: Within the glass-roofed court which occupies the centre the effect is more satisfactory. At night, when the electric light strikes upon the many tiers of columns as white as white paint can make them, it is even Parisian and fairy-like. A band plays twice a week, and the guests promenade in their several galleries or look down over the balustrades to the bottom of the court, where there are flowers, people in chairs, and carriages standing in a circular, asphalt-paved driveway.

Though the resident of San Francisco feels called upon to complain of its present comparative stagnation, the bare existence of such a place strikes the newcomer with amazement. It has not an ephemeral air, but a fine massive gravity. Its shops are filled with costly goods, its streets with comely, beautifully dressed women. It has art and literature. The private galleries contain foreign pictures of the best class; a number of local artists have made for themselves much more than a local reputation, and there is a well-attended "School of Design," which has already graduated many pupils whose talent has been recognized abroad. Its "Mercantile Library" is the most handsomely appointed that I have seen in any American city. San Francisco "society," though a trifle bizarre in the use of its newly acquired wealth, has an understratum of unexceptionable refinement. Its most bizarre side, too, is certainly ap-

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preciated in Europe, where its magnates entertain kings at their garden parties, and their daughters are sought in marriage by titles of distinction.

The European traveller who has visited the land of Barnum and of Washington with literary intentions—though still capable, no doubt, of representing us as he thinks we should be, for some time to come—must be puzzled by what he finds here. Such a place particularly should be a vast motley camp, as it is known to European travellers that most American cities are. With its thirty-three years of existence and its heterogeneous elements, it should exhibit only a combination of squalor and mushroom splendor. The hovel should elbow the tawdry palace, a democratic boorishness of manners prevail, vulgarians blaze in diamonds, and the few refined natures that by chance have ventured into the midst shrink abashed to the wall. But alas! we live in an age of expeditious movement and labor-saving inventions, and with unlimited means such as are here enjoyed the work of years is condensed into months. Camp it is none, but a solid, luxurious city. There are Americans as well, not a few, who confine their interest in their own country to a small strip of its eastern seaboard. But, as it seems to me, those who will not see this original California, and on their way to it, the chain of cities across the continent, Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake, the Rocky Mountain chain, and the gold-bearing fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada, now that all has become so easy of access, are by no means living up to their privileges.

The association which perhaps comprises more than any other the best intelligence of San Francisco is the rather well-known Bohemian Club. It takes a special interest in literature and the arts—numbering the leading professionals and amateurs in these branches in its membership — welcomes distinguished strangers, and gives a monthly entertainment of a composite character, known as a "Jinks." Its grand festival of the year is a "High Jinks," which takes the form of an excursion into the country. The High Jinks has sometimes been given at night, in masquerade costume, among the Big Trees—the enormous redwoods of Sonoma County, to the northward. The ceremonies on this occasion are as wild and weird as the humorous invention of a couple of hundred bright intellects can make them.

A population of three hundred thousand is not extraordinary, as populations go nowadays, but San Francisco is also cosmopolitan beyond its actual size. We are here in an entirely new commercial situation, which gives rise to what the French call a new *milieu*. San Francisco faces Asia, the great English-speaking colonies of Oceanica, and the islands of the sea, just as New York faces Europe. It enjoys already a trade with the Orient amounting to ten millions per annum in imports and eight millions in exports. The possibilities of the extension of this trade among the teeming populations in the cradle of the human race and of civilization, now that the circuit of the world has been completed, seem almost limitless. A way must be found sooner or later out of the imbroglio into which inexperience has plunged us on the Chinese question, and in the close intercommunication of nations which is at hand trade must flow unimpeded. Between countries separated by water, and demanding each other's productions, cities arise at the places of transfer and receipt, and with its situation San Francisco can not escape its destiny of greatness.

The Oriental trade is but a small item in the total as yet. The ships which sail out, besides those bound for the regular Eastern and European ports, are going to the British and Russian possessions in the North, to Mexico, Central and South America, to Tahiti, Feejee, Manila, the Sandwich, Navigator's, and Friendly islands—to all those far-off islands in the South Pacific, in short, which now in their turn promise to shine with the light of civilization, and become principalities and powers of the earth. Coals are burned at many a fireside—not of the most desirable quality, it must be confessed — which come from that far coast characterized by the poet in his line—

"The wolf's long howl on Oonalaska's shore."

Seventy million pounds of sugar a year are brought in from the Sandwich Islands, which slew Captain Cook, and are now a peaceful modern state. But it is particularly Australasia, and our coming relations toward it, that awaken admiring speculation. Melbourne has already more than 280,000 people, and Sydney 225,000, while along the coasts of that cannibal New Zea-

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land which sends us its insurance companies are scattered also a line of flourishing cities like Dunedin, with 43,000, Auckland, with 40,000, Christchurch, with 32,000, Wellington, with 22,000, and I know not how many more.

Astoria and Portland in Oregon, San Diego, and no doubt, in time, ports to be created along the Mexican shores, will receive their share of these new influences arising in the world, but at San Francisco they touch us first and nearest.

There is a definite fascination in having arrived at the "jumping-off place," in being at the final verge of the last of the continents. An excellent situation to feel it in is lying in the brown heather at the last point of land above the Golden Gate—though it is a raw and gusty place too in which to lie too long—or looking down from the parapeted road or piazzas of the Cliff House. There is practically nothing between us and Japan but the Seal Rocks down there in the surf in front, with the sea-lions slipping and growling upon them.

"Ah! when a man has travelled," Thoreau takes upon himself to tell us, "when he has robbed the horizon of his native fields of its mystery, tarnished the blue of distant mountains with his feet, he may begin to think of another world." Very well! but travel has its compensations too. And as it may do a man no harm to come to think upon another world at some time, the reflectiveness may as well be aroused by this cause as another. At evening the Golden Gate is the gateway to the sunset. The orb of day settles into the sea, the size of a great cart-wheel, at the end of the gleaming strait. It goes down precisely there where we have always figured it to ourselves as first arising in the morning. The circle is complete, and as the last extremes of every kind, even love and hate, are said to be identical in their essence, that old quiescent East has become the bounds of the impetuous new West.

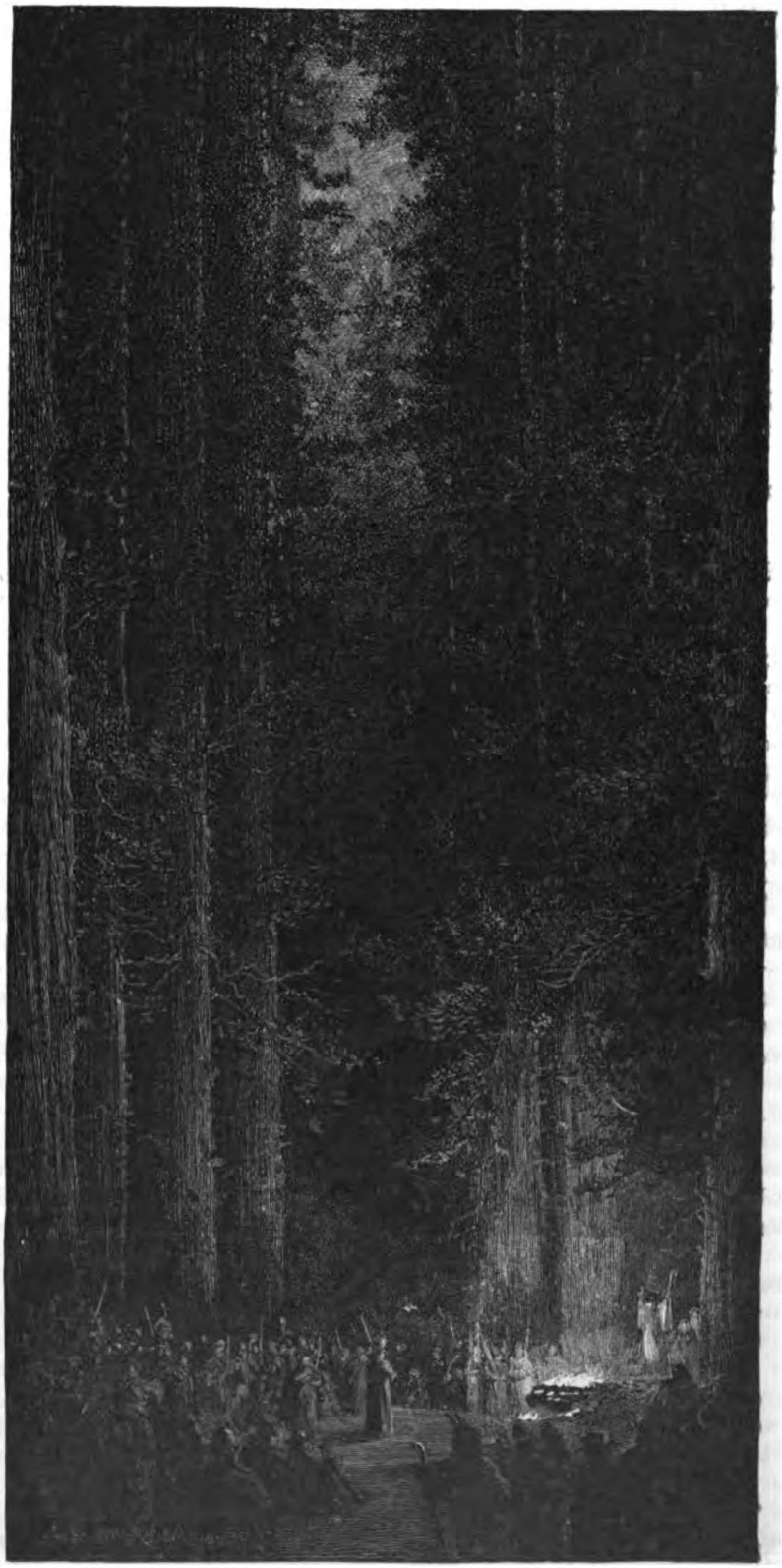
What is the world to do, you say to yourself, when it has no longer a West? How is it to get on without that vague open region on its borders which has always been its safety-valve, the outlet for surplus population and for uneasy spirits? And when the race has quite arrived at this further shore, will it stop here? Or will it possibly go round the world once more, and yet many times more, starting always at the highest pitch of perfection it has attained, and the weaker types dying out in front to make the necessary room, till it shall become in its march an army of dazzling light? Is the Millennium to be attained perchance in this way by a kind of cumulative motion, as the efficacy of a magnet is increased by the greatest number of turns of a helix around it?

The sentiment of gain, as is well known, has been the leading factor in drawing peoples around the globe. First it was sought in conquest, later in mines of the precious metals. Gold has been dangled like a bait before the eyes of the nations, or it has danced before them like Ariel or a will-o'-the-wisp. Tantalized and disappointed as a rule, after floundering on a certain way, they have paused to develop the new lands in which they found themselves. But now at length, when all the vacant spaces are full, and the need of subterfuge seems exhausted, the golden bait is cast down to be gorged by those who have found it. Never before the hegira of '49 were its followers rewarded with such an unstinted liberality. The treasures of the earth were piled up in the fastnesses of these far Pacific ranges. The yield since the year 1848 has been $2,100,000,000, and it is still going on at the rate of $80,000,000 a year.

Gold was scattered at first in the very sands, later it was washed out of high gravel-banks by the hydraulic process, and later it was got by improved machinery from the quartz rock. When the gold began to diminish, it was followed by the great silver discoveries, the "Bonanza" mines of Nevada. Consolidated Virginia alone produced in seven years $65,000,000 in gold and silver.

What fabulous sums besides—to leave our speculations on the shore, and go back to town—the individual managers made by the ingenious process of "milking the market," I do not undertake to compute. The prices of this celebrated stock at successive dates, not very far apart, were $17 a share, then $1, then $110, then $42, then $700, and then, in the final collapse in 1875, little or nothing at all. I have been shown a poor saloon called the "Auction Lunch," on Washington Street, near the Post-office, which is said to have been kept by the firm of barkeepers, Flood and O'Brien, who later attained to such a splendid prosperity. There is no historic tablet over the door, but one naturally looks with none

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"HIGH JINKS" OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB AMONG THE BIG TREES.

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the less admiration and awe at the place where the beginnings of such things could be. The proprietors of the Auction Lunch, it appears, were in the habit of receiving gold-dust occasionally in a friendly way from miners, and locking it up for safe-keeping while the owners were enjoying themselves about town. It was from these persons that they obtained the "points" which resulted in their getting possession first of "Hale and Norcross," and then of the greater properties on the Comstock lode.

I have seen, too, a friend of theirs of those early times, whose fortunes have not mended at the same pace. He descanted on the inequalities of fate, and on what he termed "bull-dog luck." He was prepared to prove that they were not even good business men, though "Jimmy" Flood does go about "with a wise air," and "Billy" O'Brien at his death left half a million dollars apiece to eight or ten nieces.

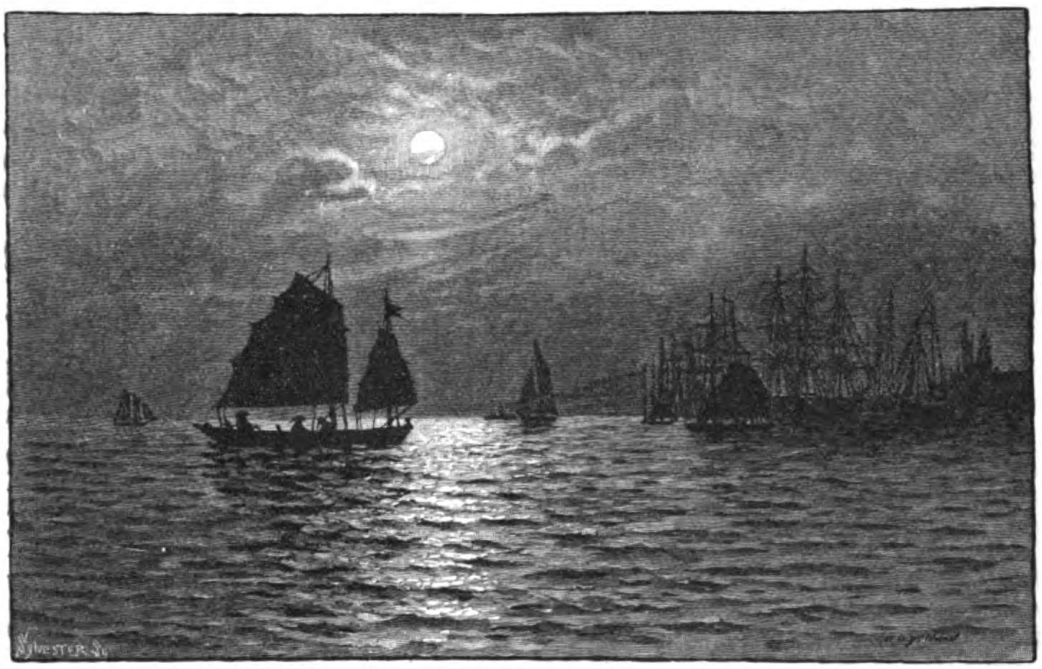
There is hardly a limit to the exceptional characters and exceptional doings to be heard of in San Francisco. Though the city affect—or has been driven into—a quiet air now, it has hardly ever done anything up to this time like any other place. It began with the wild life of the Argonauts of '49, which Bret Harte has so entertainingly portrayed. It had had six great fires, which destroyed property to the amount of $23,000,000, when yet less than three years of age. It was ruled for months in the year 1856 by a vigilance committee, which rid it of eight hundred evil-doers of one sort and another, the worst by summary execution, the rest by banishment.

The politics of the State before the war were Democratic, with a rather strong Southern bias. There was a long feud between the two great Senatorial paladins, Broderick and Gwin, which resulted in the death of Broderick by the duelling pistol of one of the partisans of the latter. There was the long fight against and final deliverance from the incubus of forged Spanish land titles, the manufacture of which, it was proven, "had become a business and a trade," and which covered the whole area of the city many times over. Then came the war, and the peculiarities growing out of the retention here of a solid currency, while the rest of the country was deluged with depreciated paper.

The brilliant period later, when the Bonanza mines were pouring out their floods of riches, and the favorite stocks were running delightfully up and down the gamut from $1 to $700 a share, was followed, when the excitement was over, by a depression of the blackest sort. In the unbearable disappointment of their losses, and the stagnation of trade, a considerable part of the community snatched at a theory held out to them by demagogues, that it was the political institutions which were somehow to blame. Upon this basis a singular new party, wild and half communistic in character, arose, and met with a brief success. The truckman Denis Kearney, its Caius Gracchus or Watt Tyler, set it in motion with blasphemous mouthings from his improvised tribune in the sand-lots. It elected a Mayor, who was at the same time Baptist preacher, and whose son, preacher too, rode up one day and assassinated at his door a newspaper editor who had passed strictures on their course. It voted a new constitution, which was thought to be but a prelude to universal confiscation, and before which capital fled in alarm. And finally, this remarkable city, having had the fortune to be the recipient of a Chinese immigration which has given a part of it the aspect of a settlement in the Flowery Kingdom, has allowed itself to be agitated by fears of a complete subversion by Orientalism, and has originated new problems in political economy and international law.

After but a tithe of such violent emotions and novel experiences it might seem that any city would be glad to rest awhile, and San Francisco seems entering upon a new period, and more likely to do things in a normal way henceforth than ever before. There has been a time of contemplation, and the lessons of the past have struck in. As affairs have slowly improved the violence of the reaction has disappeared, as well as the unhealthy inflation that gave it birth. The new political craze was of but short duration. I have never seen anywhere so quietly conducted an election as that of the last autumn, which dismissed the Kearney-Kalloch party from power. A special provision prevents the approach of any person but the voter immediately engaged in voting within one hundred feet of a polling-place. It is probable that our newspapers have exaggerated, as the way is to exaggerate doings at a distance, and many expected to see Chinamen dead and maimed at every

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CHINESE FISHING-BOATS IN THE BAY.

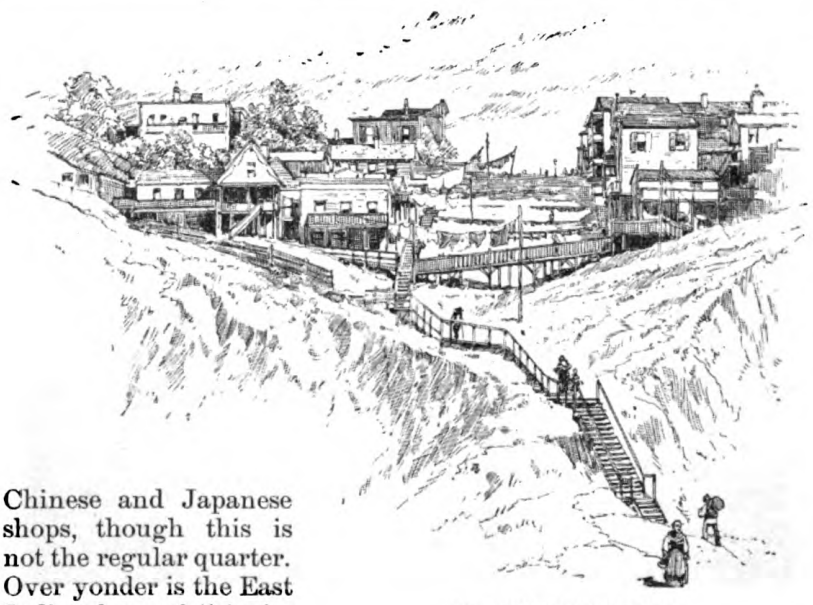
corner, or fleeing before infuriated crowds. But though some San Franciscans have their own belief in the undesirability of a great Chinese immigration, during all my stay I neither saw nor heard of an attempt to molest any individual on account of it.

The new constitution itself proved a harmless bugaboo. It is a most gratifying tribute, in fact, to the power of native common-sense and Anglo-Saxon ideas upon communities trained up under their domination that this instrument, framed in a time of great excitement, and, as was charged, with the most subversive intentions, should contain not only so little that is dangerous, but so much that is in a high degree commendable. It does no harm to property. Frightened capital may return with entire safety. I will profess myself so far an anarchist and person of incendiary opinions as to hold that an honest directness of purpose in this new constitution, and its effort to lessen and simplify legislation, to sweep away embarrassments which one has often to think are maintained rather in the interest of legislators and lawyers than of the public good, are well worthy of imitation elsewhere.

The actual physical and commercial conditions also are changing. Life is no longer to depend upon spasmodic "finds" of treasure, but on the more humdrum and legitimate industries. Mining, though the supply of metals, through the introduction of improved machinery, holds out in a uniform way, takes a lesser rank, and agriculture and manufacturing come to the front. California produces a wheat crop of $50,000,000, a wool crop of $10,000,000, wines to the amount of $4,000,000, and fruits probably worth as much more, though these last two branches are but in their infancy. Of the greater part of these San Francisco is the *entrepôt*. And the smoke of the soft coals of Alaska, Oregon, and Australia thickens the air to some purpose, since it means the production in the city of manufactured articles to the amount of $75,000,000 per annum.

Kearney Street (sharing its distinction now with Market Street) has been in times past, in sunshiny weather, the favorite promenade of all the leisurely and well-dressed. It abounds in jewellers. These seem to combine very often the business of pawnbroking with the other, and to prefix "Uncle" to their names. Thus, Uncle Johnsons, Uncle Jacksons, and Uncle Thompsons await the visitor all along with a friendly air. There are naturally

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HIGH-GRADE RESIDENCES.

Chinese and Japanese shops, though this is not the regular quarter. Over yonder is the East India shop of "Assiamull and Wassiamull." Probably such distinguished foreigners as English lords, M.P.'s, and younger sons, German barons and Russian princes, on their way around the world, are not really more numerous here than in New York, but they seem more numerous in proportion. The books of the Palace Hotel are seldom free of them, and they are detected on the street at a glance, strolling, or gazing with interest at the large photographs of the Yosemite, the Big Trees, and other wonders, at the corners.

There is a certain genial feeling about Kearney Street. It arises partly, I think, from its being on a level exactly at the foot of the steep hills. The temptation is to linger there as long as possible. The instant you leave it to go to the residence portion of the town you begin a back-breaking climb. To ascend is like going upstairs, and nothing less.

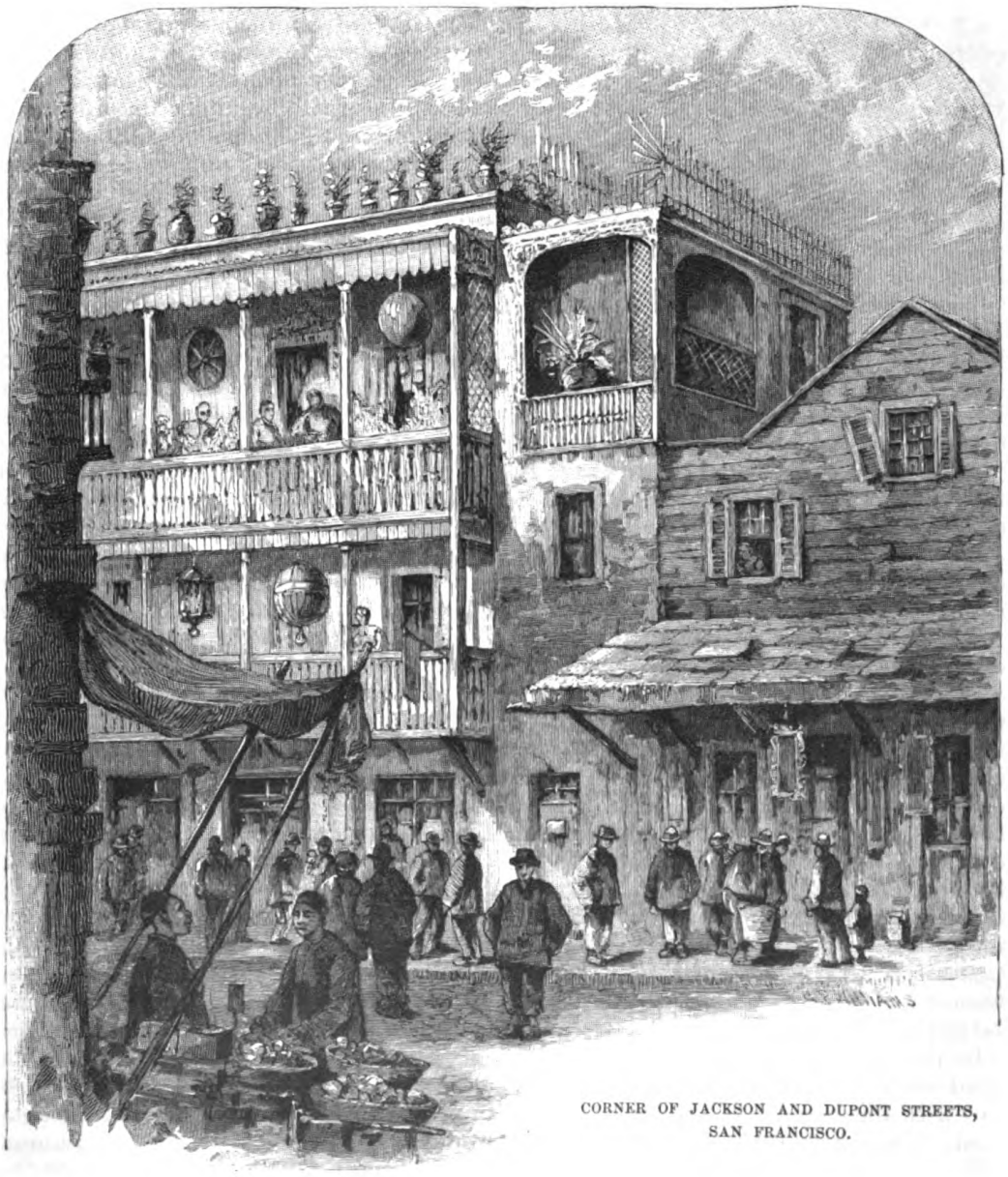
The San Francisco householder, and the Crœsus particularly, has "a station like the herald Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill." How in the world, I have asked, does he get up there? Well, then, by the cable roads. I should consider the cable road one of the very foremost in the list of curiosities, though I have been able to refrain till now from bringing it forward. It is a peculiar kind of tramway, quite as useful on a level, but invented expressly for the purpose of overcoming steep elevations. Two cars, coupled together, are seen moving, at a high rate of speed, without jar and in perfect safety, up and down all the extraordinary undulations of the ground. They have no horse, no steam, no vestiges of machinery, no ostensible means of locomotion. The astonished comment of the Chinaman observing this marvel for the first time, old as it is, may be worth repeating once more for its quaint force: "Melican man's wagon, no pushee, no pullee; all same go top-side hill like flashee." The solution of the mystery is in an endless wire cable hidden in a box in the roadbed, and turning over a great wheel in an engine-house at the top of the hill. The foremost of the two cars is provided with a grip or pincers, running underneath it, through a continuous crevice in the same box as the cable, and managed by a conductor. When he wishes to go on he clutches the always-moving cable, and goes with it; if he wishes to stop, he simply lets go and puts on a brake. Fortunately there is no snow and ice in this climate to clog the central crevice, which, by the necessities of the case, must be open. The system has been applied, however, with emendations, in Chicago, and no doubt could be in New York.

The great houses on the hill, like almost all the residences of the city, are found to be of wood. It seems a pity, to the outsider, considering the money spent, that they should be. The fact is attributed to the superior warmth and dryness of wood over brick or stone in a moist, cool climate, and also to its greater security against earthquakes. Whatever the reason, the San Francisco Crœsuses have reared for themselves palaces which might be swept off by a breath, and leave no trace of their existence. Their architecture has nothing to commend it to favor. They are large, rather over-ornate, and of no particular style. The Hopkins residence, which is a

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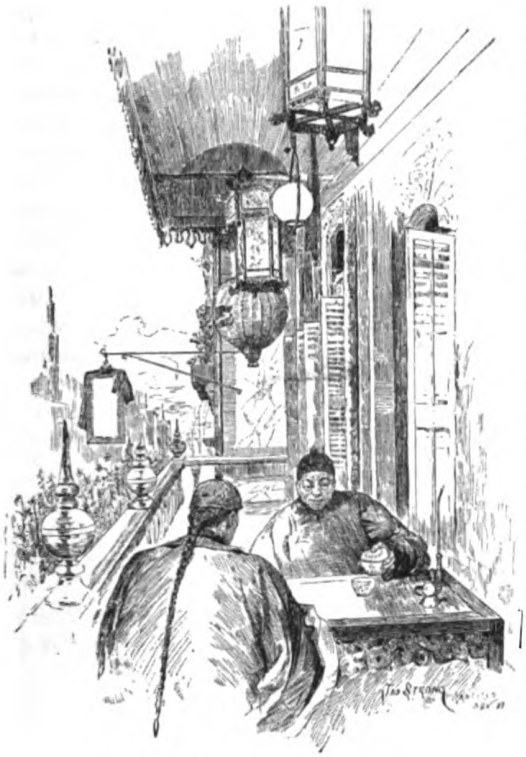
costly Gothic château, carried out, like the rest, in wood, may be excepted from this description. The basement stories, however, are of stone, and there is a deal of work in these and in foundations which would build many a first-class Eastern mansion alone. To prepare sites for habitations on these steep hills has been an enormous labor and expense. The part played by retaining-walls, terraces, and staircases of approach is extraordinary. The merest wooden cottage is prefaced by works of this kind, which outweigh its own importance a dozen to one.

When a peerage comes to be drawn up for San Francisco the grader of streets will probably follow the railroad and mining capitalist as the founder of a family. To hardly anybody else can such an amount of lucrative employment have been open. What cutting and filling! what gravelling and paving! Striking freaks of surface and arrangement result from the peculiar conditions. The city might have been terraced up with an aspect like Genoa, or Naples above the Chiaja. It is picturesque still, in the thin American way, through the absolute force of circum-



CORNER OF JACKSON AND DUPONT STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO.

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BALCONY IN THE CHINESE QUARTER.

stances. You enter the retaining-walls of stone or plank through doorways or grated archways like the postern-gates of castles. You pass up stone steps in tunnels or vine-covered arbors within these; or else zigzag from landing to landing of long wooden stairways mounting without. Odd little terrace streets and "places," as Charles Place, with bits of gardens before the houses, are found sandwiched between the more regular formations. A wide thoroughfare called Second Street has been cut through Rincon Hill, the Nob Hill of a former day, in order to afford access to water for vehicles in that part of the town. Some old houses, with a few cypress-trees standing in front of them, have here been left isolated on the banks, and are only to be approached by wooden staircases almost interminable. Dark at sunset against the red of the sky, they present an effect to delight the heart of the etcher.

In this line, however, nothing is quite equal to Telegraph Hill, which bristles now with the make-shift contrivances of a much humbler population. Bret Harte, who tells us that he lived there at one time, asserts that the Telegraph Hill goats were accustomed to browse on his pots of geranium in the second-story windows, and to prance about on the roof at night so that a new-comer thought it a hail-storm. Elsewhere, instead of precipices, you come to gloomy hollows, and looking down from the causeway, see some figure, a poor woman possibly sewing in a bay-window once filled with sunshine and air, but now commanding only a view of mildewed wall.

The views from the hills are of no common order, as may be imagined. As you rise on the cable road you seem to hang in the air above the body of the city, and above the harbor and its environment. The Clay Street road, one of the very steepest, passes through the Chinese quarter. Half-way up you have an ensign, consisting of a blue and crimson dragon upon an orange field, on the ordinary dwelling-house used as the Chinese consulate-general, flying as a bright bit of color in the foreground. The bay, so far below the eye, has a flat, opaque look. On some rare days it is very blue in color, but oftener it is slate or greenish gray, and the passing vessels criss-cross the white lines of their wakes upon it like pencil-marks on the slate. The prevailing atmosphere above it is rarely clear. Some wisp of fog is generally sneaking in at the Golden Gate, or lurking under the shore of dark Tamalpais, waiting its opportunity to rush over and seize upon the city. An obscurity compounded in part of fog and partly of coal smoke hovers in areas, now enveloping only the town, now the prospect, so that nothing can be seen from it, though the town itself be free. And now it lifts momentarily from the horizon, and shows glimpses of distant islands and cities, and of the peak of Mount Diablo thirty miles away, then shuts down upon them again as if they were but figments of the imagination. The bird's-eye view of the lights of the city at night is particularly striking. The street gas lamps, set in constellations, or radiating in formal lines, recall the bivouac of a mighty army. It is as if the hosts of Armageddon were encamped round about awaiting the final conflict. For several days, from California Street Hill, I was favored with the spectacle of a devastating fire in the woods on Mount Tamalpais. Its dark smoke rendered the sunsets lurid and ominous, and at night the burning mountain, re-

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flected red in the bay, was like a dreadful Vesuvius or Hecla.

One is hardly yet supposed to travel much in an American town. One makes journeys in America for a definite object —because he has business. No doubt if we could bring ourselves to the same receptive frame of mind as in Europe, the same readiness to be amused by a travelling acquaintance, by all the odds and ends of experience that go to make up the sum of pleasure there—no doubt a great deal more could be got than is usually the case both out of American journeys and the places at which they terminate. San Francisco at least is not without a few of those details of exactly the kind which receive the attention of the leisurely traveller abroad. Their chief defect is their thin American setting. It must be admitted that this seems particularly thin on coming direct from the massive solidity of Mexico. The first thing at which I marvelled on coming ashore was the spider lines of the American buggy, the next at a frame house. It seems that we are getting ready to fly, while the Mexicans burrow in caves.

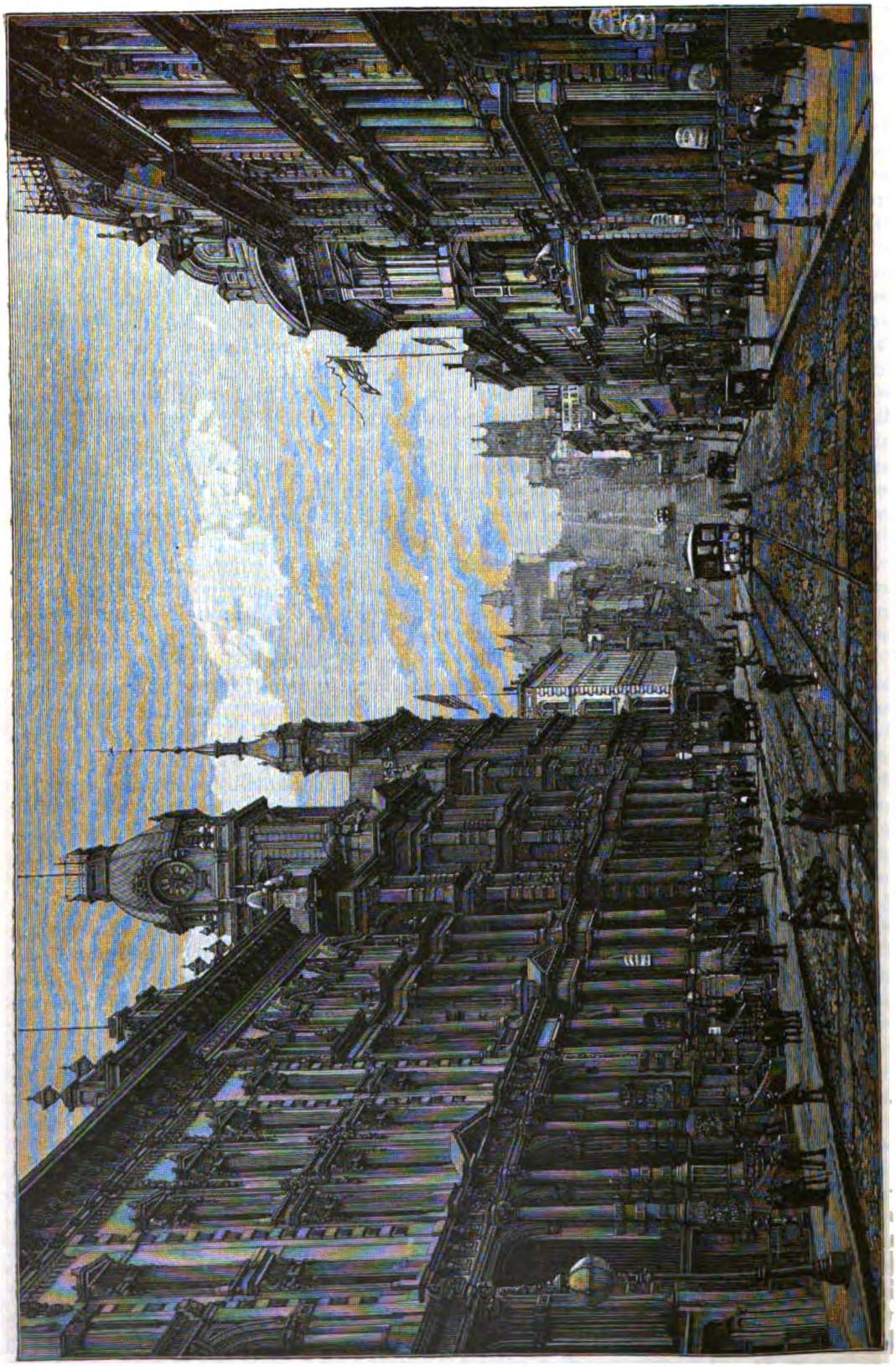
The fishermen are worth a visit. The Italians eat their macaroni, and drink their red wine, and wait upon the tides, about the vicinity of Broadway and Front streets. The Italian colony is numerous. The part of it which remains on shore is largely grocers, butchers, and restaurateurs. The Chinese shrimp-catchers are found in the cove at Potrero, behind the immense new manufacturing buildings of that quarter, and again at San Bruno Point, twelve miles down the bay. None of their boats or junks are on a large scale, but they display the usual peculiarities of their nautical architecture.

The French colony is also numerous, and their language heard upon the street continually. Taking advantage of the variety and excellence of supplies in the markets, French restaurants furnish repasts—including usually a half-bottle of wine of the country—of quite extraordinary cheapness. A considerable Mexican and Spanish contingent mingles with the Italians along Upper Dupont, Vallejo, and Green streets. Shops with such titles as *La Sorpresa* and the *Tienda Mexicana* adjoin there the *Unità d' Italia* and the *Roma* saloon. A Mexican military company, as at Los Angeles, marches with the red, white, and green tricolor on the anniversary of the national independence in September. During the Carnival a form of entertainment known as "Cascaron parties" prevails among the Spanish residents. The participants pelt one another with egg-shells which have been filled with gilt and colored papers. Sometimes a canvas fort is erected in the street, and attacked and defended with these missiles and with handfuls of flour. Such Spanish life as there is can hardly be said to have remained from the early days, since the Spanish settlement at best was so infinitesimal. It has been attracted here in the mean time like any other immigration. I recollect a dusky mother, in a palm-thatched hut on the far Acapulco trail, who told me that her son had gone away to San Francisco twenty years before and become a carpenter. He had forgotten now, she believed, to speak his native language.

The Latin race especially seems to have sought the place, originally of Latin traditions. But German and Scandinavian names upon the sign-boards, the Russian Ivanovich and Abramovich, and Hungarian Harasthy, show that no one blood or influence has exclusive sway. There appears an unusually free marrying and giving in marriage among all these components, one with the other. They are less clannish than with us. Lady Wortley Montagu remarking at Constantinople, some hundred years ago, a similar fusion of races—which is, after all, characteristic in the United States—believed that she found in it the reason for a debased and mongrel breed. But it must be borne in mind that it is a very different class of races which mingle here from the Orientals at Constantinople. At any rate, our own more cheerful theory is that we are to combine here the best qualities, the hardihood and good looks of all, while eliminating what is not desirable. Certainly the bright, intelligent aspect of the children of San Francisco does nothing to damage this view.

On the ground itself such vestiges of the days of '49 as remain do not fail to receive attention. They are extremely few, and I confess to surprise as well at the slightness of historic records at the Pioneer Society. I make little doubt that they could be easily paralleled in many other libraries of the country. "North Beach," however, under Telegraph Hill, may be visited both for the memories it

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CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

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recalls and its own picturesque aspect of ruin. It is the place where the first ships landed, where the ill-fated Ralston swam out into the bay, and it contains the ruins of "Harry Meigs's Wharf," built by a celebrated prototype of Ralston's in the Fifties. The blackened old pier is dumping-place for city refuse now, and swarms of chiffoniers gather around it to pick out such scraps of value as they may before they are washed away by the tide.

The leading streets of San Francisco commemorate in their names the pioneers of the State or the place. A newer series has adopted the names of the States of the Union, and numerical designations, carried already from First to Forty-fifth for "avenues," and from First to Thirtieth for simple "streets." The fast-growing, tough, fragrant, but scrawny eucalyptus is much in use along these streets as a shade tree. In the door-yards are seen sharp-pointed cypresses, the Spanish-bayonet, and ordinary—not exotic—flowers, which need a great deal of sprinkling to keep them in good order.

The San Francisco school of writers, developed in the successful days of the *Overland Monthly*, have made little use of the city itself in their literature. Bret Harte has confined his local range to the doings of certain small boys, and to some sketchy "Sidewalkings," and an account of the disagreeable features of the climate, in "Neighborhoods I Have Moved From." It was from Folsom Street, I recollect, that the adventurous Charles Summerton, aged five, set out on his great expedition to Van Dieman's Land, by way of the Second and Market Street cars. I had occasion to visit this street sometimes, and I confess that even this slight incident—such is the potency of the true literary touch—has given to Folsom Street a genial feeling which others, quite as good in appearance (and even the long stately Van Ness Avenue on the other side of town), do not have.

San Francisco has to offer among its other advantages that of saving a trip around the world; that is to say, whoever has seen Europe, and shirks further wanderings, may derive from the compact Chinese city of 30,000 souls, which makes a part of this, such an idea of the life and aspect of things in the Celestial Empire as will act as a considerable alleviation of curiosity. The Chinese immigrants, it is true, have rarely erected buildings of their own. They have fitted themselves into what they found. But they have fitted themselves in with all their peculiar industries, their smells of tobacco and cooking-oil, their red and yellow signs, their opium pipes, high-soled slipper shoes, sticks of India ink, silver pens, and packets of face-powder in the windows, their fruits and fish, their curious groceries and more curious butcher's-meat—they have fitted all this into the Yankee buildings, and taken such absolute possession of them that it is no longer America, but Shanghai or Hong-Kong. The restaurants make the nearest approach to having a national façade, but this is brought about by adding highly decorated balconies, with lanterns and inscriptions, instead of building anew.

I had the curiosity to try the food at the best of these restaurants—quite a palatial place at the head of Commercial Street. It was both neatly served and palatable. There was a certain monotony in the bill of fare, it is true, which I thought might be ascribed to a desire to give us dishes as near to the American style as possible. We had a soup of chicken with a flour paste resembling macaroni; a very tender chicken, sliced through bones and all, served in a bowl; another bowl of duck; then, in a pewter chafing-dish, quail with spinach. All the food is set out in bowls, and each person helps himself from the common store with a pair of ebony chopsticks to such morsels as he may desire. The chopsticks, held in the fingers of the right hand somewhat after the manner of castanets, seem about as convenient to the beginner as a pair of lead-pencils might be for the same purpose. We drank *saki*, or rice brandy, in infinitesimal cups, during the dinner, and at dessert a very fine tea.

The upper story in these places is reserved for the more prosperous class of guests. Those of slenderer purses are accommodated in a department below. To these latter is given the second drawing of the tea, still strong, after it has been sold above at twenty-five cents a cup, and such meats as remain in a tolerable state of preservation. The upper story is decorated as a rule with carved work, colored scarlet and heavily gilded, and with screens, lanterns, and teak-wood tables and stools.

Dropping in one evening for tea at the place above mentioned, I had the good fortune to witness a supper party which made a most novel *genre* picture, glowing

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IN A CHINESE THEATRE.

with color. There were probably a dozen men, dignified-looking persons in handsome clothing of black, blue, and purple silks. With them were as many women, young, slender, and pretty in their way, though the women seen walking about the streets are very coarse and clumsy in type. These had carefully smoothed black hair, looped and sustained with silver pins, and their complexions were daintily made up with pink and white and vermilion. They realized precisely the heads we see painted on their silk fans. The most interesting one had a decidedly Fellah or Hebrew aspect, and was probably not without an admixture of other blood in her veins. The men occupied the carved teak-wood stools about a large table, which was spread with a white cloth, and covered with charmingly painted china. The women stood by and served them. Now and then one rested momentarily on a corner of a stool, in a laughing way, and took a morsel too. The whole was a bit of bright Chinoiserie worth in itself a long journey to witness. The guests were merry. Among other amusements they played a game something like the Italian *mora*. One held up his fingers in rapid succession, and the others counted the number at the tops of their voices. What with this, their laughter, drumming on the table, and other hubbub of their gayety—besides an orchestra of their peculiar music, which add-

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ed its din from behind a screen—the party was not so very unlike an assembly of Parisian *canotiers* and *grisettes* supping at Bougival.

The temple and theatre of the Chinese emigrant are always the same. I found here the same scenes I had already witnessed at Havana at the beginning of a long journey. The temple, economically set up in some rear upper room, abounds in gaudy dangling signs, and is little frequented. The theatre is vastly more popular. The dresses used are rich and of much interest. The performers are continually marching, fighting, spinning about, pretending to be dead, and jumping up again, or singing in a high cracked voice, like the whine of a bagpipe. A warrior of six feet high, though he may be Gengis Khan, and bear himself with the "haughty stride and withering pride" of a Major-General John in the *Bab Ballads*, will sing in this same voice, and no other. The slightness of the means by which illusion is attempted is one of the standing features of interest in the Chinese drama. As one of the naïve rustics in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* held up his arm to represent a wall, across which Pyramus and Thisbe might talk, so here, if it be designed to represent the march of an army through the woods, a small screen is put up at one side of the stage, bearing an inscription which no doubt says "woods," and around and around this the military betake themselves.

The cemetery seemed to me the most curious of all the sights connected with Chinadom in San Francisco. I came upon it in the course of a long stroll, and was, as it happened, almost the only outside spectator to peculiar ceremonial rites on the annual propitiation of the spirits of the dead. This burial-place is not grouped with the others in the general Golgotha at Lone Mountain, but adjoins that devoted to the city paupers, out among the melancholy sand-dunes by the ocean shore. It is parcelled off by white fences into inclosures for a large number of separate burial guilds, or *tongs*, as the Fook Yam Tong, the Tung Sen Tong, the Ye On Tong, etc. One has difficulty to persuade himself that he can be awake when witnessing the doings actually here taking place in broad sunlight and in Yankeeland.

It is the practice of this people to convey the bones of their dead to China, but preliminary funerals take place in regular form. One of the first class often enlists all the "hacks" in San Francisco. The bones are left in the ground a year or more before being in a fit condition for removal, and over these the rites of propitiation are performed. As I lingered in the vicinity toward three in the afternoon, first one, then another "express wagon" of the usual pattern drove up. They bore freights of Chinamen and Chinawomen, and curiously assorted provisions. The "hoodlum" drivers, though conducting themselves most peaceably, seemed to wear a certain sardonic air at having to draw their profits from such a class of patronage. The provisions were unloaded, and taken up and laid on small wooden altars, of which there is one in the front of each plot. Most conspicuous among them were numerous whole roast pigs decorated with ribbons and colored papers. There were, besides, roast fowls, rice, salads, sweetmeats, fruits, cigars, and rice brandy. The participants set to work at once to fire revolvers, bombs, and crackers, kindle fires of packages of colored paper, make profound genuflections before the graves, and scatter libations of the food and liquors. Only the larger articles were reserved to be taken home again. The din and smoke increased; the strangely garbed figures pranced about in the midst like sorcerers. The goblin-like roast pigs loomed out of the semi-obscurity with a portentous air. It might have been some Saturnalia at Eleusis, or a veritable witches' Sabbath.

Fruits and cigars were hospitably tendered me, had I wished to partake of them. I will say that I have not found parsimony a vice of the Chinaman, though he lives upon so little, and is content with such small returns. Coming back by the same way in the evening, I noted prowling figures, like those of tramps, gathering up among the graves for their own use the fragments cast out at the heathen ceremonial.

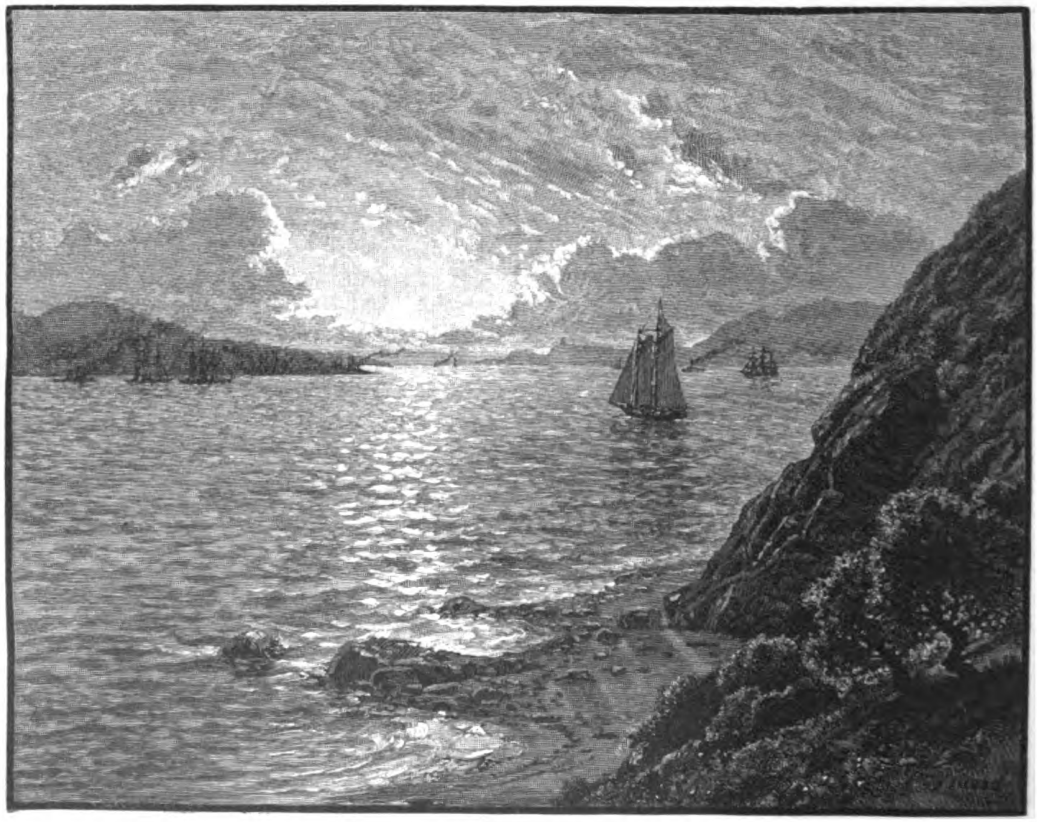
I am glad, on the whole, not to have to settle the mooted Chinese question in person. On the one hand, a great law of political economy—the natural right of man to seek happiness where he will; on the other, a view that the best good of a community does not necessarily consist in mere size and value of "improvements." The reflective mind will find it rather in the greatest average distribution of com-

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fort. I should say that there have been no evils of consequence experienced from the presence of the Chinese population as yet. Without them the railroads could not have been built, nor the agricultural—and perhaps not even the mining—industries developed as they are. With all the complaint that has been heard, too, of competition from this source, the wages of labor are better here than at the East without it, and the cost of living is certainly not more.

A proper male costume for San Francisco is humorously said to be a linen duster with a fur collar. The variability of the climate within brief spaces of time—to devote a moment to a subject which on the ground itself will receive very much more—is thus indicated. The temperature varies considerably at different parts of the same day, though the mean for the year is remarkably even. The mean for January, the coldest month, is but fifty degrees, and for September, the warmest, but fifty-eight. It is a famous climate for work, but the average is rather chilly. People go away for warmth in the summer quite as much as for coolness. The rainy season of the winter is really the pleasantest of the year. The air is clearer, at the same time that the prospects are verdant and best worthy to be seen. At other times fogs prevail, or bleak winds arise in the afternoons, and blow dust in a dreary way into the eyes of all whose misfortunes then call upon them to be on the streets.

Returning to town from our Chinese ceremonies, we pass along the wide Point Lobos Avenue, the favorite drive to the Cliff House. It is skirted at one side by a portion of the public pleasure-ground, the Golden Gate Park, an area of half a mile by three miles and a half, which is being redeemed from its original condition of drifting sand in quite a wonderful way. All this outer tract near the ocean is still a desert as yellow as Sahara. A few scattered dwellings begin to appear in the sands. Each has its water-tank and windmill, a yucca plant or two, and some knots of tough grass. On the edge of the steep hills eastward appears the city, as if it had climbed up and were looking over in surprise.



GOLDEN GATE FROM GOAT ISLAND.

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THE TREATY OF PEACE AND INDEPENDENCE.

II.



LOUIS XVI.

QUITTING the scene of the negotiations described in the previous article, and crossing the Channel, I now enter upon the state of parties in England simultaneously with and subsequent to the signing of the Preliminary Treaty.

Soon after the death of Lord Rockingham in June, 1782, Parliament was prorogued, and did not again assemble until the 5th of December. The interval was employed by Lord Shelburne in conducting the negotiations for the peace, and in efforts to strengthen his government by a union with some of the forces of the opposition. That opposition consisted of two entirely distinct bodies of men, whose relations to the American war had always been as wide asunder as the poles. In the House of Commons Fox was the leader of one of these bodies, Lord North of the other. Fox represented that portion of the Whigs who had seceded from office under Lord Shelburne at the commencement of his administration; Lord North was the head of the old Tories, the supporters of prerogative, and the men who had served the King in the prosecution of the war upon his subjects in America. The public during the recess of Parliament appear to have desired a reunion of the Whigs under Lord Shelburne. But no such reunion could take place, for the simple reason that Fox and his friends would not serve under that minister as Premier. A junction with Lord North is said to have been attempted by Lord Shelburne, but the overture, if made, was declined.

Nothing remained for Lord Shelburne, therefore, but to conclude the peace, and to confront Parliament with such a settlement as he might be able to make with America and with France and Spain, having before him the strong probability that the factions opposed to him would succeed in making that peace distasteful to the nation. His position was thus at the mercy of his opponents, if they should see fit to unite; and although a union between Fox and Lord North was scarcely to have been expected, considering their previous opinions and conduct, the treaties were, in truth, quite capable of being made the pretext for an attack on the ministry which had made them, in which men who were and men who were not responsible for the war and its results, and who had never appeared in public in any other attitude toward each other than that of bitter political hostility, might be seen fighting side by side.

As soon as the provisional articles with America were signed, the ministry, in order to prevent the mischiefs of speculations in the funds, caused an announcement to be made public that the negotiations at Paris were so far advanced as to promise a decisive conclusion of the question of peace or war before the meeting of Parliament, which was then fixed for the 5th of December. But when that day arrived the negotiations with France and Spain were far from being completed. The meeting of Parliament could not be farther postponed, and as public rumor asserted that some arrangement had been made with the Americans, an official statement became unavoidable. The King's speech therefore informed Parliament in a cautious way that he had pointed all his measures, both in Europe and America, to an entire and cordial "reconciliation" with the "colonies"; that finding such a step indispensable to the attainment of this object, he had gone the full length of the powers vested in him, and had "offered" to declare them

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COUNT DE VERGENNES.

free and independent States by an article to be inserted in the treaty of peace; and that provisional articles were agreed upon, to take effect whenever terms of peace should be finally settled with the court of France. The speech then proceeded as follows:

"In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinion of my people. I make it my humble and earnest prayer to Almighty God that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire, and that America may be free from those calamities which have formerly proved in the mother country how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interest, affections, may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries; to this end neither attention nor disposition shall be wanting on my part."

The condition of the negotiations with the other powers was then alluded to in general terms, and while the hope of peace was held out, the country was warned to be prepared for a further prosecution of the war.

Although the speech from the throne was of course the composition of the minister, yet that the King, on this the most painful occasion of his public life, was allowed to speak the real sentiments of his heart, in the paragraph concerning America, can not be doubted. But it is not uncharitable to suppose that there was purpose as well as sincerity in this passage. The long-cherished, the unsurrendered hope that in some way, at last, after feeling the full effects of their misguided conduct, the people of America would be brought back to some kind of political union with Great Britain, still lingered in the royal breast.

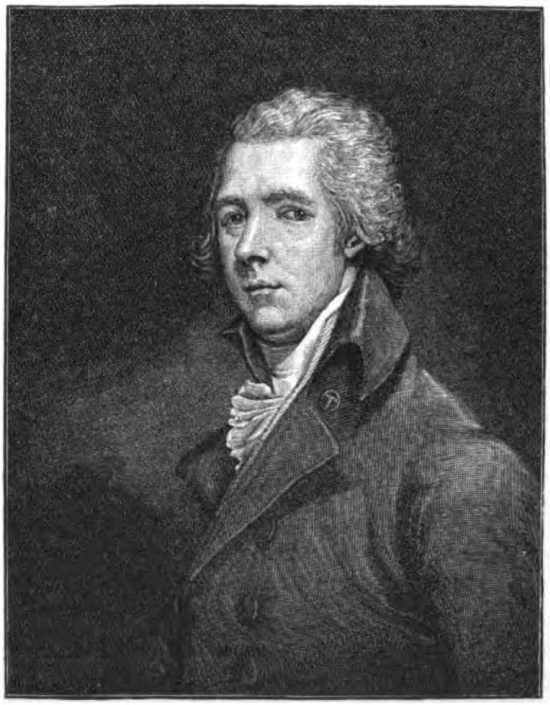
That sentiment, which touched so plaintively the supposed essential connection between monarchy and constitutional liberty, might reach a portion of the American people predisposed to remember and to act upon it in the future. A chance still remained that these provisional articles might not soon become definitive; that while further offensive war in America was now prohibited by act of Parliament, the war with France and Spain might yet go on; that England might break the alliance between the United States and France; that America might be drawn to the side of England, and that at length, in the possibilities created by new combinations, some kind of union with Great Britain under one sovereign, with a local Parliament in America, might be sought by the people of the United States as their true condition. There was therefore in the speech from the throne a studied ambiguity. The fact that the independence of the United States had been actually acknowledged, that they had been treated with as "free, sovereign, and independent States," was concealed, and their independence was said to have been "offered." The inference might, indeed, be drawn from the whole speech that whatever the result of the pending negotiations with France, the independence of America was henceforth to be considered as settled. The inference might also be drawn from it that the separation of England from America had only been admitted conditionally. The articles themselves were not made public.

An address of thanks for the King's speech, in the usual style, was voted in the Commons, without opposition, and without any amendment being proposed. But the speech was severely criticised by Fox and Burke; Lord North did not then declare himself. In the Lords the speech

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was assumed to have announced the recognition of American independence as irrevocable and unconditional. Lord Shelburne thought fit to reply that the words of the speech clearly proved that nothing but a conditional offer of independence had been made, and that if fair and equal terms were not obtained from France, the ally of the United States, this offer could be withdrawn, and would thereupon be at an end. On the next day (December 6), when the report of the committee of the bargain, but was to take effect absolutely, at any period, near or remote, whenever any peace should be concluded with France, or whether it was only contingent upon the particular treaty then under negotiation with France, and was capable of being revoked, and left to be determined by circumstances and the chances of war.

The minister refused absolutely to answer this inquiry, but promised to produce the American articles when he should deem it



WILLIAM PITT.

Commons appointed to draw up the address came in, the ministry were questioned on this subject, and several of them declared that the recognition of American independence was unconditional and irrevocable. The First Lord of the Treasury had thus put a construction upon the provisional articles diametrically opposite to that given to them by some of his colleagues. These public and notorious contradictions created much alarm. In the House of Lords, on the 13th, Earl Fitzwilliam demanded an explanation from the minister, and called for an explicit answer to the question whether the independence of America was never again to become a subject of doubt, discussion, or proper to do so. Fox then moved in the House of Commons for a copy of so much of the articles as related to the independence of the United States.* On this motion Lord North made a sarcastic attack upon the ministry, in which he treated the King's speech as proof that the acknowledgment of independence was conditional and therefore revocable. But he did not support Fox's motion. He was considering the probabilities of his return to office through Lord Shelburne's necessities. A large majority divided against the motion, and both Houses then adjourned to the 21st of January.

* This motion was made on the 16th of December.

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The purpose of all this management and concealment on the part of Lord Shelburne was to gain one or the other of the two factions of the opposition to the support of the peace and a union with his administration. He could not have expected to influence the court of France by holding out the idea that the independence of America was not irrevocably admitted by the provisional articles, for he must have known that the Count de Vergennes had become acquainted with their contents.

On the day before that appointed for the re-assembling of Parliament the provisional articles with France and Spain were signed at Paris. On the 27th of January they were laid before Parliament, and were directed to be taken into consideration on the 17th of February. In the interval Lord Shelburne made separate efforts to gain Lord North or Mr. Fox. To the former he offered places for his friends, and a high but not a cabinet office for himself, on condition that he would support the peace. Lord North cautiously answered that he would not join in any censure of the peace, but could not support an address approving it. Such an address was deemed by the ministry essential to their continuance in power; and the treaty with Lord North ended where it began. To Fox Lord Shelburne offered a reunion of all the Whigs, and this offer Fox would have accepted if Lord Shelburne would have agreed to resign the Treasury to the Duke of Portland; but, as Horace Walpole shrewdly remarks, Lord Shelburne did not mean to sacrifice himself in order to serve himself, and consequently the support of Fox and his party was not gained. Before the day arrived for the consideration of the treaties in Parliament the famous coalition between Mr. Fox and Lord North was formed,* and Fox had determined to do what must always be regarded as the great error of his public life—censure the peace in conjunction with a man who was responsible for nearly all that had exposed England to the dire necessity of making that peace.

After all is weighed that has been or can be said in defense or extenuation of this coalition, it must be condemned both on political and moral grounds.* In judging it, however, we should not allow our natural resentments as Americans against Lord North to influence our estimate of the conduct of Fox. The true point of view from which to look at the course of Fox—and it is his course alone of the two principal parties to the coalition that can have any historical interest—is to inquire what the conduct of a British statesman, situated as he was, should, under all the circumstances, have been. What was his duty to England at the conclusion of the peace? and what were the consequences of the step which he then determined to take?

Great allowance should undoubtedly be made for the difficulties arising from that peculiar feature in the political and social system of England—more marked before the reform of the House of Commons than it is now, but still not wholly removed—under which parties were constituted in some degree from personal association, and from the expectation of office under a particular chief, who was followed from interested motives, or family or individual attachments.†

Great allowance should also be made on account of the state of parties existing in the English Parliament at this period. They were three. The first was the party of the ministry, consisting of the friends of Lord Shelburne, of that part of the Rockingham Whigs who did not quit office with Fox, and of some of the old fol-

* Their first meeting was at the house of Lord North's son, George North, on the 14th of February.

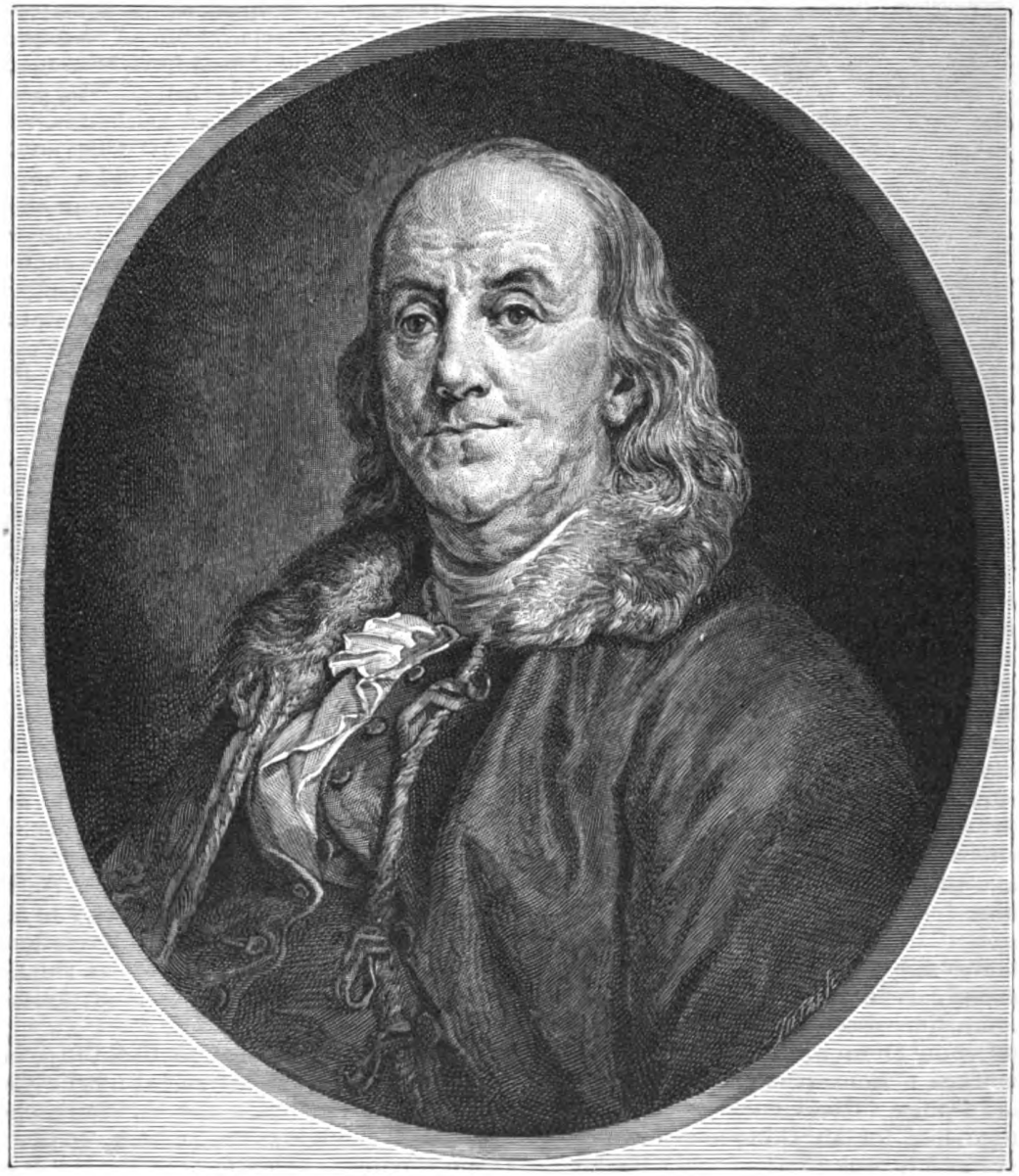
* I have read, and I trust with candor, the most important of what has been written in defense of Fox. I hope, too, that I may assume to be out of the reach of that current of detraction which has run through English history from his day down to our own in reference to this part of his life. My opinion of his merits and abilities as a statesman is sufficiently manifested in the preceding pages. My feelings as an American would carry me to the side of leniency in judging of any part of his conduct. But I can not agree that such coalitions between public men of opposite principles in countries where public conduct is supposed to be founded on principle can ever have a moral, as they seldom can have a political, justification. The case for Fox is stated very fairly in his *Life*, by Lord John Russell, who does not defend him; and all the materials for a defense, and all that can be said in extenuation, may be found in the *Memoirs of Fox*, left by his nephew Lord Holland, and annotated by the late Mr. John Allen.

† It is from this cause that an English statesman in making an administration is often obliged to form connections with men who would not be included if it were not necessary to control the votes which they command from their personal following.

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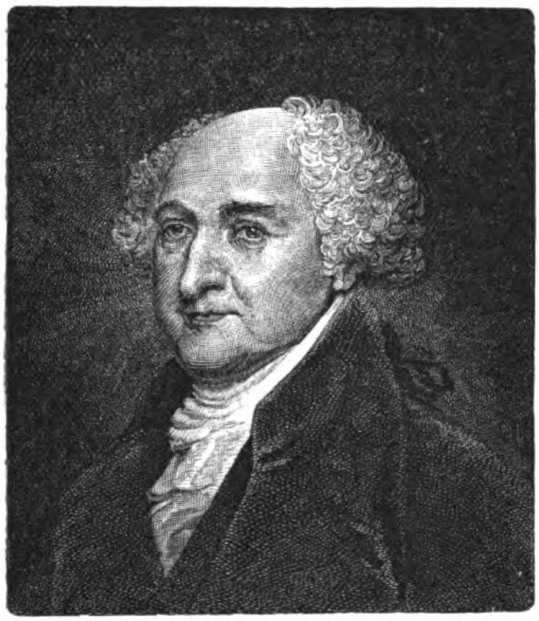
lowers of Lord North who supported the present government from fear of Fox. The second was the party of Lord North, composed of his personal friends, of men who were attached to his Tory principles of government, or who counted upon his restoration to power. The third was the party of Mr. Fox, made up of his personal friends, and of the larger part of the Rockingham Whigs, who had no confidence in Lord Shelburne.

Assuming that a crisis had arrived, when the question was presented, which two of these three parties must coalesce in order to make an administration able to carry on the government, this question, for Fox, may be admitted to have been one of great embarrassment. In one sense he had to choose between Lord Shelburne, whom he had disdainfully left for sufficient reasons, public and personal, and Lord North, whom he had always de-



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

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JOHN ADAMS.

nounced as a dangerous and incapable minister. In another sense he was obliged to choose neither; for if he could not have compelled a dissolution of Parliament he might have remained out of office, and have taken the peace for better or worse, doing what he could as an independent member of Parliament to bring England into a state of conformity with her new situation, and awaiting the chances of future events to place him, without reproach, where he could do more. The great mistake attending his union with Lord North arose from the fact that in order to force himself into office he was obliged to denounce the peace, and then to assume the task of carrying it out in conjunction with a minister who was not only odious from his connection with the war, but whose political system, personal characteristics, and former subserviency to the King unfitted him for anything like comprehensive and liberal views of what the altered circumstances of England required. With a cabinet strong in the public confidence and respect, Fox could have done his country great service in spite of the King's narrowness of mind and personal ill-will. With a party composed of the materials which made up the coalition he could not make or conduct a system answering to the exigencies of the time.

The question may be asked, what did the exigencies of the time demand? The answer, with very little aid from subsequent history, might be given from what Fox himself must have seen—from the principles on which he had always acted. The war was certainly to be condemned, but the peace should have been accepted as its inevitable fruit. The separation of America from England should have been made gracefully and cheerfully. The parting should have been neither in sorrow nor in anger. All that could efface the recollection of old wrongs, all that could revive old attachments, should have been done. The United States as a republican power should have been welcomed into the circle of fellowship with their mother country—that land by whose legislative system, by whose maxims of public liberty, and by whose course of jurisprudence a republican government in America had been made a practicable and most important experiment. The throne of England, strong in the necessities of her society, and in the principles which had placed upon it the house of Hanover, did not need, and should not have been allowed to utter, dogmatic predictions of the failure of that experiment. The fact should have been known and heeded that, in the midst of war, constitutions of republican government, of no ordinary merit, had been made by the several States, and that a federal union for the whole had been created, worthy at least of the enlightened notice and the favoring hopes of a kindred nation. Without other delay than was necessary to arrange the details, the commercial relations of England and the United States should have been settled upon a basis of mutual advantage.

But the condition of parties, the relations into which Fox was led by the Coalition, and especially the character and temper of the King, were enough to place such a policy as this beyond the reach of Fox, even if he had conceived and aspired to it. Events, moreover, which followed in quick succession after the peace put him again, after a very brief interval of office, for a long time in opposition, and left the relations between England and America to drift along the course of years without any settled and consistent plan.

The attack on the peace was made in the House of Commons with great vigor

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by the combined forces of the Coalition, and on the 21st of February the following, among other resolutions, was carried by a majority of 207 to 190: "That the concessions granted to the enemies of Great Britain were greater than they were entitled to, either from the actual state of their respective possessions or from their comparative strength." Probably an impartial survey of the attitude of each of the belligerents at the time of the peace would not have affirmed the truth of this position. But whatever might be said respecting the concessions made to France and Spain, the real question for an English House of Commons, in relation to the settlement with America, was not touched by this vote. It might have been very true that the actual state of their conquests and their relative strength would not have enabled the Americans to demand all that was yielded to them by the treaty. But it was a far more important question whether the provisions of the treaty were not required by the highest considerations of national policy.

If the independence of America was to be admitted—and the very majority who censured the peace allowed that that admission was "in perfect compliance with the necessity of the times, and in conformity with the sense of Parliament"—then it was equally necessary to yield to us the boundaries, the fisheries, and the evacuation of the British posts, and not to insist on compensation to the loyalists, for the plain reason that it was the wisest policy to make the treaty as it was made. Fox himself, or Lord North, or any other leader of the Coalition, could not have made an essentially different treaty; for if either of them had been charged with the responsibility of the settlement, he must have allowed that everything conceded to us was necessarily involved either in our national independence or in the continuance of peace between the two countries.

That the peace should have been unpopular in England was to have been expected. The nation, mortified by the loss of the colonies, and not knowing how much that loss was due to the King, humbled and irritated by the triumphs of France, oppressed by taxation, and cut off from the American trade, had no means of venting its displeasure but to blame the ministry who had made the peace. This vague popular discontent with the course in which things had been going on for years gave the Coalition the means of their temporary success; and it is one of the most singular occurrences in political history that one of the agents through whom this discontent reached the object of its unmerited rebuke was Lord North, the very man on whom that rebuke should have fallen.

Lord Shelburne resigned. A member of his administration—a young man not four-and-twenty years of age—was left in the House of Commons as Chancellor of the Exchequer to carry on the government until it should be known whether the King could be forced to receive the leaders of the Coalition as ministers, or whether some other arrangement of parties could be made. This remarkable person, who had already attracted the attention of Europe, who rose within a few months afterward into the position of Prime Minister of England, and who continued to wield the powers of that high office for seventeen years, was William Pitt, the second son of Lord Chatham. He had been trained by his great parent, with the utmost affection and the wisest care, in a course of education which few men were better qualified than Lord Chatham to direct, and which was admirably adapted to develop the powers of a youth whose natural gifts were of a high order, and whose temperament was both studious and ambitious. He was originally destined for the legal profession, but after being called to the bar he entered the House of Commons in 1781, and thenceforth devoted himself exclusively to a public career.

Lord Chatham had died a little less than three years before.* The funeral honors directed and bestowed by Parliament expressed the emotions which a life so great and a death so grandly in harmony with that life naturally awakened. As the solemn train bore within the portals of Westminster Abbey the mortal remains of Chatham the nation gathered into its keeping the treasure of his fame, and when the son, before the enthusiasm, the gratitude, and the reverence expressed by those public rites had begun to fade from men's thoughts, evinced some possession of the father's genius, they hastened to be-

* He died May 11, 1778. His son entered the House of Commons January 23, 1781.

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stow upon him, as if it were his rightful inheritance, a large measure of the influence which forty years of renown had gained for the name of Pitt.

The resignation of Lord Shelburne was followed by a ministerial interregnum, which lasted from the 24th of February until the 5th of April. The real cause of this delay in settling the government was the utter repugnance of the King to receive Mr. Fox into his cabinet. In the mean time it devolved upon Mr. Pitt to propose some measures for an immediate re-opening of commercial intercourse with America, lest the merchants of other countries might anticipate those of Great Britain in securing the trade. Much disappointment was felt by all parties when it became known that no commercial arrangements had been made in the provisional treaty. Ships freighted with goods for the American markets were waiting the action of government, and any hour might bring American vessels into the ports of Great Britain. How were such vessels and their crews and cargoes to be treated? Were the prohibitory acts which had forbidden all trade with the colonies to be considered as still in force, or had they been impliedly repealed by the acknowledgment of American independence? If those acts had been repealed, were the former regulations revived, which required certain entries and documents in the case of vessels sailing from the colonies? Was the American a foreign trade, or did the law of England regard it as a colonial trade, or was it neither, but something anomalous? The immediate interposition of Parliament was loudly demanded.

Mr. Pitt brought in a bill designed as a temporary and provisional arrangement. The principle on which he framed it grew out of the actual state of affairs. There was no reliable information from America which authorized any definite expectations concerning the wishes and purposes of Congress in respect to commercial relations with Great Britain and her dependencies. A general presumption that the Americans would desire some commercial arrangement was all that could be assumed. Mr. Pitt wished to encourage such a desire, and to convince the people of the United States that Great Britain was disposed to re-establish commercial intercourse with them on liberal terms. In doing at once what the immediate exigency required, by removing present obstructions to the trade and the doubts which hung over it, he thought it the most simple and efficacious mode of proceeding to make a provisional arrangement under which the trade could be revived on a very broad footing.

Accordingly, his bill proposed to admit the vessels and subjects of the United States just as the vessels and subjects of other independent nations were admitted, and to impose upon American goods and produce the same duties and charges only which were levied upon the property of British subjects when imported in British vessels. It also threw open to the Americans the trade with the British islands and colonies in America without restriction. Mr. Pitt assumed that this plan would be followed by an immediate negotiation, which would enable England to obtain reciprocal advantages from the United States, and in which all the details of the vast interests involved would be considered.

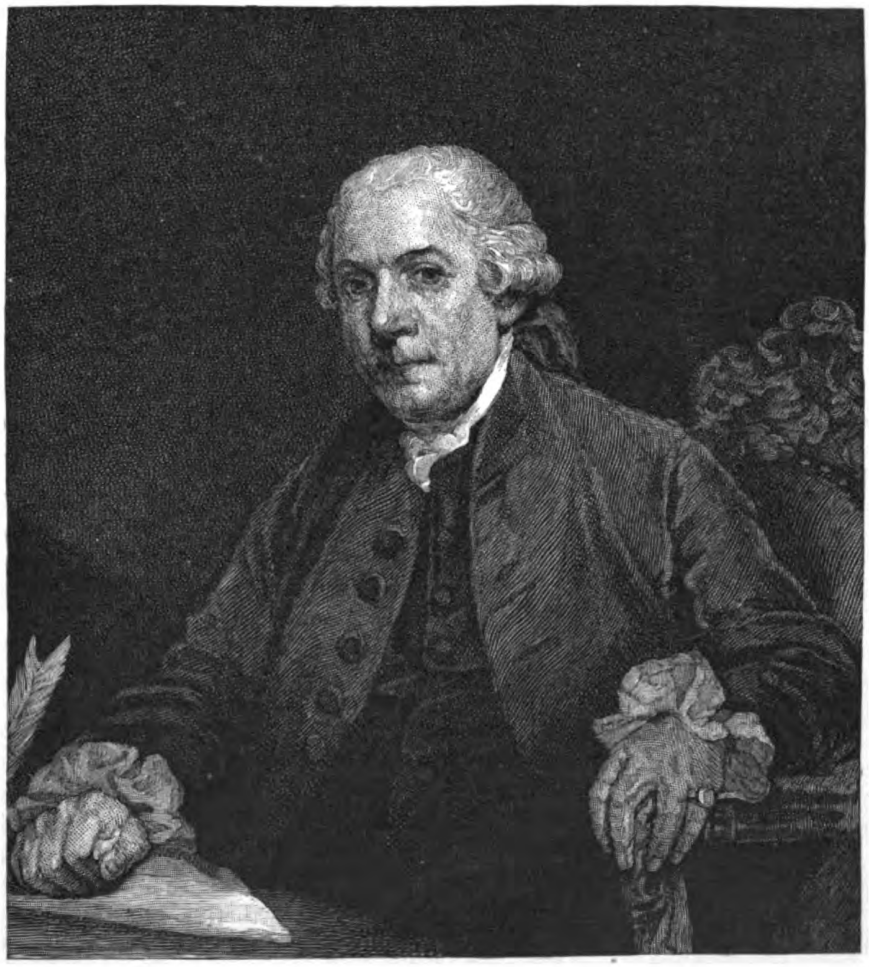
There were at this time two different opinions in England, both, however, more or less crude, respecting the nature of the relations proper to be established with the people of the United States. One of these opinions aimed to reconcile the absolute independence of the United States in all matters of government and commerce with a close connection in point of international privileges, in order to palliate as much as possible the consequences of the separation. If this idea had been adopted and followed out, it would have resulted in some such commercial condition as that existing between the colonies and England before the separation, and the British Navigation Act would have been made practically inapplicable to the citizens of the United States. This, apparently, was the wish of Hartley, of the Duke of Portland, of Fox, and probably of Pitt.* The other opinion, held by Lord North, his followers, and the Tories generally, looked

* See the plan read by Mr. Hartley in his speech on Mr. Pitt's bill, and transmitted by him to Dr. Franklin, March 31, 1783 (*Diplomatic Correspondence*, iv., pp. 91, 94). He writes to Dr. Franklin expressly that this plan embraces the grounds on which the Duke of Portland desired that any administration with which he might be connected should treat with the Americans. I class Mr. Fox with those entertaining this opinion because of his connection with the Duke of Portland, and I place Mr. Pitt in the same category, *at this early period*, because his own bill evinces that he was in favor of a very free commercial intercourse with America, in which the principles of the Navigation Act would be nearly set aside.

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to the strict preservation of the principles of the Navigation Act, regarded the Americans as a foreign nation, not to be admitted to the carrying trade between England and her colonies, and meant to have every concession of privileges made consistent with these reservations, and obtained, point for point, by corresponding concessions.*

Although Mr. Pitt's bill was designed as only a temporary measure for the purpose of bringing about an immediate reopening of the American trade, its tendency was considered by the adherents of a close restrictive system as far too liberal. It was immediately opposed, principally upon the grounds that it would throw open the West India trade to the Americans, would render a return to the principles of the Navigation Act impracticable, and would enable the Americans to take away from England as a part of the return cargoes of their ships manufacturing implements as well as manufactured goods. The bill got into committee, but it went no further. On the 2d of April it was announced in Parliament that a ministry was formed consisting of the leaders and supporters of the Coalition. The Duke of Portland became the nominal head of the administration, and Mr. Fox and Lord North the principal Secretaries of State. The really efficient minister was Fox, but it was Fox hampered by the coalition.



HENRY LAURENS.

* Mr. Eden, who was one of the authors of the coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox, and who acted on the part of the former in making that coalition, was the person who first raised in Parliament the objection to Mr. Pitt's bill that it would set aside the Navigation Act (*Parliamentary History*).

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JOHN JAY.

On the 19th of April Mr. Fox moved the postponement of Mr. Pitt's bill, and stated his own plan. He proposed to repeal the prohibitory acts which then obstructed all trade with America, and to remove the regulations which before the war had required certain papers to be brought by ships coming from the colonies, and to be taken by ships clearing from any port in Great Britain for any port in the colonies. All else he proposed to leave to negotiation, in the expectation that, these preliminary obstacles to the reopening of the trade being removed, the Americans would be willing to treat. But he had not proceeded far before he felt obliged to admit that this plan, if adopted without further provision, would in fact leave the trade without any regulation until the result of the treaty should be known, and the necessary acts should be passed to carry it into effect. He therefore accepted a new feature in the bill, which vested a power of regulating the trade with America in the King in Council for a limited time.* In this form his measure was passed on the 8th of May.†

The principles on which the Coalition ministry intended to conduct the negotiation with the American Commissioners were laid down immediately after they came into office. At the first meeting of the cabinet, on the 8th of April, the King was advised to negotiate a commercial arrangement with the United States upon a footing of reciprocity, and to go as far in giving facility to the trade between the two countries as would be consistent with preserving the principles of the Navigation Act.* The meaning of this was that the ancient rule which required all merchandise brought into Great Britain by the ships of any foreign nation to be of the genuine growth or manufacture of that nation, was not to be relaxed; but whatever could be brought within the principle of reciprocity, after it had been signified to the Americans that they could not be admitted to carry the productions of the British West Indies or other colonies to Great Britain, might be treated for.

It was unfortunate that the resolution was adopted to make a strict adherence to the Navigation Act a fundamental principle of the negotiation, and it is certain that Fox himself was not personally in favor of excluding us from the West India trade.† But his being overruled on this point was one of the consequences of the coalition, and the adoption of the principle on which he was thus obliged to open the negotiation was the chief, although not the sole, cause of its failure.

As soon as the new British cabinet had settled the course which they meant to pursue, Mr. David Hartley was sent to Paris to inquire of the American Commissioners—Adams, Franklin, Jay, and Laurens—whether they were authorized and disposed to have a commercial intercourse upon terms of reciprocity without delay. The powers with which the American Commissioners were at this time actually clothed in respect to commercial arrangements were somewhat doubtful. But they seem to have been willing to go so far as to assume that the power of making a temporary arrangement was implied in their authority to conclude the peace.‡ Accordingly they proposed to Mr. Hart-

* The mover of this provision was Mr. Eden.—*Parliamentary History*, xxiii., 728, 730.

† *Ibid.*, 894–896.

* *Memoirs of Fox*, ii., 114.

† I found this, first, upon his generally liberal principles; secondly, upon what he said to Mr. Laurens in August, that he had no objection himself to opening the West India trade to the Americans, but there were many parties to please, etc. (*Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution*, ii., 513); and thirdly, upon the fact that the struggle for the Navigation Act, and the resistance to American participation in the West India trade, came originally from Lord North's branch of the coalition.

‡ *Works of John Adams*, viii., 54.

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ley that as soon as the British garrisons and fleets should have been withdrawn from the United States according to the stipulations of the provisional treaty, the merchants and trading vessels of Great Britain should, for a limited period, be received in the ports of each State upon the same footing and under the same charges and duties only as the merchants and vessels of that State, and that the corresponding privilege should be granted to the American merchants and trading vessels in the ports of Great Britain.* This was a proposal of a real and full reciprocity. It was made on the 29th of April. But as Mr. Hartley had not then received his full powers and his commission, he was obliged to send the proposition to London. An answer did not arrive until the end of three weeks. In the mean time, and before the answer reached Paris, an Order in Council of the 14th of May admitted oil and manufactures or merchandise of the growth or production of the United States by direct importation into any port of Great Britain, whether in British or American vessels, upon payment of the same duties as if imported in British vessels from a British colony, and established the same drawbacks, exemptions, and bounties upon goods exported from Great Britain to the United States as were allowed on goods exported to the English colonies in America.†

This was a liberal and judicious step, and had it been followed by other proceedings equally auspicious, all might have been well. But when Mr. Hartley, on the 21st of May, delivered the answer of his government to the American Commissioners' proposal of an entire and reciprocal freedom of intercourse and commerce, it appeared that the English cabinet were unwilling to make even a temporary arrangement upon this footing. "Reciprocity" was then ascertained to mean, on the part of England, not only a strict adherence, in the provisional arrangement, to the principles of the Navigation Act, but also that while the unmanufactured produce of the United States might be admitted into Great Britain upon the existing duties, yet that both the produce and manufactures of Great Britain must in return be admitted into the United States in like manner. In regard to the British West Indies it was proposed to allow the Americans to carry to them no other merchandise than the produce of the United States, and not to permit them to carry the produce of those islands to Great Britain, or to carry to Great Britain any foreign merchandise.*

This was the posture of the negotiation throughout the month of May. In June it continued on with very little progress, a great variety of projects and propositions being exchanged between Mr. Hartley and the American Commissioners, without any result. The principle upon which the British ministry desired to rest the proposed temporary convention was that the *commerce* between the two countries should be revived nearly upon the old footing, but that each nation should keep in its own hands the power of making such regulations respecting *navigation* as might seem fit.†

It is probable that the American Commissioners might have consented to a temporary arrangement reviving the trade between the two countries upon the plan of the British statutes existing before the war, until a permanent treaty of commerce could have been made, if the idea of excluding us from the carrying trade of the British West Indies had not been so strenuously insisted upon.‡ But Mr. Adams and his colleagues were unable to regard the commerce of their countrymen with the West Indies in any other light than as a part of a system, in which those islands and the American continent were necessary to each other, and it was simply impossible for them to consent to the exclusion required.§ Besides this difficulty, the plan that each nation should retain the power of regulating the navigation that it was to permit to the vessels of the other would have made it possible for Great Britain to treat one State differently from another.

Thus it came about that the treaty of peace was followed by no permanent settlement of the commercial relations between England and the United States until after our Confederation was succeeded

* *Diplomatic Correspondence*, ii., 499.
† *Ibid.*, x., 144.

* See the papers delivered by Mr. Hartley to the American Commissioners May 21, 1783. *Diplomatic Correspondence*, ii., 500, 502.
† See the letter of Mr. Hartley to the American Commissioners, dated Paris, June 14, 1783. *Diplomatic Correspondence*, x., 158–172.
‡ See the letters of John Adams. *Works*, viii., 60.
§ *Ibid.*, 74.

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by the Constitution. To the student of our constitutional history a knowledge of this great fact is essential to a just appreciation of the necessity for vesting the power of commercial regulation in the Federal government; for it is very difficult to understand how the Congress of the Confederation could have made a commercial treaty with England, or any other power, without relying on the States to enforce it. We know, in point of fact, that the want of a power in the Federal government to enforce its own treaties was one of the chief reasons which made the Constitution a necessity.

While the treaty of peace was unpopular in England, it was received in America with unbounded joy. The weary struggle for independence was over, and we had taken a place among the nations of the world. But we were weak and exhausted. The Confederation was in the first stage of that long collapse out of which were to arise the fresh vigor and the more compact powers of the Constitution. The debt of the United States was $42,000,375, at an annual interest of $2,415,956. No proper and efficient means existed for discharging the interest, and therefore no means existed for funding the principal. There was due to the army on the 31st of December, 1782, $5,625,618; and there was also due a further sum of $5,000,000 as commutation of the half-pay for life that had been granted by Congress to the officers. The officers had been compelled to ask for this commutation partly by their poverty and partly because the people of some of the States were exceedingly dissatisfied with the Congress for having granted the half-pay for life. Massachusetts, for example, in July, 1783, under the lead of Samuel Adams, whose love of liberty was so intense that he could hardly bear any government at all, sent up to Congress an ominous growl against the half-pay for life as "a measure calculated to raise and exalt some citizens in wealth and grandeur to the injury and oppression of others." It now seems ludicrous to us that such a grant, made to men who had sacrificed and suffered so much—made, too, at a time when Congress had no other means to keep them in the service of the country—should have awakened so much jealousy. But we must remember that the country was poor, that it could not bear taxation, and, above all, that it had no machinery for national taxation.

In the mean time the attendance in Congress was falling off. Hamilton and Madison still remained, and made almost superhuman efforts to induce the States to consent to the establishment of a national system of revenue, but without success. When Congress came together at Annapolis, on the 3d of November, 1783, there were but fifteen members present from seven States. Two great acts awaited their attention. Washington was to surrender his commission as commander-in-chief, and the treaty of peace was to be ratified. Several weeks passed on, and the attendance in Congress was not much increased. At length Washington's resignation was received at a public audience of seven States, represented by about twenty delegates. On the same day letters were dispatched to the other States urging them, for the safety, honor, and good faith of the United States, to require the immediate attendance of their members. It was not, however, until the 14th of January, 1784, that the treaty could be ratified by the requisite number of nine States. When this took place there were present but three-and-twenty members. To this handful of delegates had dwindled the successors of that renowned assembly which had commenced the American Revolution, had gained the alliance with France and Holland, had won by their state papers the admiration of Europe, and had given to Washington the opportunity to win

> "The all-cloudless glory,
> Which few men's is,
> To free his country."

THE SINGER.

I SEE the plumèd knights to battle ride,
And my heart bounds to martial music strong;
I hear the orator denouncing wrong,
And hail him my soul's star and staff and guide;
Then two young lovers wandering side by side
And hand in hand Life's sinuous path along
Fill me with Love's delight and amorous song,
And maddening ecstasy of Youth's spring-tide.

The plumes and pennons vanish from my sight;
The voice dies in the distance; and, behold,
Those lovers have been swallowed up of night.
I linger lonely in the darkness cold;
I slay no wrong; in no great cause I fight;
And no one kisses me; and I grow old.

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NEHEMIAH'S PLAN.

"BETTER take this umbrell, hadn't ye?" suggested a voice from the shadows of the dingy doorway.

Miss Dean looked doubtfully at the combination of faded cloth and uncertain bones, then still more doubtfully at the lowering, dripping sky, and accepted the former as the least of two evils. It was a rheumatic, dispirited umbrella, worn out by long battling against the storms of the world. It protested sullenly and creakingly against every effort to raise it, and when protests did not avail, it yielded suddenly, and shot up with a vicious velocity, pinching the fingers and endangering the eyes of its holder. After that one flash of spirit, however, it drooped again, and one side flopped dejectedly.

"One-sided and out of joint, like most other things that fall to my lot," murmured Miss Dean; and then, with a philosophy she did not always display concerning the "other things," she whirled it around to the back, where it was at least out of her sight.

"Ah, Miss Dean!" Professor Grosbeck joined her. "Disagreeable afternoon, isn't it?"

The professor was not as cheering a sight as he might have been had she not already seen him a dozen times that day passing in and out of her room, and bestowing sharp glances through his green spectacles upon her unruly pupils. But he was just as gallant. He took her umbrella, and holding it over her head at precisely the right angle to let the rain drip from that depressed point on her neck, discoursed eloquently of a new writer on geology. It is difficult to grow very enthusiastic over geological strata with a stream of cold water trickling down one's back, but Miss Dean made the effort, even though she reflected that whatever the action of water on the formation of coal, its action on her new gray wrap would probably be to ruin it. Did she not know the scorn with which Professor Grosbeck would contemplate the shallow feminine mind that could be distracted from weighty scientific subjects by the trivialities of dress?

Once inside her own home, however, the marvellous things "under the earth" received but slight consideration. She studied the surface, and found it dreary enough. The dull school-room, the prosy professor, the rainy day, and disagreeable walk were no new grievances. All were common and familiar, only her weariness of them seemed to have culminated this afternoon. She stood at her window and looked across the wet street to the row of buildings opposite. Beyond them were the sleepy river and the old gray hills, veiled now by the mist and the smoke from the tall mill chimneys which the heavy air beat back to earth again. She had a fancy that the atmosphere of the old town beat back everything that tried to rise; she felt impatient of it, fettered by it, though it was her native air. Her girlhood had slipped away through sweet days when she was too happy to notice, through busy days too full of care for her to think how they sped, and she was twenty-nine now. Was her life settling down like one of these gray afternoons that only grew grayer and drearier until the night blotted them out? she wondered.

Was there nothing for her but this dull, tiresome round? Out in the great busy world were grand men and women living beautiful lives and doing noble work. If she could come in contact with them! if she could escape from this dwarfed, commonplace existence, and find for herself the golden opportunity somewhere! She turned from the window with a sudden determination.

"Why should I always stay here, and be prudent and economical, simply because I have been taught to do so? Meggins," she said, when the door opened, "I am going away when vacation comes."

"Sakes!" commented Meggins, lucidly. "Where?"

"I do not know yet."

Tom would help her to decide that, she reflected. Dear old Tom! She did not expect he would understand her vague unrest. He was content with his place as overseer in the mills; with looking after the work-people, settling accounts, and keeping all the humdrum wheels moving. But whether he understood or not, he would help her as he had always done. He had never failed her in all the years since they were children together. His watchful glance sought her windows daily as he passed to and fro, and his hand was constantly leaving some token of remembrance in the shape of choice fruit or

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a cluster of flowers on her sill. And Tom did not care for flowers either, or she supposed he did not, because he never attempted to analyze or classify them—though, indeed, he was not in the habit of picking any of his pleasures to pieces to see what they were made of. It was enough that she liked them. She smiled as she remembered what authority her likes and dislikes bore for Tom. He had even ceased to trouble her with his earnest wish that their cousinly relationship might change to a tenderer one since he found how distasteful his plea was to her. Of course such a thing could not be. He was loyal, true-hearted, "good as gold, but only Cousin Tom, after all," she assured herself, a part of the old life she was eager to escape from.

He looked around the pretty room that evening while she told him her purpose, and only his eyes said how pleasant and cozy he found it, or expressed a wonder at her restless wish to be away; but she read the look, and answered it half-impatiently:

"It isn't just a question of a home and pretty furniture, or even of hard work and small wages, Tom; it is something quite different. I can't explain; you would not understand if I could."

"If you *could* explain"—with a slight emphasis on the one word, which she might have resented had she noticed it—"I might understand more than you think. However, I am not saying you are not right, Margie; it will be a change, and rest."

She softened at the name; there was no one else who called her Margie now.

"You see I am growing old so fast," she said, in a quieter tone, "that if I am ever to do any good true work in the world—anything worth doing, I mean—it is time I found it."

A sudden suggestion leaped into Tom's gray eyes, but it did not pass his lips. He only said:

"Old, with your face, Margie! Nonsense!"

She flushed and laughed, woman-like. Of course she liked to seem young to Tom; but in a moment she resumed, gravely:

"What I have said is true, nevertheless. I want to go—somewhere. I want to meet the real, earnest, helpful lives of the world—to see what they are doing—and maybe I can find a niche for myself. It is all vague yet, Tom, but you will help me, I know."

Across Tom's prosaic brain flashed the memory of a nursery rhyme they had long ago learned together:

"I went to a place (I don't know where),
To meet somebody (I don't know who),
Who told me something (I don't know what),
And that is the reason I'll never tell you."

He understood her far too well to quote it, or to argue with her. She was one of those not uncommon spirits who wish "to follow the leadings of Providence by going ahead and showing the way."

"Surely, Margie," he answered, stifling a sigh. "I shall miss you, though; you must remember that."

The trifling circumstance of her not knowing exactly what she wanted to do made it a difficult and delicate task to aid her in doing it. But Tom did his best, and by the help of railway guides, many discussions, and a few letters, they discovered a lovely little nook, not possessing any notoriety of its own to make it too expensive for Miss Dean's exchequer, yet sufficiently near to notable places to allow of visiting them at will. In short, a quiet little bay from whence one might push out into the great ocean at pleasure. It suited her perfectly, Miss Dean declared, and with the first day of vacation she was ready to depart.

Worthy Meggins wiped her eyes with a corner of her immaculate apron, and promised to take good care of the plants. It was significant of her softened feelings that she dignified them by that name instead of calling them "green truck," as usual. Tom looked disconsolate, but Margaret's heart swelled exultantly as she waved her farewell. She watched with dreamy eyes the panorama of hill, hamlet, and wood that flitted past her window that day, and filled the long hours with visions. Her opportunity had come at last, and she meant to improve it to the utmost. She was free; she would find the most and best the world held.

The car door opened to admit a rush of wind, a puff of smoke, and an unintelligible statement concerning something that sounded like "moccasins" or "hogsheads." Margaret started, reflected, and settled quietly in her seat again. Two minutes later the door banged once more, a pair of eyes under a gilt-banded cap glared full upon her, and a hoarse voice shouted, more distinctly,

"Change cars for Noxton and Meadville."

"Is that the train for Noxton?" asked

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Margaret, making her way to the platform.

"Yes, 'm. There's your train, right across there. Only stop five minutes."

And she was hurried away in the jostling throng, and found herself breathless on board the other train just as it began to move. It proved a shorter journey than she had expected. She had miscalculated the time by an hour or more, she said to herself, when later in the afternoon her destination was announced, and she found herself standing on the platform of an unpretending little station, while the shrieking locomotive rushed away on its course. She was disappointed in her first view of the place. It was extremely quiet and country-like, and she seemed to be the only passenger who had stopped there. No sign of any one awaiting her or of any conveyance rewarded her anxious glances, and she approached a boy who, perched in a window of the rude building, was swinging a pair of muddy boots and comfortably whittling.

"This is Noxton, isn't it?"

"S'pose so."

"Aren't you sure about it?"

"Used to be; but, ye see, brother Jim has been up to town 'tendin' some lectures, an' he's told me about 'em; an' now him an' me's an eggnoggsticism — we don't infirm nor deny nothin'."

The reply, though unsatisfactory, might have been regarded as an evidence that she was approaching the great centres of thought and culture, but Margaret was in no mood to appreciate it in that aspect, and she remarked, with the asperity she was wont to assume toward refractory pupils:

"If you ever knew the name of the place, you know it now, of course. Can you tell me where Mr. Grey lives?"

The boy twisted his torn straw hat, and wavered between a good-natured desire to gratify an anxious inquirer after truth and his longing to air his recent acquirements. He compromised.

"Well, I won't say as there is a Mr. Grey, an' I won't say as there ain't; but she lives in that square house up on to the hill."

"Who is 'she'?"

"Miss Grey."

Margaret reflected a moment, looked vainly for her trunk, and considered the smaller articles of baggage in her possession. There appeared no reliable person about the premises to whom she could appeal for aid or information. She turned to the boy again, and proffered a bit of silver.

"I will give you this if you will carry my satchel and shawl-strap up to that house."

The eyes under the straw hat sparkled, and their owner forgot his new mistiness in absolute certainty.

"Golly! I'd do it as quick as wink, marm, if the man that keeps this ranch hadn't left me to take care of it while he went up to the next station. He jumped on to that train you come on, but he'll have to walk back, and he can't do it for more'n half an hour yet, nohow."

Waiting there for a half-hour was not to be thought of, and with grim determination Miss Dean picked up the articles she had mentioned and marched up the hill. Her disappointment in the place and all its surroundings increased momently, and the stiff square house, far up the hill-side, was not at all what her fancy had painted, though, indeed, it scarcely bore a trace of ever having been painted in any way, so gray and weather-stained it was.

"It looks as if they had buried the baby in the front yard," commented the lady, discontentedly, as, standing on the steps, she noticed a narrow oblong bed, stiffly set with a few flowers, on one side of the walk. Then she discovered its counterpart on the other side, and murmured, "Twins!" as she lifted the brass knocker of the old door.

A middle-aged, faded-haired woman, with a brass thimble on her finger, answered the summons. It occurred to Margaret at the first glance that her face bore a strong resemblance to the ones she and Tom had long ago carved from hickory-nuts.

"I am Miss Dean," she announced.

"Air you?" questioned the woman, calmly.

"You did not send any one to fetch my baggage," Margaret continued, with a tone that suggested remissness in duty.

"I should s'pose not, as it isn't mine — though for that matter I've had to fetch and carry my own this many a year. I don't want to buy anything either," with a suspicious glance at the small satchel.

Margaret looked at her in bewilderment.

"You do not understand. I am Miss

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Dean — your boarder for the summer. You were expecting me, were you not? Perhaps"—with a happy thought that this was probably only an obtuse rustic servant—"if you should call Mrs. Grey—"

"I'd have to call a long time: she's been dead this five years," answered the portress, without opening the door an inch wider. "I wasn't expectin' you, because I never heard of you before, and I don't want any boarders for the summer."

Dusty, tired, "a stranger in a strange land," and the sun sinking low in the west, a sudden dismay seized Margaret.

"It is very extraordinary," she murmured. "There must be some mistake. I certainly have corresponded with a Mr. Grey of this place, and engaged a room for the summer. A boy at the depot directed me here."

"Well, there's no Mr. Grey here. I'm Susan Grey, neither more nor less." Then, with a closer scrutiny of her visitor's attire, a smile began to glimmer on the hickory-nut face. "Now I shouldn't be surprised if 'twas Noxton where you was aimin' to go to?" she remarked.

"Certainly it was. Where am I?"

"In Knoxtown—altogether a different kind of place. That one is 'way off in another direction on the other road. You must have made a mistake when you changed cars."

There was comfort in the information that the other was a different kind of place, nevertheless the situation was embarrassing. Miss Dean sat down upon the door-step.

"Then I must go back. What is the earliest train I can take?"

"Won't be any passenger before two o'clock to-morrow afternoon. You see, this is only a branch road. Come in and rest a spell. You'll have to stay somewhere all night, and you might as well stay here."

The door was thrown wide open at last, and Miss Dean found herself in a room as cool and clean as it was plain and homely. With her entrance the hostess seemed to concede all claims to hospitality. She led the way to an airy chamber, brought fresh water, and suggested the possibility of an earlier supper than usual if desired.

"Do not inconvenience yourself in any way," Margaret urged. "I am very glad to stop here after my stupid blundering, and I beg that you will let me make as little trouble as possible."

"Well, I can't afford to put myself out much, that's honest," was the prompt reply. "I keep the village post-office—though that don't amount to no great—do dressmakin' and tailorin' besides, and what with the care of the house and garden, I've work enough on my hands."

They looked like it—brown roughened hands that had never lacked hard work. They were a marked contrast to the delicate ones that had fallen in Margaret's lap, and both women noticed it; but the elder only added, a little more curtly, "You're welcome to stay until to-morrow, though."

A little head, with tangled yellow curls and grave dark eyes, appeared for a moment at the half-opened door, and Margaret's quick glance of admiration atoned even for her white hands. There was a curious softening of her hostess's hard face.

"It is the child," she said. "Go away, Billy."

The face disappeared, but a little later, when Margaret was sitting in the wide portico, it looked upon her again through the swaying vines, and presently a small brown hand was pushed through and touched the trimming of her dress with grave curiosity.

"Won't you run around here and talk to me?" she asked, amused.

But there was no running. He came slowly, with the pitiful sound of a little crutch on the walk, and sat down on the steps at her feet, and looked up at her with a mingling of pleasure and wonder.

"Did you come from heaven?" he asked.

"No, indeed!" she laughed, though with a quick thought that the life from which she had come might seem like paradise compared with this.

"I thought mebbe— It looked like a star on your finger," observed Billy, watching her ring—Tom's one extravagant gift—as it flashed back the last rays of sunlight. Then his eyes wandered over her dress again, and back to his own clean patched little apron.

"Wish — wish we was too," he murmured, more in soliloquy than as if speaking to any one. "Wish Susan 'd wear shiny ribbons and stars, only she can't, 'cause—she's Susan. She's good, she is," he added, with a flash of his dark eyes into Margaret's face as if she had questioned the statement. "Do there be boys and girls to play with where you live?" he asked.

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"Plenty of them. I had a whole roomful."

"Wish I had some," mused Billy, wistfully, resting his elbows on his knees, and settling his chin between his small palms. "We'd play ball—no," surveying his lame foot; "they'd play ball, and I'd tell 'em to sing."

"Billy," called a voice from within the house—a voice like the woman's face, not exactly harsh, but as if the wear and tear of life had left no room for softness.

"Comin', Susan," the child answered, soberly, and hobbled away.

Sleep could comfortably occupy the night, but what to do with the long hours of the forenoon was a problem that greeted Margaret with the morning sunlight. She tried to solve it at the breakfast table.

"I think I must explore your village while I stay. Are there any places of special interest?"

"Well, I don't know. I've heard they was havin' meetin's every day at the little church across the run," suggested Miss Grey, in evident uncertainty as to what her visitor might consider interesting. "Then there's the hills: some folks like to wander round over them."

Margaret decided to try the hills; but her pleasant rambling was abruptly terminated by a dash of rain that forced her to seek speedy shelter. An isolated building with an open portico was fortunately not far from her path; but it was only when she had reached it, and was brushing the rain-drops from her clothing, that she discovered it to be "the little church across the run."

"I shall have the satisfaction of doing both places of interest, then—the hills and the 'meetin'," she laughed softly to herself.

From beyond the half-open door came the sound of a voice rising and falling in a regular sing-song way—a seesaw style of elocution that had nothing to do with emphasis or expression, but inexorably sent one half of each sentence up, and the other half down. When the voice sank, nothing but a murmur reached the door, but as it rose the words became audible.

"Noble work? Try Nehemiah's plan. .... Useful work? Build on Nehemiah's plan.... Good in the world? Follow Nehemiah's plan."

At first Margaret had only smiled at the tone, but in a moment the words attracted her attention. Of what was he talking? She leaned forward, and caught a glimpse of a thin, sallow-faced, long-haired man swaying to and fro with a movement that accorded with his chanting tones.

"Don't wander round. Take Nehemiah's plan."

It was odd that just those words should come to her in such a place and way. She felt a flitting wish that she had tried the meeting earlier, but in a few moments the service and the brief shower ended together, and Margaret left the portico as the people began to come out. One after another nodded or spoke to her as they passed. It seemed to be the fashion to address any one without ceremony, and so, as the sallow-faced minister overtook her, and spoke as his flock had done, Margaret looked up at him with a sudden impulse, and asked, "What was Nehemiah's plan?"

"He was an Israelitish noble, and the great leader in rebuilding Jerusalem after the captivity," replied the stranger, plunging at once into the subject, and not manifesting the least surprise at the question. "And his way of rebuilding the wall was to set each man to building before his own house. No one spent his time running around, putting in a stone here and a stone there, trying to build a little in every breach, or trying to find an opening that just suited him, and build there; but every man took the work that was straight before him. If you want to do good work in this world, try Nehemiah's plan. If you want to build—"

The preacher had dropped into his chanting tone; but just as Margaret began to realize that she had called down the whole sermon upon her devoted head, her foot slipped upon a wet stone in the rough steep path, and she fell. It was awkward enough, she assured herself in vexation, but the first effort to rise proved it something far worse. She grew white, and faint with pain, and the voice of her companion asking if she were hurt sounded indistinct and far away. Some of the others turned back. She scarcely noticed who came or how they aided her, but she presently found herself at Miss Grey's, surrounded by a sympathizing group and a strong odor of camphor.

"A bad sprain like that is really worse than a broken bone—at least it takes longer to heal," announced the country practitioner, an hour later, when he had examined and prescribed for the wounded

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member. "It will be several weeks before you can put that foot to the ground again."

Several weeks! Margaret listened to his retreating steps, looked at her swollen and bandaged ankle, and then at the figure moving busily about the room, picking up bottles and bits of old linen.

"Miss Grey, what will you do with me?"

"I'll have to do the best I can, I s'pose. Here you air, and we can't neither of us help it. What can't be cured 'll have to be endured," answered that lady, without pausing in her work of putting to rights.

Having her presence accepted as an afflictive dispensation was a new experience to Margaret; she thought of home and Tom. She had ample leisure for thinking of many things as the long afternoon wore away, and she began fully to realize the imprisonment upon which she had entered—that all her planning had ended in this. How strangely it had happened!

"The idea of leaving home just to bury myself here!" she sighed, reviewing the situation. "Nehemiah's plan, indeed! I shall certainly have to build straight before me for the next two months if I build at all."

Straight before her in the next room sat Miss Grey, bending busily over cloth and pattern with a perplexed wrinkle in her forehead.

"What is it? If I could help you—" questioned Margaret, and hesitated. She had grown interested after watching her a moment.

"Well, you can't," said Miss Grey, dropping her hard hands meditatively in her lap.

"I'm trying to make over an old dress of my great-aunt's into a new one for myself, and there ain't enough of it. It seems as if I ought to be able to do it by this time, for my whole life has just been a-makin' over, or patchin' up, or turnin' best side out, of what somebody else has used or wasted or spoiled before I got it. It's taken my best days to eke out shortcomin's and patch up blunders. I've never had anything fresh and new to start on."

"Except Billy?" ventured Margaret, as the child's sunny head appeared at a window.

"Billy! Well—" Miss Grey paused. That little half-brother was dearer to her even than she knew, but he was perplexing also. Something that looked out from his dark eyes and spoke in his wistful tones was more difficult than anything else to fit into her hard homely life; it did not seem to belong there. But she would not say so; she was beginning already to wonder at what she had said. With a quick breath that would have been a sigh on less determined lips, she bent over her work again. Upon those stooped and rounded shoulders life's burdens had fallen early. She had paid the penalty of being considered "smart" and "capable" by having whatever the others of the family were too busy, too indolent, or too selfish to do always "left for Susan." When her discouraged mother slipped away out of the world she found herself alone to plan for and supply what her careless, improvident father never provided—to supplement his love of ease with her self-denial, and economize while he wasted. After hard years he had crowned his extravagances by bringing home a fragile young wife whom he could not support, and, that feat accomplished, had comfortably died and left her to Susan's care, as she, a little later, left Billy. It never occurred to Susan to shirk the burdens that others dropped. She had taken them up resolutely one by one, and gone on her way, never having had time for a life of her own.

So it happened naturally that having accepted Margaret's stay as one of her "allotments," she gave faithfully the best care in her power.

"A kindness that can never be itemized in the bill, nor repaid in any way," said Margaret, regretfully. "You have so much to do, it seems strange that I should have been thrown on your hands."

"Mebby," suggested Billy, gravely—"mebby you was throwed for me. 'Cause I don't have things like—folks. I'm—" he hesitated, and looked at her foot—"I'm the gladdest kind of sorry."

Her presence seemed indeed a constant pleasure to the child. He hung about her, admired her pretty dresses and ornaments, and listened in delight whenever she spoke of the world of "folks" from which she came. When her trunk arrived, and she took from it one day a portfolio of sketches and drawing materials, he looked from the pictures to her face with a wondering, trembling eagerness.

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"That looks like something a little lame boy could play if he knew how," he said, clasping and unclasping his small brown hands in a tremor of excitement.

"He shall try," smiled Margaret, won by the pleading eyes.

That was the beginning of many lessons, in which a new world opened to Billy, and Margaret quite forgot that she had left home to find rest from teaching. There were many things forgotten in those slow, quiet days. Her vague unrest, her feverish ambition, seemed selfish and ignoble in the presence of this strong, brave life before her—such a hard, homely life that she could scarcely understand her own interest in it.

She had written home nothing of the accident that had befallen her, but only indefinitely of a "necessary change of plan." There was no need that any one should be anxious about her or grieve at her disappointment, and there was one who would do both, she remembered, with a little thrill at her heart. Some way she was often reminded of Tom in these days. Now that she was recovering, it was not so great a disappointment, after all, to find that there was no time left to carry out any part of her original purpose.

"I s'pose you'll go away to-morrow," said Miss Grey, slowly, one evening, as she sorted and put aside the meagre daily mail. "Well, we did live before you came—it ain't more'n two months ago, either, though it seems so long — but I can't seem to think beyond to-morrow. It some way seems as if everything ends then."

The touch of sadness so foreign to the voice, and the look in Billy's dark eyes, haunted Margaret's pillow that night. She vainly tried to plan for them beyond the morrow, and even when she slept they followed her in dreams.

"Come! come!" called Miss Grey's excited voice.

Then a hand fell on her shoulder, and she awoke with a start to find the voice a reality.

"Quick! quick! the house is burning! I thought you'd never wake!"

Through the windows came a fiery glare and a rushing, crackling sound, and already the room was filled with smoke. Margaret made her way through the blinding clouds, catching up articles here and there, her bewildered brain aided by Miss Grey's retreating call:

"Gather what you want most. There's no hope for the house; we must save what we can."

"Why does no one come? Can't we give the alarm?" cried Margaret, as she rushed out into the open air with an armful of treasures, and turned a glance of terror at the blazing roof.

"Our voices wouldn't reach. The light 'll spread the story quickest; but no one can get here in time to save the house, or anything in it but what we bring out," answered the owner of the house, resolutely plunging into the stifling smoke again.

Margaret followed her, and they worked with a strength that only desperation could have given, tearing up, lifting, and carrying out through the narrow passage that grew momently more suffocating and perilous.

"We must let the rest go," Miss Grey herself announced, with grim resignation, leaning back against a tree and watching the long fiery arms that were crushing the building in a horrible embrace.

"Fire!" shouted a hoarse voice far down the hill-side; then other voices took it up, and the sounds drew nearer. Help was coming, too late. Suddenly Miss Grey started, turning a white face to Margaret as she passed.

"The mail! I forgot it!"

"That little bundle! What madness—"

But the unfinished sentence and detaining hand were put swiftly aside.

"They belong to other folks; they were trusted to me," Miss Grey explained, hurriedly, as she sprang forward and vanished in the lurid smoke.

It seemed hours that Margaret watched for her with straining eyes, and she did not come; ages before that shouting crowd drew near enough to be directed to the spot where she had disappeared. Then moving figures swept in between the burning mass and the place where Margaret stood with Billy's little hand tightly clasped in hers, and partially intercepted her view. Loud voices shouted contradictory orders, dark groups swayed rapidly to and fro. There was a crash of burning timbers, the flames leaped up for a moment and sank again, and the crowd, which had fallen back, parted and let two smoke-blackened men pass through, bearing a prostrate form.

Margaret could never clearly recall all the incidents of that night. Her recollection was a confused mingling of terror,

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haste, stifling air, and horrible flame and sound. But the gray morning found the old house a charred and smouldering ruin, while in a little cabin down the hill-side lay its mistress, with her last work for "other folks" done. Every aid that could be given had been rendered, but the physician shook his head as he turned away. Margaret sat beside her, sad-eyed and still. This was the to-morrow beyond which they could not see.

"Don't fret about it," said the steady, practical voice, in nearly its usual tone. "'Twould be queer to be here, anyhow, with the old house gone." Then, after a pause, "Everything up yonder is to be 'made new'; don't it say so? I think I'd be glad to go—but for Billy."

"Leave him to me," said Margaret, earnestly. "I love the child. He shall have all the care that I can give him."

The sufferer's eyes flashed wide open with a quick glad look. "Why," she said, brightly, "I'd have been willin' to die any time to gain that for the child."

Then the tired lids fell, and with the brightness still on her face she was away.

Two days later Margaret reached home. The evening lamps gleamed a welcome, and the fire, lighted because of the chill rain, threw a cheery glow over the pretty room, where, with Billy tucked away for the night, Margaret and good Meggins lingered, woman-like, over the beauty of the golden curls and the long lashes, and even of the little lame foot, concerning which Meggins declared herself "moral certain that it might be cured, or leastways made a good deal straighter and stronger."

Tom, attracted by the bright windows, came with eager greeting. "And you are really home again, Margie. Did you carry out your plan?"

"Not exactly mine; it was—Nehemiah's, I think."

"Nehemiah's?" repeated Tom, bewildered, and scarcely liking the name. "And did you find your noble lives?"

"I found one—yes," Margaret answered, reverently.

"And your work?"

"Yes; I brought that home with me. Come and see;" and she led him to the sleeping child.

"But after all, Margie," said Tom, when the talk had grown an hour long, "if you only wanted some one to take care of, you know—"

"Yes, I know," she laughed. "I don't much mind if I do take you too, Tom. I don't like to flatter your vanity, but familiar objects sometimes appear to wonderful advantage when we go far enough away to take a bird's-eye view of them."

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF THE ARTS OF DESIGN,

AND ITS SURVIVING FOUNDERS.

"PLEASE come to my room, 96 Broadway, this evening at 8 o'clock, and partake of strawberries and cream."

This was the substance of a note neatly written in a fair round hand, and addressed to all the artists then in the city of New York, on a charming morning in June, 1825, by Mr. Morse, a painter who was beloved by all who knew him.

Mr. Morse was a tall, slender, and personally attractive young man, a little more than thirty years of age. His nature was most kindly, and his ways were winning. Morse had recently opened a studio in New York amongst strangers. He had struggled with pinching poverty while waiting for commissions; now he was enjoying the exquisite delight which the morning twilight of a long-looked-for day of professional success brings to the wearied watcher for the dawn.

The few artists then in the city were standing apart in an attitude of social and professional indifference, if not of positive antagonism. This state of things the social nature and loving spirit of Mr. Morse deplored, and the invitation to his simple entertainment was designed as an initial effort to end it.

The artists responded. They found the room redolent with the perfume of flowers arranged in little vases; and it was garnished with paintings, engravings, and statuary so placed as to have a most pleasing effect in the light of a small candelabrum on one side of the apartment. The strawberries and cream were delicious, and the cake, furnished by the skillful hands of Katie Ferguson, was abundant. The manner of the host was charming, and the entertainment was highly successful. The artists became better acquainted with each other. They formed sympathetic and fraternal relations; and on that warm June

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evening was begun an era of good feeling among the artists of New York which produced important consequences.

The American Academy of Fine Arts was then struggling for a precarious existence. It neither created nor fostered a public taste for the fine arts, nor did it offer any encouragement for their cultivation. The public neglected it, and the artists, especially the young ones, were compelled to regard the Academy as a morose and unsympathizing duenna rather than a loving foster-mother, as it should have been.

The Academy was founded in 1802, and was composed chiefly of gentlemen of every profession except that of artist. Through the liberality of John R. Murray, of New York city, it became possessed, at an early period in its history, of a fair collection of casts from antique sculptures, procured in France by Chancellor Livingston, then American Minister at the French court. They were partly presents from Bonaparte, then First Consul, as an acknowledgment of the favor of honorary membership in the Academy which they had bestowed upon him. After one or two unsuccessful exhibitions these casts were stored, and remained useless and unknown for many years. Indeed, the existence of the Academy had almost been forgotten by the public, when, in 1816, an effort was made to resuscitate it. In this effort De Witt Clinton, Dr. Hosack, Cadwallader Colden, and other influential citizens participated. Clinton was president of the Academy. Rooms were procured of the city authorities in the old Almshouse (on the site of the new Court-house), and there, in October of that year, casts and many excellent paintings were exhibited. Among these were two by Benjamin West, and the rare busts, antique statues, and fine engravings presented by Bonaparte. The exhibition was a novelty, and the receipts exceeded all expectations.

An unwise revision of the by-laws of the Academy was now made, in which discriminations against professional artists were so conspicuous that they felt aggrieved. It was decreed that Academicians, not to exceed twenty in number, professional artists, should be chosen by the directors from the *stockholders*. As few artists were then rich enough to become stockholders, the number of Academicians was small. Only three artists were allowed a place in the board of eleven directors. So artists were virtually excluded from the directorship of the Academy. None but "artists of distinguished merit" were *permitted* to exhibit their works, while amateurs were *invited* "to expose in the gallery of the Academy any of their performances." These discriminations were offensive to the artists of the city. It effectually barred all young and growing artists who were yet "unknown to fame" from exhibiting their works at the Academy.

Unfortunately for the health and prosperity of the Academy, Colonel John Trumbull, then about seventy years of age, had become the successor of Mr. Clinton as the president of the institution. He had lived through a long period when art found little encouragement in America, excepting a limited demand for portraiture. He had learned from bitter experience the wisdom of his father's warning when, in youth, the son pleaded for leave to become a painter, and referred to the honors and emoluments bestowed on the artists of Greece in the time of Pericles. "Give me leave to say," said his father, the wise old "Brother Jonathan" of the land of steady habits, "that you appear to forget that Connecticut is not Athens." The son was not convinced by this argument, and, illustrating the truth of his cousin's lines,

> "He that's convinced against his will
> Remains to be convinced still,"

he became a painter, and a meritorious one.

Trumbull's life experience with art as a bread-winner had been most disappointing, and he was soured by it. He persistently discouraged the aspirations of young men enamored of the Muse of Art, however conspicuous their genius might appear, and regarded it as an act of benevolence. To the now venerable Weir, the painter of the best picture in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, he said, "You had better *make* shoes than attempt to *paint* them." To the promising young Agate, in his early youth, after looking over the earnest boy's drawings, he said, "Go saw wood!"

But Trumbull was not naturally a churl by any means. He possessed a kindly nature. He was a man of superior mental ability, usually urbane in manners, had wide experience of men and things, was possessed of a strong will, was conscien-

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tious, was a sincere admirer of genius, was an artist of great excellence, and an exemplar of honesty of purpose and integrity of conduct. Trumbull was sensitive, proud, excitable, and even passionate in temperament, and had been made cynical by his disappointments. He was often imperious, arbitrary, and dictatorial when "clothed with a little brief authority." In a word, Colonel Trumbull (small in stature, like Colonel Burr, but courtly in manners) was totally unfitted by circumstances for the position of chief manager of an institution for the generous fostering of a love for the fine arts. That unfitness and its influence eventually led to the organization of a rival institution.

President Trumbull ruled the Academy with the undisputed power of an autocrat. He persistently opposed the establishment of schools of art. The first effort to do so, under the sanction of the directors, was frustrated by his really prohibitory regulations. Art students were permitted to draw from the antique casts in summer only, and then before breakfast—from six to nine o'clock. Very few could avail themselves of the granted privilege. Those who attempted to do so were hindered by a variety of annoyances, and the effort was soon abandoned.

The Academy languished under unwise management. Citizens seldom visited it, for they found nothing new there. The same pictures were exhibited year after year. The stockholders became discouraged, and ceased to attend the meetings for the election of officers, and the president, the secretary, and the keeper "ran" the Academy for several years. Such was its position when Mr. Morse gave his productive love-feast in June, 1825.

The dawn of hope for the Academy in 1816 was only an evanescent light. On the recommendation of Mr. Clinton, Colonel Trumbull was made president. A narrow and deadening policy was at once adopted, and steadily persisted in. This was manifested on the walls of the Academy as well as in the management. A dingy "Catalogue of Paintings and Engravings exhibited by the American Academy of Fine Arts in May, 1824"—so the title runs—lies before me. The number of subjects exhibited was one hundred and fifty-six. The same pictures that hung on the walls in 1816 were still there. There were some pieces by city artists that gave a little novelty to the exhibition. Of these one-half were from the easel of Colonel Trumbull.

The effort to establish a school of art, to which allusion has been made, was in 1825. Early in that year the directors of the Academy invited art students to draw from the antique casts belonging to the institution. This invitation was hailed with delight and hope by the younger artists, and with sincere gratification by their elders in the profession. A malign influence on the part of the immediate managers of the Academy was permitted to frustrate the good intentions of the directors, and extinguish the hopes of the artists. The curator of the Academy had been a soldier in the Revolution, who "put on airs" in consequence, and assumed and acted the rôle of a dictator. His insufferable insolence toward every one soon closed the doors of the Academy against students of spirit, yet he was not only retained in his place, but was supported in his conduct by the president. "Young men who attended at the door at six or seven o'clock in the morning," wrote one of them (General Cummings) in after-years, "were sometimes admitted and sometimes excluded. They frequently had to wait for hours for admission, and were then often insulted—*always* if they presumed to *knock*."

An open rupture between the city artists and the Academy soon occurred. The crisis was brought about by a circumstance related by Dunlap, whose studio was in the Academy building, and who was an eye and ear witness of the event. Two young students (Mr. Cummings and Mr. Agate) had been at the door of the Academy one morning, and after waiting a long time in vain for admission, were turning away, when Dunlap advised them to speak to some of the directors about the treatment they received. They said it would be useless. Just then one of the directors approached, and Dunlap, pointing to the retiring young men, acquainted him with the conduct of the curator. It was promptly condemned. While they were talking, Colonel Trumbull, whose studio was in the same building, came up to the door. It was opened by the curator, who remained. So soon as the latter was spoken to about the matter by the director, he said, in an angry tone, "I will open the doors when it suits me." He was not reproved by the president; on the contrary, he was countenanced by the president,

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who concluded some remarks about art students by saying, "They must remember that *beggars* are not to be *choosers*." Dunlap wrote: "We may consider this the condemnatory sentence of the American Academy of Fine Arts."

And so it was. The spirited Cummings (yet living), then a young man of twenty-one years, who was just completing his studies in painting with Henry Inman, indignant at the treatment he had received that morning, so soon as he returned to his room drafted a complaint and remonstrance, and also a petition to the directors of the Academy, setting forth in the former in strong terms the treatment to which young men were subjected by the managers of the institution, and in the latter asking that the students might be sustained in the enjoyment of the privileges to which the directors had invited them. The complaint and remonstrance were a little too spirited, Inman thought, and he tore them up; but he approved the petition, and gave it the influence of his signature. Inman handed the petition to C. C. Wright, who was afterward the eminent engraver and skillful artist in medallurgy.

Meanwhile the meeting at the studio of Morse had occurred, and an era of good feeling among the artists of New York had dawned. Their bond of friendship was strengthened by mutual grievances, and it was not long after the alleged "strawberries and cream" entertainment when Mr. Wright showed the petition to Mr. Morse, who warmly approved it. Not only so, but early in the fall he invited some of the artists to his room to confer on the propriety of making further efforts to conciliate the directors and managers of the Academy. It was concluded that such efforts would be useless, for it was evident that there was a potent energy within the government of the Academy inimical to the artists, and uncontrollable by the few directors who took any active interest in its affairs.

At that conference Mr. Morse suggested that an association might be formed for the promotion of the arts of design and the assistance of students, composed wholly of artists, as such an association ought to be. This suggestion was heartily approved, and a formal meeting of the artists of the city was held on the evening of November 8, 1825, in the rooms of the New York Historical Society. The already eminent engraver Asher Brown Durand (yet living) was called to the chair, and S. F. B. Morse was appointed secretary. At that meeting the New York Drawing Association was organized, with Mr. Morse as president. It included architects, painters, sculptors, and engravers. Its rules were few and simple. They provided that its members should meet in the evening, three times a week, for drawing; that each member should furnish his own drawing materials; that the expenses for light, fuel, etc., should be paid by equal contributions; that new members should be admitted on a majority vote, on the payment of five dollars entrance fee; and that the lamp should be lighted at six o'clock and extinguished at nine o'clock in the evening. So was planted the germ of *The National Academy of the Arts of Design.*

"The Lamp!" It was a famous illuminator, which was extolled in song as

> "A bright volcano hoisted high in air,
> Smoking like Ætna; shedding lurid light
> On gods and goddesses and heroes rare,
> Who were unmindful of their dingy plight."

This lamp was a tin can holding about half a gallon of oil, with a wick four inches in diameter, and set upon a post about ten feet in height. To secure sufficient light the wick was kept "high," which made it smoke intensely, and showers of lamp-black fell softly on every object in the room.

When the Drawing Association was organized, its members were claimed as students of the Academy. On one of their drawing evenings a few weeks after their organization the president of the Academy appeared at their room, and taking the seat of the president of the Association, beckoned young Cummings to come to him. Trumbull offered him the matriculation book of the Academy, with a request that all the associated artists should sign their names in it as "students of the American Academy of Design." The spirited young artist declined to receive it or sign his name in it. He bowed politely to the president, retired, and reported to his associates, who kept on with their work without further noticing the intruder. When President Trumbull had waited some time he vacated the chair, and as he left the room he said, "Young gentlemen, I have left the matriculation book; when you have signed it return it to the secretary of the Academy."

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This offensive intrusion created a flutter of excitement among the artists present. President Morse took the chair and called the members to order, when the questions, "Have we any relation to the American Academy of Fine Arts? Are we its students?" were briefly discussed and speedily answered. To the first question the Association replied, by unanimous vote, "None whatever." To the second question the unanimous answer was: "We are *not* students of the Academy. We have been set adrift, and we have started on our own resources."

This decision was followed by prompt action. The few small casts which the Association had borrowed from the Academy were returned, with courteously expressed thanks. Yet the Association strongly desired to fraternize with the elder institution if it could be done on terms of equality. Steps were taken toward this desirable end. A committee of each society conferred on the subject of a fraternal union. It was arranged that six of the associated artists should have seats in the Board of Directors of the Academy. The Drawing Association chose six of its members to represent it in the board, and as four of them were not stockholders, they were made so by an appropriation of one hundred dollars out of the treasury of the society to make them eligible to a seat. This was done more than a fortnight before the annual election of directors. The artists considered the matter settled; but there was a secret and potent influence at work to frustrate the arrangement.

On the evening previous to the election Messrs. Dunlap and Cummings, while walking in the City Hall Park, were suddenly accosted by a woman, a seeming beggar, who said,

"Are you, gentlemen, Mr. Dunlap and Mr. Cummings?"

"We are," said Dunlap.

The woman thrust a letter into Dunlap's hand, and as suddenly disappeared in the gloom. The letter informed them that only two (naming them) of the six artists selected would be chosen directors of the Academy at the election the next evening. Mr. Dunlap published a notice in the journals the next morning that none of the candidates of the Drawing Association would serve in the Board of Directors of the Academy unless *all* were elected. Only the two named in the letter received the votes of the Academy, and it was authoritatively said that at the election most ungenerous and offensive remarks concerning the incapacity of artists to manage business of any kind were indulged in.

The members of the Drawing Association were indignant. The Academy had taken its money under a false pretext, and had grossly deceived it. The two members elected refused to serve. The Association felt itself competent to form an independent academy, and that it was justified in doing so. The last link that bound it by honor or courtesy to the American Academy of Fine Arts had been ruthlessly and irrevocably broken, and a large number of the artists of New York resolved to organize a new institution, to be managed by artists alone, and founded on such liberal principles as should tend to stimulate and foster a love for the practice of the arts of design. For this purpose the New York Drawing Association met on the evening of January 14, 1826—a memorable day in the history of the fine arts in the city of New York—and took preliminary action in that direction.

Mr. Morse, the president of the Drawing Association, addressed the members with words of wisdom. "We are now," he said, "a mixed body. It is necessary for the benefit of all that a separation into classes be made. Who shall make it? Why, obviously, the body itself. Let every member of this Association take home with him a list of all the members of it. Let each one select for himself from the whole list fifteen whom he would call professional artists, to be the ticket which he will give at the next meeting. The fifteen thus chosen shall immediately elect not less than ten nor more than fifteen professional artists, in or out of the Association, who shall, with the previously elected fifteen, constitute a body to be called *The National Academy of the Arts of Design*. To these shall be delegated the power to regulate its entire concerns, choose its members, select its students, etc. Thus will the germ be found to grow up into an institution which, we trust, will be put on such principles as to encourage, not depress, the arts.

"One word as to the name—National Academy of the Arts of Design. Any less name than 'National' would be taking one below the American Academy, and therefore is not desirable. If we are

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simply associated artists, their name would swallow us up; therefore 'National' seems a proper one. As to the 'Arts of Design'—painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving—while the 'Fine Arts' include poetry, music, landscape gardening, and the histrionic arts, our name would express the exact character of our institution, and that only."

The plan of organization proposed by Mr. Morse was adopted by unanimous consent. The following fifteen professional artists were first chosen by ballot: Samuel Finley Breese Morse, Henry Inman, Asher Brown Durand, John Frazee, William Wall, Charles C. Ingham, William Dunlap, Peter Maverick, Ithiel Toure, Thomas S. Cummings, Edward C. Potter, Charles C. Wright, Moseley J. Danforth, Hugh Reinagle, and Gerlando Marsiglia.

These gentlemen balloted for ten professional artists on one ticket, and for five more subsequently on one ticket, as follows: Samuel Waldo, William Jewett, John W. Paradise, Frederick S. Agate, Rembrandt Peale, James Coyle, Nathaniel Rodgers, J. Parisen, William Main, John Evers, Martin E. Thompson, Thomas Cole, John Vanderlyn, Alexander Anderson, and D. W. Wilson. These, with the fifteen previously chosen, were to constitute the body known as *The National Academy of the Arts of Design.* Mr. Morse was elected president of the new Academy, John Ludlow Morton secretary, and A. B. Durand treasurer, until a constitution should be adopted.

The organization of the National Academy was now completed, and the institution took its place among the useful associations of our country. This work was accomplished on the evening of the 18th day of January, 1826, or about fifty-seven years ago. Of the thirty artists who were its founders, only three remain upon the earth—Messrs. Durand, Evers, and Cummings. The first-named was the second president of the new Academy, and served as such seventeen years consecutively; the last-named was elected treasurer of the Academy soon after its organization, and served it in that capacity about forty years consecutively. These venerable artists are beloved by all who know them because of their eminent professional abilities, their usefulness as citizens, and their salutary example in the spotlessness of their lives.

The members of the new Academy were arranged in four divisions, consisting of the following professional artists: In *Painting*—S. F. B. Morse, H. Inman, T. S. Cummings, W. Dunlap, Rembrandt Peale, C. C. Ingham, Thomas Cole, John Evers, F. S. Agate, E. C. Potter, H. Reinagle, J. Coyle, D. W. Wilson, J. Parisen, J. W. Paradise, and N. Rodgers. In *Sculpture*—John Frazee. In *Architecture*—Ithiel Toure and Martin E. Thompson. In *Engraving*—A. B. Durand, William Main, M. J. Danforth, P. Maverick, and C. C. Wright. In the *Antique School of Art* were the following gentlemen: Henry J. Morton, John I. Neilson (amateurs), George W. Hatch, Thomas Grinnell, Ambrose Andrews, Robert Morris, Albert Durand, J. W. Paradise, A. J. Davis, and John R. Murray, Jun.

Almost contemporaneously with the founding of the National Academy, "The Sketch Club" was formed. It was composed of several of the members of the Academy, and was conceived during a social chat of three Academicians—Durand, Cummings, and Ingham. Mr. Ingham proposed it as a successor of the just expired "Bread and Cheese" or "Lunch" Club. The chief objects were the promotion of social enjoyment among the members by occasional meetings and for mutual improvement in the arts of design. It was eminently a *social* club, in which wit and humor and good-fellowship prevailed, yet the pencil was not wholly neglected. Mr. Ingham was its first president, and its first meeting was held at the house of Thomas Cole, the eminent landscape painter. This club was re-organized in 1844 under the title of "The Artists' Sketch Club," to which literary men were admitted. It existed two or three years, when its members founded the famous "Century Club" of to-day.

The National Academy of the Arts of Design entered promptly and vigorously upon the performance of its prescribed task. On the evening of its organization a committee was appointed to secure a room, and prepare for an exhibition in May following. A room was procured of the Philosophical Society, and therein the Antique School was opened at once on the evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. There was no Life School.

The first exhibition of the new Academy was opened in May, 1826, in the second-story rooms of a house on the corner of Broadway and Reade Street. The "gal-

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lery" was twenty-five by fifty feet in size, lighted by day by ordinary side windows, and at night by six gas-burners. The "private view" of the pictures was attended by Governor De Witt Clinton and suite, the Mayor of the city and the Common Council, the faculty of Columbia College, members of the American Academy of Fine Arts, and persons of distinction then residing in the city. The exhibition consisted of one hundred and seventy pieces, all by living American artists. It was the first of the kind ever seen in this country. These pictures were never exhibited before, nor could they be exhibited again, according to the rules of the new Academy. This regulation would insure novelty at every exhibition.

From the very beginning the old Academy, alarmed by evidences of great vitality in the new institution, and jealous of its popularity, regarded it as a rival, and the National Academy was assailed, not only by its elder sister but by individuals, through the newspaper press. The members of the new Academy were sneered at as "beardless boys." During the first exhibition of the Academy some of the artists were attacked with the most severe personal abuse, and their works were most unfairly and unjustly criticised. The most savage, unrelenting, and persistent of the generally anonymous foes of the institution and its members was a drawing-master, an irritable Englishman, who had been denied admission to membership in the National Academy because of his quarrelsome disposition. He was blackballed almost unanimously, only one vote appearing in his favor. To each of the blackballers he sent a written note demanding satisfaction, "either public or private." By common consent these challenges were sent back to him in one package. This was "the unkindest cut of all," and for more than a dozen years he was the frequent and savage assailant of the new Academy in the columns of the newspapers. He lived to deplore his course, and admit its folly and injustice. Poverty and old age became his companions, and he apologized to those whom he had unsparingly abused.

The National Academy was migratory from the beginning. Its second exhibition was held in the third story of Tyler's Arcade Baths, in Chambers Street. That building afterward became Palmo's Opera-house and Burton's Theatre. There the association first indulged in the luxury of a carpet in its exhibition rooms, and in the possession of a professor of ancient history and mythology in the person of the late William Cullen Bryant. It had adopted a constitution and by-laws, and in the winter of 1829 it was incorporated by the Legislature of New York.

For ten years from 1829 the Academy occupied the more spacious apartments of the Clinton Hall Association, on the corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets. Soon after its removal to its new quarters, and while its income from the annual exhibitions barely met the expenses, sometimes leaving less than $100 in the treasury, it began to be the recipient of donations of works of art from Europe. The earliest of these presents were two large oil-paintings. These were followed by casts from artists and other friends of the institution at Rome. The heavy expenses of transportation of these gifts soon put the Academy deeply and almost hopelessly in debt. The donors were courteously thanked for their generosity, but at the same time they were implored not to kill the institution with kindness. This course was adopted just in time to save the Academy from bankruptcy.

In less than ten years after the founding of the National Academy of the Arts of Design the war of words between the rival institutions which had been waged in the newspapers had ceased, and the enfeebled elder association sought a prolongation of its existence by union with its young and vigorous competitor. Committees of conference were appointed, but nothing was effected. This effort was twice repeated, with a similar result, and in 1841 the American Academy of Fine Arts expired. Its effects were bought by the National Academy for $400.

In 1839, the Academy removed to more commodious quarters in the building of the New York Society Library, at the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street. By some of its friends it was considered perilous to go so *far up town*. Up to that time it had struggled with pecuniary embarrassments, which at one period threatened its ruin; but by the skillful management of its monetary affairs by Treasurer Cummings, and faith and trust in his sagacity and probity, it soon afterward obtained relief and the coveted position of solvency. Its debts were all liquidated; its Antique and Life schools were all in

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successful operation, a library had been established, and its future prospects appeared most auspicious.

The Academy remained in the Society Library Building until 1849, when it took possession of its new galleries, which had been fitted up at 663 Broadway, nearly opposite Bond Street, where it had purchased property, and designed to establish a permanent home. Its rooms were ample in size, and were lighted in the evening by three hundred gas-burners. Adjoining property was purchased, and in the course of a few years, after experiencing many vicissitudes, the Academy sold the property at a profit sufficient to purchase a lot on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, where it is now domiciled and flourishing, exerting by its art schools and exhibitions a marvellous influence in the creation and fostering of a taste for art and æsthetic culture in every department of social life.

After leaving No. 663 Broadway the Academy occupied rooms at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Tenth Street for four years. It also exhibited at one time in rooms over Dr. Chapin's church on Broadway, and at another time at the "Derby Gallery." Finally, in 1860, it purchased the lot on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, of William Niblo, for $50,000, where it has now a permanent home. The corner-stone of the edifice was laid on the 21st of October, 1862, with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of a large number of artists, authors, and other distinguished citizens, who had previously gathered in the rooms of the Century Club, and walked in procession to the spot. At the close of an invocation by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Henry Peters Gray delivered an address. He was followed by Parke Godwin, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, Rev. Drs. Bellows and Chapin, and Daniel Huntington. The erection of the building was begun in 1863, and it was completed in 1865. That year the Academy took possession of it, and held in its galleries its Thirty-ninth Exhibition. The entire cost of the lot and building was about $237,000. The style of architecture is peculiar and striking. It has been called "Venetian Gothic," as it was copied after a building in Venice.

The National Academy of the Arts of Design is a private association, managed exclusively by artists for the public good. The means of the Academy are devoted entirely to the cultivation of the arts of design. It consists of professional and lay members, the former being the Academicians, Associates, and Honorary, and the latter Honorary Members and Fellows. Connoisseurs, amateurs, and all lovers of art may become Fellows by the payment of a subscription of $100. A subscription of $500 constitutes a fellowship in perpetuity, with power to bequeath its privileges for all time. It was through the liberal subscriptions to the Fellowship Fund, which was instituted in 1863, that a large portion of the means for the erection of the edifice was obtained.

We have observed that only three of the founders of the National Academy of the Arts of Design are living on the earth—Asher Brown Durand, John Evers, and Thomas Sier Cummings. They were all born in the month of August, two of them in the closing decade of the last century. Mr. Durand is the eldest, having been born on the 21st of August, 1796, on the estate where he now lives, near the present village of South Orange, in New Jersey.

The use of the pencil was Durand's delight even in his infantile years. His father was a skillful repairer of watches, and in his shop the son made his first essays in the art of engraving. His first really artistic work was engraving business cards which were formerly placed in double-cased watches. A French gentleman, perceiving the boy's genius, asked him to engrave a portrait of a friend which he had on the lid of his snuff-box. Young Durand's powers were untried in that direction, but, with the stimulus of self-reliance, and that "eternal patience" which Michael Angelo gave as the definition of genius, he began the task, and succeeded so well that he won the applause of the owner of the snuff-box and others, and encouragement for himself. He sought further knowledge of the seductive art with avidity. In 1812 he was apprenticed to Peter Maverick, a skillful engraver on copper. Durand was chiefly employed in copying English book illustrations for publishers, and so conspicuous was his ability that at the end of his apprenticeship Maverick made him his business partner.

While he was yet an apprentice young Durand had produced an engraving of the head of a beggar painted by his good friend and adviser Samuel Waldo. It was considered a marvel at the time. His

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genius attracted the attention of Colonel Trumbull, and when the latter was about to make arrangements with Maverick and Durand to engrave his picture of "The Declaration of Independence," he expressed a desire that Durand should do the work. This offended Maverick, and he broke up the partnership with his gifted pupil. Durand set up for himself, made an admirable engraving of Trumbull's picture (which is still admired for its faithfulness in drawing and technical excellence), and at once he took an exalted position in the world of art as the best line engraver in America. He produced other works of great merit. Among these his "Musidora" (from his own design) and "Ariadne Sleeping" are masterpieces. The latter, from a painting by Vanderlyn (then owned by Durand), is regarded by critics as equal in execution to anything done by Sharp, the unrivalled line engraver of England. As an engraver of flesh, Durand was pre-eminent.

Mr. Durand was one of the most active and honored of the founders of the National Academy of the Arts of Design. On the retirement of Professor Morse from the presidency of the Academy, in 1845, he was chosen to be his successor, and for seventeen consecutive years he filled the chair with great dignity and efficiency. At about the middle of his official career (1854) his fellow-artists presented him with an elegant service of plate in attestation of their appreciation of his excellences as an artist and his many virtues as a man, also as an acknowledgment of their gratitude to him for his faithful services as president of the institution. They desired to make the presentation in public, but his innate modesty would not permit such a display, and the gift was bestowed in private.

Mr. Durand abandoned engraving as a profession about the year 1836, and became a professional painter, in which he excelled, especially in portraiture and in landscape. His portraits of ex-President Madison, John Quincy Adams, Chancellor Kent, General Jackson, Edward Everett, and other celebrities are admired for their faithfulness in drawing and coloring. With another he attempted the publication of a serial work on *American Landscapes*, five engravings in each part. The letterpress was to be written by William Cullen Bryant. Only one part was issued. The enterprise was too unpromising, and it was abandoned. Mr. Durand visited Europe in 1840, but did not remain long. With untiring industry he pursued the art of painting, and his exquisite landscapes adorn many private collections. He resided in a modest house on Amity Street, in New York, for very many years, until 1869, when he took up his abode on the ancestral estate in New Jersey, near the present Maplewood Station on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railway. There, in a spacious and beautiful mansion, near the foot of Orange Mountain, he has lived ever since, in the enjoyment of that sweet retirement which was ever a minister of pleasure to him. But this Nestor of art is not forgotten by his old associates and brother artists. Their thoughts and benedictions go out lovingly toward him. Their respect and reverence were manifested several years ago, when thirty or forty of the artists of New York formed a "surprise party," and on a charming day in June suddenly invaded his quiet domain. They were cordially welcomed, and spent a day long to be remembered with the beloved artist and his family.

On a pleasant day in July, 1882, the present writer enjoyed the privilege of passing several hours with the venerable and venerated Durand and his family. The pleasure of the visit was enhanced by the kind hospitality of his eldest son, Mr. John Durand, a gentleman of fine literary taste (translator of H. Taine's works), who with his sister and younger brother constituted the artist's home family. In Mr. Durand's spacious studio were hanging about one hundred of his landscape studies. There was also a portrait of him when a young man, painted by Colonel Trumbull, and one exquisite copy in colors by himself of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne" the size of the engraving. On his easel was a picture finished about three years ago, the very last art production of his hand. It is a landscape—lake and mountain scenery—a picture of perfect retirement and repose, enveloped in a soft haze, the subdued rays of the setting sun suffusing the whole scene.

This beautiful picture was suggestive of the evening of Mr. Durand's serene life, which has been a comparatively uneventful one outside the realm of art. Though a genial companion in his studio or drawing-room, he was never allured from his chosen life of quiet and tranquillity by the

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attractions of social life abroad. He has passed a long and busy career as a most devout worshipper at the shrine of art, and was never happier than when under the influence of its divine ministrations. It might be truthfully written of him now as Dunlap wrote of him nearly fifty years ago: "Mr. Durand's character is that of the most perfect truth and simplicity. As a husband, a father, and a citizen he is without blemish from evil report. He is an honor to the arts which delight to honor him." The excellent portrait here given is from a photograph by Bogardus, New York, taken a few years ago.



ASHER BROWN DURAND.

Mr. Evers is a native of Newtown, Long Island, where he was born on August 17, 1797. Having a taste for landscape painting, he learned the art of a scene painter for theatres. His master was John Joseph Holland, who was employed by Price and Simpson, the generous lessees of the Park Theatre. His fellow-pupil was Hugh Reinagle, who was also one of the founders of the National Academy of the Arts of Design.

Holland was an amiable, simple-minded Englishman, and the first skillful scene painter who had appeared in the United States. When he landed in New York in 1796, with his young wife, he was so profoundly ignorant of the world outside the realm of art that he believed America was peopled only by Indians and negroes. They brought kitchen and other furniture with them, supposing they could not be obtained in New York. On their arrival Holland hastened ashore to explore, leaving his wife on shipboard as a place of personal safety. He was astonished to find white people, and fine houses, and large shops, and churches with tall spires. Having wandered as far as St. Paul's, on Broadway, he could go no further, but hastened back to tell his wife that they were in a civilized land peopled by Englishmen, for they seemed to all speak the English language.

Evers was a pupil of Holland. He became so expert that on the death of his master he was promoted to chief scene painter at the Park Theatre, in which capacity he was employed, at the average wages of thirty dollars a week, about eighteen years. He was afterward engaged chiefly in painting dioramas, panoramas, and society and political banners, in which he was unrivalled.

Fifty years ago Mr. Evers painted many small portraits ("miniature") on ivory and Bristol-board, also small portraits in oil; but preferring a bolder handling of the brush, he abandoned that department of art for the pursuit which promised more permanent and remunerative employment.

Between the spring of 1848 and the close of 1854 Mr. Evers painted a series of pictures which gave great delight to the citizens of New York. They are remembered with pleasure by those who were young at the time. They consisted of a diorama of "Creation," painted for H. Hannington; a panorama of "New York City," for Dr. S. P. Townsend, which was exhibited for about three months at Stoppani's Hall; a panorama of the "Crystal Palace," London, for P. T. Barnum; a panorama of the "Holy Land," for John Banvard, and afterward a diorama of the same.

Mr. Evers has indulged his taste for landscape painting all his life, and will leave behind him widely scattered works of merit in that interesting department of art. Two or three years ago he was compelled to lay aside his brush forever, on account of illness which has impaired his memory, and a gradual decay of the or-

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gans of vision; but his physical health is good for a man who has passed his eighty-fifth birthday. In stature Mr. Evers is of medium height, and rather spare in figure. He is highly respected as a quiet, courteous gentleman and meritorious artist. He left New York city as a place of residence in 1865, and has since lived in a neat little cottage, with a niece, in the village of Hempstead, on Long Island, not very far away from the place of his birth. Of his five children only one, a son, survives.

Mr. Cummings is a native of Bath, England, where he was born on the 26th of August, 1804. He was brought to New York while he was an infant, and was the only child of his parents. He evinced a taste and talent for art at a very early age. It was fostered by Augustus Earle, the famous "wandering artist," who abode for a while under the roof of the elder Cummings when the son was about fourteen years of age. The father had determined that his son should be a merchant, and he placed him in a counting-room. For about three years the dutiful lad was "obedient unto his father," and acquired by practical experience most useful lessons in the art of managing business and monetary affairs, which were of vast importance to him in all his after-life.

But the old, old story of genius was repeated, that of the futile attempts to harness Pegasus to a dray as a draught-horse. Young Cummings's aspirations to become a painter were intense, and his wise father satisfied them by placing his son under the instruction of Henry Inman, in the art of painting in oil and water-colors. "Miniature" painting, generally but absurdly so called (painting small portraits in water-colors), especially on ivory, particularly delighted the pupil, and in early life he became one of the most eminent practitioners of his time in that department of art. This lofty position he held until he abandoned it when the Sun became his competitor by means of the daguerreotype and photographic productions.

Inman and Cummings were partners in business during five or six years, when the latter abandoned the use of oil, and engaged exclusively in painting small portraits in water-colors. In this style of art he also produced some admirable compositions, which inspired a contemporary poet to sing of

> "Cummings's delicious bloom,
> Speaking eye, and snowy plume."

Among Cummings's most admired compositions which furnished subjects for the best engravers of the day were "The Bracelet," "The Bride," and "The Exchange of Queens." These were conspicuous for their accuracy in drawing and delicacy in coloring.

Mr. Cummings's generous spirit made him a favorite with everybody. He was always ready to lend a helping hand and an encouraging word to young artists or a needy brother in the profession. Eminently social in his nature, he was a most earnest, faithful, and sympathizing coadjutor of Mr. Morse in the founding of the National Academy of the Arts of Design, from its conception in Morse's studio. During his long personal connection with the institution as its treasurer he was one of the most judicious, energetic, efficient, and untiring workers in its behalf, as its annals fully attest. He was especially helpful (thanks to his early training in business methods) when dark clouds of pecuniary embarrassment overshadowed its prospects. After serving the Academy twenty years as its treasurer, the directors, in token of their profound gratitude to him for his faithful labors, presented him with thanks and a superb service of plate, which still garnishes his hospitable table at his charming retreat in the "land of steady habits."

The schools of the Academy were objects of Mr. Cummings's special care, and he conducted them with great success for many years according to a plan of his own devising. For several years he conducted a private school of design of his own with great success. His energies exerted in behalf of the interests of the students never flagged. Nor were his tastes or his labors confined to that sphere alone; scientific and literary bodies, as well as the benevolent institutions of the city, felt his influence. In his prime Mr. Cummings was one of the busiest of men.

When in 1838 his friend Professor Morse was ready to exhibit his electro-magnetic telegraph to the public in his rooms at the University of the City of New York, Mr. Cummings and his family with a few others were invited to be present as witnesses of the experimental exhibition. That exhibition was made by wires stretched around the room. Gentlemen present were requested to frame brief dispatches for transmission. One of them, in compliment to Mr. Cummings, who had lately

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JOHN EVERS.



THOMAS SEIR CUMMINGS.

received military promotion, gave: "Attention—the universe! By kingdoms—right wheel!"

In military science and tactics Mr. Cummings became very efficient. In the Second Regiment N. Y. S. Light Infantry he passed through all the official grades, from ensign to colonel, and commanded it several years. In 1838, Governor Seward commissioned him brigadier-general, his command embracing many of the "crack" uniformed companies of the city. General Cummings was regarded as one of the soundest military jurists in the country. His decisions, made by virtue of his office, though sometimes contested by the most eminent legal talent of the city, were never reversed by higher authority. The superior discipline of the troops under his command produced an emulation in military circles in the city which has increased with the lapse of years.

General Cummings made small copies in water-colors of General and Mrs. Washington from Stuart's portraits in the Boston Athenæum. In 1851, a Governor-General of Canada, seeing and admiring them, said, "How my Queen would delight in such a picture of Mrs. Washington!" The artist generously presented it to her Majesty, and with a letter of acknowledgment from her he received a beautiful gold medal bearing her effigy on one side.

After seeing the present home-building of the Academy completed, the progress toward which he had watched with tender solicitude as a trustee and one of the building committee, General Cummings relinquished the treasurership in 1866, after administering its required duties for about forty years without intermission. In the spring of that year he left the city, and retired to a beautiful home which he had prepared in the quiet village of Mansfield Centre, in Connecticut, where he has since resided, passing the winter months with his children in the city of New York.

Both General and Mrs. Cummings (they were married in 1822) are still blessed with the most vigorous physical and mental health, the love and reverence of numerous children and their children's children, and the exquisite delight of a pure and serene domestic life. The example of a matrimonial career so long and so happy has seldom been witnessed. He is small in stature, compact in figure, dignified and refined in manners, amiable, and overflowing with good-humor.

General Cummings has contributed much to the literature of art by numerous lectures and essays. In 1865 he completed and published an octavo volume of 364 pages, entitled *Historical Annals of the National Academy of Design*. This will forever remain an authentic and trustworthy history of the foundation and progress of the National Academy of the Arts of Design during the first forty years of its existence.

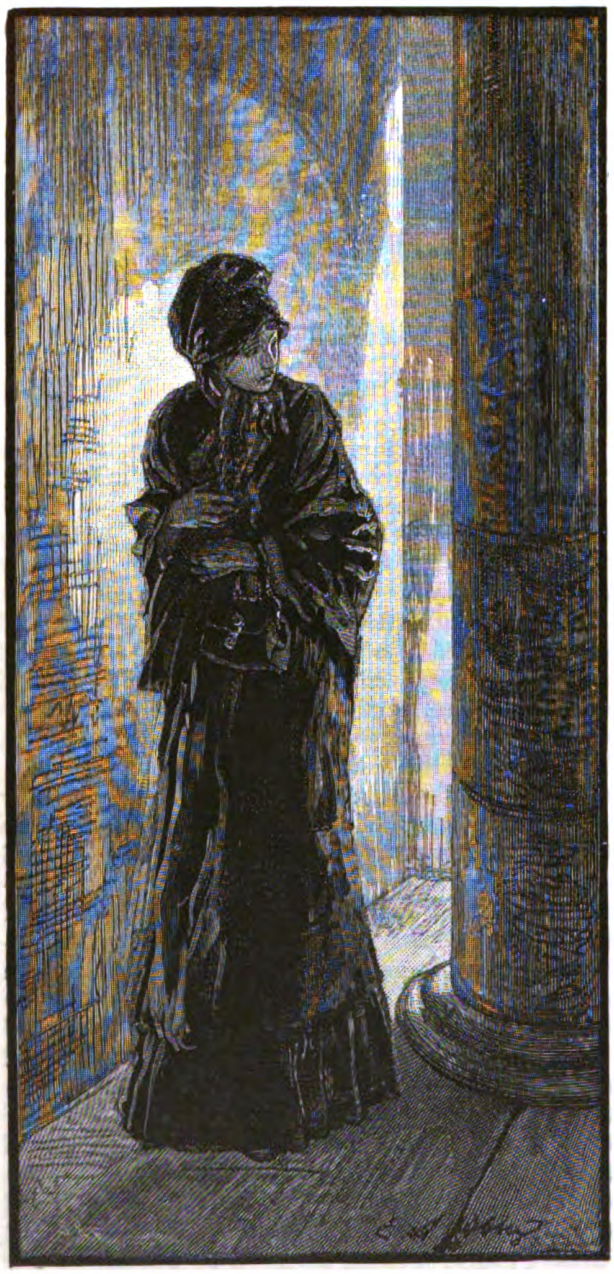
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A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

HOW A PARTY OF TRAVELLERS SET OUT ON A JOURNEY.

THE train for the North was about to start from Madrid, and the station was filled with the usual varied and bustling crowd. Throngs of soldiers were there; throngs of priests; throngs of civilians; throngs of peasants; all moving to and fro, intermingled with the railway employés, and showing the power of steam to stir up even the lazy Spaniard to unwonted punctuality and portentous activity. In the midst of this busy scene two men stood apart, each by himself, with eyes fixed upon the entrance, as though expecting some one whose advent was of no ordinary importance. One of these was an unmistakable Spaniard, of medium size, dark complexion, penetrating black eyes, and sombre countenance. His dress was that of a civilian, but his bearing was military, and his face and general expression savored of the camp. The other was an Englishman, with all his country beaming in his face, tall in stature, light in complexion, with gray eyes, and open, frank expression. He had a thin mustache, flaxen side whiskers, and no beard. He stood in an easy, nonchalant attitude, with an eyeglass stuck in one eye, and a light cane in his hand, which he switched carelessly upon his leg.



DOLORES.

At length the two were roused by the approach of a party of people, who were undoubtedly the very ones for whom they had been thus waiting.

This party consisted of three persons. First, there was an elderly man, florid, stoutish, and fussy—the Paterfamilias of *Punch*, with a dash of the heavy father of comedy. He was evidently in a terrible strait, and halting between two opinions, namely, whether he should stay and watch over his family, or go away and see after his luggage. Then there was a lady of certain or uncertain age—a faded, washed-out blonde, who surveyed the scene with a mixture of trepidation and caution.

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Neither of these, however, could have had any interest in the eyes of the two watchers; and it must have been the third member of this party who had led them to lie in wait.

In truth, this third one seemed well worthy of such attention. She was a young lady, of slight and elegant figure, with a sweet and lovely face, round, arch, full of liveliness, merriment, and volatility, which were expressed in every glance of her sparkling eyes. And while the man fidgeted and the woman fussed, this young person stood with admirable self-possession, looking round inquiringly, as though she too might be expecting some one.

Paterfamilias hesitated a little longer, and then made up his mind, for, telling the ladies to wait, he hurried away after his luggage. No sooner had he gone than the two young men, who had held back till then, hurried to the spot. The Englishman reached it first. The elder lady, on seeing him, stared for an instant, and then abruptly turned her back, thus giving him the cut direct in the most pointed and insulting manner. In thus turning she found herself face to face with the Spaniard, who made a very ceremonious bow, saying,

"It gif me mooch pleasure, Madame Russell, to pay my respetts, an' to weesh the good-day."

At this the lady hesitated, as though intending to give this man also the cut, but finally she chose to be gracious; so extending her hand, she said,

"Thanks, Captain Lopez; I'm glad to see you, for Mr. Russell has left us, and I'm a little frightened in this crowd."

"Oh, then," said Lopez, "I hope to haf the honnaire to condutt you to the carriage, and to say the adios."

"Oh, thanks," said Mrs. Russell; "I shall really feel very much obliged."

Now the Englishman had scarcely seemed to notice the insult of Mrs. Russell; for, brushing past her, he had instantly advanced toward the young lady aforesaid, and seized her hand with a quick, strong, hungry grasp. And the young lady aforesaid, whose eyes had been fixed on him as he advanced, grasped his hand also, while a flush passed over her lovely face, and her eyes rested upon him with a look which might well thrill through and through the favored recipient of such a glance.

"Why, Mr. Ashby!" said she, in innocent surprise—"you here?"

"Katie," said Ashby, in a tremulous voice—"little darling," he continued, in a lower tone—"didn't you know that I'd be here?"

"Well, I should have felt disappointed," said Katie, softly, "if you had not been here."

At this moment Mrs. Russell turned, and said, sharply,

"Come, Katie."

"All right," said Ashby, coolly; "I'll see Miss Westlotorn on board the train."

Mrs. Russell looked vexed.

"Katie," she said, "I wish you to stay by me."

"Oh yes, auntie dearest," said Katie, with her usual self-possession; "of course I shall."

But she made not the slightest movement to leave Ashby, and this annoyed Mrs. Russell all the more. She looked all around, as though for help. The Spaniard's eyes were all ablaze with wrath and jealousy.

"Madame Russell," said he, in an eager voice, "commanda me, I beg; I shall help."

These words were plainly audible to Ashby, who, however, only smiled.

"Madame," said Lopez, still more eagerly, "commanda me. Shall I condutt the mees?"

For a moment Mrs. Russell seemed inclined to accept the proffered aid, but it was only for a moment. The good lady was timid. She dreaded a scene. A quarrel in so public a place between these two jealous and hot-headed youths would be too terrible, so she at once gave way.

"Oh, no, no," she said, hurriedly. "Thanks, Captain Lopez, I think I shall ask you to conduct me to our carriage. Mr. Russell will be with us immediately."

Upon this Lopez offered his arm, which Mrs. Russell took, and they both went off. Ashby followed slowly with Katie.

"Katie," said he, after a pause, "I'm going too."

"What!" said Katie, in a joyous voice, "in this train?"

"Yes, along with you."

"How perfectly lovely!" said Katie—which expression showed that these two were on very good terms with one another. "But then, you know," she resumed, "Mr. Russell has the carriage for us only."

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"Oh, well, it's all the same," said Ashby. "I'm going on in the same train. That will be happiness enough. But see here," he added, in a hurried voice, "take this letter;" and with this he slipped a letter into her hand, which she instantly concealed in her pocket. "I'll see you to-night at Burgos," he continued in a low tone, "and then at Biarritz or Bayonne. I have friends in both places. You must do what I ask you. You must be mine. You must, darling. Don't mind these confounded Russells. They're nothing to you compared with me. Russell has no right to interfere. He's not your uncle; he's only a miserable guardian; and he's a contemptible scoundrel too, and I told him so to his face. He's planning to get you to marry that cad of a son of his. But read my letter. Make up your mind to-day, darling. I'll see you to-night at Burgos."

Ashby poured forth this in a quiet, low, earnest voice as they traversed the short space that lay between them and the cars, while Katie listened in silence. Meanwhile the others had reached a carriage, which Mrs. Russell entered. Lopez immediately followed.

"Oh, look!" cried Katie; "Captain Lopez has gone into our carriage. He must be going to travel with us."

"The infernal sneak!" growled Ashby. "But then," he continued, "what's the use of that? He can't go. Why, old Russell hates him worse than me."

At this moment Mrs. Russell put forth her head.

"Katie!" she called, in a thin, shrill voice.

"Yes, auntie dear," said Katie.

"In a moment," chimed in Ashby.

"Perhaps I'd better go," said Katie; "she's so horrid, you know."

"Then," said Ashby, "good-by for the present, my own darling."

Saying this, he took her in his arms and deliberately kissed her two or three times. Katie then darted away and entered the carriage, to find Mrs. Russell speechless with indignation.

The moment Katie had gone, up came Russell in a fury.

"Look here, sir!" he cried, shaking his fist at Ashby. "I say, sir! Look here, sir! You scoundrel! Didn't I tell you—"

"And look here, you!" said Ashby, in a stern voice, laying his hand heavily on the other's shoulder, "none of this insolence, my good man, or I shall have to teach you better manners. You know perfectly well that Katie is engaged to me, and that I mean to make her my wife."

"You shall never!" cried Russell, passionately; "never! never!"

"Pooh!" exclaimed Ashby, contemptuously.

"I'm her guardian," said Russell.

"That may be," said Ashby, calmly, "but only for a few months longer. I can wait. Don't be alarmed."

"You shall never marry her!"

"Pooh, my good man! Attend to your luggage."

Muttering inarticulate threats, mingled with curses, Russell now stamped off, and entered the carriage. Here he found Lopez. At the sight of the man his fury burst all bounds. With Ashby he had felt under some restraint; but with Lopez there was nothing of the kind, and he ordered him out in the most insulting manner.

Lopez, however, refused to stir, telling him that Madame Russell had given him permission to remain.

"Madame Russell be hanged!" roared the other. "You get out of this, or else I'll kick you out!"

"No, señor," said Lopez, coolly, "I advisa you not to try violencia."

For a moment Russell measured him from head to foot; but the sight of the sinewy young Spaniard did not re-assure him. His own muscles were somewhat flabby, and by no means fit for a struggle with this vigorous youth.

So he chose another and a safer mode. He sprang out and began to bawl loudly for the guard. But, very unfortunately, Russell could not speak a word of Spanish, and when the guard came up he could not explain himself. And so Russell, after all, might have had to travel with his unwelcome companion had not an unexpected ally appeared upon the scene. This was Ashby, who had been standing by, and had comprehended the whole situation. Now Ashby could speak Spanish like a native.

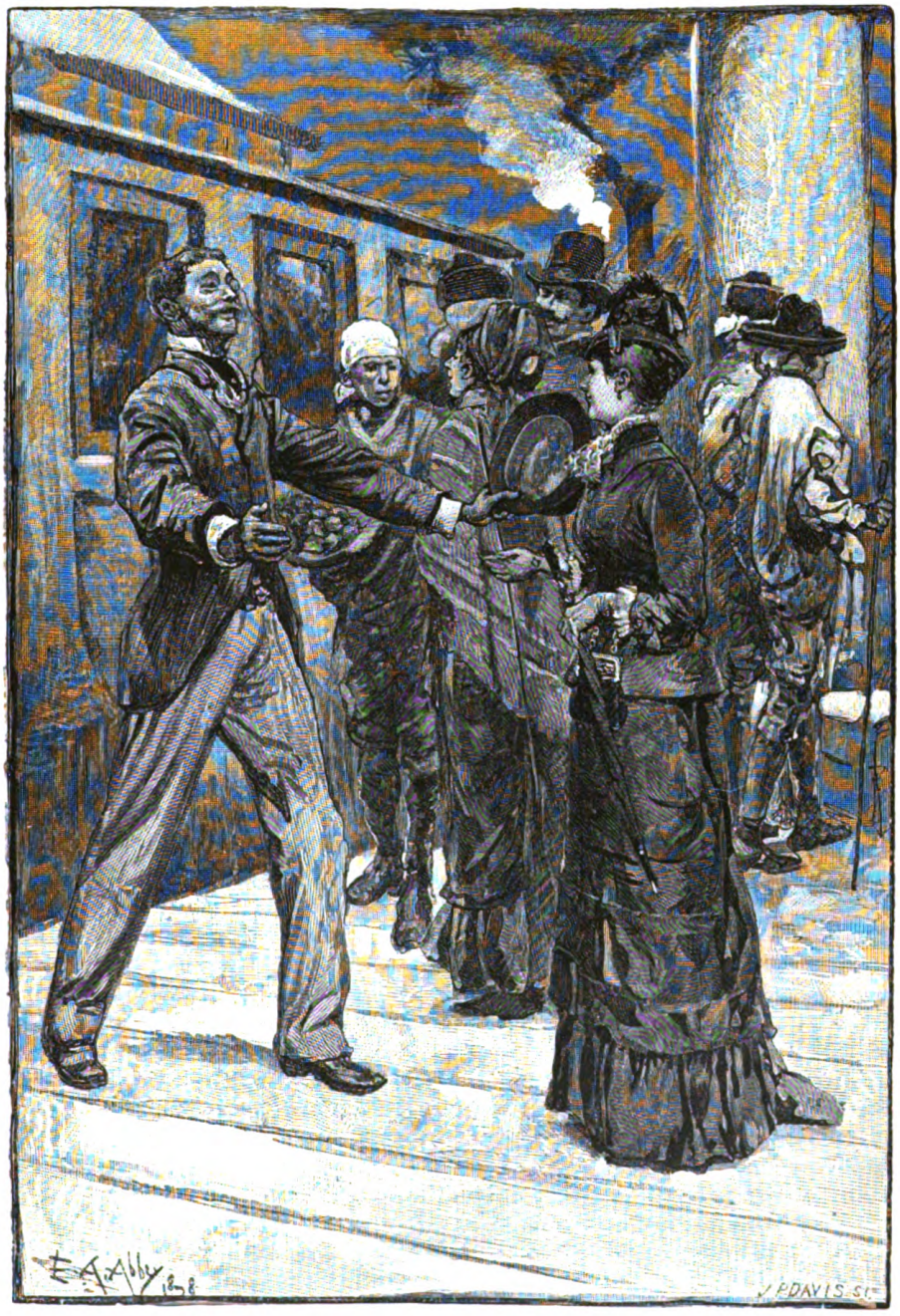
"See here, Russell," said he, "I don't mind giving you a lift. What's the row?"

Russell hesitated for a moment, but his rage against Lopez had quite swallowed up his anger at Ashby, and he accepted the aid of the latter. So he went on to explain what Ashby very well knew—the situation in the carriage. Ashby there-

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upon explained to the guard. The guard then ordered Lopez out. At which summons the gallant captain thought fit to beat a retreat, which he effected in good order, drums beating and colors flying, and with many expressions of polite regret to the ladies and many wishes for a pleasant journey.

Arriving outside, however, our noble hidalgo found the blast of war blowing, and so he at once proceeded to stiffen his sinews and summon up his blood. Taking no notice of Russell, he advanced to Ashby. "Señor," said he, in Spanish, "for the part that you have taken in this matter I will call you to account."



"WHY, MR. ASHBY!—YOU HERE?"—[SEE PAGE 865.]

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Ashby smiled disdainfully.

"You have insulted me," said Lopez, fiercely. "This insult must be washed out in blood—your heart's-blood or mine. I am going in this train."

"Indeed! So am I," said Ashby.

"We shall find a place—and a time."

"Whenever you please," said the other, shortly.

"Señor, I will communicate with you."

Both the young men bowed, and with their hearts full of hate they separated to take their places in the train.

And now at this particular juncture there came forth from behind a pillar a female figure, which figure had been there for some time, and had closely watched the whole of Ashby's proceedings from beginning to end. It was impossible to see her face, but her graceful shape and quiet, active movements indicated youth, and suggested possible beauty. This figure hastened toward the train, and entered the very carriage into which Ashby had gone.

The next moment the guard banged the door to behind her, the great bell rang, the engine puffed and snorted, and then, with the roar of steam, the clank of machinery, and the rumble of many wheels, the long train thundered out of the station on its eventful journey to the North.

CHAPTER II.

HOW MR. ASHBY MEETS WITH A VERY DEAR AND VERY LOVELY YOUNG FRIEND.

ON entering the carriage Ashby took a seat and prepared to make himself comfortable for the journey. The hurried events of the last few minutes, the farewell to Katie, the prospect of a new meeting at Burgos, the additional prospect of a hostile encounter with Lopez, were certainly sufficient food for reflection. Consequently he was in a fit of abstraction so profound that he did not notice the female who entered the carriage.

As the train rolled out, the new-comer also made herself comfortable in her seat, which, being opposite to that of Ashby, gave her the opportunity of examining his face at her leisure, if she felt so inclined, while she herself was so closely veiled as to baffle recognition. Her dress, though very plain, was in the latest fashion, and she wore with inimitable grace that marvellous Spanish mantilla which is equally adapted to adorn and to conceal. Although in the opposite seat, she was not close to Ashby, but at the other end of the compartment, in which position she could watch him the more easily. These two were the only occupants.

Once or twice Ashby's eyes fell on her as he raised his head or changed his position; but he paid no attention to her, nor did he even seem aware of her existence; while she sat veiled, so that the direction of her glance could not be seen.

For about half an hour the situation remained unaltered, but at the end of that time the lady made a re-adjustment of her mantilla which exposed all her head and face. The hands which were raised to perform this act were soft, round, plump, and dimpled, and might of themselves have attracted the admiration of one less preoccupied than Ashby; while the face that was now revealed was one which might have roused the dullest of mortals. It was a dark olive face, with features of exquisite delicacy; the eyes were large, lustrous, and melting, fringed with long lashes; the eyebrows delicately pencilled; the hair rich black, glossy, and waving in innumerable ripples. Her cheeks were dimpled, and her lips were curved into a faint smile as she sat with a demure face and watched Ashby. It may have been a certain mesmerism in her gaze, or it may only have been that Ashby had at last grown weary of his own thoughts, for suddenly he looked up, and caught her eyes fixed thus on him. For a moment an expression of astonishment filled his face; then the smile of the lady deepened, and her eyes fell.

At this Ashby jumped from his seat.

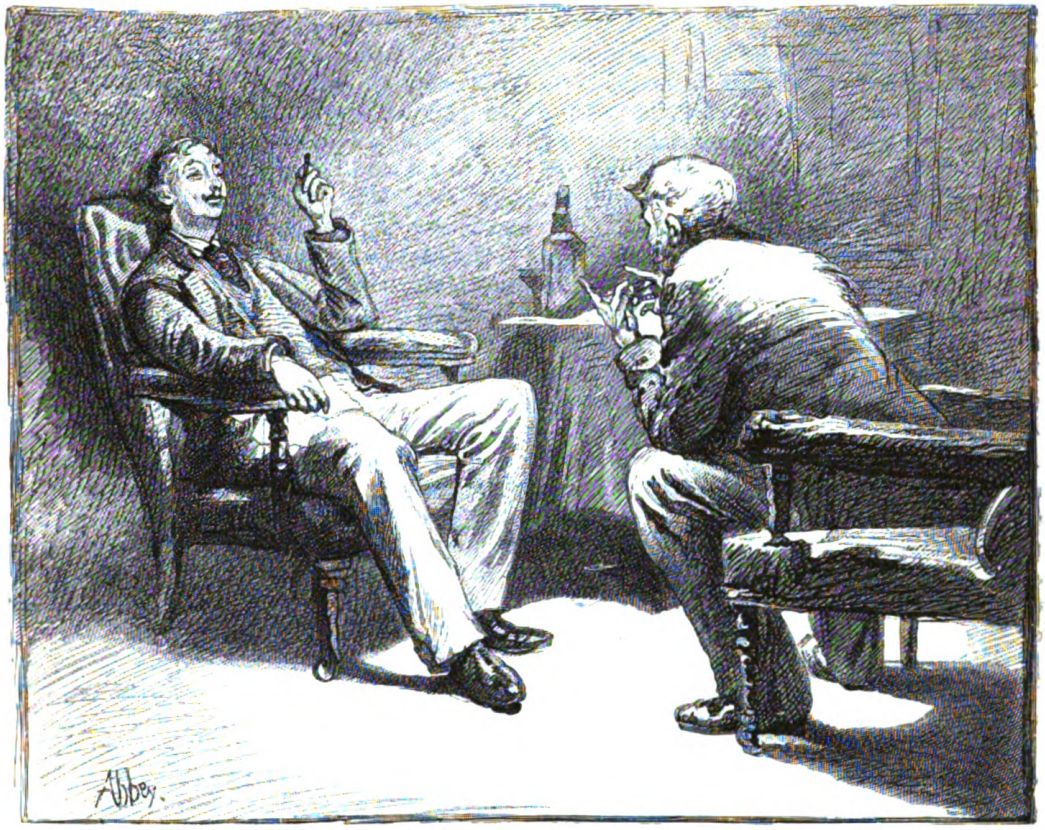
"By heavens!" he exclaimed. "Dolores! Oh, Dolores!"

He uttered these words with a strange intonation, yet there was joy in his eyes and in the tone of his voice, together with the wonder that had been at first displayed. As he spoke he seized her hand in both of his, and, holding it fast, seated himself in the place immediately opposite. After a moment Dolores drew away her hand with a light laugh.

"Ah, señor," said she, "you do not seem very quick at recognizing your old acquaintances."

She spoke with the purest Castilian accent, and the rich and mellow tones of her voice were inexpressibly sweet.

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"THE TWO FRIENDS WERE COMFORTABLY SEATED IN THE ROOMS OF HARRY RIVERS."—[SEE PAGE 872.]

"I—I had no idea—no idea that you were anywhere near. You were the last, the very last person that I could have expected to see. How could I expect to see you here, Dolores? I thought that you were still at Valencia. And are you alone?"

"Yes—just now—from here to Burgos. I am on my way to visit my aunt at Pampeluna. She is ill. Mamma could not come with me, for she is ill too. So I have to travel alone. The good Tilda came with me to Madrid, but had to return to mamma. There was no time to seek another companion. Besides, it is only from here to Burgos."

"Oh, Dolores, little Dolores!" cried Ashby, "how delightful it is to see you again! What a lucky chance!"

"But it was not altogether chance," said Dolores.

"How?"

"Why, I saw you."

"Saw me?"

"Yes; I was watching you. You see, I was in the station waiting for the train, and saw you come in. I then watched you all the time till you entered this carriage, and then I came here too. Now, sir!"

Saying this, Dolores tossed her pretty little head with a triumphant air, and smiled more bewitchingly than ever.

"You see," she continued, in the frankest and most engaging manner, "I was so veiled that no one could know me, and when I saw you I was very glad indeed; and I thought I would follow you, and speak to you, and see if you had any remembrance left of poor little me."

For a moment there was a shade of embarrassment on Ashby's face, and then it passed. He took her hand and pressed it fervently.

"Dolores," he said, "dear little friend of mine, I can never forget you as long as I live, and all that was done for me by you and yours. This sudden meeting with you is the most delightful thing that could possibly have happened."

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Dolores laughed, and again drew her hand demurely away.

"But oh, Señor Ashby," she said, "how absent you were in the station!—and here—not one look for the poor Dolores!"

"Oh, Dolores!" said Ashby, in a tone of tender apology, "how could I imagine that it was you? You were veiled so closely that no one could recognize you. Why did you not speak before?"

"Ah, señor, young ladies in Spain can not be so bold as I hear they are in England. Even this is an unheard-of adventure—that I, a young lady, should travel alone. But it is a case of life and death, you know, and it is only from here to Burgos, where I shall find friends. And then I wanted to speak to you once more. And you, señor—are you going to England now?"

Again there came over Ashby's face a look of embarrassment. His present journey was a delicate subject, which he could not discuss very well with Dolores.

"Well, no," he said, after a brief pause. "I'm only going as far as Bayonne—on business. But how long it seems since I saw you, Dolores! It's more than a year."

"And have I changed, señor?" she asked, sweetly.

"Yes," said Ashby, looking at her intently.

Dolores returned his look with another, the intensity of which was wonderful to Ashby. He seemed to look into the depths of her soul, and the lustrous eyes which were fastened on his appeared as though they strove to read his inmost heart. Her manner, however, was light and bantering, and it was with a merry smile that she went on:

"Ah! so I have changed? And how, señor—for the better?"

"No, and yes," said Ashby, drinking in her dark, deep, liquid glances. "In the first place, you could not possibly be better or more beautiful than you used to be; but, in the second place, you are more womanly."

"But I am not yet seventeen, señor."

"I know," said Ashby, "of course."

"And you have not yet asked after the dear one—the mamma, who loves you so," said Dolores, in rather an inconsequential way.

"I was thinking of you, so that all other thoughts were driven out of my head."

"That's pretty," said Dolores; "but do you not want to hear about the dear mamma?"

"Of course. I shall love her and revere her till I die. Did she not save my life? Was she not a mother to me in my sorest need? And you, Dolores—"

He stopped short, and seemed somewhat confused and agitated.

"Yes," said Dolores, in a tone of indescribable tenderness; "yes, she loved you—the dear mamma—like a mother, and has always talked about you. It is always, Dolores, child, sing that song that Señor Assebi taught you; sing that beautiful, beautiful English song of 'Sweet Home'; sing that sweetest, loveliest, most mournful Scottish song of 'Lochaber.'"

And here, in a voice full of exquisite tenderness and pathos, Dolores sang that mournful air, "Lochaber," with Spanish words. The tender regret of her voice affected herself; she faltered, and her eyes filled; but the tears were instantly chased away by a sunny smile.

"And so, señor," said she, "you see that I have forgotten nothing of it—nothing."

"Nor I," said Ashby; "nor I—nothing. I have forgotten not one thing."

His voice was low and tremulous. There was a strange yearning look in his eyes. With a sudden impulse he held out his hand as though to take hers, but Dolores gently drew hers away.

"And have you been in Madrid ever since?" she asked, in a tone that seemed to convey something of reproach.

"No," said Ashby. "You know, when I fell ill at Valencia, where you saved my life by your tender care, I was on my way to Barcelona. When I left you I resumed my interrupted journey. Then I went to Marseilles and Leghorn, then to Cadiz, and finally to Madrid. I've been in Madrid three months."

"And you didn't think it worth while to write to us in all that long time?" said Dolores, with a reproachfulness in her tone which was now very marked.

"Write?" said Ashby; "why, I wrote twice—once from Marseilles, and once from Leghorn."

"We never heard," said Dolores, sadly—"not once."

"But I wrote," said Ashby, earnestly. "Don't you believe me, Dolores?"

"Believe you, señor? What a question! It was the fault of the post-office in these times of trouble—that was all. And,

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señor, I am very glad to know all, for I did not know what to think about it."

"And am I forgiven, Dolores?" Ashby asked.

Dolores replied with a sweet smile, and held out her hand, which the young man took and pressed tenderly, not caring to let it go.

"I did not know," said he, "there was anything against me to be forgiven; but this is a sign that you are the same Dolores that you were a year ago."

"Always," said she, "always the same;" and then she withdrew her hand.

"And now, señor," said she, with a perceptible effort, as of one who approaches a disagreeable subject, "this beautiful Inglesa—who is she?"

Ashby's eyes fell before the fixed and profound inquiry of those of Dolores, who watched him closely, and lost nothing of his change of features.

"This lady?" said he, and hesitated.

"Yes," said Dolores, gently.

"She is a—a Miss Westlotorn."

"And she loves you very, very, very dearly and tenderly," said Dolores, in a quick, breathless voice; "and you are going to be married to her, and she will soon be your wife."

Ashby said nothing, but sat looking strangely embarrassed.

"You never mentioned her to us at Valencia," continued Dolores.

"No," said Ashby.

"And why not?" asked Dolores, who saw his confusion, but was eager to know the truth.

"I had not seen her," said Ashby.

"You had not seen her," repeated Dolores. "Ah!"—she hesitated for a moment, and then went on—"so you saw her afterward. And she loves you!"

These last words were spoken with indescribable tenderness and mournfulness.

"And—she—loves—you," she repeated, in a voice that had sunk almost to a whisper; "and she is to be your wife—the English girl!"

"Well," said Ashby, making an effort to overcome his embarrassment, "it is—it is about time. The fact is, I—I did ask her to—to be my wife."

"And she?"

"She? Well—she said she would, I think," said Ashby, evasively.

"You think!" exclaimed Dolores.

"Well, you see, there's a difficulty."

"A difficulty?"

"Yes. Her guardian will not consent."

"But that is nothing," said Dolores, in an animated tone. "You must take her and run away with her."

Ashby looked at Dolores with a strange, eager, hungry gaze.

"But there's another objection," said he.

"Objection? What is that?"

"I don't want to."

"What?" asked Dolores, in surprise.

Ashby hesitated for a moment, and then said, with an effort,

"I thought before we left that I loved her; but since I have seen you again—I feel—that I do not."

These words were spoken rapidly, in a low, feverish whisper. At first Dolores started as though she had been shot. Then she averted her face, and held up her hands deprecatingly.

"Ah," said she, in a sad voice, "that is all idle, idle, idle, foolish, foolish, foolish compliment, and nothing more. You must not say that again, or I will never forgive you—never, never."

At this Ashby was brought back to his senses with a sudden and wholesome shock, and said no more upon that point. In fact, he now felt afraid that he had said altogether too much.

CHAPTER III.

HOW ASHBY MEETS WITH ANOTHER FRIEND, AND HOW HE TAKES HIM INTO HIS CONFIDENCE.

THAT evening they arrived at Burgos, where, on account of troubles along the line, the train was to remain until ten o'clock on the following day. Dolores informed Ashby that she was going to stay with friends, and refused to allow him to accompany her to the house, in spite of his earnest entreaties. She had been in Burgos before, she said. The house was not far from the station, and she was firm in her resolve to go alone. Ashby followed her, however, and saw her pass in safety through the streets and into a large and venerable house not far from the cathedral. He then retraced his steps, and made the best of his way to the Fonda del Norte, where he put up for the night.

Here, after dinner, he loitered about for a time, meditating over the events of the day, and conjecturing about the morrow.

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His situation was growing somewhat complicated; for there was Katie, whom he had promised to see at Burgos; but on leaving the train he had followed Dolores, and now he had not the faintest idea where the Russells had gone. They were not at the Fonda del Norte. It was also too late now to hunt them up, and too late to hope to see Katie. That must be postponed till the morrow.

Ashby was beginning to feel more melancholy than ever in his life before, when suddenly he was aroused by a loud exclamation.

"Well, by Jove! Halloo, old boy! Ashby himself, by all that's wonderful!"

At this Ashby looked up, and the next instant he was heartily wringing the hand of the new-comer.

"Rivers! Harry Rivers! How are you, my boy? and where in the world did you come from?"

"By Jove! do you know, old fellow," said Harry Rivers, "I call this no end of a piece of good luck. I've been bored to death at Burgos. But come along to my rooms and give an account of yourself."

The two friends then went off, and soon were comfortably seated in the rooms of Harry Rivers, with some flasks of wine and Havanas to help along the evening hours.

Harry Rivers was of about the same age as Ashby, but totally different in appearance. He was of medium height, very well knit in his frame, and very well dressed. His hair was crisp and curling; his brow broad and open; his eyes full of light, and life, and volatility. He had a small mustache, but no beard or whiskers, and his laughing eyes, with his smooth face and winning smile, gave him a most engaging appearance. In short, Harry Rivers was one of those rare good fellows who make friends wherever they go, who take the world into their confidence, who insist on making every one familiar with their varying fortunes, and carry about with them a perpetual atmosphere of joyousness and breezy cheerfulness.

"Well, old chap," said Harry, as they sat enjoying their cigars and wine, "I haven't seen you or heard of you since you left Barcelona. How did you get on with your business in Italy? What made you turn up in this queer way at Burgos? This isn't the sort of place that I'd expect to find a friend in."

"I'm on my way to Bayonne just now," said Ashby, "and I stopped here—because the train stopped."

"Bayonne isn't a bad place," said Harry; "I spent a week there once—good wine, but bad tobacco and infernal cigars. Here we have good cigars and bad wine. Do you know, old chap, I don't dote on any of the Spanish wines—do you? At the same time, I drink your very good health, together with future prosperity and good luck in your present undertaking, whatever that may be."

"Thanks," said Ashby, "and the same to you."

"Look here, old chap," said Harry, "you look a little down in the mouth—a trifle seedy. No bad luck, I hope?"

"Oh no," said Ashby, "nothing in particular."

"The fact is, you seem to have lost your high moral tone, and your former happy flow of genial conversation. I don't want to be a Paul Pry, my dear boy; but if you wish to gain sympathy and find a friend who can hear and help, why, all I can say is—here you have him."

"Well," said Ashby, "I'm a little preoccupied, that's a fact."

"Preoccupied? That's your name for it, is it? Well, suppose we adopt that word—what then?"

Ashby knocked the ashes off his cigar with a reflective look, and said,

"I rather think, Harry, that I had better make you my father-confessor."

"All right," said Harry; "that's what I was made for. Go ahead, my son. Confess. Out with it. Cleanse your bosom of its perilous stuff. Make a clean breast of it."

"Well," said Ashby, "in the first place, I'm just now meditating matrimony."

"Matrimony!"

"Yes; but that's not all. It's a sort of runaway match."

"A runaway match! By Jove! only think of a fellow like you planning a runaway match! Now if it was I, it would be the proper thing. But is it really to be a runaway match?"

"Well, it amounts to that, for I've asked the girl to clear out from her friends and come with me."

"Well, old fellow, all I can say is, good luck to you both! And please mayn't I be the best man?" he added, with a droll accent that brought an involuntary smile to Ashby's face. "But go on. Who is the charmer? and where is she now?"

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"Well, to answer your last question first, she's here—in Burgos."

"Ah," said Harry, "I twig! Came on in the same train. Both planned it together. You cut across the border, and are made one. Why, it's like Gretna Green!"

"Well, you've hit it partly, only she's with her friends just now; that is to say, she's with her guardian and his wife; and the problem to be solved by me is, how I am to get her from those two dragons."

"Oh, that can be done. But now, my boy, to come to the point, who is she?—her name?"

"Her name," said Ashby, "is Westlotorn—Katie Westlotorn."

"Westlotorn," repeated Harry; "never saw her, and don't think I ever heard the name in all my life."

"I got acquainted with her at Cadiz a few months ago," said Ashby. "Her father had been a merchant there, and had died about a year before. She was there with her step-mother, who took no particular care of her—a miserable beast of a woman. She was in correspondence with her sister in England, a Mrs. Russell, whom she kept urging to come on and take Katie away from Spain. This Mrs. Westlotorn had induced her husband before his death to appoint Russell, her sister's husband, Katie's guardian, and it was this Russell and his wife whom she expected on, but they could not get away very easily. After a time Mrs. Westlotorn decided to move to Madrid, which she thought would be a pleasanter residence. So about three months ago she made the move, and after that Katie and I saw as much of one another as we wished, and she became regularly engaged to me."

"So the step-mother approved, did she?"

"Oh, altogether."

"Well, what's the trouble?"

"Oh, this infernal Russell, the guardian, you know. As soon as he came on, he and his wife began to make trouble, and tried to break up the engagement; they also tried to keep me away from the house. Then there was another difficulty: they allowed some Spanish blackguards to get acquainted with them. Mrs. Westlotorn, the widow, you know, is hot and heavy in the chase of a husband, and thought that all the young fellows who came after Katie were after her. The worst of them was a chap named Lopez, who calls himself a captain in the Spanish army—a poor, pitiful beggar whom I shall have to horsewhip. And, by-the-bye, that reminds me—I expect to be called out tomorrow or next day."

"Called out? how?"

"Oh, by this pitiful fellow Lopez;" and Ashby related the incident at the Madrid station.

"By Jove!" said Harry, "this is lucky. I'm glad I came upon you at such a time. You won't have to trust to a bungling Spaniard to be your second."

"The worst of it is," said Ashby, "I believe that this Russell is one of the most infernal villains that ever lived, and that he is concocting some scheme against Katie."

"A scheme! how?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I saw from the first that he was hostile to me. Possibly this may have been my fault, for I saw the fellow was a beastly cad, not at all fit to be Katie's guardian. Why, he's a tailor! think of that—a tailor! that's all he is. By Jove! only think—a tailor! and Katie's guardian! Do you suppose I was going to stand any nonsense from a tailor?"

"By Jove! no—not unless you're deep in his books," said Harry; "and even then, when you're away from home you ought to be a free man. So you rather slighted the guardian, did you?"

"Well, I told him to go to the devil; and the fellow took offense, you know."

"H'm—odd, too," said Harry. "Why should he take offense at such a simple remark?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," said Ashby; "but there it is, you see. However, that makes no difference. I've defied him and threatened him."

"Threatened! Why?"

"Why, because the infernal scoundrel is deep in some plan to get hold of Katie's money."

"Katie's money? Oh, she has money, then?"

"Of course—about thirty or forty thousand pounds. Most of this, I believe, is in Spanish bonds, in which Westlotorn was foolish enough to invest."

"Not very good just now, hey?"

"Oh, they'll be good ultimately. At any rate, old Russell's bound to get hold of all this and keep it for himself, and I'm resolved that he shall disgorge. He's got half a dozen plans. One plan is to try to get her to marry his son, an infernal red-headed, cock-eyed cad of a fellow—a tai-

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lor too. Another plan is to put her off in some out-of-the-way place here in Spain, where no one will ever hear of her. Another plan is to ship her off to America; another is to keep her in seclusion in his own home, where no one will ever see her; while another is to dispose of the Spanish bonds in such a way as to make it appear that they are a dead loss."

down to see Katie off; and he's now on the watch to prevent me from seeing her again."

"And what do you propose to do about it?"

"Oh, I've arranged it all. I'll tell you. I wrote a letter, and handed it to her just as we were leaving Madrid, asking her to meet me at Biarritz, naming a place. I



THE CAPTURE OF THE TRAIN.—[SEE PAGE 878.]

"You seem to be very deep in Russell's plans," said Harry. "He could not have told you all this himself. If he did, he must be of an uncommonly confiding disposition."

"He tell me!" said Ashby. "Of course he didn't. I found it all out—no matter how. Oh, the fellow's a desperate swindler—he'll stick at nothing. But, at any rate, he knows that I have my eye on him, and he'll hardly dare to do anything against Katie's interest so long as I am near enough to watch over her."

"You and Russell must have had rather interesting conversations. Did you ever tell him your suspicions?"

"They're not suspicions, they're facts. Tell him!—of course I did, and that's one reason why he hates me. He knows perfectly well that I see through and through him. We had a row at the station, just before leaving Madrid, because I came

have friends there, and I will take her to their house. The English chaplain can marry us. We will then cut off to England. On the arrival of Russell I will go to him and demand my wife's property. If he refuses to disgorge, I will at once commence legal proceedings against him, and by way of preliminary I will give the scoundrel a horsewhipping."

"This arrangement is all very well; but what about the lady? Will she consent?"

"Consent? Why, she'll jump at the chance," said Ashby, confidently.

"She must be very fond of you."

"Fond of me? Why, she's perfectly infatuated about me."

"Good!" said Harry. "Well, my boy, I'm your man. You want me for war and for peace, so here am I—your second at the duel and your groomsman at the wedding."

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CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE RAILWAY TRAIN COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP.

VERY early on the following morning Ashby was up and out. He walked over the town in all directions, with a strange, furtive watchfulness in his eyes, as though on the lookout for some one. Who was the object of his search? Was it Katie, whose answer to his proposal had not yet been given? Was it Dolores, whom he had tracked on the previous evening? Or was it his rival Lopez, with whom he had yet to stand in mortal conflict? Whichever it was did not appear, for Ashby was doomed to be unsuccessful, and to return to his inn a baffled man. Barely time enough was now left him to snatch a hasty repast, after which he hurried to the station.

The place was thronged. Passengers were arriving, and the train was filling rapidly. Ashby stood, as he had stood on the previous day, watching. Singularly enough, Lopez also, like himself, was again on the lookout, for he could see him scowling in the distance. No words, however, passed between them, and the challenge which Lopez had threatened was not yet forth-coming. At length the patience of both was rewarded.

A cab drove up. The broad face of Russell was seen through the window. The rest of the party were inside. But, to Ashby's amazement, he saw Harry Rivers riding outside with the driver. As the cab stopped, Rivers leaped lightly down, and opened the cab door himself. Then old Russell got out. Then Harry assisted Mrs. Russell to descend. After this he assisted Katie out of the cab, and Ashby saw that she looked as fresh, as bright, and as blooming as a rose, that she showed not a trace of care or anxiety, and that she was as sprightly and coquettish as ever.

"Confound the fellow!" growled Ashby to himself, as he wondered how Harry had found them out and made their acquaintance, envying him also his good luck. But the climax had yet to come. There was one passenger more. This one also was assisted out of the cab by Harry. To the utter stupefaction of Ashby, this one was Dolores.

So overwhelmed was Ashby that he stood without motion, having quite lost all that presence of mind and coolness which usually distinguished him. It was wonderful enough to find Harry hand in glove with the Russells, but to find Dolores there along with Katie was a knock-down blow. It made his situation so confused and full of complications that he could not think of any course of action. So he stood, and he stared, and the party came along on their way to the train. As they approached, Katie looked at him with a bright smile, full of tender meaning, and a flush passed over her face. Dolores, on the contrary, allowed her dark eyes to rest on him for an instant, and then looked down. This troubled him, for at that moment it happened that he was longing for a smile from Dolores. Still, he was glad to get that look from Katie. The fact is, the fellow was too ridiculous, for he actually wanted a smile from each of them.

As they passed, Harry dropped behind.

"Look here, Ashby," said he, "where in Heaven's name have you hid yourself all the morning? I thought you wanted to find Miss Westlotorn."

"So I did," said Ashby, in a rueful tone.

"Why, confound it, man, she was close by us all the time. When I went out I found your dear friend, old Russell."

"Russell!" cried Ashby; "but how did you get acquainted with him?"

"Acquainted!" cried Harry. "Man alive! By Jove! a man ought to know his own tailor, oughtn't he? I didn't think of it last night. I thought your Russell was a different man: the name is common enough, you know. People generally dodge their tailors, but I'm not proud, and I don't owe him very much; and, besides, this is Spain, and he can't dun me. Moreover, he was in a street row, and I helped him out with my Spanish. What the mischief does he mean by coming with his family to Burgos with no other language than English? But, by-the-bye, old fellow, I must hurry: I'm going to join their party and travel in their carriage. Hope you'll enjoy yourself as well as I intend to. I would have excused myself, only, you know, when there's a chance of travelling with a couple of such pretty girls as those, only a madman would decline."

All this Harry poured forth in a torrent of words, and before Ashby had a chance of making a remark he was off. Ashby watched him, and saw him enter the carriage where Katie and Dolores had gone with the Russells; and then, drawing a long breath, he went slowly to the train

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"COMING SUDDENLY UPON THE PRIEST, SHE WAS EVIDENTLY QUITE TERRIFIED."—[SEE PAGE 889.]

and took his seat. There was only one other occupant of the carriage where he sat. This was a priest. He wore a broad-brimmed hat; his eyes were concealed by spectacles: he had also a heavy brown beard and mustache. So engaged was he in reading his breviary that as Ashby entered he did not look up or take any notice of him whatever.

Lopez, also, had seen the whole proceeding, and had put on it his own interpretation. As Ashby entered the train so did he, and soon all of these people whose fortunes were so entangled were whirling along to the North.

Ashby sat buried in gloom, with his heart full of bitterness and wrath; of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. He had hoped to see Katie. He had counted quite confidently on meeting once more

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with Dolores. He had felt sure of Harry Rivers. But now all three had failed him; and, what was worse, all three had drifted away from him in one another's company, and appeared to be perfectly indifferent to him, and perfectly happy without him.

The priest was unsociable, and kept reading his breviary as though his life depended upon it. Yet this made no difference to Ashby. He did not desire to make any new acquaintances or talk small-talk with strangers. He preferred to be left to his own thoughts, dismal as they were. He was in no mood for conversation, for his mind was full of material for meditation, conjecture, wonder, and bewilderment.

Why, he thought, had Dolores deserted him? How had she become acquainted with Katie? And Harry—to which of these two was he making himself so infernally agreeable? Whichever it was, it seemed equally bad. Ashby felt bitterly resentful against all of them. Katie seemed to be the worst. She might have contrived, he thought, to give him some sign. But then he recollected that on the previous evening he was tracking Dolores, when he ought to have gone on Katie's trail. As for Dolores, he thought that she might at least have shown herself when he was wandering through the streets in the morning hours. But perhaps she expected to find him in the neighborhood of Katie. Evidently he himself had acted like a fool in leaving the hotel. As for Harry Rivers, he could not help feeling as though this was the worst of all. Harry had it now all his own way: a gay, careless, impulsive dog; a fellow who would forget the whole world while under the influence of a pair of bright eyes; a fellow who was even now, perhaps, trying to cut him out. The miserable humbug, also, by a most abominable chance, had both these girls. Both! Insatiate monster! would not one suffice?

Thus Ashby chafed, and fumed, and, I am sorry to add, swore terribly; but all the while the train kept rolling on and on, until at length the Ebro Valley was reached. Here the scenes that opened to view were most attractive. Far away on either side was a broad plain, dotted with towns and villages, and filled with olive groves and vineyards, where cattle and sheep and goats grazed peacefully, and shepherds, goat-herds, and vine-dressers stared lazily up as the train rolled by. The distant horizon was everywhere terminated by lofty mountains—on the south, the circling range of the Sierra de Grados; on the north, the long line of the Pyrenees and the Asturian mountains, their sides covered with foliage, their summits crowned with snow. It was a ground, too, which was rich in associations of history and romance, the arena of gallant struggle and heroic effort for many and many an age; a place that called up memories of Hannibal, with his conquering armies; of Rome, with her invincible legions; of Charlemagne, with his Paladins; of Abderrahman, with his brilliant Saracens; of the steel-clad Crusaders; of the martial hosts of Aragon; of the resistless infantry of Ferdinand and Isabella; of the wars of the Spanish succession; of the red-coats of Wellington—through all the ages down to the time of this story.

So the train rolled on—past the numerous stations; past the towns and villages; past the long groves and vineyards; past the barren, sandy tracts; past the hill-sides, with shepherds and flocks and herds; past the road, with long trains of mules; past the peasants lolling over walls and fences—so the train passed on, mile after mile and hour after hour; but nothing of all this was noticed by Ashby, who sat buried in his gloomy reverie, from which he was unable to rally, until at length the train came to a sudden full stop.

About such a sudden and abrupt stop there was something very singular indeed. No station was near. The country seemed wild and deserted, and no cause was likely to stop the train at such a place except some serious accident.

The priest started up with a quick movement, thrust the breviary into his pocket, and peered cautiously out of the window, looking first backward and then forward. It was this movement that first roused Ashby. He too started up and looked out.

The sight that he saw was so startling that it served most effectually to chase away all morbid fancies, and give him something to think about of a far more serious character.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE WHOLE PARTY COME TO GRIEF, AND ARE CARRIED AWAY CAPTIVE.

It was, in truth, a strange and startling sight that met Ashby's eyes as he looked out of the window. The train had been

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stopped in the middle of a plain, where the road ran along an embankment about three feet high. A crowd of armed men were here, gathered about the locomotive, and already forming lines along each side of the train. All looked shabby, none had any pretensions to uniforms, and their appearance was not sufficiently picturesque for brigands. In fact, they looked like a gang of goat-herds who had just taken to brigandage.

"A hard lot!" muttered Ashby to himself.

Soon the tatterdemalions reached the spot, and extended their lines on both sides to the end of the train. At every window they shouted, "Back! back! Be quiet, and no harm will be done!" Shouting such words as these, they aimed their guns so recklessly and with such furious gestures at the windows that the passengers all shrank back, not only into their seats, but even into their boots.

The lines of armed men thus stood guarding the train, while the passengers cowered inside. After a time a cry was heard from some one who was passing along, and who, as he passed, kept shouting into each carriage:

"This train has been stopped in the name of his Majesty King Charles. All passengers are ordered to come out forthwith. Arms and weapons of all kinds must be left behind. Resistance will be punished with death. God save the king!"

After this the guards came and opened all the doors, and the passengers stepped forth in obedience to orders. Of these there were about a hundred altogether, and each one remained on the spot where he alighted, and was forbidden to move in any direction. From where Ashby stood he could see the whole crowd—the prisoners and their captors. He saw a group alighting from a carriage a little ahead. First came Harry Rivers, stepping out quite gayly, as though it was a picnic. On reaching the ground he turned and assisted the ladies to descend. This he did by the simple yet pleasing process of lifting them down bodily—first Katie, then Dolores. At this sight Ashby gnashed his teeth with jealous rage. Then came Russell, whom, it is perhaps unnecessary to state, Harry did not lift down. Nor did that gallant and chivalrous youth venture to lift down Mrs. Russell, being at that particular moment engaged in conversation with Katie.

Dolores, having descended, stood apart, and her dark glancing eyes, as they wandered searchingly about, fell full upon Ashby. It was a glance full of that same deep, earnest meaning which he had noticed in the morning; and so she stood looking at him, too far away to speak, while Ashby looked at her also. After a time Harry's roving eyes rested upon his friend, and with a laugh he drew Katie's attention to him. At this Katie looked, and smiled brightly, and nodded her pretty little head half a dozen times. To Ashby this seemed like mockery. Katie, he saw, could very well bear this separation, which was so painful to himself, and could laugh and be happy with others, and could perhaps jest about his own melancholy face. So Ashby bowed sulkily, and turned away his head.

It was rather a novelty—this sort of thing. Brigands in every age had stopped travellers, but then they had always been in coaches or carriages, on horseback or on foot. Never before had they tried to stop a railway train. And yet in the progress of civilization the world had to come to this. The manners of man easily accommodate themselves to the inventions of man, and highway robbery can be done as easily on a railroad as on a carriage-road. Nevertheless, these particular men who stopped this particular train were not brigands; on the contrary, they were soldiers, forming part of the army of one who called himself King of Spain—in short, Carlists.

The passengers were now ordered to come forward for examination, one by one. Here, on a little knoll, on one side of the locomotive, stood the leader of the band. He was a stout, thickset man, with dark hair and bushy beard. Around him were a score or so of armed men. The rest of the band stood guarding the train. One by one the passengers came forward. Each one was then ordered to hand over all the money, jewelry, watches, or other valuables which he possessed. This was to be a contribution to his Royal Majesty King Charles, who was in sore need of such contributions from all his loving and loyal subjects, in order to carry on the war against the rebels who were resisting him. Against such a command as this there could be no protest, and from it no appeal. No one offered to do either. Gold, silver, copper, dirty paper money, watches, rings, brooches, pins, bracelets,

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trinkets of male and female use, were thrown promiscuously down into a large basket which stood at the feet of the Carlist chief, who loftily disdained searching any one, assuring them that he trusted to their honor as Spaniards.

Then came the turn of the Russell party. First the Paterfamilias disgorged. It was a well-filled wallet, and Russell flung it down without a word. His watch followed. Then came some trinkets from the ladies; then Harry's purse and watch. After this they were about to move away to where the other passengers had gone, but the Carlist chief stopped them.

"By the command of his Most Gracious Majesty King Charles," said he, "you are to be detained."

"May I inquire for what cause?" asked Harry.

"Because you are foreigners," said the Carlist chief.

Harry translated this to Russell, whose face assumed a sickly pallor. To him this was terrible.



"HERE STOOD THE LEADER OF THE BAND."

The Carlist chief then directed them where to go, and two of the band led them to the spot.

Other Spaniards now followed, and deposited their superfluous cash in peace, without being detained. Then came the priest. He threw down a very lean wallet. No notice was taken of him, and he followed the others. These were all gathered in a group, and though conversation had not been prohibited, they were all quite silent, as was perhaps natural. Among them was Lopez, who had come there among the first. He stood there silent, watchful, and attentive. He regarded the Russell party in particular, and marked their arrest.

It was now Ashby's turn. He came up and threw down his purse and watch. The Carlist chief scrutinized him carefully, and then said,

"Señor, you, being a foreigner, are to be detained for a future examination."

"May I join the other foreigners?" asked Ashby.

The Carlist chief shook his head.

"Pardon me, señor, but his Majesty has issued strict orders, which must be obeyed. Each foreigner must be examined by himself. The regulations are very stringent."

With this he directed one of his men to lead the prisoner away; and Ashby, who for a moment had hoped that he would be able to join the Russell party, now, to his great chagrin, found himself led away to another place too distant to allow of any communication with his friends.

The mere fact of this arrest was not so bad to Ashby, since the others were in the same case precisely; but in this continued separation from them he found material for fresh suspicion and renewed jealousy. Katie seemed to him to be altogether too bright and lively and joyous. He could see that she was laughing and talking with Harry quite merrily. This separation, which brought sorrow to him, evidently brought joy to her. Was she, then, after all, a mere shallow flirt? Had all her love been feigned? Was it possible that she could so soon forget? With these thoughts, and others like them, this idiotic youth persisted in tormenting himself.

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At length the examination was ended, and at its close the Carlist chief improved the occasion by addressing a few words to the Spaniards. He reminded them that Don Carlos was their rightful king; that this contribution was no more than his due; that they, one and all, ought to cherish a lively affection for his sacred person; that they ought to continue this good work which they had begun by sending more; and that the king would be graciously pleased to accept whatever they might contribute. In his own person the gallant chieftain thanked them, and also in the name of his Majesty, for their generous contributions. Finally he informed them that his Majesty, in his boundless pity and compassion, had graciously permitted them to resume their journey. The only persons excepted from this permission were a few foreigners, who were detained lest there might be spies among them. Against gentry of this sort his Majesty's government had to be particularly on their guard. The country was swarming with them. They generally pretended to be news correspondents, but in reality they were paid agents of the enemy. If any such should be caught, they would be shown no mercy.

With this address he dismissed the Spanish portion of the passengers, who hastily re-entered the train. The English prisoners were allowed to retain part of their luggage. Accompanied by some Carlists, they chose out what they thought needful, and this was set aside. Russell took nearly all of his. Meanwhile others of the band went through the train, and helped themselves to whatever seemed useful. Among the things thus selected as useful were the mail-bags, which, like the foreigners, were taken away for further examination.

After this the obstructions were removed from the road, the engine started, the train went on its way, and the prisoners saw it no more.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW HARRY AND KATIE MANAGE TO ENJOY THEMSELVES IN THEIR CAPTIVE STATE.

THE train moved off; and as the puffing and panting of the engine, the rumble of the wheels, and the shriek of the whistle died away in the distance, the captive passengers felt desolate indeed, for it seemed as though hope itself had been taken from them.

The Carlist chief then spent some time in examining the contributions of the loyal subjects of King Charles. These appeared to give him much satisfaction, and, after due inspection, were gathered up and deposited in a stout oaken chest.

He now turned his attention to the prisoners, and briefly examined them as to their nationality, residence, etc. Harry acted as general interpreter, so that there was no difficulty in coming to a full understanding. The chief informed them that they would have to be conveyed to another place for fuller examination. He deplored the necessity of this, and advised them to be patient, telling them that they should be put to as little trouble as possible, and that all would no doubt turn out well in the end. This he said first to the Russell party, and afterward to Ashby. The Russell party had nothing to say, except old Russell himself, who said perhaps more than was prudent under such delicate circumstances. He chafed and fumed, all in English, and muttered something about English iron-clads, and writing to the *Times*. He also made some vague threats about the wrath of England, and made the statement that Britons never would be slaves. But this was in English, and Harry did not think it worth while, on the whole, to translate it to the Carlist chief. Nor did Harry feel very much inclined to say anything on his own behalf. There was, indeed, nothing to be said; and, besides, he happened to be enjoying himself very much with the young ladies.

The Carlist chief made the same statement to Ashby, who once more tried to effect a communication with his friends.

"Will you allow me now, Señor Captain," he said, "to join the other foreign prisoners? They are my fellow-countrymen, and, in fact, my intimate friends."

"Certainly, señor," said the Carlist chief, graciously. "For my own part, I have no objection—that is, for the present. But I must first see what they have to say about it."

He did so.

Ashby would have gained his wish if it had not been for Russell. When the Carlist chief informed them that the other Englishman wished to join them, Russell made Harry translate this to him. The moment that he understood the request

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he burst forth into a passionate tirade against Ashby; and all the rage and fury that might be due to this misadventure was now poured upon Ashby's head.

"The infernal puppy!" he cried. "He join us? Never! I'd rather turn Carlist myself, or brigand. If he is forced upon us, I will keep my wife and my ward apart and aloof from him. Oh, curse it all! if I could only speak Spanish! But, Mr. Rivers, I insist upon your telling this Spanish captain that we will not have it."

And so on. Harry found it useless to argue with him, and so he told the Carlist chief that Russell objected. The Carlist chief then returned and told Ashby, to whom this was another cruel blow.

"It will make no difference," said the Carlist chief, who saw his dejection, "as you will all be taken to the same place."

Two mules were now driven up, harnessed to a curious vehicle that might have taken Noah and family to the ark. Into this the Russell party entered, namely, Mr. Russell, Mrs. Russell, Katie, Dolores, and Harry. In addition to these there was the driver. Armed men followed on foot.

Another similar vehicle drove up to take the luggage, and into this Ashby was told to go. Some time was occupied in loading this, so that when Ashby started the others were already far ahead.

The Russell party were conveyed very slowly. At first their route lay along a plain, and when this was traversed they began to ascend among the mountains. The pace had all along been slow enough, but now it became a crawl. The party were variously occupied. Russell was grumbling and growling; Mrs. Russell was sighing and whining; Dolores was silent and thoughtful; Harry, however, maintained his usual flow of spirits, and found in Katie a congenial soul. These two had been devoting themselves to one another during the whole journey, and by this time they felt quite like old friends. Each had a lively disposition, too buoyant to remain depressed, and each was glad to take any opportunity of rallying from the strokes of adverse fortune. Thus each was able to assist the other bravely in the noble effort to rise superior to circumstances.

"This is a bore," said Harry, "a beastly bore! I know what I should like to do—I should walk, if it were not that I very much prefer being with you."

"But I should like to walk too," said Katie. "Do you think they will let us, Mr. Rivers? It would be too lovely!"



"THEY THEN FELL BEHIND THE WAGON, WALKING AT A SLOW PACE."

"Will you, really?" said Harry, in a joyous voice. "Oh, they'll let us, fast enough. I'll ask."

So Harry asked, and permission was granted readily enough, for the mules could then go on faster, and there was no danger of these two escaping from twenty armed men. Accordingly Harry got out and assisted Katie in the usual way, namely, by lifting her down. They then fell behind the wagon, walking along at a slow pace, having this advantage, that, although they were not making any greater progress than before, they were left

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more to themselves, and were under less restraint.

"Do you like this?" asked Harry, as they trudged along.

"Oh, very much indeed."

"It's better than the wagon, isn't it?"

"I'm so *awfully* tired of the wagon!" said Katie.

"And we can talk without being overheard," said Harry. "Of course I don't mean to say that we say anything that everybody mightn't hear; but then, you know, Miss Westlotorn, one can talk much more freely when one isn't surrounded by a coldly critical audience."

At this Katie laughed, and stole a shy, sidelong glance at him, as though she suspected some deeper meaning in his words than that which appeared on the surface.

"Do you feel very much frightened at this adventure?" continued Harry.

"Me frightened?" said Katie. "Not at all. What an idea!"

"Really not?"

"No, really. Do you know, I'm rather fond of adventures."

"But isn't this a little too serious?"

"Why, Mr. Rivers, I'm sure I think it's delightful. These men are Carlists, and all Carlists are gentlemen. I dote on Carlists—I do, really."

"Well, so do I—if you do," said Harry, laughingly; "only you must allow that it isn't a very gentlemanly thing to stop us on our journey, relieve us of our purses, and carry us off to parts unknown in a mule-cart."

"Oh, you shouldn't look at it in that light. That's too awfully prosaic. Now I'm romantic, and I'm positively grateful to them for providing me with such a delightful little adventure."

"Do you love adventures?"

"Love them?" replied Katie, with the drollest look in the world. "Why, I positively dote on them!"

Her smile was so sweet and her face so bewitching that Harry thought he never saw any face so lovely.

"You see," continued Katie, "I mope and mope, and keep moping so; and things grow so tiresome that I fairly ache for an adventure."

"Well, but suppose that you were in an awful hurry to meet some one, and were stopped in this fashion?"

At this Katie's whole expression changed. She looked at Harry with a face full of sympathy, behind which there was visible the most intense curiosity.

"Oh, Mr. Rivers," said she, "I'm so sorry! And are you in an awful hurry to meet some one?"

"Awful!" said Harry.

"Oh, Mr. Rivers, I'm so sorry!" said Katie again. "And won't you tell me all about it, please?"

Now Harry was by nature inclined to make the world his confidant; and how much more was he ready to confide in such a one as Katie, who invited his confidence with such tender sympathy! Besides, he already felt, as has been said, quite like an old acquaintance. Ashby's relations to Katie made her seem nearer to him. She was his friend's betrothed. And then, too, he had been chatting with her all day long.

"You see," said he, "I'm on the lookout for a friend."

At this Katie smiled with indescribable comicality.

"Won't I do?" she asked.

Harry stared at her for a moment, and then burst into a laugh, in which Katie joined merrily.

"I dare say, now, Mr. Rivers," said she, "you think I'm too slight an acquaintance to be trusted; but you know, in Spain, when one meets with a fellow-countryman who can speak English, why, you know, one can't help feeling quite like an old friend, and that sort of thing, and, mind you, when one has been taken prisoner by the Carlists, one feels much more so, you know. But all the same I hope you'll excuse me; I didn't mean any harm."

At this Harry laughed still more.

"You're not mad?" said Katie, with a droll assumption of anxiety.

"Will you really be my friend?" asked Harry.

"Of course. Didn't I say as much?" said Katie.

"Then let's shake hands over it," said Harry, "and swear an eternal friendship."

Saying this he held out his hand, and Katie held out hers. Harry pressed it warmly and tenderly.

"Well," said Harry, after a pause, "I'll tell you all about it, for I want your—your sympathy, you know, and your advice, you know, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Well, do you know, Mr. Rivers," said Katie, "that's my strong point. I always

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have at my disposal any amount of sympathy; and as for advice, why, I could begin and go on advising, and advising, and advising, from now till—well, not to be too extravagant, I'll merely say till doomsday. So now—*won't* you begin?"

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH HARRY BECOMES CONFIDENTIAL, AND TELLS A VERY REMARKABLE STORY.

HARRY paused a little longer, and then said,

"Well, you see, the friend that I wanted to see is a lady."

"Of course," said Katie; "that's a self-evident fact. I know that, and she is your lady-love. But I want to know all about her, and, first of all, her name."

"I didn't think that you thought I was thinking of a lady," said Harry.

"What a ridiculous observation!" said Katie; "and I know you only say that to tease me, when you know I'm so curious about this friend of yours."

"Well," said Harry, "in the first place, her name is Talbot."

"Talbot? What else?"

"Sydney—Sydney Talbot."

"Sydney Talbot! But that isn't a girl's name; it's a man's name."

"At any rate," said Harry, "it's her name."

"Well, but hasn't she some pet name—something more feminine, such as 'Minnie,' for instance, or 'Nellie,' or 'Kittie,' or 'Florrie,' or something of that sort?"

"No; her only name is Sydney Talbot. You see, Sydney is a family name, and had to be perpetuated. She had no brothers, and so it was given to her. Her father's name was also Sydney Talbot, and her grandfather's, and—"

"And her great-grandfather's," chimed in Katie, "and so on up to Noah; but his name, at any rate, was not Sydney Talbot. Now this is a very romantic beginning; so go on. I will only remark that I intend to be great friends with your wife some day, and that I've made up my mind to call her 'Syddie.' She is actually pining for a pet name. But what do you call her?"

"I? Oh, I call her Miss Talbot."

"Miss! You call her Miss—Talbot? What a horrible idea! And you pretend to love her!" cried Katie, reproachfully.

"Well—but, you know, Sydney is too stiff."

"Then why not invent a name? Call her 'Poppet,' or 'Topsy,' or 'Fifine,' or 'Rosie,' or 'Gracie.' Why, I could supply you with fifty or sixty names on the spot. But this is all idle trifling. Go on and tell me more. Give a full and complete account of yourself and your 'own one.'"

"Well, you know, I'm doing business in Barcelona, and we were engaged to be married last year."

"Did you see her last in Barcelona?"

"No, in England, last year. I met her in London."

"Have you not seen her since?"

"No. We have corresponded ever since, and this marriage was arranged by letter."

"Oh, but you're not married yet?" said Katie, in a low voice.

"No," said Harry, "and Heaven only knows when we ever shall be!"

"Why?"

"Oh, well—because there's been such a muddle about it all. You see, I proposed, and was accepted, in the usual course of things."

"Ah, now, Mr. Rivers," said Katie, "that's not fair!"

'Fair! what isn't fair?"

"Why, you're skipping all the best part."

"The best part? I don't understand."

"Well, I mean you're leaving out all the love parts. I want to hear all about your love affair: how you first saw her; how you felt; how she treated you; how you were tormented by the pangs of jealousy, agitated by hope and fear, until you knew that she was yours. And you have the heart to skip all this, and go on to the stupid, commonplace end of it!"

Harry laughed.

"Well," said he, "the end of my case has not yet come; and the farther on I go, the more exciting it grows. But I'll tell you all if you want me to. Shall I begin at the beginning, and tell you how I first became acquainted with her?"

"Yes, yes, do," said Katie, eagerly.

"Well, it was at sea, in a tremendous gale, when we both were face to face with death."

At this Katie threw up her eyes, clasped her hands, and exclaimed:

"Oh, how perfectly *exquisite*! how utterly delicious! how quite too awfully

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jolly! But when? where? Oh, *do* go on!"

"It was aboard the steamer from Marseilles to Leghorn. During the night after leaving a furious storm arose. The steamer was an old rattletrap, and soon began to leak fearfully. I was in my berth, trying to sleep, when at last I was roused by a yell from all the crew and passengers. I rushed out and on deck, and saw the sea breaking in foam over the vessel. The passengers and crew were all mixed up in a wild, confused mass, trying to scramble into the boats. This was made visible by the lightning flashes at intervals, after which everything would become as black as night. I saw that nothing could be done, so I took my station near the mizzen-shrouds, and held on there, waiting for the end. While here I saw a female figure crouching down under the bulwarks and clinging there. Partly out of pity, and partly for the sake of having something to do, I helped her up to her feet, held her up in that position, and told her to cling to the shrouds, and stay by me as long as she possibly could.

"At length, in the midst of a flash of lightning, I happened to notice that the jolly-boat was hanging from the davits astern. No one was near: every one was running about forward. I determined to make an effort for life. The woman was almost senseless, so I half carried, half dragged her to the boat, and got her in. Then I passed a line around the seat of the boat, and secured her to it; after which I began to lower the boat. This was a deuced hard job, but I managed it at last. Then I jumped in, and cut the line that held us, and away we went in the boat, which was sent spinning along like a feather over the boiling sea. I don't know how we kept afloat, but we did. The woman never spoke one word. So we passed a fearful night, and at length morning came. Then the woman began to cry bitterly. I soothed her as well as I could.

"We were in a terrible situation. The storm had nearly gone down, but we were threatened with something worse, for we had neither water nor provisions. I gave my companion some brandy, which revived her. We were far away out of sight of land, and no sails were visible anywhere. I had a couple of oars, and with these I pulled toward the north. My companion soon regained her composure and her strength, and we were able to discuss our prospects. She told me her name and destination. She was on her way to Rome to join her father, in company with an aged relative and her maid. Her father had been ill, and had been living in Italy for his health. She was anxious about him, but still more troubled about her relative who had been left on board the steamer.

"Miss Talbot was very beautiful, and the most unselfish person I ever saw. She was perpetually trying to lighten my labor. She insisted on taking an oar and trying to row. She bore up most uncomplainingly against our hardships. In fact, she acted like a regular brick. Of course before I had talked with her half an hour I was head over heels in love with her."

"But it's awfully nice to have your life saved, and be alone together in a boat like that," said Katie. She spoke in an injured tone, as though a shipwreck was something highly desirable, which a harsh fate had cruelly kept away from her.

"Well," continued Harry, "we starved, and starved, and choked with thirst for two or three days, but she never uttered one single murmur."

"I should think not!" said Katie. "What had she to complain of? What more could she want? Why, it was utterly lovely! I'm sure I shouldn't care to eat one single bit if I were in such a situation. I could not be hungry at such times—I never am. Hungry, indeed!"

The idea was too absurd, so Katie dismissed it with scorn.

"I could see," continued Harry, "that she was suffering. Her face grew paler and paler. She was evidently growing weaker. She looked at me piteously—"

"Oh, you will be *so* prosaic!" interrupted Katie. "Can't you see that it wasn't hunger at all? It's the old, old story:

> 'Then her cheek was pale, and thinner
> Than should be for one so young,
> And her eyes on all my motions
> With a mute observance hung.'
>
> 'And I said, my dearest Pard'ner,
> Speak, and speak the truth to me;
> Trust me, Pard'ner; all the current
> Of my being turns to thee.'

The fact is," she added, abruptly, "I believe you're making up nearly the whole of this."

"Making it up!" cried Harry. "Me! Why?"

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"Why, because such delightful situations never do occur in real life. It's only in fiction."

"No, really, now—it was really so," said Harry. "Why should I make this up? Really, on my honor—"

"Well, you're coloring the facts at least," said Katie. "If it's all true, I think it's hard on poor people like me that never can find any pleasant excitement to break the monotony of life. But never mind—please go on."

"Well," continued Harry, "we drifted on for several days. We saw vessels, but they were too far away to see us. At last we came in sight of land, and there we were picked up by a boat that took us to Leghorn. I then went on with Miss Talbot to Rome. I learned that we were the only ones that had been saved out of the ill-fated steamer. Miss Talbot's father, who, as I said, was an invalid, had heard the news, and thinking his daughter lost, sank under the blow. On our arrival at Rome he was dead. It was a mournful end to our journey.

"He was buried in Rome. Miss Talbot returned to England with an English family with whom her father had been acquainted. I did not intrude on her just then, but paid her a visit afterward. At that time we came to an understanding, and then I went back to Barcelona. And now I come to the real point of my story—the thing that I was going to tell you."

"Oh, I'm so very much obliged," said Katie, "for what you've told me thus far."

"Now Miss Talbot, you must know, has very few relatives. She's the last of an ancient family, and one or two uncles and aunts are all that are left besides herself. Her life has been by no means gay, or even cheerful, and perhaps that was one reason why she was willing to accept me."

"How delightful it is," said Katie, "to see such perfect modesty! Mr. Rivers, you are almost too diffident to live."

"Oh, but really I mean that a girl like Miss Talbot, with her wealth, and ancient family, and social standing, and all that, might have the pick of all the best fellows in the country."

"That stands to reason; and so you imply that when such a lady chose you, you—"

"Ah, now, Miss Westlotorn, I didn't," said Harry. "I'm not so infernally conceited as all that, you know."

"But hadn't she promised in the boat?"

"In the boat? Well, yes—"

"Of course. Then why did she have to choose you again?"

"Oh, well—in the boat it was an informal sort of thing. But never mind. She promised to marry me, and I went back to Barcelona. We then corresponded for about a year."

"How awfully dreary!" sighed Katie. "I do so detest letter-writing! If I had to write letters I would break the engagement."

"Well, it's a bother, of course," said Harry; "but, after all, a letter is the only substitute one can have for the absent one."

"And how long is it since you last saw her?"

"A year."

"A year! Why, you must have utterly forgotten what she looks like. Should you be able to recognize her if you were to meet her in a crowd?"

"Oh yes," said Harry, with a laugh. "Now you must know that when I was engaged I expected to go to England in about three months' time to get married. Business, however, detained me. I hoped to go again, a few months later. But the fact is, I found it impossible; and so on for a whole year I was detained, until at last I had to write, imploring her to come out to me and be married in Barcelona."

"Well, for my part, I never would marry a man unless he came for me," said Katie.

"Then I'm glad," said Harry, "that you are not Miss Talbot. She was not so cruel as that; for though at first she refused, she at last consented and promised to come. This, however, was only after long begging on my part, and a full explanation of the difficulties of my position. So she consented, and finally mentioned a certain day on which she would leave; and that was about a fortnight ago.

"Now, you know, all the time I felt awfully about her having to come on alone, until at length, as ill luck would have it, it so happened that I was able to steal a few days from my business. So I determined, after all, to go on for her. Fool that I was, I didn't telegraph. There was no time to write, of course. You see, I was such an idiot that I only thought of giving her a pleasant surprise. This filled my mind and occupied all my

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thoughts, and all the way on I was chuckling to myself over my scheme; and I kept fancying how delighted she would be at finding that, after all, she would not have to make the journey alone. I was so full of this that I couldn't think of anything else. And now I should like to ask you calmly, Miss Westlotorn, one simple question: Did you ever hear in all your life of such a perfect and unmitigated chuckle-head?"

"Never!" said Katie, in a demure tone.

"Well," continued Harry, ruefully, "luck was against me. I met with several delays of a tedious kind, and lost in all about two days. At last I got to my destination, and then—then—in one word, there came a thunder-clap. What do you think?"

"What?"

"She was gone!"

"Gone?"

"Yes. She had gone the day before my arrival. She had written again, and had telegraphed. She had then set out, expecting me to receive her with all a lover's eagerness at Barcelona, at the hotel which I had mentioned to her in my last letter, and hoping also that I might possibly turn up at any station after passing the Pyrenees. What do you think of that? Wasn't that a blow? And was it my fault?"

"Certainly not," said Katie, in a soothing voice. "Not your fault, only your misfortune. But what did her friends say?"

"Her friends? Oh, they were awfully indignant, of course, but I couldn't wait to explain it all to them. The moment I found out how it was I turned on my heel and hurried back to Barcelona. I travelled night and day. I got there without any interruption, and rushed to the hotel where, according to my direction, she was to have gone."

"Well," asked Katie, as Harry paused, "was she there?"

"No," said Harry; "but, worst of all, she had been there! Yes, she had been there. She had made the journey; she had reached Barcelona; and I—I, for whom she had come, I was not there to meet her. Well, when I did get back she was gone."

"Gone?—gone where?"

"Why, where else could she have gone but home again?"

"True. Being a girl of spirit, she never could stand such treatment as that. But did she leave no message for you?"

"Not a word, either in writing or in any other way. I asked the hotel people about her, but they knew nothing in particular. She had not told anything about herself. She had come, and, after two or three days, had gone. She had gone only the day before I got back.

"And you, of course, must have started after her all the way back to England, and that's the reason why you are here—"

"Yes," said Harry; "the only hope I had was to overtake the train that preceded me. It was not impossible that it might be delayed, and that my train should come up with hers. That was my only hope, but of course all this is now up."

"Oh, well," said Katie, in a consoling tone, "you'll see her again before long, and you can explain it all; and when she finds out that it all arose from an excess of zeal, she will see that your fault was one on the right side, and she will love you all the better. And so you will both have many and many a laugh over this queer misadventure; and it will be something that will give flavor and spice to all your future life. Why, I'd give anything to have just such an adventure—I would, really. I wish I was in Miss Talbot's place. I quite envy her—I do, really; that is," she added, with a little confusion, "her adventure, you know."

"You have such a nice way of putting things," said Harry, "that I wish I could always have you to go to for sympathy."

"Sympathy?" said Katie. "Oh, you know, that's quite my forte."

Harry looked into her clear, sunny eyes as they were raised to his, full of brightness and archness and joyousness.

"And won't you let me call you 'Katie,'" said he, "just while we're travelling together? I feel so awfully well acquainted with you, you know; and I've told you all about my affairs, you know, just as if you were my oldest friend."

"I should like it above all things," said Katie. "I hate to be called Miss Westlotorn by my friends. It's too formal."

"And you must call me 'Harry,'" said this volatile young man. "You will, now, won't you?" he added, in a coaxing tone.

Katie did not prove obdurate.

"Well—Harry," she said, with a bewitching smile.

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"I think you're awfully nice," said Harry.

"Well, I'm sure I think you're a very nice boy," said Katie, in a childish way.

For some time longer the party continued their journey. Harry and Katie found walking so much pleasanter than riding in the rude cart that they refused to get into the vehicle again, although urged to do so very strongly both by Mr. and Mrs. Russell. For his part, Harry declared that he infinitely preferred walking; and Katie, on being appealed to, said that the jolts of the wagon made her head ache. So these two continued their walk.

Gradually it grew darker, and the twilight deepened with the rapidity common in southern latitudes. Then, fearing lest Katie might be fatigued, Harry made her take his arm. After this, being still full of anxious fears lest so fair and fragile a being might sink under the wearisome tramp, he took her little hand as it lay on his arm, and held it in his for all the rest of the way. And what Ashby would have said or thought if he had seen that is more than I can tell, I'm sure.

The moon was shining, and its brilliancy was wonderful. Now they entered among the mountains. Far on high ascended the lofty wooded slopes on one side, while on the other they descended into a valley. Beyond this there were other heights, while in the valley between there was a beautiful winding river. A turn in the road brought them at length to a place where the valley widened, and far away, shining like silver in the moonbeams, flowed the river,

"With many a winding through the vale."

All around rose an amphitheatre of hills, some wooded, some precipitous, and behind these rose the summits of loftier mountains far into the sky.

Here, full before them, there arose a grand and stately castle. Perched upon the crest of a spur where it projected from the flank of a mountain, it stood before the new-comers the centre of the whole scene, the crown and glory of it all. In the garish sunlight there might have been perceptible many and many a mark wrought by the destructive hand of time, for ages had passed since it first reared its lordly form on high. Its architecture spoke of hoar antiquity, of a time long past, when the Moor still fought around these scenes, and rushed to the fight to the war-cry of Allah Akbar! But now, bathed in the mellow moonlight, this ancient castle showed all its grand proportions, with not a trace of decay or desolation; and its massive walls arose in solemn majesty; its battlements frowned in heavy shadows overhead; its lofty towers and turrets seemed still able to defy the assaults of time for ages yet to come.

For some time past the country had been growing steadily wilder and less peopled, until here there seemed a virtual solitude. On reaching the spot the party found a massive gateway with a ponderous portal. Beyond this opened the courtyard, and in the distance rose the keep. Here lights shone, and the noise of revelry came to their ears.

And now the prisoners entered, and were taken in charge by others, and Ashby, who arrived about an hour afterward, was also taken to his quarters.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE SPANISH PRIEST MEETS WITH A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

THE train which had been released by the Carlists went on its way, and after running about ten miles came to a little town. Here a long stay was made, during which information was received of so serious a character that it was resolved, for the present at least, not to go any farther. In the first place, the train which had immediately preceded had halted at the next station beyond, and this train could not move until the other had started; but in addition to this there came reports of all sorts to the effect that the whole country was swarming with Carlists, who had occupied the lines of railroad, and cut the telegraph wires. It was the latter circumstance that was most troublesome, since it made it impossible to get any definite information.

The end of it was that the passengers had to shift for themselves, and find shelter and occupation as best they could, until they should be able to go on to their destinations: of which passengers only two need be mentioned here, namely, Captain Lopez and the priest. The former, having been thus rudely separated from Katie, had no object in going any farther, and therefore was quite willing to

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remain in this place. But it soon appeared that he had plenty to do. He at once set forth to communicate with the civil and military authorities, in the hope of obtaining assistance toward rescuing Katie from her captivity; and such was his zeal and energy that before long he had received the most earnest promises of assistance and co-operation from all to whom he applied. As for the priest aforesaid, he had a different purpose, and that purpose did not lead him to make any effort to procure lodgings. He refreshed himself with a repast at the nearest hosteria, after which, girding up his loins, he left the place by the high-road.

The road at first ran through the plain, where on every side there stretched away fields of brown grass, with flocks of sheep and goats. The attendants upon these were nowhere visible, and this lack of human life and action gave to the country an indescribable air of solitude and desertion. In other respects, however, there was everything which could gratify the eye and the taste. The land was fertile, the soil cultivated, the scenery beautiful. Tall trees—the mulberry and the poplar—arose in long lines; here and there the cactus stretched forth its thorny arms; and at intervals there appeared the dark green of extensive olive groves. Behind the traveller there extended a wall of purple hills, and before him arose the giant heights of the Pyrenees. Among these last the road at length entered, and, winding along at the base of sloping hills, it ascended very gradually.

The priest walked onward at a long, slinging pace, which told of the experienced pedestrian. For three hours he kept this up, being too intent upon his progress and upon his own thoughts to pay much attention to the scenery, except so far as was needed for purposes of precaution. Save for this the external form of nature and the many beauties around him were disregarded; and at length, after three hours, he sat down to rest at a rock by the way-side. Sitting here, he drew forth from his pocket a well-used pipe, which he filled and lighted; after which he sat smoking and surveying, in a contemplative manner, the scene before him.

It was, in truth, a scene well worthy of contemplation. For many a mile the eye of the beholder could rove over the course of the Ebro, and take in the prospect of one of the fairest lands in all the world. He had advanced high enough to overlook the valley, which lay behind him, with lines of hills in the distance, while in front arose the mountains dark in the heavy shade. To the west the country spread away until in the far distance it ended in a realm of glory. For here the sun was sinking into a wide basin formed by a break in the lines of mountains, filling it all with fire and splendor; and while the hollow between the hills was thus filled with flame, immediately above this there were piled up vast masses of heavy stratus clouds of fantastic shapes and intense blackness. Above these the sky grew clearer, but was still overlaid with thin streaks of cirrus clouds, which were tinted with every hue of the rainbow, and spread over all the western heavens up to the zenith and beyond.

In that low mass of stratus clouds which overhung the sunset there was now a wild convulsion. A storm was raging there, too far away to be felt, but plainly visible. The fantastic shapes were flung together in furious disorder; through the confused masses electric flashes shot forth, sometimes in floods of glory, sometimes in straight lines of forked lightning, sometimes in rounded lumps of suddenly revealed fire—the true bolts of Jove. Toward the south the hills lay wrapped in haze and gloom, and in one part there was a heavy shower, where the rain streamed down in vertical lines.

The sun went down, leaving behind it a redder splendor, by which all was glorified; the river wound in molten gold; the trees were tipped with purple lustre; the crests of the mountains took on aureoles of light. As the sun still descended the scene was slowly transformed; the splendor lessened; the clouds broke up into other forms; the thick stratus mass dissipated itself; then came a golden haze over the wide west; the moon revealed itself over the head of Scorpio, with Antares beaming from a clear place in the sky.

The scenes shifted rapidly, and twilight deepened, until the clouds made way for the moon, and breaking up into thin light masses, swept away over the sky; while the moon, assuming its proper functions, looked mildly down, and bathed all the valley in a mellow lustre.

After about half an hour's rest the priest arose, put his pipe in his pocket, and resumed his long stride. Up the

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road he went, without stopping again, as though he had resolved to cross the Pyrenees in that one night, and be over in France by morning: of whom it might be said, in the words of the Chinese poet,

"That young man walkee no can stop."

Another hour brought him a good four miles farther on, and still he kept up the same pace. He now reached a place where the road took a somewhat sudden turn, and wound around a rocky projection on the hill-side. Here, as he turned, he came full upon a figure that was walking in the opposite direction.

It was the figure of a woman, and in that bright moonshine it was easy to see that she was young, and graceful, and light, and elastic. Coming suddenly upon the priest as she did, at the turn in the road, she was evidently quite terrified. Her attitude was that of a stealthy fugitive; and as she met him there was in her sudden involuntary gesture the appearance of one who has been captured by a pursuer. For an instant she recoiled in an agony of terror, but then one glance at the costume of the priest seemed to re-assure her; and then, clasping her hands, she came nearer, and said, in tremulous tones,

"*Padre! padre! per l'amor de Dios soccorre me!*"

The priest looked at her for a few moments in silence. Then he spoke:

"*Êtes-vous Française, mademoiselle?*"

The woman shook her head.

"*È ella Italiana?*"

Again she shook her head.

"*Sind Sie Deutsch?*"

Another shake of the head, and then she said,

"*Yo soy Inglesa.*"

The priest gave a long whistle.

"English!" he cried; "English! Then in future please be kind enough to speak English, for your Spanish—is—well, declined, with thanks."

At these words the woman started, and then, with an uncontrollable impulse, seized the hand of the priest in a convulsive grasp.

"Oh!" she cried, "are you really, really an Englishman? Oh, thank Heaven! thank Heaven! Then you will help me!"

"English?" said the priest; "well, for the matter of that, I'm anything you please just now, in this infernal country. I certainly do speak English, but at the same time I prefer calling myself what I am—namely, an American."

This loquacity of the priest made no impression upon the woman, who was absorbed now by her one idea of escape, of obtaining help, of flight.

"Oh, sir," she continued, "can you help me? Can I go on by this road? Do you know what I can do? Will you tell me?"

"Oh yes," said the priest, "I'll tell you. I do not know what you can do. What can you do? You can read, perhaps, and I suppose you can play the piano, and crochet; but I know what you can not do—you can not speak Spanish."

These words were spoken with the indifferent air of one who is thinking of something else.

"Ah, sir," said the woman, in a tone of anguish, "don't mock at me! I'm in distress unspeakable. I've—I've lost my way."

She could scarcely speak from agitation. The priest was silent for a moment. Then he drew a long breath.

"Lost your way?" said he. "Well, that is queer too. Your way—and what way can that be in times like these, and here in this country, and, above all, in this part of the country? Are you walking for a wager? Are you going round the world in a bee-line? Do you carry a portable canoe?"

"I was in the diligence," said the woman, not choosing to notice such ill-timed levity, "and we were stopped—by the Carlists—and I escaped—and I'm trying to find my way to some safe place—but I can not—I can not."

"H'm!" said the priest, "that is a coincidence too—just my own case to a T. I've been captured by the Carlists too, and I've escaped, and I'm now making a bolt for a place of safety. Well, this does beat my grandmother, I must say!"

The lady was too full of her own troubles to notice the peculiar expressions of the priest. She merely continued, as before, to beg for help.

"Oh, sir," said she, "do you know the way here? and can you help me?"

"Well," said the priest, "I know some of it, I may say, but that depends on what you mean by knowing it. But will you allow me to ask you one or two questions? In the first place, where did you come from last?"

"Last?" said the lady. "The last place I came from was Barcelona."

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"When?"

"Yesterday."

"You spoke of a diligence. You must have come from Barcelona by train."

"Of course."

"Then that must have been the train that stopped over there."

"Yes; the train stopped. I understood that it was not going on any farther for a long time, for that the track was torn up. A diligence was prepared for those passengers who were anxious to go on immediately, and I was most eager to proceed without delay, so as to get to my home as soon as possible. So early this morning we left, and came, without any incident of any kind, until we reached a place about five miles away. There we were stopped and robbed. I believe all the passengers were detained and held as prisoners—at least I myself was. I was handed over to the care of a peasant woman, who took me to a cottage. About two hours ago she came to me and told me that I might go, and urged me to fly at once. I could not understand her very well, for I know very little Spanish indeed, but I could see that she was sorry for me, and offered me this chance of escape. It was also quite evident that she considered me in great danger, and was frightened about me. I felt deeply grateful, and offered her a gold locket which had escaped the notice of the robbers, but she refused it. So then I started off. I've come along the road ever since, and have seen no one except yourself. And now, sir," continued the lady, looking at the priest with intense earnestness, "can you help me? Will you? Oh, for the love of—"

Here the priest interrupted her. The lady had spoken in a low voice, which had a very mournful cadence, and besides this there were signs of deep emotion in the tremulous tones and the agitated manner. Her flight had been a long and a hurried one; the exertion had been severe; her strength had been put forth to the utmost; she was on the verge of utter exhaustion. Everything in her appearance, voice, and manner combined to inspire pity and sympathy. The good priest had seemed not unmoved as she was speaking, and now he interrupted her, raising his hand, and speaking in a very gentle voice.

"Ah, now," said he, "come—none of that! Do you think me a savage, that you must pray to me for mercy? Help you!" he repeated, in stronger tones. "Ay, madame, that will I, and with the last drop of my heart's blood, and to my life's end. There, is that strong enough? Help you!"—and he gave a short laugh—"that's good, too! Why, what else have I been thinking of ever since I met you? What else can you suppose that I intend to do? Isn't it enough for me to see your distress? But come—it isn't quite so safe as it might be, and enemies may be lurking near. We must first find a place of retirement, where we can decide on what is best to be done."

The tones of the priest's voice were now totally different from those which he had employed hitherto. These were harsh, dry, indifferent, almost mocking; but now they were full of sincere feeling and unmistakable truth. Their effect upon the lady was very marked and strong. She clasped her hands, bowed her head, and in her weakness was unable to bear up under this new revulsion of feeling; so she burst into tears and stood there weeping.

At this the priest was not a little embarrassed. For a moment he seemed about to try to soothe her; but he checked this impulse and looked away, whistling softly to himself. After a few moments he went on, speaking in a gentle voice:

"I've been going along alone easily enough, but now, if you will come with me, I shall have to make some changes in my plans. You see, two can not travel so easily as one; and then you are a lady, and an English lady too, which in these parts means a wealthy foreigner—an object of plunder. You, as an English lady, run an amount of risk to which I, as a Spanish priest, am not at all exposed. So you see we can no longer remain in so public a place as this high-road. We must seek some secure place, at least for the present. You don't seem able to go much farther. This moonlight night is just the time for flight, but you need rest now, and unless you get that first you won't be able to escape at all. And so—what do you say to my hunting up a hiding-place for the night?"

As the priest began to speak, the lady had made a violent effort to recover herself, and had succeeded well enough to listen attentively, only showing by an occasional sigh or sob that her distress had not passed away altogether. At the priest's question she paused thoughtfully for a short time, and then said,

"My being with you will make a great difference to you?"

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"Oh yes," said the priest.

"It will perhaps endanger your safety," continued the lady, anxiously.

"Oh, that is nothing," said the priest; "that is my normal state. I am always in danger."

"Still, I should be sorry to add to your danger," she said, hesitatingly; "and if—if—"

"Well," said the priest, sharply, "if what?"

"If I am a source of danger," said the lady, calmly, "I should prefer going on alone, just as I was; and I shall only ask you to tell me what is the nearest town, and to give me generally the direction to it."

"Oh, you will, will you?" said the priest, in the mocking tone which he had previously used. "Well, then, madame, I shall only ask you to do as I say, and ask no questions. I know the country; you don't. I have registered a vow in heaven to save you, and save you I will, even in spite of all your teeth. I swear it in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

At these strange words the lady was silent for a few moments, and then said, in a tremulous voice:

"I'll do anything that you wish me to do."

"Furthermore, my hearer," continued the priest, suddenly assuming and immediately dropping the whine of a rustic preacher, "mark this—I don't mind saying a few words to ease your scruples: you can not make my position any more dangerous than it is already. I carry my life in my hand all the time."

"Still," said the lady, "you can easily take care of yourself; but what a terrible thing it would be if you should get into trouble on my account!"

"Well, I'll ask only one question—what is your calling in life?"

"I have no calling. I'm a lady—"

"Spinster?" said the priest, in a mild voice.

"Yes," said the lady, gravely, and with deep sadness. It seemed to the priest that he had unwittingly touched upon a tender point.

"Pardon me," said he, "this is all I wish to get at: you are not a politician, not a political agent, not a spy?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor a newspaper correspondent?"

"No."

"Not even an artist?"

"No; nothing but a simple English lady, and only anxious to get back home."

"Very well—very good!" said the priest, approvingly. "And you shall go home, too; but remember what I said, and trust in me. And now let us see what we had better do. I've been here before, all through and through this country, and know it like a book. Now just over there, a little to the west, there is an old unoccupied castle, which is in very good condition, considering that it's a thousand years old. It is just the place for us. Unfortunately there may be others in it, for it is held from time to time by the one or the other of the fighting factions; yet even in that case I know of an odd corner or two where we can elude observation for the present; for it is a very—a monstrously large castle, and I happen to know the ins and outs of it pretty well. I can assure you a good night's rest there."

"It is not inhabited, you say?"

"No, not as a general thing."

"I'm sorry for that. If it were, the people would perhaps give us shelter and food, and help us on our way."

"The people would perhaps give us more shelter than we might care for. But come—we ought to be off, for you need rest, and that soon."

The lady said nothing, but walked along with the priest. For about a quarter of a mile they followed the road, and then turned away to the left over the country. Here their pathway lay over the flank of the mountain, and traversed open fields which were used for pasture. The moon shone brightly, illuminating the scene, and the priest walked with the assured air of one who knew his way thoroughly.

The lady, who all along had seemed much fatigued, now began to give more evident signs of distress. The priest asked her to take his arm. She did so, and for a time was relieved. He sought to cheer her with encouraging words. She responded nobly, and certainly made all the effort in her power; but her strength had that day been too sorely tasked, and threatened to fail her utterly. At last she sank to the ground, and sat there, while the priest waited patiently.

"Courage!" said he. "Cheer up! We shall soon be there now."

After a short rest the lady recovered a little, and made a final effort. They walked on as before, the lady holding the

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priest's arm, and moving forward by dint of desperate exertions. So they went until at last there appeared immediately ahead a massive tower, which seemed to arise from behind some trees.

"There it is," said the priest. "One more effort."

But the lady could go no farther. She sank down on the ground once more, with something like a groan. "I can go no farther," said she, in a faint voice.

The priest made no reply, but stood for some time in silence watching her. It was evident that he hoped for another rally of her powers, but he was disappointed; for the lady sat with her head bowed down, trembling, weeping, and all unnerved. Time passed, and there was no revival of strength.

"Madame!" said the priest at length, in a harsh and constrained voice.

At this the lady gave a sigh, and tried to raise herself, but without success. After a useless effort she sank down again.

"Madame," said the priest, "to stay here is out of the question. We have not much farther to go; the place of our destination is not far off, and I am going to carry you there."

"No," said the lady, "you must not. I—I—"

"Madame," interrupted the other, "as a priest it is my duty to succor the distressed, and even as a man I should feel bound to save you."

"It's too much for you," said the lady, faintly. "Save yourself. It's no matter —what—becomes of—of me."

"Oh, it isn't, isn't it?" said the priest, in his driest manner. "Well, you will please remember that you and I are in the same boat, and we must win or lose together. And so, as I don't intend to be captured yet awhile, why, madame, with your permissson, and begging your pardon, I'll take the liberty of saving you in my own way. At the same time, please remember that it's not for your sake I'm doing this so much as for my own."

What possible meaning there might be to these last words the priest did not explain, nor did the lady understand. In fact, there was no time for explanation. The priest, without any more ado, raised the lady in his arms and marched off with her.

Fortunately he did not have very far to carry his burden. Before long he came to a grove of large trees, which stood wide apart and admitted of an easy passage. Traversing this, he at length reached a low tower, which was in a half-ruinous condition. It stood upon the brink of a deep chasm, the sides of which were densely wooded, while at the bottom there was a brawling brook. Upon the other side of the chasm appeared the outline of a stately castle, with walls and towers and battlements and keep, all plainly discernible as they rose up in giant proportions.

GALATEA.

A MOMENT'S grace, Pygmalion! Let me be
A breath's space longer on this hither hand
Of fate too sweet, too sad, too mad to meet.
Whether to be thy statue or thy bride—
An instant spare me! Terrible the choice
As no man knoweth, being only man;
Nor any, saving her who hath been stone
And loved her sculptor. Shall I dare exchange
Veins of the quarry for the throbbing pulse?
Insensate calm for a sure-aching heart?
Repose eternal for a woman's lot?
Forego God's quiet for the love of man?
To float on his uncertain tenderness,
A wave tossed up the shore of his desire,
To ebb and flow whene'er it pleaseth him;
Remembered at his leisure, and forgot,
Worshipped and worried, clasped and dropped at mood,
Or soothed or gashed at mercy of his will,
Now Paradise my portion, and now Hell;
And every single several nerve that beats
In soul or body, like some rare vase, thrust
In fire at first, and then in frost, until
The fine protesting fibre snaps?

Oh, who,
Foreknowing, ever chose a fate like this?
What woman, out of all the breathing world,
Would be a woman, could her heart select;
Or love her lover, could her life prevent?
Then let me be that only, only one;
Thus let me make that sacrifice supreme
No other ever made, or can, or shall.
Behold, the future shall stand still to ask,
What man was worth a price so isolate?
And rate thee at its value for all time.

For I am driven by an awful Law.
See! while I hesitate it mouldeth me,
And carves me like a chisel at my heart.
'Tis stronger than the woman or the man;
'Tis greater than all torment or delight;
'Tis mightier than the marble or the flesh.
Obedient be the sculptor and the stone!
Thine am I, thine at all the cost of all
The pangs that woman ever bore for man;
Thine I elect to be, denying them;
Thine I elect to be, defying them;
Thine, thine I dare to be, in scorn of them;
And being thine forever, bless I them!

Pygmalion! Take me from my pedestal,
And set me lower—lower, love!—that I
May be a woman and look up to thee;
And looking, longing, loving, give and take
The human kisses worth the worst that thou
By thine own nature shalt inflict on me.

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"OH, signora, it is with profoundest regret, *ma, impossibile;* there is not even standing-room left; the lady may see for herself," and the Italian *padrone*, with a liquid glance freighted with sadness, and a bow of most finished politeness, waved me toward the open window, where a black mass of tightly wedged figures only too irrefutably proved his word true.

I had come to the Signor Luigi's house on no less important a mission than the hiring of a balcony on the Corso for the Carnival season. I had set my heart on this particular balcony. It was in the very centre of the popular quarter, where the sport was sure to reach its merriest climax. Almost directly opposite was the Palazzo Fiano, where the Queen was wont to make her daily appearance. But, as it chanced, I had come too late. There arose just then a gay shout of laughter and a burst of applause from the revellers on the Corso to make my disappointment seem the more vivid.

"It is the Queen; she comes early today," explained Luigi, making a move as he bowed, this time with the air of a man who, having laid his politeness at my feet, was about to pick it up again. For what to an Italian are the further uses of a tourist if he can make no money out of him? I was about to depart in despair, when I bethought me of an appeal I had hitherto found irresistible.

"Perhaps the signore knows of some other balcony near here which is unlet? I should be willing to pay a commission." My Italian was tremulous in its uncertainty, but those hesitating syllables galvanized Signor Luigi's apathetic civility into eager obsequiousness. "*Ah, ma, certamente*," he knew of several; one across the way, one next door, one just beyond. How much did the signora wish to pay? Would one at fifteen hundred francs be too high? I explained that it was my modest purpose to rent a balcony, not to buy one. From those liquid eyes I received a glance which made me as certain as if I had been the intelligence behind them that their handsome owner was doing a little sum in social arithmetic. He was footing me up, as it were; it was evident that the sum of my implied experience in dealing with extortion had produced its effect. For it is not the tourist's dollars, but his experience, which commands the foreigner's respect. I received a bow which was equivalent to a surrender. A-h-h! he knew now what the honored signora desired. There was just such a balcony on the street beyond as he believed would suit me. He would himself accompany the signora. Would she obligingly follow? It was but a step.

The step proved to be the length of the Corso. But when I saw the little balcony and its tasteful decorations, I had no fault to find. The owner proved to be none other than a compatriot, a young artist come to Rome to study her art. We should hardly have been women had we not preluded our business with a light interchange of confidence. She had found renting an apartment on the Corso, the Broadway of Rome, an economy. The price paid for the balcony and windows during the Carnival added a considerable sum to her slender income. She also hoped the draping of the balcony would win a prize: prizes were given, as perhaps I knew, for the most effectively decorated. With a pride it was pretty to see, she led me out upon the sun-lit balcony. The decorations were indeed of no common order. It was such a nest of floral beauty as Titania's hammock might well have swung in. All the iron and wooden frame-work was ingeniously masked with garlands and greeneries, so arranged as to take the shape of a Chinese pagoda, the outlines so nicely defined they seemed rather to have been drawn by the pencil than adjusted by skillful fingers. Bell-shaped baskets filled with fresh flowers completed the perfection with which the design had been followed. Inside, the little balcony was roofed with the starred blue centre of an American flag, the stripes serving as a bit of matting under-foot. The whole thing was as complete as a poem.

The next day, when we took possession of our enchanting little bower, we agreed that it was one of the most attractive balconies on the Corso, the two or three pretty girls in our party adding perceptibly to its

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prestige. Their appearance, indeed, was the signal for a hail-storm of confetti, and, behold, we were in the midst of a fierce warfare before we had had time to look about us. What sport that was ever imagined or invented by description sounds more inanely foolish than confetti-throwing? or where is there one more irresistibly comic when being indulged in? It has all the delicious flavor of a joke whose finest essence of fun one seems to discover for one's self. The secret spring of its enjoyment lies pre-eminently, I think, in the fact that it allows grown-up men and women the privilege of becoming boys and girls again. Imagine the delight of indulging for three entire days, with no loss of personal dignity, in a perfect bout of pea-shooting! Only that in confetti-throwing the complicated shooter manufactured by any boy possessed of even average diabolic inventiveness is replaced by a simple tin ladle, innocent of all those intricate arrangements liable to breakage at the important moment of action. The shot of a single pea is multiplied into handfuls of hard lime pellets. It is true that to prevent disasters to certain fragile members, such as the eye, for instance, one generally provides one's self with a small iron mask; but it requires no little dexterity effectively to toss a dipperful of confetti at an enemy with one hand, and to shield one's visage with a mask with the other.



SENDING UP A BOUQUET.

Confetti-throwing may be considered as a *lever du rideau*, a prologue to the more serious business of the play. With the *coriandali*, or flower and bonbon throwing, the plot, so to speak, thickens. But in the earlier days there is really a finer bead on this wine of mirth. The crowd, for one thing, is neither so boisterous nor so unruly as in the later days. There is no denying the fact—the crowd is in possession. The patrician and the grandee have gone out. "Il Popolo Romano" have come in. The Corso now is the playground of the people—that people that imperial Rome scorned, and papal Rome brutalized. The Carnival, once the sport of popes and cardinals, the plaything of princes, is now the people's peculiar festival, their holiday of mirth. Fashionable Romans disdain it, since the plebeian is in possession. Only those modern Goths and Vandals, the tourists, come to see the sport.

As I looked down upon the scene that first brilliant afternoon, the battle that had been waging for centuries, the battle between street and balcony, was going on quite as if there had been no change of actors nor any shifting of scenes during the last thousand years or so. This grand old stage, the Corso, has been peopled with every pattern of man; Rome herself has worn her various tragic masks of civic revolution and of social upheaval; actors have played their great and their little

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parts; the street itself has been robed in every costume of grandeur and decay—and still the play goes on. Centuries ago, when the great temples stood erect, and the statues of the gods were in their shrines, when Horace strolled down the Via Sacra his ears heard other cries than those now rending the air. It was "Io Saturnalia! Io Saturnalia!" then, from the lips of a reeling multitude of fauns and frolicsome satyrs, on their way to the Temple of the Sun. Some hundreds of years later were grand tournaments and splendid pageants. The palaces, like stately beauties arrayed in their festal robes, glittered with jewelled cloths, their lustre made still more splendid by the beauty of the fair owners, who, in glorious attire, crowded the tapestried balconies, to pelt their lovers in the street below. The tournaments and pageants are long since passed away; the beauties and their knighted lovers are crumbling to ashes in the churches yonder; and again the curtain lifts upon another scene. It is no longer ago than the days of reunited Italy, when in Carnival season all Rome swept the Corso to rend the air with its glad cries of freedom. Then poetry and art, and, better still, the enthusiasm of a great people, lent an aureole of splendor to the paling festival. That was the last grand act in the long drama. Since then the Carnival has become a mere bit of low comedy. Yet I was glad I could see it, even in these latter days of its degradation. For Rome in Carnival time is more the Rome of one's ideals than at any other season. It seems more fully alive, for one thing. The streets are richer in color, with the masks and dominoes lighting up the grim palaces. There is a pleasant whirr of gayety and a holiday spirit abroad which transforms the dull prose of its nineteenth-century toil into a semblance at least of that pagan spirit of revelry which once lived its joyous life here.



ANGLING FOR BOUQUETS.

The Corso on any one of the Carnival days is a picture worth making a pilgrimage to see. The balconies, gay with scarlet, vivid yellows, and greens, make a rainbow of color against the rich mellow tones of the palaces and churches. The great square of the Piazza del Popolo is as filled as on any triumphal course days; there are gayly decked stands, streaming banners, and the great fountains of Neptune and the Tritons to send up their glistening tribute to the sky. There is a carnival of weather—such a sky and air as to induce a rededication of the Egyptian obelisk to its ancient deity the sun-god. Hung high in air is that "hill of gardens," the Pin-

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cian, where Lucullus was wont to sup under the shade of the violet-hued cypresses. It is crowded now with brilliant equipages, whose occupants, fashionable Romans who disdain the Carnival, yet condescend to glance at the sport from that vantage-ground of remoteness.

In the Corso itself the crowd swarms up and down with the restlessness of an uneasy demon. Occasionally out from the mass of its dull tints there emerges the brilliant figure of a contadina, in her finery of scarlet apron and white chemisette, tossing her glossy head, speared with its gold stiletto, with a conscious air, as if she knew she was among the things that were going out. Some of the Campagna peasant women carried their babies under their arms, or what I took to be such, for they were queer little mummies, all their bodies tied up in a bundle, their red funny little heads the only sign of any live thing about them. It seemed a strange place to bring even a mummy baby, right in the midst of this hail-storm of lime. But I presume it to be one of the ancestral rights of a Roman baby to come as early and as often as may be to the Carnival.

In harmony with the law which seems to rule that sports shall be furious in proportion as they near their end, the climax of confetti-throwing fun is reached the very last day on which that indulgence is lawful. The balconies now are as filled as opera boxes on a popular benefit night. Masks and dominoes stride the Corso with the bravado of being entirely in the fashion. The war between street and balcony is carried on with the fierceness and fervor of a sport doomed to near death. In watching some of the more dexterous throwers about me, with whose faces and powers I had become more or less familiar in the past three or four days, I was amused to see what a test of organization and temperament confetti-throwing could resolve itself into. Across the way was a young Russian lady who in the fury of her attacks had warmed into the excitement of a Bacchante. There was an English girl next her, whose pure fresh face, timid but accurate shots, and calm sobriety of demeanor were as typical of her nationality as a Du Maurier drawing. On our own balcony there was such a spirit of jollity and vivacious enjoyment in the sport as make the American girl the ideal of a man's responsiveness in fun. The crowd below, despite its *canaille* character, was now full of enchanting Italian gayety. There were laughter and mirth, and quick return charges of confetti fire; there were young French art students filling their bags with shot, and young German officers bringing Von Moltke's tactics to bear on their tin-ladle throwing. Even Romans themselves, much as they may scorn Carnival sports, can not resist this last riot of mimic fighting. Italian officers, at least, are men before they are Romans, too much men not to try their luck before the battery of discriminating eyes. For the hail of confetti is to be taken as something personal and complimentary. Its intensity is in proportion to the attraction of the object. A white-washed coat and battered hat are to be looked upon as proofs of the sincerest flattery.

Few features of the fun are more amusing to watch than the flirtations that grow out of it. On the balcony on my right there was a young Italian whose admirable shooting announced him an expert. His fire had been at first indiscriminate in its aim, hitting the Neapolitan model in the head as unerringly as he had pelted a pretty contadina in the nose. But soon his practiced eye discovered a target worthy of his skill. Half hidden behind the scarlet curtains draping a box directly opposite was the figure of a beautiful young woman, whose nationality betrayed itself in the dusky glory of her dark eyes, and the child-like naïveté with which she abandoned herself to the enjoyment of the scene. She was quite unprotected. Her wire mask lay in her lap, her dipper beside it, and behind her huge feather fan she was laughing heartily at some of the nonsense before her. With the aim of true science my young neighbor covered the beauty with a shower like hail. She, with the quickness of the Italian temperament to take fire, dropped her fan, seized her dipper, and seeing then what manner of man her antagonist was, loaded it to the full, and returned a shot as effective as his own. For the next half-hour the fight went on, the most serious damage resulting from the now equally active interchange of glances. There is nothing more characteristic of the Carnival season than these swiftly born mimic fights, beneath the artifice of which there as suddenly leaps into life the flashing fire of a flirtation.

One of the pretty girls in our own party,

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ON THE CORSO.

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by the spirit of her play and her brilliant beauty, aroused a characteristic response from the crowd. It was toward the latter end of the Carnival, when the street was crowded with cars, carriages, and masks, and when confetti had given place to coriandali. As the crowd swept by, more than one eye had been arrested by this radiant young creature flinging her flowers and her bonbons with such graceful, reckless light-heartedness. Bouquets upon bouquets were hurled at her, till she was as laden as a belle at a German. "Bella! bella!" cried some mask in his enthusiasm. The crowd heard it, and with the Italian sensitiveness of response to beauty, sent up a shower of coriandali as their tribute to her loveliness. Turks in fez, passing in amply stored carriage, heard it, and turned the liquid languor of their



ENGLISH TOURIST.

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glance to discover this new houri; then, with a bow that had the solemn gravity of an act of worship, they tossed a huge floral offering, which, like a kite with several bobs to it, had innumerable pretty bonbonnières floating at its long ribbon. Some English swells on the next balcony had also heard the reverberating "bellissima," and chorussed a "By Jove! she *is* a beauty," to mark their own pelting of colored darts. But the girl, this delicate-featured, radiant-eyed young creature, whose tight Parisian corsage seemed to imprison some goddess-like force of young life, was a match for them all. To the crowd she flings a shower of withered flowers, and a handful of coppers as *douceur*. The Turks carry away a bouquet as fine as their own, and a smile unsurpassed for sweetness in all Mohammed's paradise. Turning to her English admirers, with eyes brimming over with mischief, the girl raises high in air her long-wrinkled-gloved hand. Straight as an Indian arrow to its mark was shot a grotesquely enormous bouquet wrapped in a bit of American flag. It hit the taller of the Englishmen square on the heart. With a laugh and a bow he seized the flag, merrily pinning it on his arm in token of his conquest. "The Corso is a place where one must either *have* a complexion — or make one," was remarked with significant emphasis by the Bostonian of the party, epigrammatizing her envy. She also had a beauty of her own, but of a paler, quieter order, one not so likely to draw the homage of the color-loving Italian.

She would hardly have been a true Bostonian if her New York rival's triumph had not been accounted for by some implied misdemeanor. She herself had transferred the reserve of Beacon Street to the old Flaminian Way; she had even put a bit of conscience into her coriandali-throwing, pelting with modest restraint the beggars rather than the gay young officers her eyes had followed. But the coppers her rival had thrown to the crowd had proved far more fatal than her smiles. By some instinct, known alone to rabble nature, an army of small boys and tattered mendicants, with a rush like that which followed the stamp of Achilles' heel, seemed to grow from beneath the very paving-stones. Over the shining coppers they threw themselves with the fury of wild beasts. Soon ensued such a scramble and fight as only Italians, wrestlers by the divine right of heritage, could have entered into. If there was a fury of greed, there was also an enjoyment of the fight for its own sake. Those who, unable to get even within clutching distance of the *bajocchi*, diverted themselves by a fine exhibition of their despair; they beat their breasts, they tore their hair, and generally pounded one another to keep the flame of the fun lighted. One boy, viciously inspired, distinguished himself, much to the delight of the lookers-on, by walking over the bended backs of those fortunate few who by kicks and blows had maintained their position as "ins" against all the assaults of the "outs."

But for all the wildness of the fight, the blazing eyes, the blows, the shrieks, such is the temperate nature of an Italian crowd, there was not a bloody face nor a damaged eye among them. At most, all that one saw as the result of this contest was a mass of displaced drapery, which, when the crowd rose to its feet, was shaken back into place, and assumed a certain air of tattered splendor, like rags that knew how to drape a Roman back.

Next to watching other people's flirtations there is no better fun than to see a fresh Britisher taking his first ducking of confetti. He enters the Corso, as he goes through the surprises of European travel, with unmoved imperturbability, viewing them through the distinction of his one glass. In the heat and beneath the radiance of the Italian sun he appears armed with an umbrella, buttoned up in an Ulster, and equipped with his Baedeker. He has come purely on a quest of observation. He has heard there are to be races. He has come to see them. To see the fun, also, if there be any, never dreaming he might become in any sense a part of it. But the crowd discern in him peculiar qualities of facetiousness. They look upon his face, frigid as his glance, and pityingly try what persistent pelting with dirty confetti can do to illumine that unmoved serenity with a smile. They resent being viewed through a convex lens, and proceed to demolish it. The umbrella must also be sacrificed, since it is an affront to their glorious Italian weather. But they have counted a little too much on the apparent weakness of the defense. The obnoxious Ulster is transformed into a garment as impervious as a shirt of mail; the Baedeker, with a strong arm be-

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hind it, keeps the crowd at an astonishingly harmless distance, and the umbrella is improvised into a roof of protection. In full Roman sunlight it is opened, and behold! even the fire from the balconies falls about him as harmless as the drops of his own mists and rain. In the midst of that stormy tumult he has made a little fortified island of himself.

The races the Englishman has come to see are none other than the celebrated Barberi, the race of the riderless horses down the full length of the Corso. This event is the crowning sport of a Carnival day. These races preserve even down to the beautiful middle of our nineteenth century that which has been all through the ages one of the distinguishing features of the Roman's taste in pleasure, his savage lust and delight in cruelty. Confetti-throwing, if vicious and irritating to the most perfect temper, is comparatively harmless in its results. Coriandali and flower throwing have lost all their former poetic beauty and meaning, while neither the chariot shows nor the moccoletti afford any of those appetizing possibilities of danger which invest sport with the tragic excitement of the horrible. But even a Roman of the Decadence, to whom such entertaining little realities as bloodshed, torture, and lingering death had failed to bring more than a sense of fatigue in his amusements, might find in these Barberi races a re-awakening of his deadened capacities for pleasure. These and the Spanish bull-fights might perhaps afford a not too exacting ancient Roman quite an enjoyable afternoon's entertainment. Some features of the Corso sport would, indeed, be quite to his taste. The cruelty of driving heated bits of iron and twisted wire into the quivering flesh of a half-dozen defenseless brutes, bedecking their tortured haunches with spiked balls and flags, would appeal peculiarly to his sense of humor. The sight of the maddened creatures, rushing wildly down a street a mile long, choked with dense masses of people, with no guidance but their fear, and no restraint but their anguish, would, to such a Roman's educated sensibilities, assume the pleasing proportions of a joke. The reckless indifference to the value of human life in the methods used to protect the crowd from danger would stir an interest even in that blasé old Roman who excused himself from attending the gladiatorial shows on the plea that there was nothing new to be seen just then in the way of persecution.

Besides the peasants, whom not even taxation and conscription can make other than light-hearted, there is still another class of the Roman country people who flock to the capital in Carnival-time. They belong to the tourist class. They have come inspired by the same impulses which have brought their fellow-travellers to Rome. In the matter of experience they will hardly, however, score the same record. Instead of the *locande*, the Quirinal or Costanzi, they will lodge *à la belle étoile*—a convenient archway or the sheltered side of any old ruin will do for them. In the daytime one meets them in all the accustomed haunts, before the drooping grace of the Ariadne, or gazing with a stealthy wonder at the glorious nudity of the Apollo Belvedere. But still more frequently groups of these pastoral sight-seers are to be met lifting the heavy leathern curtain which hangs before the church doors. For in the exercises of their religion these simple souls are more at home than before the masterpieces of art. Rome is the great open-air theatre of the religious emotions, where the Italian, who enjoys the rehearsal of his sins, can enact the whole drama of his penitence or remorse. So numbers of these peasants are to be seen kneeling at confessional or toiling painfully up the long Sacred Stairs, dropping a sin and winning a year's indulgence at each step. One figure among a group of these peasants whom I saw on these steps impressed me strangely. It was that of a herdsman of the Campagna, in long shaggy goat-skin leggings and bared hairy breast. The half-human, half-savage look in his great eyes gave him the appearance of a satyr turned devotee.

In the evening these rustic visitors are to be found before the booths and the mountebank shows at the Piazza Navona. This beautiful square is gayly illuminated all through the Carnival season. But there is one booth more crowded than any of the others. It is that of the lottery agent. For lotteries to the Italian are what opium is to the Chinaman—the strongest appetite of his nature. The god of chance is worshipped with a superstitious rapture even the Virgin Mary can not awaken, and the lottery dens are more crowded than all the confessional boxes of the Roman churches. The Italian's

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AT THE COSTANZI BALL—INVITATION TO DANCE.

natural indolence prompts him to seek to gain by luck what the toil of labor would hardly yield. Then the exciting vicissitudes of gambling have a peculiar fascination for one of his emotional nature. But the step from success to despair and ruin is a short one in that temple of fortune. The sluggish yellow Tiber receives yearly a ghastly number of these victims of the lottery games.

There are no prettier pictures to be seen in Roman streets in Carnival-time than the masquerading of the children. One of the curious features of the Carnival

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DANCING MODELS.

sports is that there seems a perfect mania for an inversion of ages and the sexes. The children are never so happy as when disguised in the garb of grown-up men and women; and men, when masquerading as women, seem to think they have attained the apex of the comic. Sunday is the day when children are to be met thronging the streets in strange fantastic garb. And certain it is that many of them show a remarkable sense of the dignity which should go with their dress. A diminutive but imposing marchioness of four summers, as she issues from some sombre passageway, her trailing brocade held by one of her admiring train of relatives, is an impressive example of the ease with which court manners are divined by even the youngest of our intuitive sex.

There is still another order of masquer-

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ading, equally effective and much less expensive in the matter of costume, to be met in the Roman streets. Two children I remember as being marvellously apt in the enacting of a certain well-known Italian character. They had been pursuing me the length of the Via Sistina. They were hardly of an age, according to Kindergarten methods, to do sums in arithmetic. Yet they presented me with an aggregate of miseries which ought to have melted me. Their plaint was the



THE MERRY ARTISTS.

usual one: they were dying of hunger—a plaint enforced by much tragic rolling of the eyes, a beating of their little brown fists upon their tiny ragged bosoms, and such a wealth of adjectives as makes Italian seem the tongue of all others which was made to be spoken. It was a pretty drama, for the little dusky maidens were enchanting models of Italian grace and picturesque raggedness. I was cruel-hearted enough to wish to prolong the recital of their woes. They were both dying of hunger, with such fat cheeks and such bright eyes?

"Ah, lady mia, that was as nothing; the sun made them fat, but the signora should see the poverty at home;" and the distant dwelling on the Campagna was indicated by a backward dip of the two tiny dirty thumbs. "The *madre* was thin—ah, Dio! so thin it would make the lady weep. The *bambino* had no milk, and the *padre* was down with the fever, and the uncle—" But this was not to be borne. I suggested a compromise. Since their hunger was a mutual affliction, it could be relieved by a joint pittance—eh?

This logic being irrefutable, *uno soldo* was agreed upon as the price at which starvation was to be a thing of the past. Then when the eager little figures and the glittering dark eyes were bent over my fingers as I dipped them into my purse, when five *soldi* were awarded to each instead of one, there was such a gleeful backward fling of the two pretty heads, such a gay pæan of childish laughter, as made me as merry as they. Certainly ingratitude can never be counted among the Italian beggars' lists of sins, and these two babies, as they rushed simultaneously for my hand to kiss it, rained down blessings enough to carry me straight to paradise.

During Carnival week here is the best of all points of view to watch the merry crowds going home from the Corso. Groups of masks and dominoes stand about Bernini's fountain; carriages, cars, and chariots pass in procession as they scatter into the side streets. There is a roar and tumult, the twang of a guitar or the scrape of a fiddle, to be heard.

Once, standing on the topmost step, looking at the great prospect of Rome before me, that Rome that seems from this airy stand-point to be built in the sky, I heard the jingling bells of a tambourine. Looking down, I saw a group of peasants and models gathered about two whirling figures. On a nearer approach I discovered that it was an Italian girl and her Neapolitan lover I had seen on the Corso, dancing the *salterello*—the quick, swift Campagna dance. The boy was kneeling, shaking his castanets in the air, and the girl was whirling herself out of breath, as she spun in rapid circles about him. The peasants were beating time with their feet, and one of them had a mandolin on which he was playing an impromptu accompaniment to the girl's tambourine jingle.

This dance in the foot to match with the song in the throat seems a universal instinct with this merry people. In the way-side inns, in the *osterie*, even along the road-side, the Italian breaks as naturally into a dance as we staid Northerners into speech.

The most fashionable Romans are not wholly superior to the social gayeties which the season brings with it. During Carnival week the gay world dances at balls, flirts at receptions, and whirls madly in a vortex of pleasure. Masked balls are specially in favor. The public ones are given at the two principal theatres, the

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Apollo and the Costanzi, which are brilliantly illuminated, and decorated with flags and floral devices. But the chief illumination at these balls lies neither in the gas nor in the flowers. It is to be found in the full-orbed liquid glance of the Italian eye. It is the eye that makes the Italian beautiful. Sometimes among the higher classes the features are to be found exquisitely moulded, grave with a certain droop of majesty, as in the pure Roman type, or delicately sensuous, or piquant, as among the more southern races. But the very soul of the people has found a glowing speech for itself in the rich dusky eye; their intense imaginative natures, their fiery passions, their happy delight in life, thrill one, like an embodied sensation, when their glance is met.

The Italian's taste in dress, like that of most Southern nations, is for the gorgeous in color. Their ideal combination is for such tints as, once married, are bound by all the laws of ill-regulated matches to swear at one another. The vivid yellows and pinks, angry reds and sulphurous greens, that waltzed about these ball-rooms, were discord enough to account for some of the poor dancing; for the Italian, with all his grace, has never learned to waltz in rhythmic step. An amusing little feature of the women's dressing was their different modes of wearing flowers. It was a betrayal of nationality. The Spanish girl placed her crimson rose close to her ear. The English maiden carried hers in her hand, as a bouquet of colossal magnificence. But the American, with truer poetic instinct, wore on her bosom or at her belt the garden of blossoms that the Roman spring had sent her, the delicate almond blossoms, the saffron jonquils, the lovely lilies of the field. And the Italian, spoiled child of nature, disdaining such simple and costless beauties, loaded herself down with the artificial roses from Paris.

As prizes are awarded for the best masks, strenuous efforts are made by some of the trades-people to put on magnificence or to enact the buffoon. But such masks wander about sadly, as if conscious of committing some social anachronism. Even in Italy, the home of poetic inspirations and of the finer subtleties of wit, masquerading has had to give way before the nineteenth-century ideas of dignity.

"What is the matter with us, that we are afraid to be funny?" I asked of my charming companion, a gray-haired old aristocrat, my escort at one of these balls.

"Ah, signora, it is because we are afraid of appearing ridiculous. This is the century of propriety. We may be dull, and hope to be forgiven. But to be amusing is to commit one of the mortal sins. Every day I am being more and more convinced of the inelegance of happiness," he answered, with his fine smile.

The laugh that followed was drowned in the thunderous chords of the national hymn. The dancers, deep just then in the mazes of the quadrille, stopped as if stricken with palsy. All eyes were lifted to a certain box, and there advanced from behind the heavy curtains a tall, white-robed, star-gemmed figure, whose beautiful face melted into a smile as a shout of ear-splitting "vivas!" rent the air.

It was the Queen. The gentleman accompanying her, with the fierce mustache, whose piercing eye swept the house as if passing an army in review, is her husband, the King.

In the splendor of full ball dress the peculiar fascination of the Queen's beauty strikes one anew. Its charm lies in the spell of its languorous sadness. The corners of the sweet mouth droop. So do the almond-shaped lids shading the beautiful eyes, which, for all their soft fire, are full of a vague melancholy. Her Majesty's manners, gracious and affable as a queen's should be, are a trifle too languid; such a languor as comes perhaps with the ennui of imperial duties. She wore her own colors that night—some wondrous shimmery cream of brocaded satin with inwrought daisies. The lovely shoulders, thought by some to be her chief beauty, were dazzlingly white beneath the weight of her "ropes of pearls."

The young King and Queen are as assiduous in their devotion to the social requirements of their position as to the political interests of their people. The balls at the Quirinal are as brilliant and frequent as those that distinguished the late French Emperor's reign, if less gorgeously splendid. In the innumerable festivities given by the pleasure-loving Roman aristocrats, the Queen's trailing white robes and the King's soldierly figure are beloved and familiar sights.

Richer in certain elements of pleasure than these more magnificent balls are the musicales and conversazioni given at the different artists' studios. Such gather-

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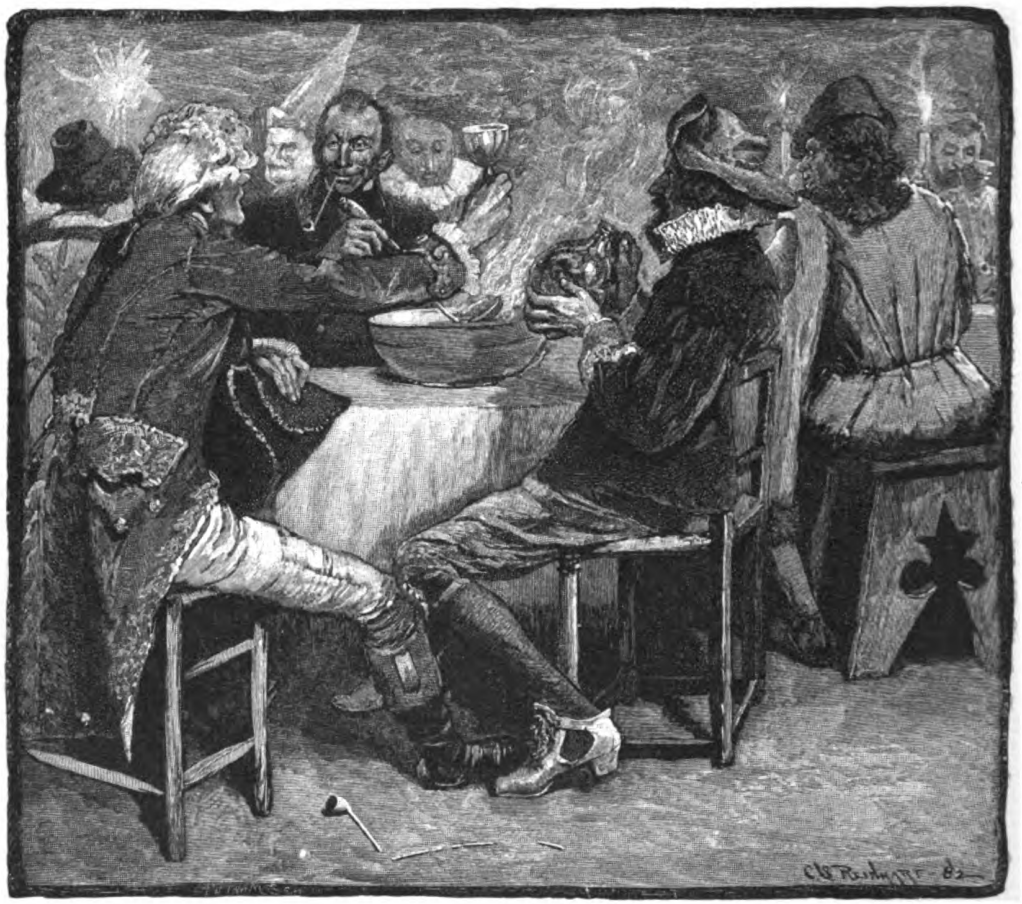


TYROLESE ZITHER-PLAYERS.

ings still preserve for the idealizing American the charm of a mingled elegance and debonair enjoyment it is difficult to find elsewhere. One such seemed to me as uniting every imaginable delight.

It was at the studio of the famous Roman artist C——. It was to be a musicale, so the note of invitation stated. When I arrived, somewhat late in the evening, it was in one of the pauses of a concerto. The company were evidently still under the spell of what they had just been listening to, and no moment could have been more admirable in which to have received the full effect of the picture they made in their beautiful surround-

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AT THE GERMAN ARTISTS' BALL.

ings. The artist C—— had been much in the East. His studio was like the interior of some Oriental palace. The splendid stuffs, the rare carvings, the shining marbles, and the brilliant company were all tenderly lighted with the rose and violet glow from the delicate Chinese lanterns.

Around the piano clustered a group as picturesque as any part of the rich background. Some of the guests, *en route* for a masquerade, had come in costume. There was a beautiful young Italian, whose Venetian dress, stiff with its inwrought lilies in the dull gold satin, looked the noble Queen of Cornaro to the life as she leaned slightly against a tall carved chair, listening with stately dignity to a magnificent hussar who was bending over her. Etched against a rich-hued drapery was the pure sweet profile of a young English girl, whose Josephine gown of pale pomegranate made her fit into her background like a picture into its frame. Just beyond was a group that might well have tempted the brush of every artist present. A glowing Italian, dressed in all the witchery of the coquettish zingana's attire, had seized a guitar, as she sat perched amid the cushions of the low divan, and was pricking out the accompaniment to a tune she was humming. The young Italians about her, the court of this radiant young queen, joined, after a little, in the melody *sotto voce;* then, the volume of the music swelling within them, there soon came a spontaneous bursting into song, others about the room joining in, and song followed song. None but an Italian can sing Italian songs. One must be born, so to speak, with the nightingale in one's throat to render that trilling, limpid music with an effortless sweetness of passion.

It was fated that that particular even-

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ing should be one rich in many reminiscences of pleasure. A party of us threaded our way through the midnight to still another fairy scene. First, to see some wonderful decorations at a certain club, an Indian temple, a ball-room decorated by some of the first Roman artists, wonderful for its splendor and Asiatic character; then, later, to a charming Bohemia at the German artists' ball. Here at last was the true Carnival. Here was all the joyousness and delightful freedom characteristic of the real Bohemian. Here also character was assumed with the costume. There were capital bits of acting to be seen going on all about one. Two groups stand out with peculiar distinctness in my memory of that gay scene. One a band of jolly Heidelberg students, interspersed with Italian *banditi*, gathered about a table where the "loving-cup" was freely circulating. In the pauses of some lovely zither-playing at the further end of the room the group would break into a joyous singing of some of Scheffel's *Studentenlieder*. The zither-players, young artists in Tyrolese costume, were seated before their instruments on a high raised dais. Close to them was a magnificent fellow in beautiful lansquenet dress. He made a noble figure, his fine blonde face sharply defined against the blue ceiling of the little Gothic temple into which the room had been changed by these artist-decorators. Then, as he joined his own vibrant barytone to the Tyrolese song-music, his yodel drowned all other sounds.

This was indeed the true Carnival, where poetry and music and art lent once more their aureole of romance to merry-making.

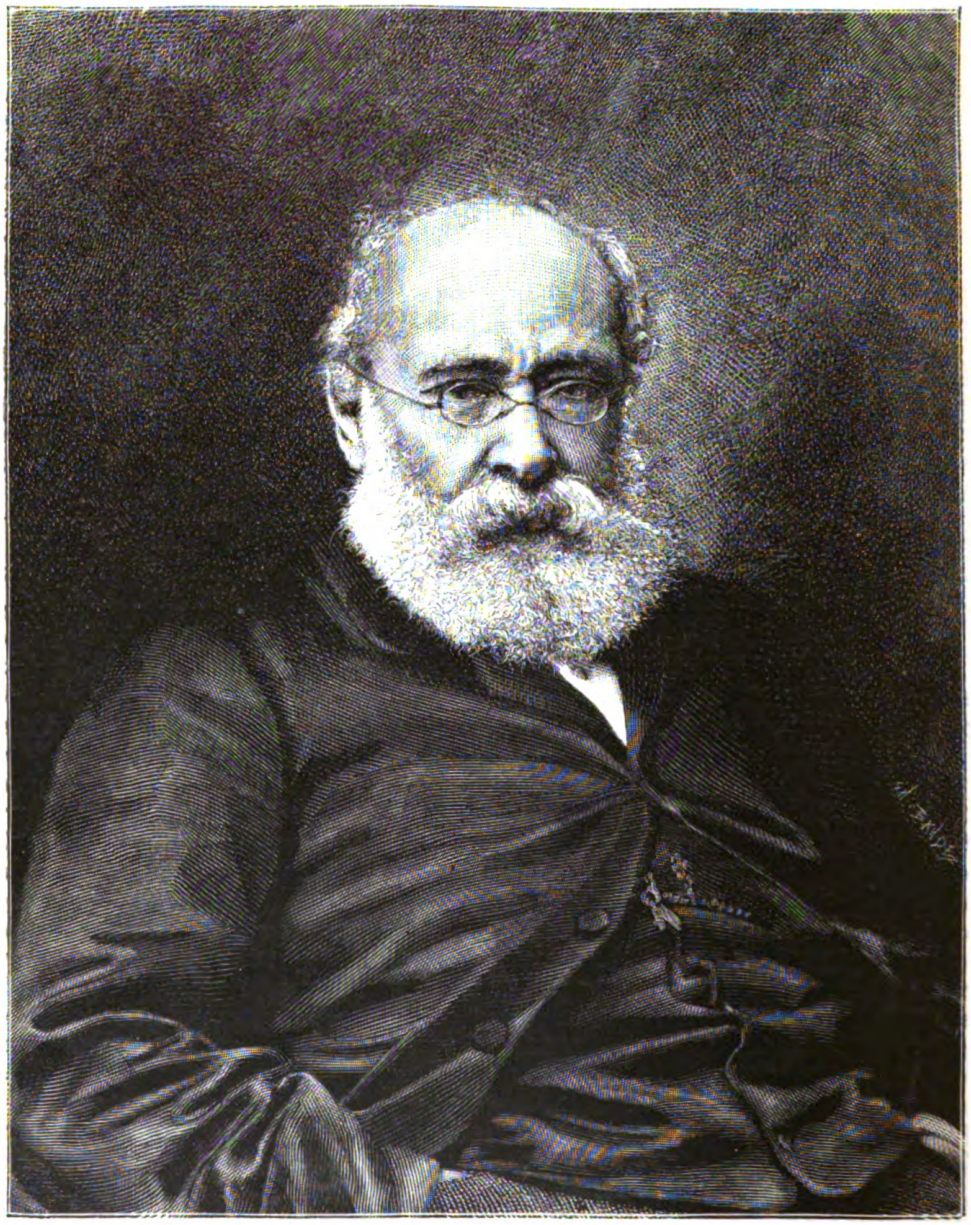
As we stepped out into the moonlight, paling before the early Roman dawn, we told one another that the Carnival we had searched for in vain on the Corso had flitted here to these German artists' studios.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

OF the novelists of our day it is well known that Anthony Trollope was the most prolific—probably he was the most prolific of all English novelists of anything like his own calibre—and this very fact has, it may be, militated against full justice being done to his powers in most of the literary notices of his life and work that have appeared in the English press. When so much has to be considered, or at least glanced at, in a brief space, it may be difficult to pick out the distinctive points, and at the same time avoid the oversight of the higher points of interest, merely through the wideness of the space that has to be taken in. Thus most of the notices referred to, while they have mentioned two early novels, *The Macdermots of Ballydoran* and *The Kellys and the O'Kellys*, have said nothing of one which was, I think, yet earlier, and which was republished not very many years ago, *La Vendée*, while they have left aside two novels of which the interest is in more than one way singular, *Nina Balatka* and *Linda Tressell*. These appeared anonymously in *Blackwood's Magazine*, if my memory serve me, and I well remember that while the first of them was being published it was ascribed by a good many people in the literary world to Mr. Adolphus Trollope. Mr. Anthony Trollope's name was so essentially associated with the novel of modern life, dealing mainly with London or country-house life of people well up in the social scale, that hardly one of his many readers suspected him of suddenly turning his hand to semi-historical romance. Yet if they had remembered certain of *The Tales of All Countries*, they would have seen at once that if Mr. Trollope had not as yet distinguished himself in the line of romantic fiction of the ordinary three-volume length, it was certainly not for want of a romantic vein in his composition. Romance also of a kind, and very deep and true of its kind, may no doubt be found in his more familiar novels—in, for instance, the character and history of Mr. Crawley in *The Last Chronicle of Barset;* but it is of a special kind —of the kind that a man of such invention and observation as Mr. Trollope had could detect in the most every-day surroundings, and could bring out in what seemed the most every-day manner. I say "seemed," because I think that the ease with which he wrote, the uniform swing or beat of style which he always adopted, were not unapt to prevent the art of his method and the genius which underlay that art from being perceived and appreciated. It is exceptionally easy to read any of his best-known novels, easier

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to read them right through without slurring a page or a line than it is to read even Scott, and by a combination which is far from usual, it was, when he had once pains, and did not reflect that these meant more than the actual writing down of words to the composition of a masterpiece of fiction. These meant, in fact, constant



ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.]

mastered his art, as easy for him to write these novels, so far as the actual putting pen to paper went, as it is for us to read them. Thus the people who read them swiftly and easily forgot that art such as this must have been acquired with infinite thought, invention, reflection as to human characters and human possibilities, both before the novel was begun and while it was in progress. It was known as a matter of common knowledge that the author could sit down in his writing-chair at a

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given time and get up from it in a given time without ever interrupting the passage of his pen across the paper, and knowing when he got up exactly how many printed pages would be occupied by what he had written.

Thus, because the mechanical part of Trollope's work was so easy to him, it got to be supposed that the whole process was mechanical, and to some degree the notion was fostered by the author's own way of talking of his work. The least boastful of men, he had not so much a pride as a conviction regarding his own method, and found it difficult to understand why any author did his actual writing with pain and labor. When publishers came to see him with a view to arrangements about a novel from his pen, he would open several drawers in his writing-desk, each containing a work written in the way above described, and offer them their choice. I remember his once going through the process of opening the drawers for my edification; but I also remember that when he was giving me some of the kind and wise counsel which was always at the disposal of his friends, whether of his own age or much younger than himself, one of the first things he asked with regard to a story which I was then wanting to write was whether I thought of it all day; whether when I walked the characters were always in my mind; whether my whole attention, when not given perforce to other things, was devoted to them and to what might possibly befall them. This, he said, was the only way in which the people and events of a novel could be made to live, and in this way it was that every one of his own characters was so life-like. It has been supposed and said, and I fancy the supposition and saying arose from the causes above referred to, that his range was, after all, narrow, and that his was a merely photographic art. There are, in the first place, photographs and photographs; in the second, a photographer, however full of artistic feeling he may be, does not need invention. That Trollope had invention, and much invention, any one who reads his best-known books—to say nothing of *Nina* and *Linda*—with any care can very easily see for himself; but it may be well to state that some of the very studies which were especially described as "photographs of life and society" were as much due to invention as any plausible representation of contemporary life and manners can be due to invention. This was largely the case with his studies of ecclesiastical and episcopal character, with which he was so closely and widely identified that on one occasion, being thrown in company with a bishop to whom he was personally unknown, he introduced himself with, "My lord, may I venture to claim your acquaintance?—I am Anthony Trollope." The claim was at once and most genially admitted, and presently the bishop, looking downward, said: "I am the first bishop that ever came out in pantaloons. If you set down aught of me, set down that." Another ecclesiastical anecdote of him is curious and characteristic. He was by no means given to talking of his own accord about his own works, past and present; indeed, I do not remember to have ever heard him do so except on this occasion, when he was writing *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, and he took an opportunity of observing that there was an end of Mrs. Proudie. Being asked why, he replied that he had been writing in the ——— Club, and that round the fire-place in the room there was gathered a group of young clergymen. They were talking about *The Last Chronicle*, and it was impossible for him to avoid hearing what they said. They spoke of the work in high praise, but they all agreed as to one point—that Mrs. Proudie was becoming an intolerable nuisance. "What did you do?" we asked. "Well," he replied, "I hesitated a good deal what to do. But I finally made up my mind, and went up to them and explained that I couldn't help hearing what they were saying, and I added: 'I'm very much obliged to you. I am Anthony Trollope, and I'll go home at once and kill Mrs. Proudie.' And I've done it." Unluckily, it is hopeless to give any idea in writing of the manner in which all Trollope's stories, all his words of advice and encouragment, all his kindly greetings and casual talk, were uttered—the mixture of bluff geniality, of prompt decision, of slight and thoroughly superficial roughness. The very existence of the last-named quality was curiously in contrast not only with the great kindness and delicacy of feeling that was one of his most striking characteristics in private life, but also with the extraordinary insight and fineness with which he set forth girls' and women's characters in his

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novels. It was only one instance of the width and penetration of his view, that he could draw a disagreeable as successfully as an agreeable girl; witness, for instance, the daughter of the boarding-house keeper in *The Small House at Allington*, who makes a set at Johnny Eames, and the other girl, in *The Last Chronicle*, who also makes a set at Johnny Eames in his more prosperous days. Witness also Mrs. Groby, in *Orley Farm*, Mrs. Proudie, and others, all of whom are intensely disagreeable and intensely human. Trollope never took an abstract notion, gave it a name, and set it afloat in a novel, as Hawthorne's witch set Feathertop afloat; he brought his insight, or, in other words, his genius, to bear upon human character and human motives, aided more and more up to the best point of his literary career by his experience, and out of them got characters who, whatever they might be, were living creatures—creatures whom one understood, whom one watched with interest, with whom, even when they played the shabbiest and meanest tricks, one had some spark of fellow-feeling, just because they were so human. Andy Scott in *The Three Clerks*, Crosbie in *The Small House at Allington*, are cases in point. Crosbie especially so, because in some indefinable way we are made not only to mix some compassion with the contempt that he inspires, but also—and this is more remarkable — to understand how such a girl as Lily Dale could stick to him, or rather to her idea of what he was, in spite of his ineffable baseness. The thing is done, no doubt, by a variety of small touches, and the art of it is that they pass unnoticed until one sets to work deliberately to analyze the way in which the character is constructed. Even when this has been done, when sentences, actions, words, have been noted as contributing to the effect of exhibiting a man who, though he has done a base thing, is not all through him a base man—even then the secret of the intense life that belongs to almost every one of Trollope's characters is not explained. The retribution which overtakes Crosbie is in its first form curious as an illustration of the way in which the superficial abruptness of manner which has been spoken of showed itself now and again in the novels. There is much personal chastisement with fists or whips inflicted in the novels—more, one is inclined to think, than is warranted by actual experience of contemporary life, and his reason for this is perhaps not far to seek. There is, unhappily, no doubt that the moral code of society has of late years —it might seem fanciful to say since duelling went out—grown more and more lax in that for certain grave offenses no adequate penalty exists. For one man of decent birth and education to fall upon another, who has done those nearest to him a grievous wrong, for which there is practically no legal punishment whatever, and pummel him soundly if he can, is generally considered a measure which, if not indefensible, is at least so "strong" that there is a decided prejudice against it. Yet if he does not so fall upon the wrong-doer and pummel him, the wrong passes practically unpunished. The evil-doer knows that he is a scoundrel, and that various other people know he is a scoundrel, but there are yet others, as in Crosbie's case, whose arms are open to him. Trollope, with a love for justice in the abstract of which the violence sometimes led him into strange quips, felt this, and, as I imagine, resolved that at least in his own world—the world of his fiction—such evil-doing should not go scathless; and so he set his more virtuous characters to personally maltreat his more vicious characters when the more vicious ones committed some wrong which left them safe from punishment at the hands of the law. The law of justice referred to, so far as regards judging his own characters impartially on their own merits, comes out curiously in the incident of Eames giving Crosbie a black eye. The situation seemed to the novelist to demand that this much should be done, but this fact in no way affects his judgment of Crosbie, who behaves about as well as a man can behave to whom so extremely disagreeable a thing has happened. As to the strange quips into which Trollope was sometimes led by the vehement desire for an impossible thing, one instance may suffice—that of the trial in *Orley Farm*, when young Graham's conduct meets with evident approval from the author. Graham is engaged as junior in the case, and instead of being content with reading up his brief and acting upon his instructions, must needs be forever trying to find out what are the exact rights of the case, what his leaders think of it, and so on—must, in fact, forget that he is an advocate, and attempt to assume the judicial function. But passages abound

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in the novels to show that their author never chose to admit to himself the true nature and true usefulness of an advocate's functions—a fact which, for the rest, could not but be known to those who were admitted to the privilege of intimacy with him.

The thing is to the student of fiction the more noticeable because it was against Trollope's habit to identify himself with one view or the other as entertained by his characters; and, to put it briefly, it was only when carried away by desire for an ideal impartiality that he himself, in his capacity of author, became partial; only when one of his favorite personages wished to drop the advocate and assume the judge that he himself dropped the judge and assumed the advocate. So in private life he was apt enough to take what might be called at least a very decided view on questions of the day; but the view, whether it commanded one's sympathies or not, always sprang from the purest and the most high-minded feelings; but on private questions submitted to his consideration for advice his attitude of mind was always judicial, and, it may be added, the advice given was always judicious.

Nobody could see anything of him without feeling that he was in the presence of an exceptionally high-minded as well as an exceptionally gifted man, a man of strong feelings as of strong sense, but a man who well knew how to keep his feelings in check, and a man whose practice as well as his theory was Christian. He told me once a story—and the story was pathetic enough as he told it with all its details—of a certain work of his having been claimed by some one else, and of the inevitable exposure which followed the claim; and his own feeling was of pity for the claimant. This, told without the impression which his own manner of telling it conveyed, seems a trifling thing by which to illustrate the noble qualities of a man who was great in more than one sense; but the absolute simplicity of it, the complete incapacity to imagine that any one telling such a story could tell it with any other feeling, made an enduring impression on me; and it seemed to me strange to reflect that had he for purposes of fiction had to describe a man with a particle of meanness in him, telling such a story, he would have brought out the meanness in the most easy and most life-like way. What he would have seized on with quick instinct as a novelist was out of his ken as a man.

Something has been said as to the wide grasp of Mr. Trollope's powers and intellect, and this applied to what his mind took in as well as to what it gave out. He was, in the truest sense of the word, a well-read man, and he used always to read for a given time in the early morning, before sitting down to his task of composition. His judgment upon the works of the masters of fiction of a past time was keen and close, if in some instances—as when, for instance, he questioned the truth of the pathos in *The Bride of Lammermoor*—it seemed unexpected. This particular instance was the more surprising because, as may be guessed from many passages in his novels, he was peculiarly sensible to the influence of pathos, whether in fiction or on the stage. He had always had an idea of writing a history of fiction—whether general or confined to England had not been decided—and this, so far as fiction past was concerned, would have been an admirable piece of work. So far as it dealt with fiction of his own time, it could not but have been less satisfactory. The conviction as to his own method being the right one, while it no doubt went for a good deal in the completeness and ease of his work, also no doubt warped his judgment of contemporary masters of the novelist's art.

Mr. Trollope's *Thackeray* which he contributed to Mr. Morley's series of "English Men of Letters" was perhaps the least satisfactory piece of work that he accomplished; but it contains at least one passage which is especially interesting as illustrating the earnestness with which he set about his own work, the aims which he had ever before him with regard to style. "I call that style easy," he wrote, in discussing Thackeray's style, "by which the writer has succeeded in conveying to the reader that which the reader is intended to receive with the least possible amount of trouble to him. I call that style lucid which conveys to the reader most accurately all that the writer wishes to convey on any subject. The two virtues will, I think, be seen to be very different.... It is the ill fortune of some to be neither easy nor lucid, and there is nothing more wonderful in the history of letters than the patience of readers when called upon to suffer under the double calamity. It is

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as though a man were reading a dialogue of Plato, understanding neither the subject nor the language. But it is often the case that one has to be sacrificed to the other. The pregnant writer will sometimes solace himself by declaring that it is not his business to supply intelligence to the reader; and then, in throwing out the entirety of his thought, will not stop to remember that he can not hope to scatter his ideas far and wide unless he can make them easily intelligible. Then the writer who is determined that his book shall not be put down because it is troublesome is too apt to avoid the knotty bits and shirk the rocky turns because he can not with ease to himself make them easy to others. If this be acknowledged, I shall be held to be right in saying not only that ease and lucidity in style are different virtues, but that they are often opposed to each other. They may, however, be combined, and then the writer will have really learned the art of writing. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.* It is to be done, I believe, in all languages. A man by art and practice shall at least obtain such a masterhood over words as to express all that he thinks in phrases that shall be easily understood."

This surely was precisely the masterhood which Trollope himself had obtained; and precisely because with much labor and patience he had so obtained it that it had become part of his nature, his work was apt to be underrated. The art was so artfully concealed that its existence was doubted. In another way the very success of his fiction in a certain line prevented his making his scope yet wider than it was. A person in his company once asked him, speaking with admiration of *Nina Balatka* and *Linda Tressell*, why he had not followed them up with something more of the same kind, and the answer, given with his usual direct simplicity, was that the public—the big public—did not care for them, and it was to the big public that he had to appeal. The big public preferred the Johnny Eameses and the Planty Palls and the Lady Glencoras, and the supply of Lady Glencoras and Planty Palls and Johnny Eameses should be kept up as long as the demand existed. That the supply should have been so inexhaustible is surprising enough, but those who best loved Mr. Trollope and his work may sometimes wish that he had given them more of the *Nina Balatka* type, even if it had involved giving less of the kind of work that was more immediately popular.

This is not the time to attempt an analytical criticism of his different kinds of work. What I wish I could do is to give anything like an adequate idea of the man, and of the hold which he all unconsciously acquired on the affections of all who were fortunate enough to be thrown in his way. To younger men his ways and manner had the special charm that, without for a moment losing dignity, he put them on an equality with himself. He happened to be older, and therefore more experienced, than they were—I do not think it ever occurred to him that he was more clever or more gifted—and whatever help might come to them from his greater experience was at their service as between comrade and comrade. It was impossible for the shyest young man to be with him without feeling at ease. Once a young writer who was admitted to his friendship went to him and said, "A book of yours has been sent to me for review, and I don't think I ought to review it, but I have come to ask you." He leaned back in his chair and looked hard through his spectacles, as was his wont, and said, "No, my boy, I don't think you ought to review a book of mine, any more than I ought to review a book of yours," and then went on to deliver himself of sentiments regarding the business of reviewing generally, as to which it can only be wished that they were more generally shared and acted upon.

Besides the wisdom which one could always draw upon by paying him a visit in his study after his appointed hours of work, there was an atmosphere of cheerfulness, of good humor, of light-heartedness, and of good feeling about him which could not but do one good. He loved fun; he loved laughing; he loved his kind. There was not one scrap of sentimentality about him, but there was plenty of sensibility, as well as sense. What his loss means to the reading world at large we all know. What it means to those who knew him well, who remember his kindness, his wisdom, his cheerfulness, and the sense of good that was got from being in his company—what it means to those who mourn the loss of a friend as well as of a great novelist, can not be estimated.

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THE MIDDLE COLONIES BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

"WHEN one beholds this city," says Fénélon, in speaking of Amsterdam, "one is inclined to believe that it is not the city of a particular people, but the common city of all the peoples in the world, and the centre of their commerce." The good archbishop might well have said the same of the New Amsterdam on Manhattan Island, if he could have visited it in the palmy days of our merchant marine, before the insensate folly of American legislators had well-nigh driven the American flag from the ocean. The geographical situation of New York marked it from the beginning as one of the chief centres of the world's trade, and such it is ever likely to remain, in spite of the gross damage wrought on it by overlegislation. It was fitting that so noble a position should be seized and colonized by the nation which in the seventeenth century had taken the lead of all others in the commercial world. It was fitting that New York should be, so to speak, the fair daughter of Amsterdam. In the summer of 1609 the celebrated Henry Hudson—the next great arctic explorer after Frobisher—sailed along our coasts in his little eighty-ton yacht, the *Half-Moon*, looking for some inlet which might give promise of a watery pathway to China. Twice already under English patronage had the great sailor fruitlessly undertaken the search for a Northwest passage—a desperate enterprise, in the pursuit of which, some years later, a wild and tragic fate awaited him. Now he was sailing in the service of the Dutch East India Company, and, trying a different route from that which his friend Smith had pre-occupied, he passed by the Chesapeake, hesitated for a day at the mouth of the Delaware, and, keeping northward, at last entered the magnificent river which now bears his name, ascended it as far as the head of tide-water, at the site of Albany, and, convinced that no Northwest passage was to be found in this direction, set sail for Amsterdam, to carry the news of the wonderful country he had discovered—a land, he said, "as fair as man with feet may tread." Curiously enough, while Hudson was thus exploring, first of Europeans, the mysterious "River of the Mountains," the gallant Champlain was routing the terrible Mohawks by the forest-clad shores of the "Lake of the Iroquois," better known now by the name of the victor in this wild fight, and at the very same time John Smith, on the upper waters of the Chesapeake, was holding parley with another band of these tawny lords of the wilderness. Thus at one and the same moment were the first founders of the Dutch, the French, and the English powers in America pursuing their adventurous work but a few hundred miles apart, yet knowing little of each other's whereabouts; and thus were quietly sowing the seeds of the tremendous struggle for commercial and maritime supremacy which one hundred and fifty years later was decided on the Heights of Abraham.

Hudson's Dutch employers were not slow to avail themselves of the unrivalled commercial advantages offered by the situation of Manhattan Island. In 1614—the year in which Smith was surveying the coast of New England—the company of the New Netherlands received its charter, authorizing it to control and colonize all the territory between Virginia and Canada. Whether from a commercial or a military point of view, this noble region occupied the most commanding position in North America. It is that part of the continent which sends streams flowing in divergent courses into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Atlantic Ocean, and the Gulf of Mexico. Through deep chasms in the Alleghanies, which run irregularly across it, those superb rivers the Hudson, Delaware, and Susquehanna flow into the Atlantic; while the Mohawk, coming from the west, serves to join the valley of the Hudson with the great lakes; and in like manner the lovely Juniata, rushing down to join the Susquehanna, has its head-waters not far from the spot where the currents of the Alleghany and Monongahela unite to form the Ohio. With such pathways in every direction, whether for peace or for war, the New Netherlands (curious misnomer for a region so mountainous) commanded the continent; and could the Dutch settlement there have been adequately supported, it would have threatened or prevented the ascendency of England in the New World. It was no doubt largely owing to this advantage of position that the League of the Iroquois had been enabled to domineer over the greater part of the country between the Atlantic and the Mississippi; and through the divergent river valleys and across the chain of mighty

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lakes these ferocious but long-headed barbarians in their bark canoes established those lines of trade which modern civilization, with its steamboat and railway, has simply adopted and improved. For a century after its conquest by the English, New York, with Western Pennsylvania, served as a great military bulwark to New England and to the southern colonies. The hardest fighting done in the War of Independence was the struggle for the possession of this vantage-ground; and in the second war with England the glorious victories of Perry and Macdonough maintained on Lakes Erie and Champlain the sanctity of the citadel of America.

The colony thus founded by the Dutch in such an imperial position remained in their hands for just fifty years, and at the end of this period the population had reached about eight thousand. The "city" on Manhattan Island, lying entirely to the south of the site of Canal Street, girt with an earthen wall some ten feet in height, and numbering at that time some fifteen hundred inhabitants, had already acquired the cosmopolitan character which has ever since distinguished it. In the New Netherlands the Dutch maintained their national policy of unlimited toleration, and consequently in that cruel age of religious turmoil they drew settlers from all parts of Europe. There were Huguenots from Rochelle, Waldenses from Piedmont, Catholic Walloons from French Flanders, Scotch Presbyterians, English Independents, Moravians, Quakers, Anabaptists, and Jews. It is said that in 1640 eighteen different languages were spoken in New Amsterdam and its environs. Though the settlers were grievously annoyed by the Algonquins in the neighborhood, they found it for this reason all the easier to conciliate the Mohawks, and so they soon began to compete with the French of Canada for the fur trade.

The Dutch colony of New Netherlands was not self-governing, like all its English neighbors. The administration of the colony was entirely in the hands of the Dutch West India Company, though the appointment of the governor and other high officers was subject to the approval of the States-General of the United Provinces. The settlers could neither make their own laws nor assess their own taxes. Ordinarily the governor exercised dictatorial authority, but on certain extraordinary occasions he found it necessary to seek advice from the people. In 1641 the murder of a Dutch wheelwright by a Weckquaesgeek Indian aroused the wrath of the governor, William Kieft; and as it would not be easy to carry on an Indian war without having first obtained at least the formal consent of the colony, an assembly of heads of families was convened at Fort Amsterdam to consider the question of peace or war. A board of twelve deputies, elected by this assembly, at first refused their consent to an expedition against the Indians; but some six months afterward they agreed to support the governor in his war measures in return for a general redress of grievances. Hitherto the governor had appointed his own council, and had been wont to call to it not the most able and upright men of the colony, in whom the settlers would be sure to have confidence, but only the inferior agents of the company—"common folk" who were dependent upon the governor for their salaries, and were accordingly afraid to oppose his wishes in any respect. Often, too, the council had consisted of only one member besides the governor himself, and as the governor had two votes in council, this neat arrangement secured his omnipotence beyond peradventure. The Twelve Men now demanded that the council should hereafter be composed of not less than five members, of whom four should be chosen by the people, and that the "common folk" of the company should no longer be admitted to seats in the council. In return for these and some other concessions of less importance, the Twelve Men gave their consent to an expedition against the Indians. With regard to this reform, which would have gone far toward limiting the governor's authority in future, Kieft's behavior was just such as has always been characteristic of despots. He did just what Charles I., for example, would have done under like circumstances. He promised to grant the demands of this little parliament, and then dissolved it, and forgot all about his promise. He did not forget, however, to proclaim that no public meetings should be held without his express permission.

Having thus carried his point, Kieft soon entered upon an Indian war that was rash and ill-judged, because it had to be conducted with very inadequate resources in men and money. In February, 1643, eighty savages were surprised and massacred at Pavonia, and forty or fifty more

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were murdered in their sleep at Corlear's Hook. And as if to begin the war by making as many enemies as possible, the friendly Marechkawiecks of Long Island were attacked by a foraging expedition, and robbed of their corn. Warfare of this sort, to be effective, should be done with Cromwellian thoroughness, as the men of New England had exterminated the whole tribe of Pequods in one huge fight. The petty massacres wrought by Kieft only goaded to madness all the Algonquin tribes in the neighborhood of Manhattan, and terrible was the vengeance that was taken upon the colonists. The war thus begun lasted until the summer of 1645, and at times threatened even the extinction of the Dutch colony. Nearly all the settlements west of the lower Hudson were destroyed, and the Long Island colonists narrowly escaped extermination. The population of New Amsterdam itself, exclusive of transient traders, had numbered some four or five hundred at the beginning of the war; at the close, it had fallen to little more than one hundred souls. In inflicting all this destruction, however, the savages were well-nigh destroyed themselves. More than 1600 warriors were slain. New England valor was called upon the scene, and the doughty Captain Underhill, of Pequod fame, marched, in February, 1644, at the head of 150 Dutch troops against the great village of the Connecticut Indians at Stamford. The village was set on fire, and nearly 700 Indians were roasted alive or shot down as they sought to escape, while of Underhill's men none were killed, and only fifteen wounded.

In carrying on a war of such magnitude it soon became necessary for Kieft again to appeal to the people, and before the end of 1643 a board of Eight Men was elected to confer with the governor. In 1644 Kieft proposed to raise money for war expenses by an excise on beer, wines, spirits, and beaver-skins, and as the Eight Men objected to this, he issued, without their knowledge, an audacious proclamation, in which he stated that, by the advice of the Eight Men, it had been determined to lay a tax upon these articles, and forthwith he proceeded to fix the amount of the tax in each case, and to order it to be rigorously collected. A storm of popular indignation naturally followed. The brewers flatly refused to pay their tax, or to make any statement of the quantities brewed by them; whereupon their beer was confiscated and given as a prize to the soldiers. The Eight Men now sent over to Holland a memorial reciting the details of Kieft's misgovernment and the miseries of the Indian war, and asking that Kieft might be superseded by a better governor. Such was the roundabout and uncertain way in which alone, in the absence of local self-government, could the wrongs of the people be set right. Kieft was removed, and Peter Stuyvesant appointed in his stead. But very little was gained by the change, so far as popular rights were concerned, though the new governor was an abler and better man than his predecessor. One of the first acts of Stuyvesant was to espouse the quarrel of Kieft with the people, and to mulct in heavy fines those of the Eight Men who had been most conspicuous in their opposition to the ex-governor. But Stuyvesant had more sense than Kieft. He gave way on the question of excise, and consented to the election of a board of Nine Men, to whom he allowed a considerable share in the work of government. But his temper was arrogant and his rule was unpopular, while the Indians, still revengeful and unsubdued, continued to make havoc in the less-protected parts of the colony. Despite all these troubles, however, the prosperity which characterized his administration is illustrated in such facts as the growth of the population of New Amsterdam, which, after twenty years from the time of his coming, had increased to fifteen hundred souls.

With all these dangers from the hostility of the Indians and the misrule of the governors, there came the dangers from the rivalry of competing European colonies. In 1643 the great Swedish chancellor Oxenstjern, in pursuance of the wishes of his late sovereign Gustavus Adolphus, had sent out a colony of Swedes to occupy the country about the mouth of the Delaware River, which fell within the territorial limits included in the charter by which the company of the New Netherlands was created. For a while the Dutch contented themselves with a polite protest; but in 1655, after the death of Oxenstjern, no longer dreading the military power of Sweden, Stuyvesant, with some slight skirmishing, overcame and annexed this little nascent colony. To browbeat Sweden was easy, but with regard to England the case was very different. The growth

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of the New England colonies had enormously exceeded the growth of the New Netherlands. On the side of Connecticut the boundary line between the Dutch and the English was a matter of dispute, and quarrels frequently occurred, until the English colonists began to wish that they might oust the Dutch altogether from their possessions. In so far as any principles of international law could as yet be said to be recognized by the foremost nations of Europe, there were grave difficulties in the way of any such proceeding. The Dutch evidently held the New Netherlands by as good a title as that by which the English held New England. The first nation which laid claim to the New World, by the right of discovery, was Spain; but in order to set aside this claim, and justify herself in the possession of the Atlantic coast of North America, which the Cabots had discovered for her grandfather, Queen Elizabeth in 1580 laid down the principle that "prescription without possession is of no avail." According to this principle France would have a valid title to Canada, because she had actually taken possession of the country; but Spain could not set up a valid claim to the Atlantic coast of North America, because, except in the case of Florida, she had never taken possession of it. In the seventeenth century Spain was in no condition to dispute this principle with England; and as it was England that first announced and maintained the principle, she was clearly in honor bound to abide by it. But without deserting this principle England could not call in question the Dutch title to the New Netherlands. Under the charter by which Virginia was founded no English sailor had so much as visited the shores between the Connecticut and the Delaware when Henry Hudson first ascended the "River of the Mountains." In the charter of 1620, providing for the colonization of New England, it was expressly declared that the king granted no land that was already occupied by "any other Christian prince or estate." As the New Netherland colony had already been in existence since 1614, it was very clearly covered by the terms of this proviso. In the following year the House of Commons distinctly re-affirmed Queen Elizabeth's doctrine, and laid it down as a principle of international law by which the English government must be guided.

But although England had thus, so far as it was possible to do so, implicitly renounced all title to the New Netherlands, the temptation to seize upon the province was at all times very great, and by the time of Charles II. it had become irresistible. At that time England and Holland—now that their common enemy Spain had been disposed of—were eager rivals for the commercial leadership of the world. In population England was somewhat superior, but in commercial enterprise and maritime strength the two nations were about equally matched. The belief that the commercial prosperity of a people can best be secured by inflicting damage upon the trade of its neighbors—a belief which many half-educated legislators still appear to hold—was in that day universal and unquestioned. In order to cripple the foreign trade of the Dutch, England, in 1660, began to enact a series of navigation laws almost equalling in their crass stupidity and self-defeating selfishness the laws by which the United States have nearly destroyed their own foreign commerce within the last quarter of a century. Among other things it was enacted that no European goods should be brought into the English colonies in America except in English ships sailing from England. Not so much as a Dutch cheese could be carried in a Dutch ship from Amsterdam to Boston without being subject to confiscation. But there was nothing to hinder the Dutch cheese from being carried to New Amsterdam, and there exchanged for a pound of tobacco grown in Virginia; and as the Dutch commercial policy was very liberal, a brisk and thriving trade went on between the English colonies and the New Netherlands in spite of all the navigation laws it might please Parliament to enact. Obviously none of these restrictive laws could be enforced in America so long as the Dutch retained control of the New Netherlands, and this alone would sufficiently explain the desire of the English to wrest the province from their rivals. When we add that the Hudson River was the main pathway of the lucrative fur trade which England sorely coveted, and that the control of this region was absolutely necessary for the military command of the continent, it is quite clear that the doom of the Dutch colony was sooner or later inevitable. From so rich a prize the hands of England could not be kept off.

Influenced by such considerations,

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Charles II., in 1664, made up his mind to seize the New Netherlands by surprise, at a time when there was profound peace between the two countries. Some sovereigns would have waited for the next war, or would, perhaps, have picked a quarrel on purpose, but Charles knew better. He privately granted the whole country to his worthy brother the Duke of York, thus tacitly repudiating the doctrine of Queen Elizabeth, and overriding the decision of the Parliament of 1621; and an expedition was organized in deepest secrecy, lest the Dutch should take alarm and send over a fleet to the defense of New Amsterdam. Four ships were fitted out, and five hundred veteran troops were embarked in them, under the command of Colonel Richard Nichols, groom of the bed-chamber to the Duke of York, and already appointed deputy-governor of the province about to be seized. In spite of all precautions, rumors of the intended expedition were whispered in New England and reached the ears of Stuyvesant, who promptly and earnestly besought the home government to send re-enforcements. The illustrious De Ruyter, with his squadron, had just started for the Mediterranean, and it was not yet too late to recall him. By sending him over to Manhattan the expedition of Nichols might be foiled without a blow struck. But De Witt could not believe that Charles was meditating an attack upon a friendly power in time of peace, and so no re-enforcement was sent. Nichols had instructions to get assistance from the New-Englanders, and landed first at Boston. The assent of Massachusetts was given only with the greatest reluctance, and the two hundred volunteers she called out were not ready until too late to be of any use. But Connecticut, which had suffered from the Dutch in boundary quarrels, welcomed the prospect of revenge, and furnished a considerable force, while the governor, Winthrop, took an active interest in the proceedings. When the fleet appeared before Manhattan, toward the end of August, Stuyvesant's situation was hopeless. He had only two hundred and fifty men capable of bearing arms wherewith to defend the town against more than a thousand trained soldiers, aided by the ninety guns of the fleet. The people, moreover, were weary of Stuyvesant's arrogant rule, and disgusted with the home government for leaving them unprotected, so that they were ready to lend a willing ear to the offer of English liberties. They deemed it far better to surrender on favorable terms than to lose their lives in behalf of a government which had done so little for them. If they were lost to Holland, it was Holland's loss, not theirs. Accordingly, when Stuyvesant in his rage tore up the letter in which Winthrop of Connecticut urged him to surrender, the chief citizens compelled him to gather up the pieces and make a copy of it, and gave him plainly to understand that they could not support him in defending the colony against such a demand. New Amsterdam was accordingly surrendered, and so the New Netherlands passed, without a blow, into the hands of the English. The despotic temper of the Dutch governors aided the carelessness of the mother country in hastening and facilitating that English conquest which in any event could hardly have failed to take place before very long.

Viewed politically, this achievement of Charles II. was a piece of abominable treachery worthy of the grandson of the king who murdered Raleigh; quite meriting, too, the revenge which the Dutch took three years later, when they sailed up the Medway, burned the fleet at Chatham, and blockaded the Thames—the greatest military humiliation England has ever experienced since William the Norman landed on the coast of Sussex. Viewed historically, the acquisition of New York by the English was an event hardly second in importance to the conquest of Canada, a century later. It was the first great link in the chain of events which brought about the latter conquest, for it brought the English frontier into direct and important contact with the frontiers of New France, all the way from the head-waters of the Hudson to those of the Ohio. It gave to the English the command of the commercial and military centre of North America. It brought New England into connection with Virginia and the Carolinas, and rendered the ultimate formation of a great American confederation not only possible but in the highest degree probable.

For a moment, in 1674, the Dutch reconquered this fair province in legitimate warfare, but it was immediately restored to England by treaty. No sooner had the Duke of York entered upon the full possession of his new proprietary domain than

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he sold the district between the mouths of the Hudson and the Delaware to Sir George Carteret, who had won distinction for his gallant defense of the island of Jersey against the Parliamentary forces in the great rebellion. In honor of Carteret this new domain was called New Jersey, and it was speedily colonized with Quakers and Scotch Presbyterians. Eighteen years later the connection between North and South was completed by the settlement of Pennsylvania.

In its mode of origin Pennsylvania was not altogether unlike Massachusetts, in so far at least as it represented the efforts of one of the largest-minded and most enlightened Englishmen of the age to carry into practice a grand political and social idea. Among our early heroes William Penn, the "Quaker king," must always rank with the highest; among all founders of colonies none save Winthrop has ever been so brilliantly successful. A man of extraordinary and varied powers, uniting after a fashion all his own the wisdom of the serpent with the purity of the dove, he contrived at once to be leader of the most iconoclastic and unpopular of Christian sects, and to retain the admiring friendship of one of the most bigoted kings that ever sat upon the English throne. His father, the distinguished admiral Sir William Penn, had been a great favorite with Charles II., and also with the Duke of York, to whose protection he solemnly committed his son when on his death-bed. The stubborn and cruel James was in one respect better than most of his worthless race—he sometimes kept his promises. The trust confided to him by the father was amply redeemed by his zealous care for the welfare of the son. No doubt this was largely because James's policy happened here to coincide with his personal inclination. It would be impossible for any two sects within the limits of the Christian Church to differ more profoundly than the Roman Catholics and the Quakers. Yet circumstances were such in Penn's time that this radical hostility did not prevent the existence, for a moment, of something like a tacit alliance between the two; and the same ferocious king who broke the legs and crushed the thumbs of his Scottish Presbyterian subjects with all the infernal zest of a Spanish inquisitor, was glad to seize an occasion for setting free the Quakers who crowded the jails of England. This was because Quakers and Catholics differed so far, though in opposite directions, from the opinions generally held by the English people that they were alike condemned by everybody. Even the warmest advocates of toleration were wont to make an exception in the case of Catholics and Quakers, who were regarded as hardly within the pale of Christianity. Hence Quakers and Catholics had, for the moment, an interest in common, as opposed to the intermediate Christian sects, and hence, both as duke and afterward as king, the Catholic James found it worth his while to befriend the chief of the Quakers. It was a singular alliance, that between the atrocious bigot for whom such words as pity and clemency were meaningless terms, and the man whose great-souled philanthropy won the admiration of Voltaire, and whose faith in the ethical teachings of Jesus was so genuine that he was eager to see them embodied in civil legislation and made the corner-stone of a new Christian state. It is strange to think of the champion of truthfulness and toleration as a Jacobite, leagued in political bonds of sympathy with a family whose very name has come to be almost a synonym for bigotry and falsehood. It is this unnatural alliance which so kindled the wrath of the honest and impetuous Macaulay as to lead him, on hardly adequate evidence, to bring serious charges against the integrity of the great Quaker. But these charges, even were they much better sustained than they are, could not affect our estimate of the work of Penn in America. As Mr. Lodge well says: "Penn appears in American history simply as the wise founder of a state, the prudent and just magistrate, and liberal-minded lawgiver and ruler."

The colonization of New Jersey by Quakers drew Penn's attention to American affairs. He became interested in the settlement of that colony, until presently his mind began to entertain a grander scheme. He would found a new colony for himself, and in the interest of the noble principles of the sect of which he was the most eminent leader. Circumstances combined to favor the scheme. He inherited the claim to a debt of £16,000 due from the crown to his father, and there was no way in which such a debt could more easily be paid than by a grant of unsettled territory in America. The Quakers, moreover, were industrious and thrifty people, affording excellent material for coloniza-

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tion; and as they were despised and ill-treated in England, and could get but scanty comfort in any of the older colonies on American soil, they were sure to flock in great numbers to a new colony founded expressly in their own behoof by their able and trusted leader.

Accordingly, in 1681, Penn obtained from the crown a grant of forty thousand square miles of territory comprised between the domain of the Duke of York and that of Lord Baltimore; and this new domain the king named Pennsylvania, against the wish of Penn himself, who would have preferred to call it New Wales. Of the thirteen colonies this was the only one that had no sea-coast, and as Penn wanted free access to the ocean he secured in the following year the proprietorship of the little province of Delaware, which since its conquest by Stuyvesant had remained an appendage of New York. Throughout the colonial period Delaware and Pennsylvania, though distinct provinces, continued under the same government, and the history of the little community was lost in that of the great one. The charter which made Penn lord proprietary of Pennsylvania was drawn up in imitation of the charter of Maryland, but differed from it in two very important points. Laws passed by the Assembly of Maryland were valid as soon as confirmed by Lord Baltimore, and did not even need to be seen by the king or his Privy Council; but the colonial enactments of Pennsylvania were required to be sent to England for the royal approval. It was, moreover, expressly provided in the Maryland charter that the crown should never impose any taxes within the limits of the province; and although nothing is said about the authority of Parliament in such matters, there is no doubt that the proviso was understood to mean that the right of taxing the colony was entirely disclaimed by the English government. But in the charter of Pennsylvania, drawn up fifty years later, the right of Parliament, not only to levy taxes, but even to make laws for the colony generally, was expressly maintained. The younger colony was therefore less independent of England than her older sister, and the position of Penn was somewhat less regal than that of Baltimore. In shaping the policy of his colony, however, he was allowed the widest latitude, and nothing could have been less like the principles of the Stuarts than the principles of civil government which Penn forthwith proclaimed. The colony was to be administered in accordance with Quaker ideas, but absolute freedom of conscience was guaranteed to every one. It was declared, in language which to the seventeenth century seemed arrant political heresy, that governments exist for the sake of the people, and not the people for the sake of governments; and side by side with this came the equally novel doctrine that in legislating for the punishment of criminals, the reformation of the criminal is a worthier object than the wreaking of vengeance. The death-penalty was to be inflicted only in cases of murder or treason. The Indians were not to be molested, but their good-will was to be won by deeds of kindness, while equal justice was to be meted to white man and red man alike. In such wise, with his humane and reasonable policy, did Penn seek to draw men to his new colony. His personal reputation was already so great both in England and on the Continent that thousands were ready at once to follow his leadership. To all who should come he offered land at forty shillings for a hundred acres, subject only to a perpetual quit-rent of one shilling a year. So great was the success of these proposals that within three years from its foundation Pennsylvania already contained 8000 inhabitants—a growth as great as that which New York, with its superior geographical position, had attained during the half-century of Dutch occupation.

Having thus noted the circumstances of the first settlement of the middle group of colonies, it is by no means worth our while to narrate the petty details of the local history of these colonies before the Revolution. A brief survey of their social condition more nearly concerns us. But in such a survey we must not expect to find such striking topics for reflection as have been suggested to us by the study of New England and the southern colonies. When compared with the sharply contrasted social complexion of Massachusetts, of Virginia, and of South Carolina, the complexion of the great middle colonies seems somewhat colorless; and in political ideas, too, this middle region was less rich than either of the two extremes. Both in general social structure and in political ideas the middle colonies belonged completely to the northern group, of which, in colonial times, Massachusetts was the lead-

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er. They had nothing in common with Virginia or with South Carolina, save the common inheritance of English political aptitudes. Yet between New England and the middle colonies the minor differences were many, and here and there were of great importance.

In contemplating the social features of the three middle colonies, we have first to note the heterogeneity of race, which was greater than in any other part of the country. The population of New Jersey, indeed, was almost purely English, the only exception—if it can be called an exception—being the Scotch Presbyterians. In eastern New Jersey a very considerable part of the settlers came from New England, and strongly influenced the general character of the colony. But in Pennsylvania and New York the foreign infusion was very large. In 1776 the population of Pennsylvania, with its appendage, Delaware, was about four hundred thousand, of which one-fourth were negroes. Of the white population rather less than half was composed of English Quakers, taken almost entirely from the class of yeomen and small tradesmen and shopkeepers. About one-third were Germans, who began first to settle at Germantown, near Philadelphia, but afterward occupied the western districts in such numbers as to form a solid German colony, with even a dialect of its own, the so-called "Pennsylvania Dutch." These were all small farmers of the peasant type. The rest of the settlers were chiefly Irish, who began to come over in 1719, and were for the most part an idle and turbulent set, prone to violence and sedition. The negroes, of whom there were so many, were at first held as slaves, and were occupied mostly in domestic service, but they were very mildly treated, and were from year to year manumitted, thus forming a class of free blacks under full protection of the law. Indentured white servants, consisting of convicts, kidnapped children, and redemptioners, were very numerous; but on their release from servitude their career was different from that of their brethren in the southern colonies. They often succeeded in getting into trade or in setting up as small farmers in the interior. Nevertheless, they furnished a criminal class which was larger than in any other northern colony. In the back districts of Pennsylvania scenes of riot and murder now and then occurred, the most famous instance being the insurrection of the "Paxton boys," which has been so graphically described by Mr. Parkman, in his *History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac*. On the whole, however, the small farmers, who made the strength of the colony, were quiet and prosperous. There was a great export of wheat and flour, as well as of timber, and the fur trade assumed large dimensions, though less than in New York. Paper, linen, and glass manufactures were begun before the colony was a score of years old, and by 1720 the first iron furnaces were in operation. All these things favored the growth of town life. In 1776 Philadelphia was the largest city in the United States, with a population of thirty thousand, while Lancaster and York, each numbering some ten thousand, were the largest inland towns.

Turning now to New York, we find at the time of the Revolution a white population of 150,000, together with about 20,000 negroes. The great variety of nationalities in the metropolis I have already remarked. But taking the colony as a whole, the Dutch and English elements largely preponderated over all the rest taken together. The settlements began with the city of New York and the villages on Long Island that have since grown into Brooklyn. Thence a line of Dutch villages extended up the valley of the Hudson as far as Albany and Schenectady, where were the head-quarters of the fur trade; and at that point the line turned westward, and pursued the valley of the Mohawk about as far as Utica. All the rest of what is now the State of New York was then a vast wilderness, and was still under the control of the dreaded League of the Iroquois. Since the Revolution the central and western parts of the State have been populated by settlers from New England, and this has given the English race an overwhelming preponderance throughout the interior, while the city of New York continues to present as remarkable a medley of races and tongues as ever. The supreme greatness of New York dates from a period subsequent to the Revolution, and in its origin was closely connected with the westward migration from New England, the settlement of the Northwestern States, and the opening of the Erie Canal. In the colonial period the agriculture of New York was considerable, and a good deal of wheat was exported; but foreign trade was always the controlling interest.

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and in 1776 it probably equalled the foreign trade of Boston or Philadelphia. But as New York was pre-eminently the frontier colony against the French, and as it was made the scene of military operations to a much greater extent than any other colony, it was always necessary to keep up an army. Besides the British regular forces which were always stationed on Manhattan Island, there was a colonial regular army of 2500, and there were more than 15,000 trained militia. These circumstances, as well as the actual frequency of wars between 1690 and 1760, entailed ruinous expense and oppressive taxation, and interfered greatly with the normal growth of the colony.

In the colonial society of New York there was one aristocratic element which was in some respects more distinctly marked than the aristocratic elements in any of the other colonies. In 1629, fifteen years after the organization of the New Netherlands Company, it was observed that while the trading posts about the mouth of the Hudson were doing a lively business, nevertheless but very few settlers came to the new colony, and little had been done to forward the interests of agriculture. Accordingly the company issued a charter providing that any of the members who should bring fifty permanent settlers into the colony should be invested with an estate of sixteen miles frontage on the Hudson River, with an indefinite extension in the rear. The right of holding manorial courts and other feudal privileges were attached to these grants; and thus was created the class of patroons—the Schuylers, Van Rensselaers, Cortlandts, Livingstons, and others—whose position was very much like that of a European nobility, as it was based upon landlordship and upon the exercise of local territorial jurisdiction. The patroons brought many colonists with them, they acquired immense fortunes by trade, and their descendants have to this day continued to form a conspicuous and important element in New York society. In pre-Revolutionary times the life upon these manorial estates was curiously picturesque; but their feudal privileges were all extinguished before the close of the eighteenth century.

In New York, as in Pennsylvania, there was no aristocratic class based upon the existence of slavery. There were a few slaves in New York, mostly employed in domestic service, but they were hardly numerous enough to affect the tone of society. On one occasion, nevertheless, a sudden alarm of negro insurrection gave rise to scenes in the city of New York which bid fair to rival for a moment the horrors of San Domingo. In 1741, during the Spanish war, when public indignation throughout all the colonies was aroused against the Catholics, a waiter-girl or bar-maid in a low grog-shop gave information of an alleged plot to burn the city of New York. Her statements implicated one or two Roman Catholics and several negroes; and forthwith a frightful panic ensued, in which four whites and eighteen negroes were hanged, and thirteen negroes were burned at the stake. In spite of this terrible outbreak, however, the negroes were usually well treated, and year by year were set free.

In this very brief sketch of the middle colonies it only remains to add that in point of general education the people were better off than in the southern colonies, but were very far from reaching the high standard of New England. In New York the schools were few and poor, but the sons of wealthy people were educated in the New England colleges. In New Jersey the case was somewhat better. Schools were kept up in all the towns where the New England influence was dominant, and in 1746 the college at Princeton, which has had a most useful career and still holds a foremost place among American colleges, was founded by Scotch Presbyterians. In Pennsylvania education was at a low ebb everywhere except at Philadelphia, where great attention was paid to schools from the very beginning. The first school was opened in Philadelphia within two years from the foundation of the colony, and in 1755, through the efforts of Franklin, the University of Pennsylvania was established, and within seven years numbered more than four hundred students. In literary activity and general culture Philadelphia was second only to Boston among the colonial towns. The names of the two Godfreys, the mathematician and the dramatist, of the botanist Bartram, and the astronomer Rittenhouse, are still well known to fame. But by far the greatest name in the history of Philadelphia is that of Benjamin Franklin, to whose immense personal influence, supported by gifts of the most brilliant and varied kind, the high position gained by the Quaker City is very largely due. Reli-

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gious toleration was more complete in Pennsylvania than in any of the other colonies. It formed a part of the original policy of Penn, and was very consistently maintained, insomuch that the reputation of it was spread abroad throughout Europe, and in the works of Voltaire we find repeated references to Pennsylvania as the one favored country in the world where people can be devoutly religious and still refrain from tearing one another to pieces.

In concluding this comparative survey of the thirteen English colonies in America, there are two or three points of general interest which it may be worth while to indicate briefly. We have seen that the race character of the population was much more completely English than one would infer from the careless statements that are often made about the mixture of races in the United States. Previous to the beginning of the nineteenth century the foreign infusion was much less considerable than it has since become, partly through the acquisition of French and Spanish territory in the West, but much more through the great immigration of people from Ireland, Germany, Scandinavia and other parts of Europe. We have observed how the social condition of the various colonies was very largely determined by their geographical position and economic circumstances, while in the instance of New England, and to a less extent in that of Pennsylvania, religious enthusiasm and political theories entered into the case as important factors. We have seen two opposing types of society growing up in New England on the one hand and in Virginia and South Carolina on the other, and developing antagonistic sets of political ideas that were by-and-by to struggle for the mastery; while the middle colonies, holding the balance of power, were, until after the Revolution, comparatively colorless in their political complexion. In these characteristics we may detect the germs of the whole subsequent history of the United States. Another interesting point is the inevitableness with which we see the primitive Aryan type of government through the popular assembly—of which England alone, among the great nations of Europe, had distinctly preserved the living tradition, springing up spontaneously and asserting itself everywhere alike, among the plantations of Georgia and the Carolinas as well as in the villages of Massachusetts, in despite of all studied attempts to force upon the community a more artificial type. It is also worth while to notice the wonderful rate of increase of the colonial population—a rate of increase quite unprecedented on so large a scale. In 1750, after an average of a century from their settlement, there were 1,165,000 white inhabitants in the thirteen colonies. A quarter of a century later, at the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, this total had more than doubled, reaching nearly three millions. That marvellous rate of growth upon which we are wont to pride ourselves as characteristic of the United States was equally characteristic of the colonies before their separation from England; but it was not so conspicuous, because in a geometrical progression the larger numbers appeal to our imagination more than the small ones, though the principle at work is the same.

By the middle of the eighteenth century the colonies had indeed come to be a factor of immense importance in the political world: if any proof were needed, it is afforded by the tremendous struggle between France and England for the possession of North America. But while our attention is thus directed to the immense development of civilized life in what had lately been the American wilderness, we must not forget to consider the equally immense reaction of this fact upon the development of the resources of the mother country. We are so accustomed to think of England as a dominant power in the modern world, and to see the record of her prowess shining so brilliantly for so many generations back, that we are apt to forget how subordinate her position was in the sixteenth century compared with what it had become in the eighteenth. The London of to-day—a city of four million inhabitants—is twice as large as Paris; but in Sir Walter Raleigh's time Paris—a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants—was twice as large as London. And this fact serves to measure the change that has taken place in the relative weight of the two nations. In the reign of Henry VIII., though the memory of Agincourt, but a century old, insured respect for England from a military point of view, she was distinctly rated as a second-class power when compared with France or Spain or the Empire. In Elizabeth's reign the victory over the Spanish Armada greatly raised her prestige. During the

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evil days of the Stuarts her power increased rapidly, though the foreign policy of these vile and detestable tyrants was such as to cover the name of England with shame before the world. But between the time of Cromwell and the time of the elder Pitt—between 1650 and 1750—the growth of the physical power of England was so prodigious as to make her indisputably the foremost of civilized nations.

Now this prodigious growth of the power of England between 1650 and 1750 was largely due to her commercial intercourse with the colonies she had planted in America. Their influence on the "trade and manufactures of England had been enormous. The exports to the colonies in 1775 were equal to the whole export trade of England, including the colonies, in the first year of the century; while the growth of individual settlements may be estimated by that of Pennsylvania, which in 1772 took in nearly fifty times the amount of British imports which it consumed in 1704."* But the effects of this direct intercourse between England and the colonies, great as they were, were surpassed by the effects which the colonies wrought upon England through the plantations in the West Indies. "Sugar, Mr. Speaker," cried William Pitt, one day, as he rose to address the House of Commons; and as some frivolous members began to laugh at this commonplace exordium, the great orator, after waiting a moment, again cried, "Sugar!" in such portentous tones that those who sat and listened felt their hearts knock against their ribs, and were convinced, without further parley, that sugar, rather than the sun, was the real centre of the solar system. The philosophic historian who has come too late into the world to have listened to the eloquence of the greatest of modern orators will nevertheless be quite ready to admit the supreme importance of the West India sugar trade during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "How great the importance of the plantations was to Europe in general may be judged of from the fact that at the time of the French Revolution France drew as much wealth from the single island of San Domingo as England drew from India, or Spain from Mexico and Peru."† It was estimated that every Englishman employed in the plantations furnished work for four pairs of hands at home; so that, early in the eighteenth century, one-seventh of the entire population of England were dependent upon the West India trade, which occupied very much such a place in those days as the cotton and iron manufactures occupy in our own time. But this immense development of the West India trade was rendered possible only by the agricultural development of the North American colonies. In the course of the year the English West Indies did not raise a single day's dinner; but the American colonies fed them, while they devoted all their energies to magnifying beyond precedent the lucrative commerce of England. So important did this commerce become in its effects upon English society that it raised the commercial class to something like an equality with the great landed proprietors, gave support to the political doctrines of the Whigs, and during the long and beneficent ministry of Sir Robert Walpole quite transformed the general tone of English political thought. Through such a complicated network of circumstances did England, between the days of Cromwell and the days of Pitt, acquire commercial and maritime supremacy in the world. But for the American colonies no such result could have been wrought. But for them England could not have dictated the glorious treaty of 1763, or have become the mistress of the seas.

* Payne, *European Colonies*, 106.

† Payne, *op. cit.*, 79.

FRESH AIR IN SUMMER.

IN the summer it is not generally difficult to get pure air inside of our dwellings, except in the cities. The simplest case is that of a country house with the night or morning breeze flowing through it through proper openings.

Dr. Jenkin prefers "unprepared air, just as it blows over the fields, to the most carefully filtered, doctored, damped, and warmed air which the sanitary engineer can supply." Of course this supply gives, or may give, perfect ventilation while it lasts.

But what shall we do when this breeze, though continuing pure, becomes intolerably hot? This happens three days out of four in July and August, and frequently in June and September, as some forty millions of our people know, from the Atlantic coast to the western slopes of the Cali-

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fornia Sierras. It does not happen upon the Pacific coast, where they have cool summers and warm winters. But what resource have we of the unhappy majority when the thermometer ranges of a summer afternoon, in the shade, from 86° to 95° Fahrenheit, or higher?

It is a serious question, and when Professor Jenkin reminds us, very truly, that "we like cool air to breathe, as we like cool water to drink," he greatly understates the case for our climate. These high temperatures mean a great amount of daily suffering throughout the country; and in this matter comfort means health, and suffering the impairment or loss of health. I am still understating the case: our summer heats mean a great annual destruction of life, especially in the cities; the children especially die the faster as the thermometer rises.

I will now describe a plan which will often give a refuge from the afternoon heat of our summer days—the plan of shutting in the cool night air for use during the day. This method is available only where the air space of the house is large in proportion to the number of its occupants: where there are small rooms and many people of course it can not be used; nor is it practicable unless the summer nights are considerably cooler than the summer days, as happily is generally the case on the Atlantic seaboard.

The plan is a simple one. Open the windows during the night, or at least during the latter half of the night, so as to fill the house with the night air and to cool the walls and floors, not forgetting that as a rule the night air, except in some miasmatic localities, is *purer* as well as cooler than the day air. Soon after sunrise close the doors and all the southern windows for the day, and shelter the latter from the heat by awnings, shades, or curtains. Depend mostly upon the northern windows for light, and have them a few inches open at the top. This plan will secure cool and sufficiently pure air in the case of a house or an apartment that is not too small for the number of occupants. I have often seen a New York parlor kept at 80° F. in this way, while the thermometer without had left 90° far behind, and in our summers a difference of even five degrees is well worth taking some trouble for. Short of the engineer's methods, this is the only way I know of escaping the rage of the Dogstar. It can not be used where the occupants are numerous enough to vitiate the store of air before the evening comes with its new and cool supply. In this case the heat, though a great evil, is not the more pressing one; ventilation must be had even at 100° F., and in the country remote from the sea-board the summer nights are often no cooler than the summer days, and the night air gives no relief. The plan is of especial value in large private houses, and in club-houses that, like most of ours, are little frequented during the day.

It will seem a paradox to many of my readers when I advise them in this case to avoid ventilation. But what is a paradox? A paradox is something that is opposed to common opinion, and yet is true. And the history of common opinion in this matter of ventilation is curious. Fifty years ago few people knew much about ventilation, or, indeed, believed much in its importance; and a crusade in favor of "fresh air" was fought by the sanitarians. Now the tide runs the other way, and all the dull people have learned the phrase "fresh air," and insist on having what they call "fresh air" at any cost, and without regard to times and places. Two men will come into the spacious parlor of a club; the air, though warm, is much purer, and cooler by five degrees, than the furnace blast of the streets that they have left. The incomers are entirely comfortable until one of them notices that the windows are shut. Then they remember the formula "fresh air"; the windows are ordered open; in comes the heated gust from without, laden with the animal refuse that forms the chief ingredient of the dust in our large cities. These intelligent gentlemen draw near the open window; they inhale the "winged odors" of the streets, they murmur their formula, "A little fresh air"; they have cleared their consciences, and are happy. And in travelling, what do we not suffer from this ignorant conception of "fresh air"! We have all seen the lady who must have the window open in the railway carriage; in the summer she breathes the railway sparks and cinders, and she catches a severe cold on every winter journey; nothing short of pneumonia will convince her narrow ignorance that there are other things to think about in travelling than what she calls "fresh air."

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JOHN A. ROEBLING.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

PEOPLE who seventeen years ago divided an amphibious existence between New York and Brooklyn will long remember their arctic voyages in the East River during the severe winter of 1866–7. There were days in that season when passengers from New York to Albany arrived earlier than those who set out the same morning from their breakfast tables in Brooklyn for their desks in New York. The newspapers were filled for weeks with reports of the ice gorges, and with vehement demand for and discussion of the bridge, which all agreed must be built at once from New York to Brooklyn.

Public feeling was soon highly gratified by the announcement that leading citizens of Brooklyn were moving in the matter, and that a bill for chartering the New York Bridge Company had been introduced into the Legislature then in session at Albany. The popular excitement gave but a timely lift to a movement already ripe, and to a charter already placed before members of the Legislature and government of the State, months in advance of the session, while the waters of the East River were sparkling in the warm sunshine as if ice gorges were never to be known. As early as 1865 Mr. William C. Kingsley, of Brooklyn, of whom the public has since heard much in connection with this enterprise, had employed an eminent engineer to draw a plan and make estimates for a suspension-bridge very nearly in the location ultimately fixed for the present work.

The charter originally and provisionally fixed the capital at $5,000,000 (with power

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of increase), and gave the cities of New York and Brooklyn authority to subscribe to the capital stock of the company such amount as their Common Councils respectively should determine. This latter was in effect a sort of "caution money," or a guarantee of the sound interest which those who were to govern the work ought to take in it, for it was wisely judged that neither private capital nor municipal management could be relied on to carry such a work successfully to completion. Public credit must be joined with private enterprise, in the hands of men who had too much at stake in the work to permit it to be perverted to political purposes.



WASHINGTON A. ROEBLING.

But by the time the foundations of the towers—the chief difficulty to be overcome—had been successfully completed, popular jealousy of a company enjoying the control of so much public expenditure began to make itself felt in various ways, and to serve as the instrument of various personal and political rivalries and enmities. At the same time, the work was so well advanced, and its plans and methods so firmly fixed by what had already been done, that its friends now felt prepared to resign the great enterprise entirely to the two cities (acting through a commission or board of trustees, appointed half by the Mayor and Comptroller of each city, and including those officials), and prepared a bill to that effect, which was approved by the Legislature and accepted by the city governments. Under the charter thus amended the bridge is public property, $66\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. to be paid for and owned by the city of Brooklyn and $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. by the city of New York, the actual payments by the private stockholders having been reimbursed and their title extinguished. The engineers, etc., as well as the principal working members of the directory, retained their places as from the first, so that the work is, after all, a unit from beginning to end.

On the organization of the company, in May, 1867, one month after the passage of the incorporating act, John A. Roebling was appointed engineer (May 23, 1867), and he made his report of surveys, plans, and estimates on the 1st of the following September. In March, 1869, a board of consulting engineers was convened at the request of Mr. Roebling to examine his plans, and also to report upon the feasibility of the work. In the following May a commission of three United States engineers was appointed by the War Department to report upon the general feasibility of the project, and particularly as to whether or not the bridge would be an obstruction to navigation. The plans of Mr. Roebling were fully indorsed by both boards of engineers, the government commission recommending, however, an increase of five feet in height. The work of preparing the site of the foundation of the Brooklyn tower was commenced January 3, 1870, but Mr. Roebling did not live to see the first stone laid in the magnificent structure that was to crown his illustrious career. In the summer of 1869, while engaged in fixing the location of the Brooklyn tower, a ferry-boat entering the slip thrust the timbers on which he stood in such a manner as to catch and crush his foot. The injury resulted in lock-jaw, from which he died sixteen days after.

A fit successor was found in his son, Washington A. Roebling, who had not only been the accomplished associate of his father in some of his principal works, but had aided him most efficiently in the

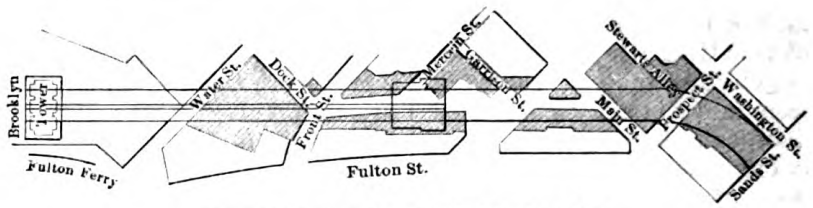
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preparation of the designs and plans of the bridge. We say a fit successor was found, for at this time, when the grandest monument of engineering skill the world has ever seen is practically completed, certainly no other testimony is needed as to the great engineering ability and pre-eminent fitness of the younger Roebling to direct such a great undertaking. During the fire in the Brooklyn caisson in December, 1871, Mr. Roebling became himself a victim to the "caisson disease," but even from his sick-room his oversight of the work has not flagged.

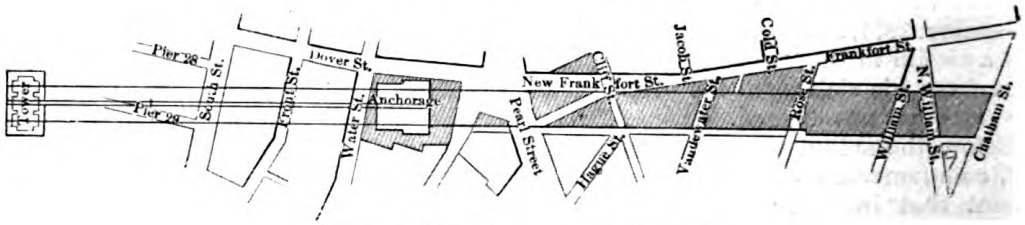
Before the actual work of construction had commenced, however, it became apparent that in order to more perfectly adapt the structure to its intended uses, and to make ample provision for the rapidly increasing volume of inter-urban commerce consequent upon the development and growth of the cities, considerable modification must be made in the original design. The changes were, of course, in the direction of not only a larger and more capacious structure, but also of increased solidity and strength throughout. Such changes involved a very considerable addition to the cost. Mr. John A. Roebling originally estimated the cost of the bridge at $7,000,000, exclusive of the land required, which has cost about $3,800,000, and the time of building at about five years. The actual cost of the bridge, when completed, will be about $15,500,000, which, as compared with the original estimate of $10,800,000, shows an increase in cost of nearly $5,000,000. The items of additional cost are as follows: First, the United States government required an increase of five feet in height, making the clearance under the centre of the bridge 135 feet. At the same time it was decided to widen the bridge from 80 to 85 feet. These changes involved an increase of 8 per cent. in the cost of the entire bridge, including superstructure, towers, foundations, and anchorages. Second, the amount set apart for building the foundations of the towers in the original estimate was found to be entirely inadequate. For the New York tower a pile foundation was originally intended, whereas it was found necessary to go down 78 feet to the bed-rock, and the cost of labor in compressed air at such unprecedented depths proved to be four and a half times as much as was anticipated, as was also that of excavating the hard conglomerate under the Brooklyn tower. Third, steel was substituted for iron as the material to be used in the construction of both the cables and the suspended superstructure, thereby vastly increasing the strength of all the parts. The items thus far enumerated foot up nearly two millions, which covers the excess in cost on the bridge proper. In his original plan and estimate, Mr. John A. Roebling contemplated approaches constructed of light iron girders, or trestle-work, supported by pillars of brick or stone, but it was concluded to build entirely of granite and brick—a change that has resulted in one of the finest masonry viaducts in the world. This involved an increased expenditure of about one and a half millions. The archways have been constructed with a view to their utilization as warehouses, and $400,000 has been set apart by the trustees for the placing of fronts and floors in them. As Mr. Roebling in his original report says, the cost of these improvements should not be charged in that of the bridge, and it was accordingly omitted by him. Then there are the station buildings and the elevated railway structures that are now building on the approaches, making a connection of the system of rapid transit of New York with that of Brooklyn when it shall have been built. Of course this was not originally contemplated, and it has swelled the cost of the bridge by nearly half a million. Finally, there is a comprehensive item which could not have been anticipated, but which would be underestimated at half a million, namely, the preliminary expenditures, general superintendence, interest and discount on city bonds, and expenses legal, medical, funereal, and prandial. These additions to the cost, however, would never have swelled to so large an amount if it had not been for the needless and costly delays caused by the failure of the city of New York to promptly provide its proportion of the necessary funds. That this has caused an enormous increase in the cost of the bridge is well known, but it would be difficult to name an amount. The land expenses will be largely redeemed by the rentals the cities will receive from the warehouses under the approaches.

The principal ferry to Brooklyn takes a diagonal course up stream to a point determined by the abrupt falling off of the heights near Fulton Street. The bridge takes its Brooklyn departure in obedience

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SITUATION PLAN OF BROOKLYN APPROACH.

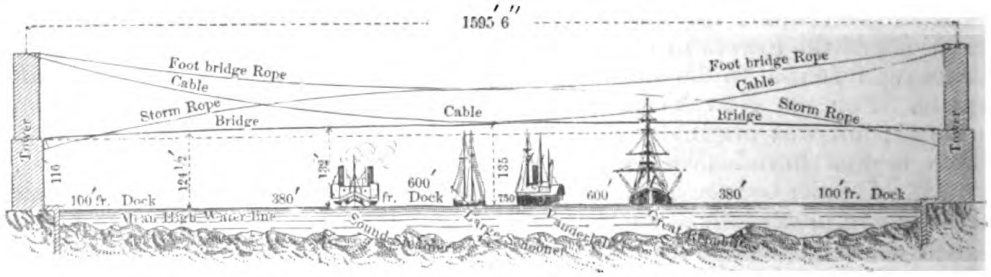


SITUATION PLAN OF NEW YORK APPROACH.

to the same topographical consideration. Its course is a straight line drawn from near the junction of Fulton and Main streets, Brooklyn, to the terminus fixed upon in New York, on Chatham Street, opposite the City Hall. This line and terminus were fixed upon as the result of Mr. Roebling's exhaustive examination and discussion of the question in his first report, of September 1, 1867, and no reason has been found to modify or to question the wisdom of his conclusions.

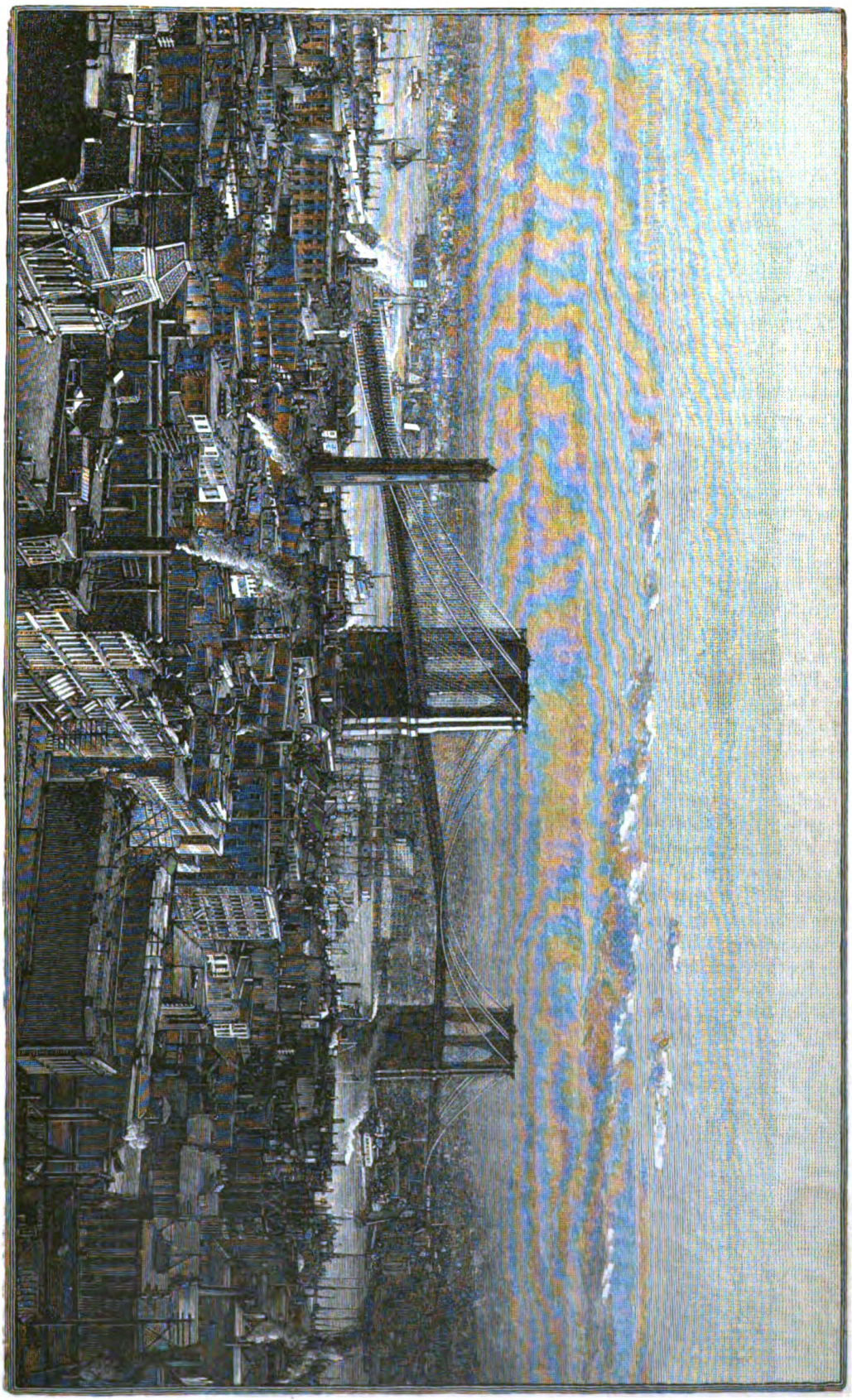
This line strikes the river at its eastern or Brooklyn shore close alongside of the north slip of Fulton Ferry. Its course across the river is not exactly at right angles to the shore, but makes a little down stream, striking the New York side at the foot of Roosevelt Street—four blocks further up stream, however, than the still more oblique ferry route. Here, then, are four points defined in a straight line: the two ends, and the two points at the water line, 1595½ feet apart, to be connected by the bridge proper with a single span. Three points in the air line of the bridge are also determined: the central altitude of 135 feet above mean high water required by the United States government, and the two terminal elevations, in New York and Brooklyn respectively, of 38.27 and 61.32 feet above high-water mark. The rise from these two to the central altitude gives the line of the bridge a gentle upward curve from either end to the centre, where it will be fifteen feet higher than at the towers, and forty-six feet higher than at the anchorages.

The adoption of a suspended span of 1595½ feet, at a height of 135 feet, also determined (in combination with other mathematical and mechanical considerations) the height of the towers (276⅔ feet) from which the span must be suspended, and two other points in the air line of the bridge, at which the ends of the suspension cables are secured—in other words, the anchorages—for the cables are not to pull on the tops of the tall towers, but to rest on them with nearly a simple vertical pressure, being not even fastened; and thus, so far from tending to pull the towers over, the suspended weight tends only to hold them in position. The cables are



ELEVATION OF BRIDGE, SHOWING TEMPORARY ROPES USED IN CABLE-MAKING.

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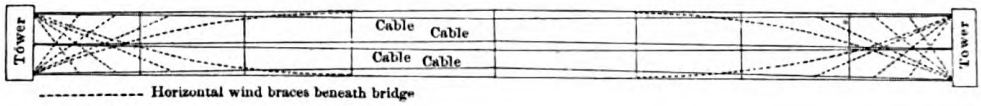


VIEW OF THE BRIDGE FROM NEW YORK.—After a photograph by Theodore Gubelman.

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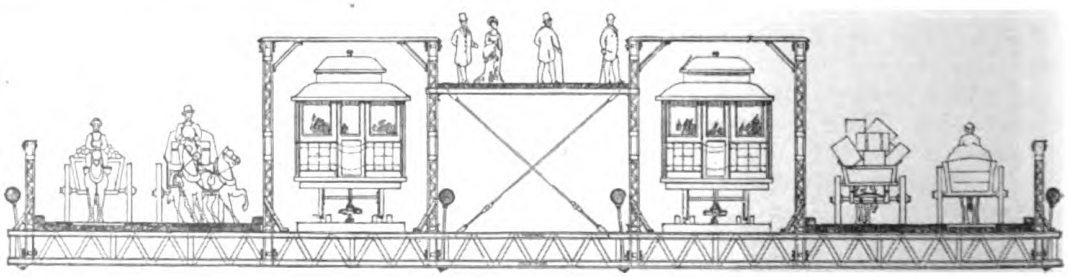


HORIZONTAL PROJECTION OF CABLE SYSTEM.

therefore anchored inland, at a distance of 930 feet back from the towers on each side.

The anchorages are solid cubical structures of stone masonry, measuring 119 by 132 feet at the base, and rising some 90 feet above high-water mark. Their weight is about 60,000 tons each, which is utilized to resist the pull of the cables. The mode of anchoring the cables will be described in its proper place. Suffice it for the present to conceive them thus anchored by their extremities on each side the river 930 feet back from the towers, and at the water-line on each side lifted up with a long, lofty, and graceful sweep over the top of a tower 276 feet high, and drooping between the two towers in a majestic curve which one can liken to nothing else for grandeur but the inverted arch of the rainbow.

Rising from the towers at an elevation of 118 feet above high-water mark in gentle but graceful curve to the centre of the river span, where it meets the cables at an elevation of 135 feet above high-water mark, is the bridge floor, an immense steel frame-work bewildering in its complexity. The frame-work consists essentially of two systems of girders at right angles to each other. The principal cross-beams or girders supporting the floor proper are light trusses thirty-three inches deep, placed seven feet six inches apart, and to these are attached the four steel rope suspenders from the cables. Half-way between these principal floor beams are lighter ones, to give additional support to the planking. To unite these cross-beams together, and to give the proper amount of stiffness and strength to the floor, there are six parallel trusses extending along the entire length of the bridge. The floor beams are further united together by small longitudinal trusses extending from one to the other, which, together with a complete system of diagonal braces or stays, form a longitudinal truss of eighty-six feet in breadth. It will be seen, thus, that this combination has immense strength, weight, and stiffness, laterally, vertically, and in every direction. To relieve the cables in a great measure of this enormous burden, and at the same time effectually prevent any vertical oscillations in the bridge floor, there is a multitude of suspensory stays of steel wire ropes diverging from the tops of the towers to points about fifteen feet apart along the bottom of four of the vertical trusses. These stays extend out for a distance of 400 feet from the towers, and are of themselves capable of sustaining unaided that portion of the great frame and its load in position. At the towers the frame-work is firmly anchored down, and again confined against the lifting or pushing force of the wind by a system of under-stays lying in the plane of the floor, so that no conceivable cause can ever disturb its rigid fixity of position and form. At and near the centre of the span, however, where these stays do not act so efficiently against any tendency to distortion, and to still further unite and stiffen the whole system, the two outside cables are drawn inward toward each other at the bottom of their curves. By this means each of them presents its weight in the form of an arch against an oblique pressure from below and the opposite side, and resists more or less in

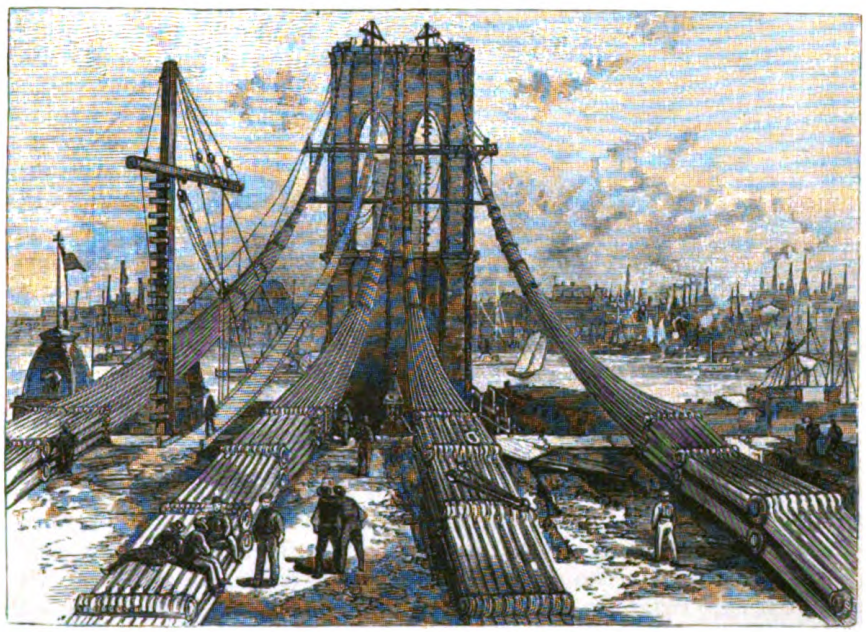


SECTION OF BRIDGE, SHOWING FOOT, RAIL, AND CARRIAGE WAYS.

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the same way any force from the like directions. The two inner cables at the same time are drawn apart at the bottom of their curves, thus approaching each its outside neighbor, and pairing with it, so as to combine their opposing arches against lateral forces from either direction. The weight of the whole suspended structure (central span), cables and all, is 6740 tons, and the maximum weight with which the bridge can be crowded by freely moving passengers, vehicles, and cars is estimated at 1380 tons, making a total weight borne by the cables and stays of 8120 tons, in the proportion of 6920 tons by the cables and 1190 tons by the stays. The stress (or lengthwise pull) in the cables due to the load becomes about 11,700 tons, and their ultimate strength is 49,200 tons.

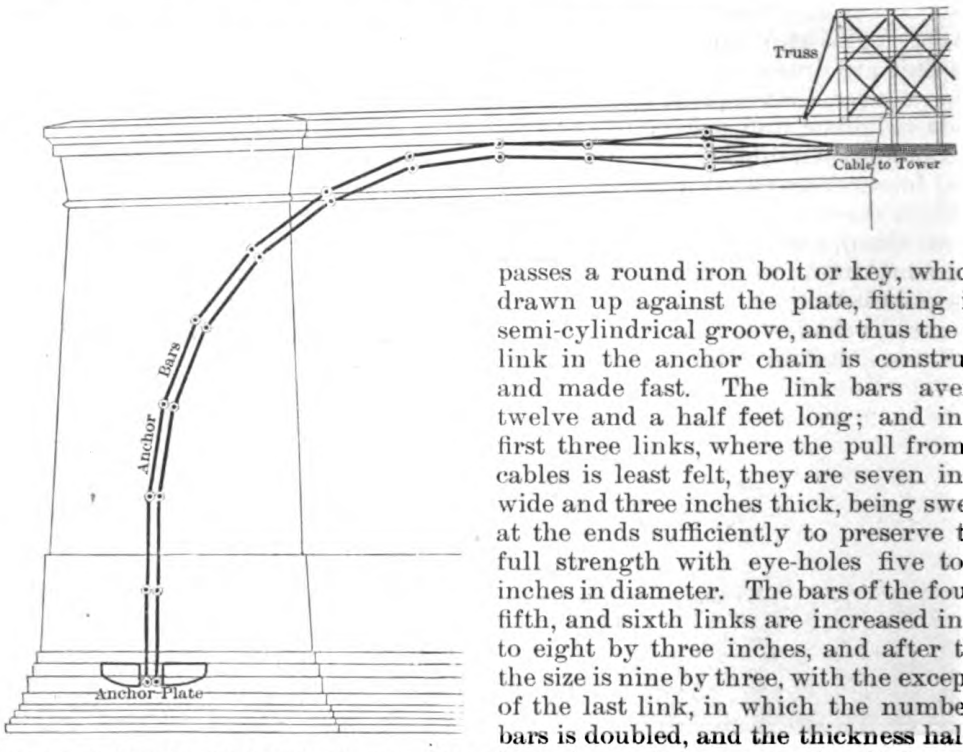
The great frame, as above described, presents on its upper side five parallel avenues of an average breadth of sixteen feet, separated by the six vertical lines of trussing, which project upward like so many steel fences. The outside avenues, devoted to vehicles, are each nearly nineteen feet wide. The central avenue has a width of fifteen and a half feet, and is elevated twelve feet above all the others, for a footway, thus giving to the pedestrians crossing the bridge an unobstructed view of the river. The vertical trussing forms outside parapets eight feet high above the common bridge floor, for the security of vehicles, etc., while the inner lines of the same will form inner parapets to the cars and footways, supplemented by wire netting which will break the force of the wind. The intermediate avenues, one on each side of the footway, will be occupied by cars, constantly and rapidly moving back and forth from terminus to terminus by means of a stationary engine and endless wire rope.



THE BROOKLYN ANCHORAGE.

The great steel cables, fifteen and three-quarter inches in diameter, are not, however, limited to supporting the main span, but are prolonged over the tops of the towers, and descend thence to the anchorages on the shores, at distances, as before stated, of 930 feet. The portions of the cables suspended from the towers to the anchorages support the shore spans of the bridge, which are constructed precisely like the central span already described. The anchorages are therefore the next feature of the work to be noticed. They are structures at once exceedingly simple and satisfactory to the mind. There is little more to imagine than a great four-square mass of masonry, with a pair of broad arched passages through it, partly to exclude superfluous

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SECTION OF TOP AND BACK OF ANCHORAGE—SIDE VIEW.

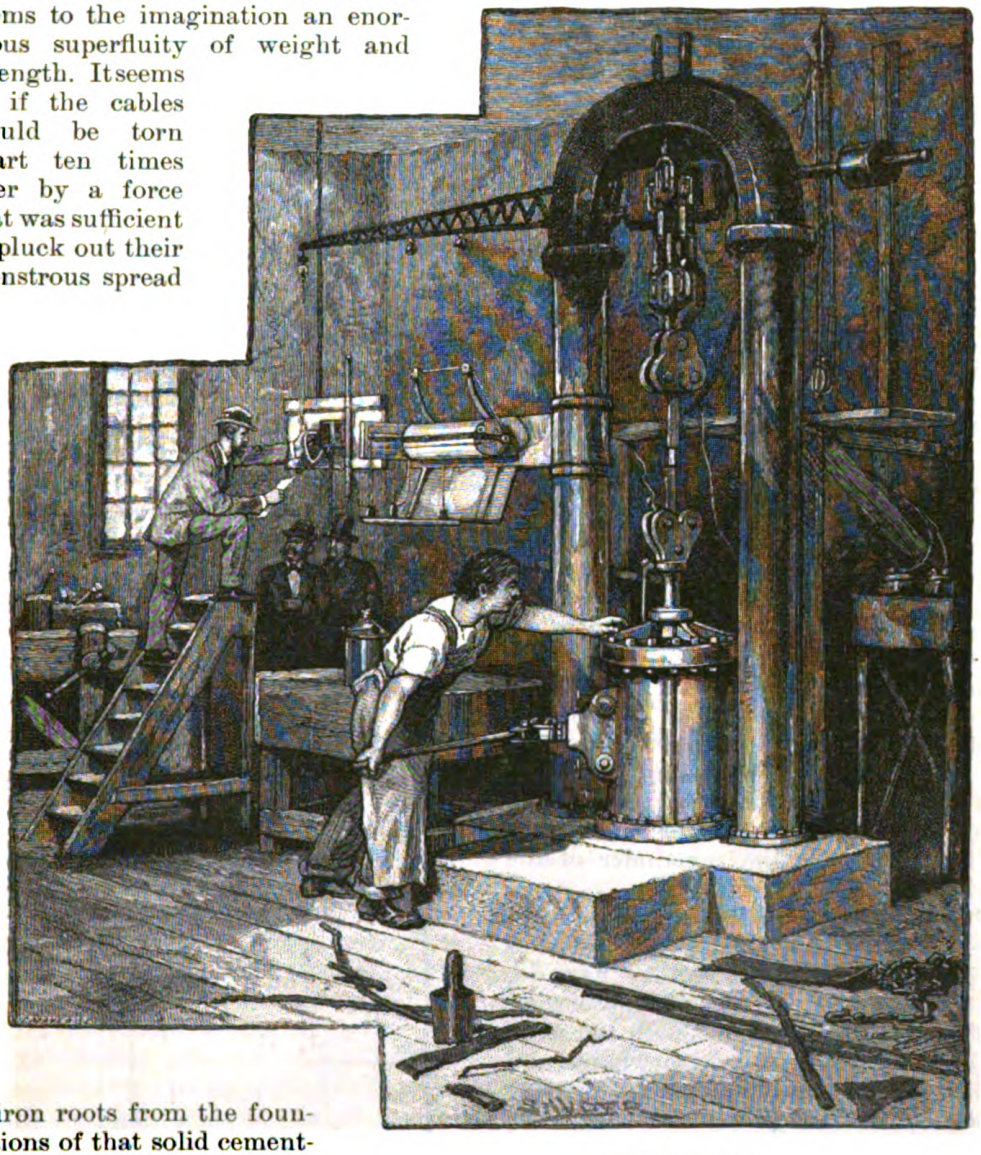
cost, and partly to afford convenient avenues for locomotion. The dimensions of this mass are 90 by 119 by 132 feet, and its weight, which is its chief importance, the inconceivable amount of 120 million pounds. At the bottom of the structure, and near its rear side from the bridge, are imbedded four massive anchor plates of cast iron, one for each of the cables. These plates measure $16\frac{1}{2}$ by $17\frac{1}{2}$ feet on the face, and are $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick at the centre. The weight of each plate is over 46,000 pounds. And yet it is far from being a solid mass, which would waste perhaps half its material in perfectly ineffective positions. On the contrary, it is formed like a star, with many rays stretching from a massive centre, and tapering to their extremities, where greatly reduced strength and narrowed bearings are quite sufficient for the simple purpose of uniting the resistance of the superincumbent masonry upon the point of pull at the centre. This point is made by two rows of nine parallel oblong apertures through the two and a half feet of solid iron, and through these apertures pass eighteen forged bars of iron, with an eye at each end. Through each of the nine eyes, matched in position as one, below the under side of the anchor plate, passes a round iron bolt or key, which is drawn up against the plate, fitting in a semi-cylindrical groove, and thus the first link in the anchor chain is constructed and made fast. The link bars average twelve and a half feet long; and in the first three links, where the pull from the cables is least felt, they are seven inches wide and three inches thick, being swelled at the ends sufficiently to preserve their full strength with eye-holes five to six inches in diameter. The bars of the fourth, fifth, and sixth links are increased in size to eight by three inches, and after these the size is nine by three, with the exception of the last link, in which the number of bars is doubled, and the thickness halved. The pins or bolts connecting link to link are turned shafts of wrought iron five feet long and five to seven inches in diameter.

The four great anchor plates being set in position at the bottom of the masonry, each with the first double ninefold link of its anchor chain made fast through its centre, and standing erect above it, the masonry is next built over the anchor plates, and close around the chain bars, to the height of the latter, and extended over the whole area of the structure to the same height. Then the second link or set of chain bars is set, the eyes of the new nine fitting between those of the former nine, and the heavy bolt passing through all the eighteen eyes at once, and uniting each of the two ninefold links with a joint like that of a hinge. Each new link after the first two is now made to incline forward to the bridge a little more than its predecessor, forming a regular curve, so adjusted as to bring the chain out near the opposite (upper) corner of the structure to that from which it started. Here the cables enter the face of the anchor wall for about twenty-five feet, and meet the ends of the chains. The bars of the last link number thirty-eight, arranged in four tiers. There are nineteen strands in each cable, and the end of each strand is here separately bent and fastened in a loop around an eye-piece of cast iron,

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called a "shoe," having a groove in its periphery to fit the strand. The ends of the strands are thus "eyed" like the link bars, and fraternize with the last set of the latter, fitting between them eye to eye, and keyed together with them by the eye-bolt. The ends of the great cables are now anchored fast with what seems to the imagination an enormous superfluity of weight and strength. It seems as if the cables would be torn apart ten times over by a force that was sufficient to pluck out their monstrous spread of iron roots from the foundations of that solid cemented mass of rock. Undoubtedly this is true; but the intention of the engineer is not merely to equal the strength of the cables with that of their anchorage, but also to give the anchorage a solidity to be absolutely unaffected in the slightest degree by the incessant pull of loads and tug of storms for a hundred years, so that no loosening or vibration can ever be initiated.

To make assurance fourfold sure, the metal for this, as for every part of the work, has been tested by means of specimen pieces under the enormous power of the hydraulic press to its breaking point, a wide margin being always required above the highest possible strain that it is estimated can ever come upon it.



TESTING STEEL.

All this is plain work. The anchorages are far within-land. But the great suspension towers to be connected by the central span of the bridge must be pushed out to the extreme wharf line in deep water, for even then the breadth of water to

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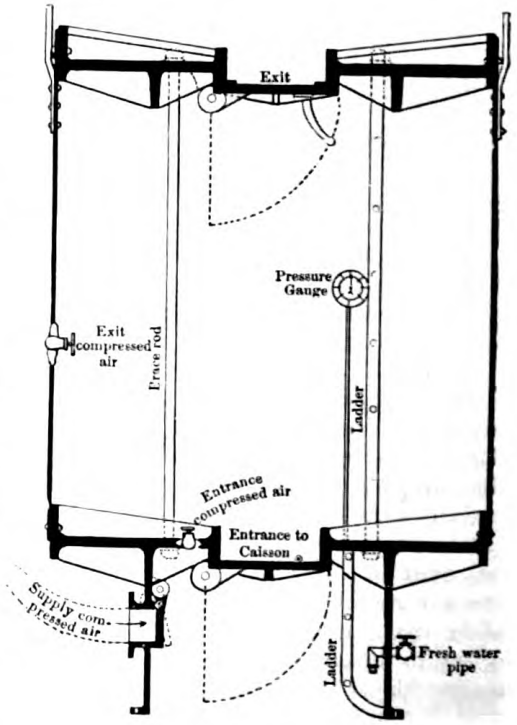
RELICS FROM THE FOUNDATION.

be bridged at one spring is such as no engineer ever attempted before—nearly 1600 feet—and not only the difficulty but the cost of the work is increased in an enormous ratio by every foot of added length in a single span. We have therefore before us here one of the most interesting problems and one of the most brilliant triumphs of engineering: to build great works of masonry up from beneath the bed and through the rushing tides of a deep arm of the ocean, with all the precision and cemented solidity of the dry-land anchorages we have just been viewing. This part of the work, therefore, was first in order: this achieved left nothing problematical, whether as to availability or cost, in the remainder of the work.

Probably to the end of time thoughtful spectators unversed in the mysteries of engineering will pause, as they now do, before these gigantic towers, more wonderful than the Pyramids, with the everlasting sea beating their mighty bases, and will perplex themselves in vain to imagine by what means the granite masonry could have been laid so solid and true beneath not forty feet depth of rushing tides alone, but eighty feet below their surface, on the rock which those tides had not touched for untold ages.

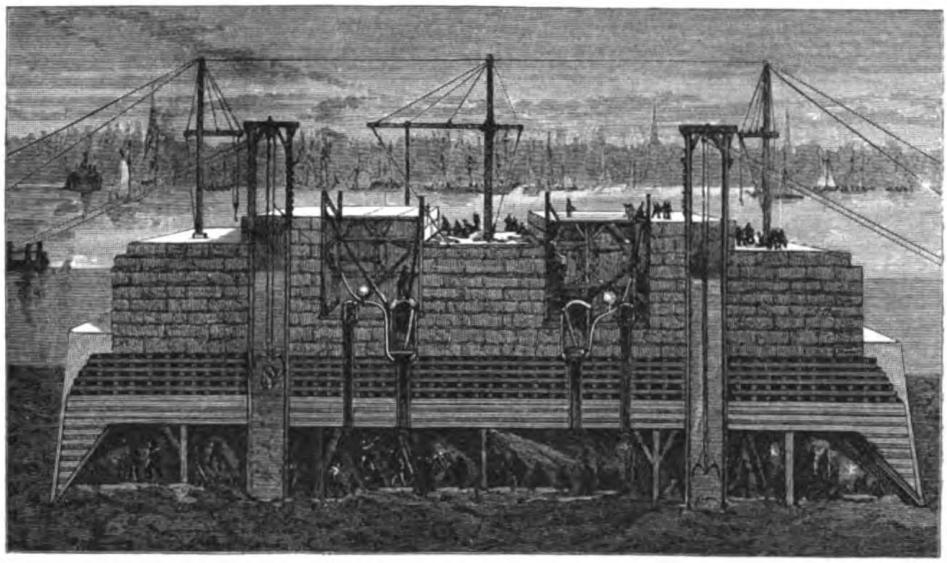
To explain this mystery in one word, the submarine portion of the tower was really built above-water, in the open air, and thence sunk toward its bed as soon as built. But this is to put a new mystery in place of the first, for how could such a mass of masonry be set firmly to a hair's-breadth in its bed against the mighty current, or how could its bed be excavated to this enormous depth to receive it?

The principle of the diving-bell, supplemented by the air force-pump, or compressor, is the solution of the difficulty. Only the diving-bell must be a peculiar one, made to carry on its back the giant tower as it dives to the bottom, as it delves into the bowels of the earth, and as it reposes at length and forever on the rock. It is technically called a *caisson* (having been first used in France), from its resemblance to an inverted chest. Imagine your diving-bell, or caisson, made of an oblong form, corresponding to the shape and size of its burden, with a margin of eleven feet excess on all sides. You must, of course, also have it built with sufficient durability of material and strength of mass both to carry down the masonry entire, without flinching, and to rest under it forever without yielding or decay. It will be best to have the sides of our oblong diving-bell flare a little, and on the inner side to taper them to a sort of edge (well shod with heavy iron), so as to make room for the laborers within to excavate conveniently to the very extremity of the dimensions of their diving-bell. To obtain sufficient strength and rigidity in the



AIR LOCK.

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THE CAISSON.

structure for its tremendous back-load, let its entire top, 102 feet by 172, be built to a thickness of 22 feet of dense Southern pitch-pine in timbers twelve inches square, laid in solid courses crossing each other, fastened with powerful through-bolts, and all the joints and seams filled with pitch. (The bolts and angle-irons of this caisson at New York aggregated 250 tons.) Let the sides be eight feet thick at their junction with the top, built in the same manner, but tapered on the inside, as already suggested, down to an iron-shod edge only eight inches thick, and let the iron bolts and angle-irons, of course, be so strong and numerous that nothing can loosen timber from timber save by tearing each stick into splinters. Further, let the back or platform that is to carry down the great tower in its descent to the bed-rock be supported at intervals by six cross partitions of solid timber four feet thick, with a door in each for communication between the compartments thus formed. These partitions, like the four sides, will ultimately rest on the bed-rock, and bear their part of the monstrous and everlasting load. Finally, let the whole cavernous interior be lined with boiler iron, seamed air-tight, for its perfection as a diving-bell, and for protection against the danger of fire, which experience in building the first or Brooklyn tower of this bridge has shown to be imminent at all times while working by gas-light and with blasting explosives in compressed air.

Of course there must be means of ingress and egress for men and materials. There must be a well-hole through the top, and an iron well leading to it from the open air above-water for the men to go in and out. It must be lined with iron, continuous and air-tight with the lining of the interior, and must have an air-tight iron door, or rather two successive doors with an air-tight chamber between them large enough for a gang of men to enter, that the outer door may be closed on them while the inner door is opened to admit them to the artificial submarine cavern. This chamber is called an air lock, and its principle is like that of a canal lock, or still more exactly that of a pump. In going out, the men enter the air lock while its outer door is closed tight, and after the inner door through which they entered is closed behind them the outer door may be opened for their egress. Thus the loss of compressed air by the entrance and exit of a gang of men is simply what the air lock will contain and no more.

This would be too tedious a process, however, for the removal of the excavated earth. For this purpose water locks are used. The iron wells for the removal of material descend through the caisson into open pits in the ground below the level

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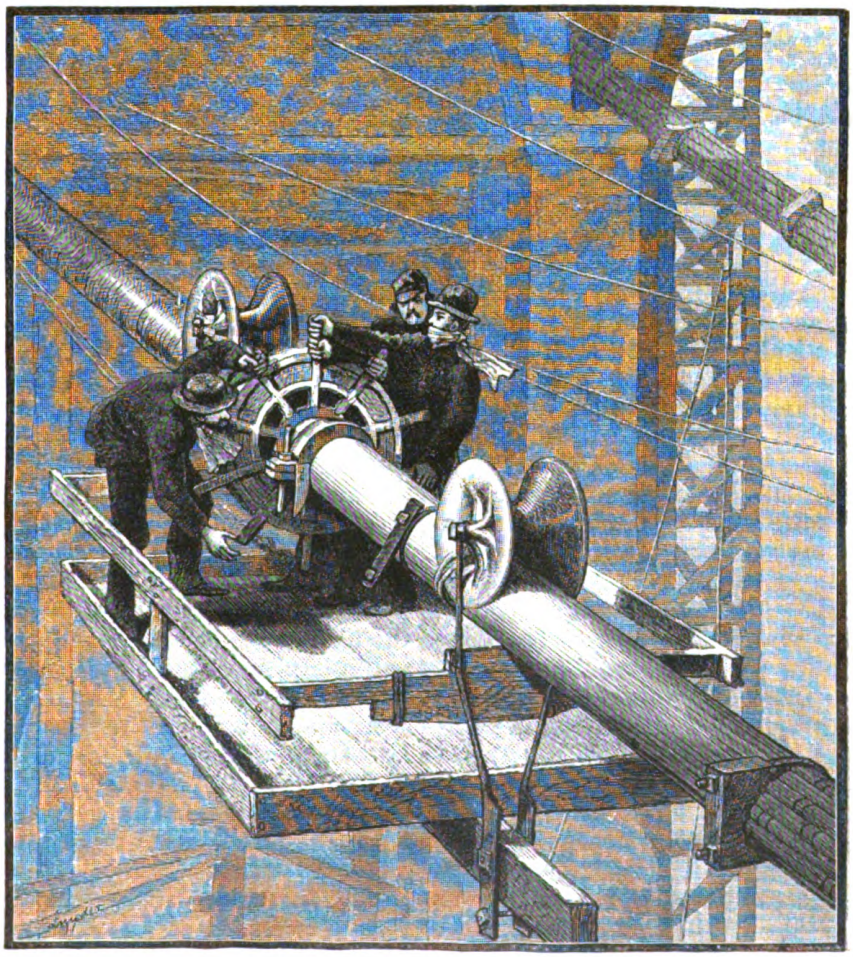
at which the water is held down by the compressed air. The water of course rises in the pits and wells to that level, and thus the compressed air is "locked" out of them, while the earth and stones dumped into the pits by the miners in the caisson tumble to the bottom of the wells, where they can be got at by simply reaching under water. In each of these wells operates a Morris and Cummings dredging-machine (either of the grapnel or "clam-shell" pattern, as each was required), like those constantly seen at work at one point or another in this and most other harbors where slips and channels have to be made or deepened, or cleared of deposits, the difference being that these are of the second class in size and power, adapted to the capacity of the caisson and workmen for supplying them with materials. While the harbor machines of forty horse-power remove 2000 cubic yards of mud per day, the caisson machines of twenty-five horse-power can raise 1500 yards; and without working their full capacity, clear the pits of earth as fast as it is practicable to mine it in the caisson. The iron "clam-shell" scoop of the machine descends by its chain to the bottom of the well with its jaws open, plunging into the mud, where the jaws are drawn together by the action of the machinery through another chain. This action operates like the pull of a ship's cable on the anchor, dragging its fluke downward into the bottom. In like manner the flukes of the dredging scoop are forced down into the mud as they are drawn together, and grasp a giant handful, exactly imitating, to use Mr. Roebling's expression, the action of the human hand in picking up handfuls. The force of this grasp is illustrated by the fact that large rocks are picked up as well as earth and small stones, even when only a corner of the rock is seized between the valves of the scoop. All the rock blasted out in Hell Gate by the vast submarine excavations was picked up from the bottom and raised in this way.

While the caisson with its entrances and appurtenances approaches completion in the ship-yard, arrangements must next be made for placing it in position on the bottom of the stream. First a slip or dock must be built to fix it in the exact position of the intended tower. The "water lot" marked for occupation is levelled as well as possible by dredging, and a row of piles is driven as deep as possible along the landward line, a length of 172 feet. At right angles with this a row of piles is driven out 102 feet into the river from each end, making three sides of an oblong inclosure or stockade. Into this inclosure the caisson is towed. The exact lines of the pier foundation are mathematically fixed by the engineers, and the caisson is placed in the proper position to a hair by blocking and wedging on all three sides. It now rises and falls with the tide, however, and is therefore not yet capable of being exactly and finally placed. The next business, accordingly, is to commence the foundations of the pier on the massive platform or raft of solid timber 22 feet thick and 102 by 172 feet square, which we have figuratively called the back of the submarine monster which is to carry the whole burden down to its final bed. The huge squared blocks of granite are now laid at leisure in hydraulic cement in uniform courses, and soon their weight overcomes the buoyancy of the caisson, and settles it to the bottom, with its top still visible above-water. The compressed air is now let into the diving-bell interior, forcing the water out beneath the iron-shod edges of the sides where they rest on the bottom. This done, the workmen can go down into the very wet cellar, and complete the levelling of the earth under the supporting edges of the structure. Now, while the caisson barely touches bottom by its weight, but does not rest too heavily, the engineers can, with their mathematical instruments and wedges, finally adjust the mass in exact position, and by easing away the bottom under it wherever required, with much patience, they at length get it level, and uniformly supported by blocking placed under its cross partitions. A few more blocks of granite laid on will make it immovable. All is now ready for the dredges to begin lifting out the mud and stones which the men of pick, shovel, and wheelbarrow pour into the water locks or wells beneath the dredging shafts.

Many formidable difficulties have thus been surmounted, and the curious observer now sees how everything so far can be done by the puny hand of man when guided by his mighty mind. But with our thoughts fixed on the mountain-like mass of rock descending full built, we are staggered still by the difficulty of letting it down eighty feet into the submarine earth, with its position as plumb

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and level and unchangeable at every moment of descent as that of the corner-stone at rest in its bed under any great building on land. If it should sway from its position ever so little, the mathematical accuracy and beauty of the whole after-work would be marred, and what power on earth could move it back a hair's-breadth toward its place? If a side or a corner should be hindered or hastened in its descent a little more than the rest, the mass would be wrenched and disjointed by its own irresistible weight, and the disintegrating force thus initiated within the structure could never be eradicated or counteracted. But the mode of achieving this miracle of descent — not only moving mountains, but moving them to a hair, through the earth, as the piston descends in the cylinder of a steam-engine — is so commonplace and simple that it seems almost childish. No machinery of vast and imperceptibly slow leverage or screw-power, and of admirably scientific adjustment, is here called to our aid. Nothing but pine blocking under the six cross partitions of timber on which, as on so many legs or feet, the monstrous burden-carrier stands. As fast as the earth is dug away to make room for the descending tower, the blocking is knocked away to let it down. Impossible? Let us see. Suppose a blocking at every two or four feet beneath the supporting partitions, can not we knock out alternate blockings all round? True; but how shall we knock out the rest, and what would become of the structure deprived of support now at this point and now at that, and pitching downward this way and that with rock-rending force? Not so fast. By knocking out the alternate blockings we have just doubled the weight and compression on their fellows. By such increased com-



WRAPPING THE CABLES.

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pression of its supports the tower has settled in some measure, of course, and in the most uniform measure possible. Now we just drive in again the blockings we have removed, as tightly as possible, after levelling away the earth under them. But it is evident that we can not drive them as tight as they were before under the actual weight of the tower. Besides, the new ground they now rest on is susceptible of fresh compression. Therefore, if we next knock out the blockings before undisturbed, the tower will settle down on the replaced blockings as far as its weight can compress them and the new ground under them. The fact proves to be that one complete process of this kind lets the tower down about one inch by the compression alternately of the two sets of blockings and the subjacent earth.

But what if our blockings should be driven tighter or prove harder, themselves or their foundations, at some points than at others: will not this produce an unequal settling, and strain the integrity of the masonry? No; for both the weight and strength of the mass are so predominant as to make nothing of such minor resistances, and the only result is that the presumptuous block is crushed. This mode of equalizing the pressure by its own irresistible weight was frequently observed. Again, if it be asked how we are to restrain so uncontrollable a mass from veering in one direction or another from its true position as it descends, the answer to this difficulty also is given by that same uncontrollable weight. Since it can not be influenced in position a hair's-breadth by all the power that man could bring to bear upon it, it will be equally insensible to all the fortuitous forces that would bias the direction of a more limited mass in descending, such as bowlders temporarily encountered by the under edges of the caisson at particular points, or the pressure of the tides. The mass and its movement are too majestic to suffer any influence whatever from such casual obstructions. Only if an obstruction were permanently left in the way at one point, while the caisson was lowered at other points, could such causes act against the plumb descent of the structure.

The last operation, after laying bare the bed-rock, and testing its soundness and solidity at all points, is to fill up the caisson with a solid hydraulic concrete, which will harden into rock and unite itself immovably with the rock on which it rests, becoming to the caisson what a tenon is in a mortise. This concrete is rammed as tightly as possible under the roof of the caisson; but if it be impossible to drive it as tight as if the weight of the tower actually rested on it, this is not amiss. For the continued and increasing weight on the wooden supports will certainly compress them further in time, and will eventually, in all probability, bring the weight of the tower firmly, if not altogether, upon the incompressible concrete with which the caisson is filled.

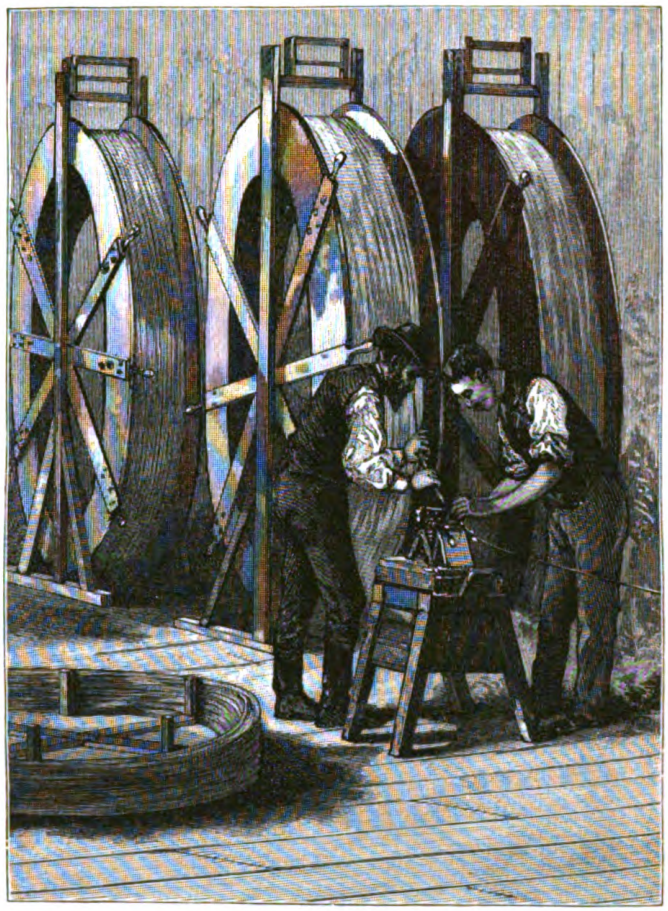
With regard to the danger of decay in wood, which presents itself to most minds in this connection, experience has long since shown that, when buried beyond reach of air and changes of temperature, wood is perfectly incorruptible, and will endure, so far as we can judge, as long as stone. Oxygen, chemically free as it is in air, is the agent of decomposition, and in its absence all substances are alike incorruptible. The sea-worms make no trouble at the depth below the bottom where we have left our timber platform. It may safely be trusted to support the bridge between New York and Brooklyn as long as there shall be need of it.

The caisson for the Brooklyn tower was towed into its berth on the 2d of May, 1870. Ten of the fifteen feet thickness of timber in its roof were built on after this, *in situ*. On the 15th of June the first granite blocks were laid on the timber. They are of from four to seven tons weight. The masonry, faced throughout with granite, is partly built of the less expensive blue limestone from Kingston, New York. The compressed air was let in, the water driven out, and excavation commenced on the 10th of July. The bed being a tenacious conglomerate of clay, sand, and bowlders, extending to a great depth, it was not necessary on this side to sink the pier to the bed-rock, and at forty-five and a half feet beneath the bottom of the river the caisson was filled up with concrete and left in its final position. The latter operation was completed on the 11th of March, 1871. Two months had been lost by the accident of a fire in the caisson, requiring the interior to be flooded with water to extinguish it. This accident cost $15,000, and its recurrence in the New York caisson was guarded against by a lining of boiler iron throughout, at an expense of $20,000.

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The New York foundation was a work of much greater magnitude and difficulty. From the sandy nature of the ground it became necessary to sink the pier to the bed-rock, seventy-eight feet below high-water mark. The process was not different in method, but was much more trying to the workmen, from the greater pressure of air required in the caisson to keep out the water. The caisson was placed in its berth in October, 1871, and rested on the rock in May, 1872, after less than one year's work in sinking it to its bed.

The construction of the towers above the water line was, of course, a simple though enormous piece of mason-work. The Brooklyn tower was completed in May, 1875, and the New York tower in July, 1876. Everything was now ready for the work of cable-making, into which, having already anticipated the construction of the great floor or bridge proper, we must enter somewhat minutely, to give the reader a clear idea of its curious and interesting processes.



THE DRUMS—SPLICING THE WIRES.

Let us first imagine the cable as constructed — simply a bunch of wires, not twisted, but laid parallel, and bound together by a continuous wrapping of wire. The wires are of size No. 7, or a little over one-eighth inch in thickness; they number over 5000 in each cable, and make a bundle 15¾ inches thick. To lay and bind this prodigious bunch of wires straight and parallel would be impossible except by subdividing the mass into skeins or strands, which are first laid and bound separately, and afterward united. Each cable contains nineteen strands of 278 wires each. They are formed precisely like skeins of yarn or thread. Each skein is a continuous wire almost exactly one million feet, or nearly 200 miles, in length, passing from anchorage to anchorage, back and forth, 278 times. The turns of the wire at each extremity of the skein pass around a solid block of iron shaped externally like a horseshoe, with a groove in its periphery, in which the bend or bight of the skein lies as a skein of yarn is held on one's thumbs for winding. Each shoe or eye-piece is fixed (after the strand is finished) between the ends of two anchor bars, a seven-inch iron bolt passing through the three, and so connecting the strand with the great anchor chain at either end. After a skein is fully laid in position (passing, of course, over the tops of the towers) it is compressed to a cylindrical form at every point by large clamp tongs, and tightly bound with wire at intervals of about fifteen inches throughout its length. The men who do this work go out for the purpose on the strand in a "buggy," so called, which is a board seat slung by ropes from the axis of a grooved wheel fitting and travelling on the strand as bound together. When the

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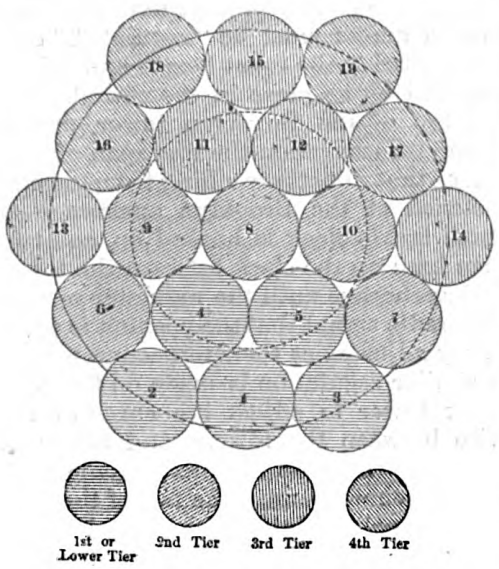


FARRINGTON CROSSING THE SPAN.

strands are thus completed and duly regulated, the final work of wrapping the cable is accomplished in a similar manner, as hereafter described.

But to follow the process of construction, we return to the day when the towers and anchorages stood complete, but disconnected, with the intermediate spaces occupied only by the trackless air, and the question was how to initiate a connection between them all. To this end a three-quarter-inch wire rope, long enough to reach from anchorage to anchorage over the tops of the towers, was coiled on board a scow by the Brooklyn shore. First, its end was hoisted up the water face of the Brooklyn tower, and passed over the top, let down the land face, and then carried back to the top of the anchorage, and made fast. Next—waiting until an opportunity when the river was clear of vessels at that point, and stationing boats to warn coming vessels to halt—the scow was towed across to the New York tower,

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SECTION OF CABLE, SHOWING STRANDS.

paying out the wire rope into the water as it went. The end remaining on board was then hoisted up the water face of the New York tower, passed over, and lowered again on the landward side. Then it was made fast to a drum connected with a powerful steam-engine, which wound up the rope from the bed of the river and over the tower, until it swung clear from side to side in mid-air, and the first connection between the shores was made. It remained only to carry the New York end back to the anchorage, hoist it up, and secure it in position there.

A second span of three-quarter-inch rope was carried over in substantially the same manner, and the ends of the two were then joined at the anchorages around grooved driving-wheels or pulleys, making an endless belt or "traveller" revolving by steam-power throughout the whole distance from anchorage to anchorage.

To accomplish the succeeding operations would require men to work hanging on this slender cord all the way from tower to tower. Mr. E. F. Farrington, the master-mechanic who superintended this part of the work on the bridge, and who had previously been engaged on the suspension-bridges at Cincinnati and Niagara Falls, now took the resolution to make the first passage of the line, and to give his men as good an example of courage and confidence as they would ever have occasion to copy.

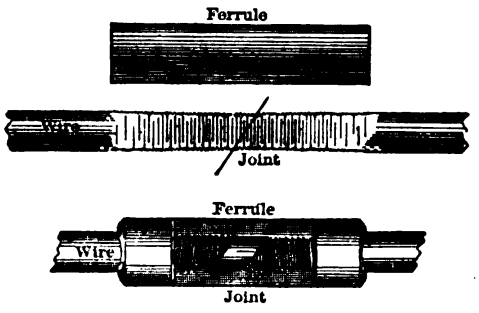
On Friday afternoon, August 25, 1876, the running gear for the endless traveller rope was in readiness. A boatswain's chair, consisting of a bit of board for a seat, slung by the four corners, with as many short ropes uniting in a ring overhead, was secured to the traveller rope at the Brooklyn anchorage, and Mr. Farrington took his seat on the slung bit of board for a private trip over the line of the future bridge in sight of his men. Having made his preparations so quietly, and being so quiet a man, his surprise was great, on looking down from his high starting-point, to see the house-tops beneath him black with spectators, the streets far below paved, as it were, with upturned faces, the ferry-boats conveying like stacks of humanity, and the New York shore crowded in a similar manner. As he gave the signal to start the wheels and swung out, with the rushing rope hissing and undulating like a flying serpent through the air, the boom of cannon far below announced to the modest and unsuspecting aeronaut that his intended private trip for the encouragement of his men was a public triumph. Away went the whirring rope, invisible or like a spider's thread to the eyes below, bending and swaying with the human weight that rode its cantering waves, to all appearance self-impelled, like some strange creature of serpentine flight, sweeping first downward toward the house-tops till the deepest curve his weight could give the slender rope was passed, and thence soaring sharply upward to the top of the first tower in his course. Here he gave a signal to slow the rope nearly to a stop, while the men on the tower, with excited cheering, lifted the rope and its slung rider over the parapet, supported both across to the other side, and launched them off the dizzy height again. Again the cannon roared, and the myriads of spectators swung their hats and cheered with wild excitement, while all the steam-whistles on land and water shrieked their uttermost discordance. The trip occupied twenty-two minutes, and at the end the explorer was glad to hide from the pursuing crowds that would fain have caught him as a trophy and carried him through the streets in triumph.

It was after this an easy matter to carry across the other carrier ropes; the ropes from which the "cradles," or hanging platforms, for regulating the wires, were suspended; those which supported the foot-bridge for the workmen, over which

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sight-seers were sometimes allowed to pass; and the "storm cables," which, stretching upward from the towers below the roadway, steadied the temporary structure against the wind.

Meanwhile all was ready in the large sheds that covered the Brooklyn anchorage for the regular and long-to-be-protracted machine-work of cable-making. Thirty-two drums, eight feet in diameter, were rigged in the position of carriage-wheels just clear of the floor, eight drums behind the destined position of each of the four cables. Hundreds of coils of wire, already delivered in the yard below, had been dipped in linseed-oil and dried again and again. A screw thread had been cut on every end of wire by a convenient machine constantly at work for this purpose (opposite ends being cut with right and left screws respectively), and the little steel coupling tubes, with inside screw-threads to match, had united fifty-two coils, or nearly ten continuous miles of wire, upon each of the thirty-two drums.



THE WIRE SPLICE.

Now the shoe, or eye-piece, around which the skein of wire to form a strand of the cable is to be turned at each extremity, is secured in a temporary position on the anchorage, and the work of winding the skein is begun. A wire is fastened to the shoe, and passed around a sheave or grooved pulley fixed and suspended to the traveller rope by iron arms reaching up from its axle. The traveller rope is set in motion, and bears forth the sheave, carrying the bight or turn of wire before it, thus taking across two spans, or a complete circuit, of the wire at once. On reaching the New York side (which takes about eight minutes) the bight of wire is passed around the shoe, completing once the circuit of the skein. The sheave, released, returns empty to the Brooklyn side.

Next the circuit of wire that has been carried across must be "regulated," that is, adjusted to the exact length and height required by its place in the strand. On the top of the Brooklyn tower, first, a clamp is fastened on the first span of wire —*i. e.*, that directly reaching from the end fastened at the Brooklyn anchorage—a small tackle-block is hooked on, and two men haul up the slack between the tower and anchorage until the regulator men in the cradle signal that the position is accurately adjusted at their respective points. A similar regulation is made on the New York tower to adjust the curve of the wire between the towers, and the same process is likewise repeated on the New York anchorage, until the fall of the wire off that point is also accurately located. The return span is then adjusted in the same manner, in reverse order, beginning at the New York tower. On the Brooklyn side, when the last span of this circuit of wire is adjusted in position, it is passed around the shoe, held fast, and the bight is again placed on a sheave, and the traveller starts again to carry over a second circuit of the skein. Thus the skein is wound round and round its eye-pieces at either anchorage with unbroken continuity, with uniform tension, and with exact parallelism between all its threads, until the full number of 139 circuits has been made, and 278 wires are ready to be bound together in a round and solid cord three inches thick. On either side the eye-piece, of course, the cord is parted, and for a few inches is bound in two separate strands of 139 wires each, but it is shortly brought into one, leaving a loop at each end of the strand, inclosing the eye-piece or shoe, which, as before stated, is pinned between and together with two of the eighteen anchor bars in which the great anchor chains unite with each cable. Strands for each of the four great cables are made and placed simultaneously. A circuit of wire is laid and regulated in about thirty minutes, including ordinary delays. Two travellers are running, so that four circuits, or eight full lengths, of wire might be laid per hour. If weather never interfered, the 21,000 wires of which the four cables are composed could have been laid in less than a year. In point of fact, however, as it was useless to make the strands faster than the engineers could locate and adjust them in the cables—which is the grand difficulty of the work—it was doing well

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to lay forty wires on an average each working day.

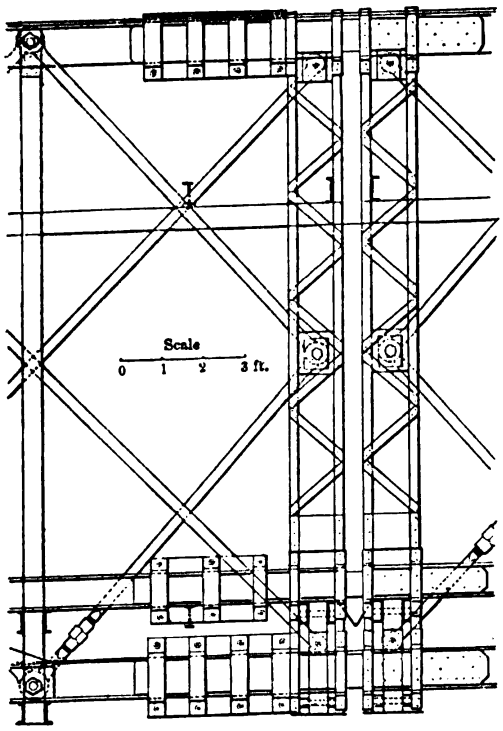
On the commencement of impracticable weather in winter, such as incrusts the wires with snow and ice, it becomes impossible to regulate the wires properly. Then the work is necessarily suspended for the time being.

But the chief delay, as before remarked, arose from the difficulty of regulating the strands from two causes—sun and wind. Obviously the unity and strength of the cable depend on getting each strand into its exact and peculiar place. As the locations of the individual strands vary in height, the strands must vary in length. Each must hang in its own peculiar length and curve to a mathematical nicety; for if left but half an inch too long or too short for its true position, it will be too slack or too taut for its fellows, and it will be impossible to bind them solidly in one mass, and make them pull equally together. In the abstract this is a matter of exact mathematical science. But in practical engineering the actualization of the calculations is interfered with by variable forces which can not be resisted, evaded, or calculated. The chief of these in cable-making is temperature, which fluctuates so irregularly and unceasingly that the length of the strand is rarely the same for an hour together; and what is far more baffling to the engineer, the different spans are unequally acted on by the sun. One curve is in shadow while another is in full sunshine; one is exposed vertically to the sun, while another is struck by its rays at an extremely dull angle. In short, when the sun shines the several curves of each strand are all "at sixes and sevens," too unstable in position to be adjusted. The same is true of them in another sense when they are kept swaying and undulating by the wind. Hence the engineers can do nothing with them except at hours when two conditions concur—freedom from the influences of wind and direct sunshine. The hours from daylight to sunrise (when calm), and occasionally a few hours of calm and cloudy weather, are the only times available to the engineer for adjusting the length of his strands. This is done by changing the position of the "shoe." The figures of the engineer show that the deflection of the cables from the tops of the towers is 127.64 feet at 50° F., while at 90° it is 128.64 feet—a variation of nearly one-third of an inch for every degree of temperature, so that the engineer is likely to find his cables varying as much as half a foot in height in the course of a day. In short, the ponderous thing, though neither small nor agile, has a trick in common with the minute and lively insect which, when you put your finger on him, isn't there.

The running and regulating of the cable wires commenced June 11, 1877, and the last wire was run over October 15, 1878. The nineteen strands for each of the four cables having been thus made and located, the final operation is to unite and wrap them with wire. This is done by a little machine. An iron clamp is provided, the interior of which is of the size and cylindrical shape of the cable before wrapping. The temporary fastenings of wire around each strand are removed as fast as this work proceeds, and the clamp, screwed tightly, compresses the nineteen strands together, symmetrically arranged in a true cylinder, with the odd strand in the centre, and the other eighteen filling two circles around it. The wrapping machine follows up the clamp, and binds the cable with a close spiral wrapping of wire. This machine or implement consists of an iron cylinder cast in halves, to be bolted together about the cable, compressing it firmly. A reel or drum of wire encircles the cylinder. The wire winds off the drum through a hole in a steel disk on the rear end of the cylinder, whence it passes with a single turn around a small roller attached to the disk, and thence to the cable. The disk is turned by hand by a lever attached to it, and thus the wire, being held in severe tension by its turn around the roller, is tightly wound on the cable, and as it advances in its spiral or screw travel pushes forward the cylinder from which it is reeled.

The cables, thus completed, were ready for their load, the floor or bridge proper, already described. The suspender bands were next put on the cables; to these are attached the wire rope suspenders, and these in turn hold the steel floor beams of the roadway. The suspender bands are made of wrought iron five inches wide and five-eighths of an inch thick. The bands are cut at one point, and the two ends turned outward, so that they may be opened (by heating), and placed over the cables. The two ends, or ears, which hang vertically down when the bands are in

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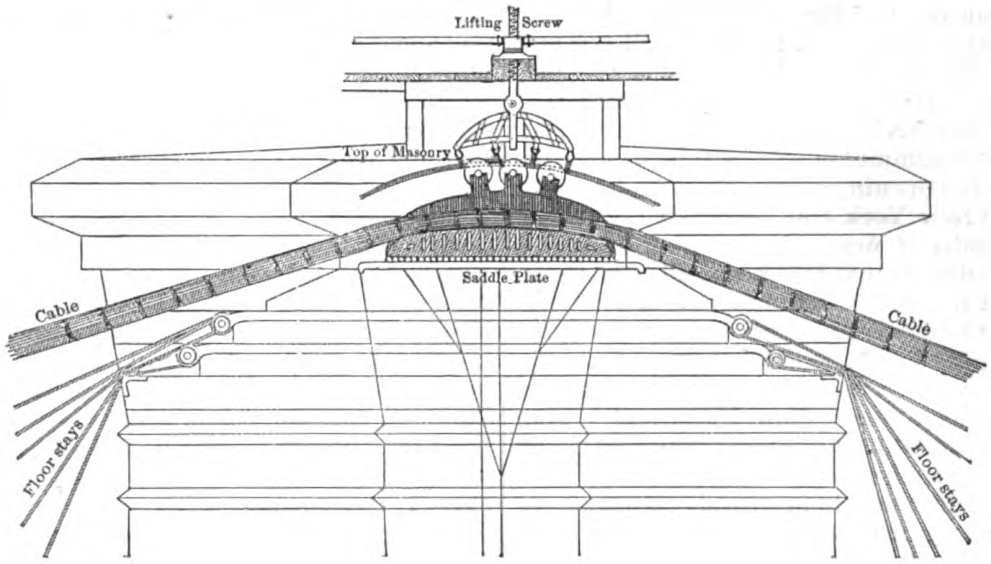
EXPANSION JOINT IN CENTRE TRUSS.

place, have holes through them for a screw-bolt one and three-quarter inches in diameter, which serves as the support of the suspenders, and also for tightening the bands and the cable. By the aid of these suspenders at short intervals all the way, it was easy to place, first, the cross-beams of the bridge floor, beginning with those nearest each anchorage and each face of the towers. The nearest suspenders hanging ready to receive the first iron beam had only to be drawn in and attached thereto by their clamps or stirrups, and the beam was swung out in position, ready to support planks for the workmen to stand on and launch the second beam, and so on. The cross beams being laid and braced together, forming the horizontal truss, the vertical truss-work is also put in, with the diagonal bracing below the floor, and the stays from the towers both above and below, and the bridge is at last ready for the planking.

The suspenders are for the most part at equal distances from each other. But it will be noticed that at the centre two suspenders from each of the four cables hang close together, sometimes but a few inches, sometimes more than a foot, apart. These give the clew to that problem of engineering and puzzle to the public as to how the expansion and contraction, by heat and cold, of the floor or bridge proper, are to be provided for. The great span may be said to be in two pieces or half-lengths, connected at the centre by an "expansion joint." Each half of a truss is attached to one of the two suspenders mentioned, and the two halves are connected by plates attached to one, and sliding in channels or ways in the other. No weight comes upon these guide-plates, as the two suspenders support the halves of the truss independently of each other. The planking is so arranged as to be always continuous, and the iron rails for the cars are at this point split in half lengthwise, so that one half plays upon the other, guide-rails on either side protecting the cars.

At 118 feet above high-water mark each of the towers of the bridge is divided into three masses by the two broad openings, 31½ feet wide, which here commence. The six lines of the great steel trusses or framework forming the bridge pass, unbroken in their continuity, through these openings of the piers, resting on the masonry underneath, and firmly anchored down to it by huge bolts and ties of wire rope. An idea of the strength of these trusses may be obtained when it is considered that for over one hundred feet out from each side of the tower they are of themselves, without any support whatever from the cables or stays, sufficiently strong to carry all the load that may ever come upon them. The openings continue to the height of 120½ feet, where they are closed by pointed arches. Above these arches the reunited tower rises thirty feet higher, where it receives a set of iron bed-plates, on which rest the "saddles" in which the great suspension cables ride. These are iron castings in the form of a segment of a circle, with a groove to receive the cable on the upper and convex side. The under and plane side lies on a layer of small iron rollers held in place by flanges on the surface of the bed-plate. The object of these is to give sufficient play to the bearings on which the cables rest to prevent the cables themselves slipping and chafing in the saddles if affected by the force of storms or variations of load, or when lengthening and contracting under changes of temperature. From the saddles each way the cables sweep downward in a graceful curve, the landward ends entering the an-

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SECTION OF TOWER, SHOWING SADDLE-PLATE AND LOWERING OF STRAND INTO POSITION.

chor walls, as already described, and supporting the shore ends of the bridge, while the main bow, or inverted arch, hanging between the towers, holds up the central truss of nearly 1600 feet span.

A great work of engineering is a battle with nature, in which, as in other wars, Death must take his toll. There have been employed upon the works at one time as many as six hundred men, a small army in themselves, and in the fourteen years since the master-mind, John A. Roebling himself, became the first sacrifice, more than twenty men have been fatally hurt. Several more have been victims to the "caisson disease,"* resulting from working in compressed air; but, despite the dizzy height, no one has fallen from the main span into the water below. Besides the fire in the Brooklyn caisson, which cost no lives, and the fall of the derricks on the Brooklyn tower, which had more serious results, there has been one great accident only; but the imagination can scarcely picture anything more dreadful. On June 19, 1878, one of the great strands broke loose from the New York anchorage, carrying with it the "shoe" and its ponderous attachments. As the end swept from the anchorage it dashed off several of the men at work, and then, with a frightful leap, grazing the houses and peopled streets below, it landed for the instant in the bridge yard close under the New York tower. The great weight mid-stream whizzed it over the tower with frightful and increasing rapidity, and the whole span plunged madly into the river, narrowly missing the ferry-boats that ply, crowded with human freight, below the line of the bridge. In these years the enterprise has lost also its president, Henry C. Murphy, and its first treasurer, J. H. Prentice, as well as its chief engineer. But, in strange and happy contrast, there has not been a single break in the engineering staff, Engineers Martin, Paine, Collingwood, McNulty, Probasco, and Hildenbrand having served continuously, most of them from the very first. And now all the extraordinary engineering difficulties are overcome, and with them the vexatious delays from unfriendly opposition, political feuds, the stoppage of financial supplies, and the adoption of a new structural material. In a few years these will have been forgotten, and the forty million passengers who are

* The "caisson disease" is the result of living under atmospheric pressure greatly above that to which the human system is normally adapted. The blood is driven in from the exterior and soft parts of the body to the central organs, especially the brain and spinal cord. On emerging into the open air, violent neuralgic pains and sometimes paralysis follow. Advanced consumption is, on the other hand, stayed, and sometimes remedied, by compressed air. Dr. Andrew H. Smith, surgeon to the Bridge Company, reported one hundred and ten cases of the "caisson disease," of which three were presently, and probably more finally, fatal.

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expected to cross the bridge yearly will think only of the great boon that emancipates them from the delays of fog and ice, the possible collisions, and the old-time delays in waiting for the ferry-boats. Yet the ferries will still have plenty to do.

The summer of 1883 will be memorable for the opening of the great bridge, uniting New York and Brooklyn into a metropolis of nearly two million people—a population that will soon outgrow Paris, and have only London left to vie with. The bridge is practically a new street, belonging jointly to the two cities, and making with Third Avenue, the Bowery, and Chatham Street, New York, and Fulton Street continuing into Fulton Avenue on the Brooklyn side, a great thoroughfare fourteen miles long, already continuously built up, from the Harlem River to East New York. This is longer than the great street which stretches east to west across London, under its various names, from Bow to Uxbridge Road, spanning the valley where was once the Fleet brook by that other fine work of engineering, the Holborn Viaduct. The bridge roadway from its New York terminus opposite the City Hall to Sands Street, Brooklyn, is a little over a mile long (5989 feet), and it will take the pace of a smart walker to make the aerial journey, with its arched ascent, in twenty minutes. The cities will probably decide, confining the tolls to vehicular traffic, not to charge him the one cent first proposed for the privilege of taking this trip on "foot's horse." But for five cents he can jump at either end into fine cars, built on the pattern of the newest Manhattan elevated cars, which move apparently of their own volition, until one finds the secret in the endless wire rope underneath that is worked by stationary engines on the shore and makes continual circuit, across under one roadway and back under the other. These will take him across in a little less than five minutes, and it is not improbable that through trains will ultimately convey passengers from the northernmost end of New York over the Brooklyn Elevated that is to be, bringing them nearer to the health-giving beaches of Long Island by nearly half an hour's time.

But the wise man will not cross the bridge in five minutes, nor in twenty. He will linger to get the good of the splendid sweep of view about him, which his æsthetic self will admit pays wonderful interest on his investment of nothing. The bridge itself will be a remarkable sight, as he looks from his central path of vantage down upon the broad outer roadways, each with its tide of weighted wagons and carriages of his wealthier but not wiser brethren, and nearer the centre the two iron paths upon which the trains move silently and swiftly. Under him is the busy river, the two great cities now made one, and beyond, completing the circuit, villa-dotted Staten Island; the marshes, rivers, and cities of New Jersey stretching to Orange Mountain and the further heights; the Palisades walling the mighty Hudson; the fair Westchester country; the thoroughfare of the Sound opening out from Hell Gate; Long Island, "fish-shaped Paumanok," with its beaches; the Narrows, with their frowning forts; the Bay, where the colossal Liberty will rise; at last the ocean, with its bridging ships. And when he takes his walks about New York he can scarcely lose sight of what is now the great landmark which characterizes and dominates the city as St. Peter's from across the Campagna dominates Rome, and the Arc de Triomphe the approach to Paris, and the Capitol on its height our own Washington—the double-towered bridge, whose massive masonry finds no parallel since the Pyramids. Those huger masses were the work of brutal force, piling stone upon stone. The wonder and the triumph of this work of our own day is in the weaving of the aerial span that carries such burden of usefulness, by human thought and skill, from the delicate threads of wire that a child could almost sever.

ART STUDY AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SOME recent discussion has grown out of the relative merits of various kinds of instruction for the student of art as to what is best adapted to develop the faculties that constitute the artist, or what is needful for discipline in order to give these faculties a mastery over the means and elements of art.

This discussion embraces not merely the systems in vogue in the more prominent schools and academies abroad, or as exemplified by the teachings of individual masters in their private *ateliers*, but it includes also that nameless influence comprehended in what is termed "a favorable art atmosphere—a *milieu* that is rich and

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inspiring, wherein art may blossom forth as easily and naturally as one may breathe or sing, and where the ripe and mellowed fruits of the past greet the eye at every turn.

The discussion is one that is not confined to art in the sense in which this term is used here; it extends likewise to the effect of a European influence on style, as we see it manifested in the works of some of our recent authors: and a lively criticism has grown out of an estimate of the merits of this influence when its outcome has been contrasted with the products of a by-gone generation of *littérateurs*, of whom Hawthorne may be chosen as a representative. It has even been hinted broadly that a skilled *finesse* may have supplanted larger aims. But this is a question for others to decide: I merely point the fact that this discussion is no narrow one.

In order to define the merits of a system or influence that will benefit the student of art and serve his purposes, we must have accurate knowledge of what constitutes the system, and what is the character of the influence that is best for him.

In my judgment there are two periods of disciplinary study requisite for students of art. The first is wholly concerned with preparatory studies of an elementary kind, comprised in what may be termed the grammar of art. The second period lies intermediate between this preparatory discipline and the professional life. The first period is passed in the school or academy, or in the *atelier* of an artist, while the second is a kind of graduate course wherein larger views prevail and more liberty is allowed—in short, it is a season passed in studying the works of the masters, and in getting an insight of the larger aims of art.

If the student goes directly from the academy to a professional life, he is very likely to exhibit in his work the conventionality of academic habits; or if he goes from the *atelier* of some special artist, he will probably carry into his own art the peculiar theories of that master, and for a time at least he will necessarily imitate the style of his instructor.

While the student is engaged in mastering the elements and principles of art he should be absorbed in this aim, he should not be diverted by the alluring attractions of that which may divert him from this pursuit, or make him weary of thoroughness, and so lead him to be satisfied with that which is superficial in the discipline of his faculties. Painting is an imitative art; that is, its elements rest in the imitation of natural objects. Its creative character is an after and a higher development, and it is the manifestation of this creative power that constitutes the artist. But when we would master a language, a form or means of expression, we must not be carried away with the ambition to compose or write verse in that language until we have mastered its grammar or construction. This is a common-sense view that is applicable in every art. It is only after the acquisition of sound elementary knowledge—the faculty for imitating characteristically the object that is before the eye, with reference to body, form, substance, quality, action, etc., and with a method or system that is effective and skillful—that the student may consider himself equipped for larger studies. The means and implements of his art having become familiar to his use through practice, resulting in sound knowledge, he may then look abroad over a larger horizon than that which is comprised within the walls of any academy; he may then think of art as such, for disciplinary studies should never be confounded with art. Art is expression, and hitherto the student has merely been concerned with imitation, with *technique*, with means and principles—in short, with the mere grammar of art.

Let us therefore inquire critically into the nature of these systems and influences that are to unfold the faculties of the student, or develop the powers of the artist. There are two general, and in some sense opposing, theories put forth for the study of art; both find numerous advocates, and each deserves our careful consideration in weighing their respective merits. One theory holds that the student should have within reach what is needful for his development, but that he should be left to follow the bent of his inclinations with respect to aim and selection, on the ground that these inclinations are most valuable with reference to the end he has in view; and that, rather than force upon him prescribed disciplinary studies that are distasteful to him, instruction should be confined to encouraging and guiding these tendencies. The other theory has for its end discipline. It ignores the particular bent or inclination of the pupil, and pro-

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ceeds to subject him to a rigid course of training in the elements and principles of art, with a view to his mastering the means and materials for future art production. In short, the latter theory assumes that, as art is simply a means for expression, like any language it must be inculcated grammatically. It holds that the student must first master the method and means with which he is to represent nature accurately and effectively, and that his faculties must be disciplined to this end. But as to his sympathies or tastes, that is a matter which should be left to find exercise when he enters on his career as an artist.

These theories, as I have elsewhere hinted, mark the character of those opposing ideas that lie at the root of two distinct systems for the study of art. The aim of the first is centred in the ultimate object that is kept in view from the start, and allowed to influence the pupil at every step; that of the second is centred in discipline, or method, ignoring for the time being this ultimate purpose. In the first case only the instincts of strong natural talent can be the guide to success, which is rarely attained but through exceptional genius; while in the second case mediocrity of talents may be made respectable by accuracy of method, though mannerism is not uncommonly the result of such enforced discipline, unless carefully guarded against. Thus we may discover even in preparatory studies the two leading ideas that prevail in art, manifesting themselves thus early, viz., art as a means of expression, and art for the sake of art.

There is undoubtedly a value to be accorded those instinctive tendencies that engage the sympathies before the reason matures sufficiently to guide them. A youth engages in a special pursuit through some pronounced impulse that moves him to do this, some strong sympathy for such a life that inspires him with a motive that is not daunted by obstacles; indeed, he is perhaps fired by obstacles, and his character is formed in surmounting them. Nevertheless, early proclivities are not always sure guides as to method and means, and it is questionable whether the student should be allowed to follow this guidance until experience has revealed its fallacy. Experience may come too late, in the mean time the student having perhaps engendered habits that are wrong and ineradicable. This is not unfrequently the case, and occasions deep regret on the part of those who have suffered from this cause, when brought in competition with the results of sound training. "Self-made" men are often heard to express a deep consciousness of the deficiencies or defects of early habits that they have been powerless to correct, and which have thwarted in a degree their natural powers. It is true that there may be a tendency on their part to set too high a value upon mere discipline, to accord it an importance that is more than its due, simply because it lies without their field of knowledge; nevertheless it is easy to see the advantage of sound methods of work that give the faculties a mastery over the means, and insure greater scope for the exercise of talent. The faculty to lay hold of and assimilate that which the student needs, knowingly and wisely, can only be developed when he appreciates his wants and understands their importance. To allow that period when temperament is most pliant, when discipline, for its own sake, is least distasteful and most needed, to pass in abortive attempts to grasp that which eludes the student, is fatal; these strivings must be brought under systematic direction, or their object or goal will never be fully attained. Such ineffectual effort ultimately may cause the neophyte to relinquish hope or ambition, for it is impossible to retrace the steps and again become a student of the mere elements when the habits of mind and work have been wrongly formed—without method or system. These early deficiencies may indeed be patched over, but their marks are always observable.

Undoubtedly there have been artists of great merit, of exceptional genius, who apparently never subjected themselves to systematic training such as the academy furnishes. I say *apparently*, for it will be found on close scrutiny that their "academy" was often comprised in the persistent preparation they themselves enforced. Strong natural talent often supplies the requisite guidance; indeed, academies are founded on systems that originate in this way. Correggio, living in isolation at Parma, away from the great schools of Florence and Rome, which he was unable to attend, set up his own academy by gathering together a few fragments of antique sculpture. From these he caught the idea of form and style, and carried this knowledge into his art. His little academy became illustrious, and we may even question

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whether his fine sense of color might not have suffered mishap had he fallen under the influence of the great *designers* of the Roman school.

But we must not be misled by genius, which is abnormal, exceptional, in our estimate of the value of academic systems. Genius is neither a product of the schools nor of any form of discipline. It originates schools. Carlyle declared that it was simply "an inordinate capacity for taking pains." It is well for the student to believe this, though it be something more than that. It is very certain that the tasks prescribed for themselves by successful self-educators in art have been severe and sustained. They saw the only true path that leads to success, and they followed it courageously and persistently. They thus escaped the regret that surely follows the neglect of early opportunities. They saw at the start that mastery over any art is due to the fact of being well grounded in its elements. The characteristics of deficiency in training are feebleness of form, a negligent, thin, uncertain style that is inadequate for any very valuable expression; admirable ideas obscured from want of knowledge for giving them body; in other words, admirable motives lost in inadequate forms, for in art the technical treatment of a subject must accord harmoniously with its spirit, the sentiment and the form must correspond in the picture as in the poem.

I have used the term *academy* in the sense of prescribed discipline for the study of art. This discipline is based upon a study of the antique and of nature as represented in the human form. The study of the human form embraces all that is requisite for discipline in art, that is, for grounding the pupil in its elements and principles. A thorough knowledge of this form, coupled with the technical skill needful for its truthful and characteristic reproduction in clay or paint, constitutes what may be termed *education* in art in the academic sense. This education makes no specific reference to any special branch of art the pupil may ultimately wish to follow. It has reference merely to the development of the art faculty, to forming a correct habit of observation, and the systematic analysis of this observation by the methods of reproduction; it thus unfolds a grammar of art that may hereafter be applied to any end whatever within its compass. It therefore ignores the special subdivisions of art, and lays the foundations broadly and deeply, with the understanding that if we penetrate far enough we will find underlying these subdivisions that which is common to all—the means and principles that are of universal application.

Now, in my judgment, we have arrived at that place in the development of the means for sound instruction in this country that provides a perfectly adequate course of discipline for the art student. The academies of Europe are not more thoroughly equipped than are some of our own institutions. They offer no facilities that may not be enjoyed at home, with this exception, viz., that of working by the side of clever, eager, earnest fellow-pupils. This exception may, indeed, be said to comprise almost everything that is of value, as it includes the traditions or prestige of the *ateliers*, which rests in the pupils. The cursory visits of the master or professor, devoting but an hour or two a week to eighty or a hundred pupils, with a word of condemnation or approval for each—hardly more than a brief ejaculation—is, however, a stimulus that the students themselves can only rightly estimate the value of. Its force rests in the exalted estimation in which the *maestro* is held; a word of approval, which is of rare occurrence, having for them the character of a flash from Olympus. It is the *esprit*, the atmosphere, the enthusiasm, that does the business.

While we have the institutions, therefore, we have not yet the pupils that may form a favorable comparison with those we find in the crowded academies of Europe. Time is required to supply this material of the fibre and consistency we find abroad. Independent of the merits of the master, time is required to form the traditions that hold the pupil to his tasks, that curb his will with bit and bridle, and bend him to the fundamental elements of discipline. In Europe the pupils themselves govern the *ateliers*, and in a democratic way; they regulate affairs, form the rules, and see that they are enforced. The tone and character of the work even is often in reality the influence of a few vigorous leading pupils whose power is recognized and felt to be dominant. They occupy, in effect, without commission, the place of tutors in colleges, who, being nearer the pupils than the professors, are better able to understand their needs, and

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make known to them the elementary methods that they themselves have but recently learned. The master, having long passed the Rubicon, has to retrace his steps to reach his pupil, and is apt to look down upon him with impatience from too high a plane to fully understand or sympathize with his struggles. Among the pupils, however, the eye of the weaker one is ever fastened on the stronger; he sees the process laid bare in what is going on under his observation; he "gets the hang of it"—that is, of *technique*—and so he learns to handle the implements and manipulate the means with some skill: things which the master gives little attention to, teaching rather how to *see* the object you are working from; to imitate it simply, broadly, characteristically; to observe the planes, model the forms, give the surfaces and substance truthfully—in short, it is drawing, modelling, substance, and relief that concerns the master's oversight: you may flounder with the palette as you please if you only get at the nature of these qualities. To sum up these considerations, all these means of instruction can now be found at home; and with the exception of the quality of the pupils and the prestige of famous names, there is but little distinction between the instruction that may be had here and that which obtains in Paris. It is natural to exaggerate the importance of that which is far removed from us, and which the imagination colors; it is human nature also to depreciate facts when they do not harmonize with current opinion; yet, nevertheless the case is as I have stated it. The student of art may now get all the elementary discipline that is needful without going abroad, and in a far richer way than Albrecht Dürer did in his native Nuremberg—which he never left until his fame had preceded him—or than Velasquez did, or Rembrandt, or Franz Hals, who, by-the-way, set up an academy of his own. In short, there is "no end" of illustrious names of those who graduated from academies no larger than a windmill, and whose *maestri* were by no means famous.

It has been considered by some an open question whether obstacles or facilities are best adapted to develop talent. The biographies of most great men certainly show that in surmounting obstacles the character is formed, the wits are made active, invention originates means of meeting deficiencies, and thus the foundations are laid for a vigorous independence that promotes originality. Whereas careful and luxurious nursing, or facilities that supply every want, often defeat the very end for which they were designed. In other vocations than art the student with a few books upon his shelf will often accomplish a better result than he who is brought up amid the surroundings of vast libraries. I throw out these suggestions merely to intimate that institutions can not make artists, nor do they manufacture talent; talent, indeed, may even find nourishment in sterile places.

This inquiry has now led us to the point where we may determine the true merit of that which forms the title of this article, and which it may appear that I have ignored or refuted.

At the outset I alluded to two distinct periods of disciplinary study as requisite for the student of art—that which concerned preparatory studies in the grammar of art, and a second period intermediate between this preparatory discipline and the professional life. The first may be employed at home, but the second needs a wider and a richer field of example than can be found on this side the Atlantic. After leaving his systematic studies, having acquired what the academy aims to supply—in short, having mastered the methods and means of art—the student now needs to go in search of *himself*, and he discovers himself, or his latent powers, only as he finds them mirrored in nature. His sympathies then find a responsive echo from that quarter, and for the first time he begins to understand that art means something more than method, means, or *technique*. Then it is that he needs to study the masters, to penetrate the secrets of their power, to learn that the prescribed system of the academy—which to be thorough must be consistent, and to be consistent must necessarily be narrow—is by no means sufficiently comprehensive to embrace that wide diversity of aim which he finds manifest in their works. As he recedes from the academy, or the *atelier* of his instructor, he finds that which appeared grandiose when close to the eye diminishes in size as the horizon widens in the view. He sees the lustrous name that thrilled to enthusiasm the concourse of students already fading in its ephemeral and fictitious life before the giants of past times.

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He finds in the calmness, the depth, the sincerity of Rembrandt, for instance, powers that make the popular attractions of the *salon* appear as baubles, as evanescent pyrotechnics that vanish in the firmament of fixed stars.

Again, the neophyte, fresh from his student life, will apparently know more, in his own conceit, and be more positive in expressing this knowledge, than at any future period of his career, for the simple reason that his experience is limited. He has not yet observed that wide diversity of excellence that a wider world offers, and which reveals truth as always many-sided. His standards are those of inexperience, they rest on imbibed theory, and he has not yet learned that he that buckleth on his armor may not boast as he who layeth it down. His world, in little, has been the *atelier*, and current opinion he has mistaken for fixed canons. This is all naturally a part of his inexperience. He himself will regard it later with tender pathos, as he looks back upon that roseate morn of life from the sober noon of reason; when he learns the truth of Goethe's words: No youth can be an artist, for youth can not have repose, calmness, depth.

This second period, therefore, is the critical term of student life. It is a period in which the pupil must be weaned from the academy to find more virile nourishment in the great world of nature and art. He withdraws from his youthful associates; he wearies of their half-fledged aims, their noisy emphasis, their positiveness, and insensibly he seeks solitude. The prophets and seers of old, when the season of inspiration came upon them, retired to the desert; they withdrew from the companionship of men. No man can discover his own soul or thought in society. He must seek that interior life, which is the truer life, in solitude. The sensible student now avoids the very things he once deemed essential to progress—those comments of his associates upon his work while in course of preparation, the interruptions of his privacy, and the ventilation of his own thought before it had resolved itself in action. He withdraws from all this dissipation of power, these puerilities that he has outgrown, in order that he may bend his energies to the expression of himself. He has "put to sea": method and skill are as rudder and compass, said Leonardo: but whither shall he sail, and will his freight prove rich or worthless? He needs now, therefore, the silent counsels of those who speak solely through their works.

It is perfectly natural that the neophyte should believe in the creed, Art for the sake of art, for as yet he has known of no other; this alone has filled his thoughts, and only experience can give him larger views. Fresh from his disciplinary tasks, method and means form for him the beginning and the end of art; and it is proper that they should, for this develops skill, which is always attractive. But granting skill, will the technical knowledge of the grammarian constitute a poet? Will the means usurp the end? will method make the artist? We find in the works of enduring masters something more than this. They do not affect the superficial attractions of mere skill. The musician detests it when obtrusive. The great painters make use of skill in a *nonchalant* way, "with a kind of noble disdain for it," being occupied with larger aims. Titian does not always pause to correct his drawing, nor Rubens his anatomy, having achieved higher objects. But these discrepancies spring from ripe judgments. They can not be imitated without exposing deficiency. It is this second term of study, therefore, that may be usefully passed abroad for a brief period, perhaps not to exceed two years—not long enough for the student to yield himself up to the temptations of mimicry. He will then pass his time, not in the glare of what is novel and specious, but in the truer light of well-tested merit as manifested in the works of masters, living or dead; though artists, to be rightly canonized, often need a term of probation not less than the Church requires for saints, fashion in many instances being no less dominant in moulding current estimates in art than in other things.

THE OLDEST FRIEND.

Oh, Life, my Life, 'tis many a year since we
  Took hands together, and came through the morn,
  When thou and Day and I were newly born—
And fair the future looked, and glad and free,
A year as long as whole Eternity,
  And full of roses with no stinging thorn,
  And full of joys that could not be outworn;
And time was measureless for thee and me.

Long have we fared together, thou and I:
  Thou hast grown dearer, as old friends must grow:
Small wonder if I dread to say good-by
  When our long pact is over, and I go
To enter strange, new worlds beyond the sky
  With Death, thy rival, to whom none saith "No."

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the day of Mr. Anthony Evergreen, who was the earliest and mildest of the Juvenals of New York society, Lent was a season observed by one Church only, and entirely disregarded by all the others. It is indeed very doubtful whether in the primitive little New York of 1805, when Mrs. Toole and Madame Bouchard were the two *modistes* who divided the fashionable town between them, even Easter bonnets were known. But of late years interest in ecclesiastical fasts and feasts has become general, and, indeed, such is the frenzy of fashion and dissipation during the winter that it would be necessary to devise some season of relaxation and moderate rest, if happily the old season of Lent did not furnish the very opportunity.

Fortunately this year the season has been improved by the rector of Trinity Church to call the extreme fashionable woman of New York to account. The preacher arraigned her for total neglect of serious views of life, and enumerated a startling series of counts, specifying offenses which are believed to be not uncommon, and which are of the very gravest kind. In plain and earnest words he denounced fashionable disregard of the most intimate and solemn of human relations, the heedlessness with which young women marry, the dangerous laxity of fashionable views of divorce, the disdain of home life, the crimes to which it leads, and the demoralization and spiritual death in which it ends. Certainly Mr. Anthony Evergreen's fashionable ladies never listened to such a tremendous indictment, and certainly the most volatile of our fashionable grandmothers did nothing to deserve it.

But the preacher thought that the time had at last come to speak out; and in the wild and glittering maelstrom of luxury and extravagance, a heartless, selfish, and senseless race of folly, ruinous to soul and body, standing in his pulpit, and startling his laced and silken congregation by branding their frivolity as crime and their selfishness as corruption, the preacher recalls the austere figures of the older Romans gazing upon the mad revel of their debauched descendants in Couture's famous picture of the "Decadence," or the grim and gloomy John Knox shaking his lean and warning finger at Queen Mary of Scots and her gossamer ladies, or that older, sterner, soul-harrowing teacher saying to his amazed and conscience-smitten hearer, "Thou art the man."

If the observance of Lent has become more fashionable, it is fortunate that fashion has a glass held up to it in the church, into which it does not look in the boudoir or the drawing-room. At the door of the temple, as she passes in, it is well that the airy and jewelled dame and demoiselle shall receive the salutation, "Here fashionable vice shall be shown its own image." It is well that in God's house, if not in Midas's, Lady Clara Vere de Vere should hear that she is not made of a purer and more privileged clay because she can crust herself with diamonds and trace her lineage to a pirate, but that she is an offender against Divine laws and a corrupter of her poorer sisters, and that, toiling not nor spinning, yet, however arrayed in all her glory, she is not the peer of the least of her honest and laborious sisters. If Lent shall be the season in which radical truths like these shall be told with conviction and power to those who seldom hear the truth of themselves, it will be in good faith a season of purification and renewal.

But what is the real root of the situation which the preacher justly touched with words of fire? What is the final cause of the various tendencies and evils which he depicted? The Easy Chair has preached more than one sermon upon the same text. The root of the wild excesses of fashionable folly, deepening into actual crime, is the view of women which men generally adopt and which women generally accept. It lies in the refusal to recognize in women the same liberty of choice in the conduct of life which men assert and maintain for themselves. It lies in the distrust of those laws of nature in regard to women which are implicitly trusted in regard to men, and in the assumption of men to decide for women what is becoming in woman. Men perpetually talk of the sphere of woman as if women did not know their own sphere quite as well as men know theirs, and men argue about the occupations and education of woman as if women were not as competent to choose for themselves as men for themselves. But if men are to decide what is truly womanly, and direct the activities and studies of women, practically denying them the freedom of choice, which men will fight to the death to secure for themselves, the consequences are inevitable. Not more surely will he that sows the wind reap the whirlwind than he who would impose upon society to-day the mediæval estimate of women reproduce mediæval morals and manners.

Even Mr. Anthony Evergreen, who did not bewilder himself with these grave questions, would have admitted the alternative to be plain enough. Either a woman must pursue her own development, according to her nature, as a man pursues his, trusting that the divine laws which direct men correctly will also direct women, or she must be governed in all things by the will of men. Now, as in the economy of the universe woman is a co-ordinate sex with man, created equally in God's image, necessarily, therefore, with the same rights, although obviously with different functions, whence is derived that sovereignty of man over woman which is assumed in the claim that she shall be a woman, not as her own nature demands, but as he chooses to dictate?

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How can a man reasonably assert that he knows what is womanly better than a woman knows it, and consequently that, being stronger, and able to enforce his will, it shall be womanly for her to do what he chooses, and unwomanly to differ from him? The Chinese deny women souls; Mohammed regarded them as created for the delight of men. Mohammedans and Chinese, consequently, logically hold that women should be educated, not as they themselves choose, but as Mohammed thinks necessary for them in order to fill properly the sphere for which he believes them to be designed.

But if a doctrine of the spheres and relation of the sexes logically regards women as odalisques and houris, it must not shrink from the consequences. Those who hold that not the instincts and minds and consciences, the modesty and tact and tenderness, of women, but the theories and speculations of men about the sphere of woman, should govern the lives of women, must expect to see in women frivolity, flattery, and falsehood, and all their fruits. Those who live by favor will develop the characteristics of favorites. They will naturally decorate themselves to please a master, and dare any crime to retain the power of pleasing. Mr. Anthony Evergreen was not a philosopher, but he would have agreed that in a world where the tacit understanding is that women must study to please men, the vanity and folly and mad extravagance of the fashionable woman are mainly due to men.

No prediction would seem to be surer of fulfillment than that of heat in July and high winds in March. Even if the prophet should venture to specify the day, and announce great heat on the 4th of July and a gale about the 9th of March, he might count confidently upon a fair probability of the event. But if we should read in some Pepys or Evelyn that such a prediction of a March tempest of appalling violence was made two centuries ago in England four or five months in advance, and that it became the general talk of clubs and journals, we should naturally think that the public of the clubs and newspapers was very much at leisure, and found time hanging a little heavy upon its hands. But if we should further learn that fishers and sailors were so seriously alarmed that they feared to put to sea, and that women became insane with apprehension, we should smile at popular credulity, and lament the weak wits that succumbed to such grotesque terrors.

The comedy would be completed by the prophet repairing to a convenient distant point to watch the awful elemental convulsion, stating that the planets were wheeling into line for the event, and deploring that the duty of a weather prophet to the universe compelled him to take mankind into his dreadful confidence, even at the sad cost of ruin to the fisheries and to weak nerves. The sagacious reader of to-day would at once inquire whether this worthy seer was not an almanac-maker, and smile at the enormous advertisement hidden in the harrowing vaticination. Wiggins has proved that the art of advertisement is not a lost art, for the same sagacious reader has already detected the *de te fabula* in this talk of two centuries ago. The question now is, what would the wits and loungers of Charles's day have said of their hard-working kindred in America two centuries later had they been told that somebody would predict in November a great storm in March, and that therefore gossip and newspapers and telegraphs would busy themselves with the matter, although they had coldly neglected, and always coldly neglect, the ever-recurring prophecies of the end of the world and the general collapse of things.

In Andersen's story the Princess proves that she is a princess by feeling uncomfortable upon a couch of fifty beds of down under which there is a single pea. The test of the able editor is the detection of the advertisement under the most plausible mask of public interest and information. The adroit enemy unfolds his beneficent truths in which mankind must be vitally interested, and for answer he hears from the imperturbably perceptive editor, or publisher, or proprietor, "Our terms are five dollars a line for one insertion." How often is the apparent philanthropist dismayed by hearing from the lips of editorial experience: "Sir, I have been there many times. Your wares are undoubtedly excellent. We will gladly sell the advertising space that you require, and on the most liberal terms. But we do not sell the right to quote this periodical as editorially praising them." So looks Jeremy Diddler when a friend greets him with the occult remark, "Not a dollar this morning"; so turns Robert Macaire when a neighbor cries, "Police!" as when the skillful advertiser perceives his flanks to be turned and his centre broken by the sagacious editor.

But Wiggins is evidently the Napoleon of the art, and he may fairly claim to have caught the ancient Wurmser napping. If he did not have his storm, he had his advertisement. Alas! the storm was his feint, and the advertisement his objective point, and the good-natured press went trooping *en masse*, sneering and laughing, toward the storm. The storm did not come to time, but Wiggins did. He has won his spurs, and may fairly stand with the renowned William Lilly, who, when he and his companions were frightened from their treasure-digging in a grave by a storm which he had not prophesied, after it had passed, announced that it had been produced by demons whom he had dispersed. And the next day there shone the clear blue sky to attest his word. The great Lilly also prophesied like Wiggins, and like Wiggins published an almanac; and when it was shrewdly suspected that certain hieroglyphics in his almanac for 1666 veiled the mystery of the causes

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of the great fire of London in that year, the veracious Lilly, scorning to tell a lie, admitted that he had foreseen the fire, but would say nothing of the cause.

But our Wiggins, who, as a light-minded lounger remarked, threatened, Jove-like, to give the world a wigging, was a magician also, like Dousterswivel in the *Antiquary*. That worthy did at least enlist good Mr. Oldbuck's curiosity, and our Wiggins did persuade many a good citizen to say, "Well, why not?" "Is science never to get any further?" "Is it more wonderful to predict a great tidal wave than to," etc., etc. The wily conjurer unveils the superstition and the soft credulity, masquerading as a scientific impartiality, which really expects a high wind in March, not because March is usually a very boisterous month, but because somebody announces that on the 9th, 10th, or 11th of March there will be a storm. The fact that there was a high wind on some of those days doubtless enabled that gentle credulity to feel that Wiggins was an extraordinary and mysterious man. It was the weather that belongs to March; but that a man should be talked about in all the newspapers from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Mexico because he solemnly declared in November that there would be March weather in March shows the exceeding good nature of mankind.

THOSE who remember the "Wagner nights" of Theodore Thomas's Central Park Gardens long ago really took part in the introduction of Wagner to this country. The famous composer had many good fortunes, and among them were the friendship of kings and the admiration of Thomas. A new composer is singularly dependent upon an efficient conductor when he can not himself conduct, and Thomas's power is very remarkable. He plays upon an orchestra as Paganini played upon the violin or Liszt upon the piano. To call him the Napoleon of the orchestra is to say that he has the genius of command, a genius as indispensable to great orchestral results as to great military movements.

From the pleasant summer evening concerts in the Central Park Garden to the magnificent performances at the Musical Festival of last year, and to the late Thomas memorial concert to Wagner at the Academy of Music, is a swift and striking but natural progress. Many of those midsummer loiterers who listened curiously and half incredulously to the works of the new master went last May, on the memorable Wagner afternoon at the Festival, ready for delight, but wondering still, and came out from that marvellous performance with the clear conviction that here was unquestionably a master, and with the revelation of new resources in music. And if some one of them strayed into the Academy to hear the memorial performance of the *Faust* overture, the Wotan's farewell, and the funeral march from the Götterdämmerung, with Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, he heard one of the most perfect concerts ever given in this country, and came away without longer doubt that another name must be added to the great names in music, even if he should agree with Theodore Thomas that Wagner, unlike Beethoven and Haydn and Mozart, regards music as a means rather than an end, in the same way that a painter like Overbeck or Fra Beato uses his art to promote a religious impression rather than, like Giorgione and Paolo and Titian, to revel in the splendor of color.

It was delightful to hear a concert divided between Beethoven and Wagner only. The difference between them is profound, and so long has Beethoven been regarded as the unapproachable Shakespeare of music, while the other *dii majores*, although crowned, sit a little below the Olympian, that this proud Wagner *cult* is a little resented by the lovers of the older master as a kind of sacrilegious audacity. But the new worshippers are not easily routed. They share the confidence and the disdain of their master. They have all the fervor of fanatics, and the kind of intolerance which marks those who are so convinced that they are sure of triumph.

The younger men and women who are accomplished in music, who have studied it with enthusiasm, many of whom have been to Baireuth, and are turned toward the new day, bear down without mercy upon what they describe as the sentimental school of well-meaning ignorance and inexperience. "The great composers," as they were called half a century ago, meaning the great Germans at the close of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century, seem to the Wagnerians to have been excellent men, who dealt with the orchestra without comprehending it. Some of the more daring of the new lights have ventured to call some of the great fathers "obsolete," and others "second-rate." Even the sublime Handel has borne this opprobrium from those who think *Parsifal* to be an "epochal" work. But when these iconoclasts come to speak of the Italian opera, the "one God, one Farinelli" school of what they characterize as "tum-ti-tum" music—Rosina, Lucia, Amina, Elvira, and all the ravishing rest—it is all cast out as musical boxes and hurdy-gurdies, and they deny with intrepid indignation that it is to be called music at all.

Indeed, these scornful experts assert that there can be no sharper trial for a truly musical soul, a soul sensitive to the pure worth of music, than to listen to the gymnastics of a voice which is trained to imitate a bird instead of being cultivated to express human emotion. To such an expert there is no sadder spectacle than a crowd of ladies and gentlemen in an opera-house going mad in full dress over a Lucia upon the stage going mad in white satin. The expert shares the pain of a Christian missionary beholding the orgies of the heathen.—But a truce to these wars of

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the roses. Shall the white not be fair because the red is beautiful? When at the memorial concert the Wagner part ended and the Beethoven began, it was evident that there were two different masteries, and plainly two masters. When the *Eroica* began, who could not feel that it was the great work of a master who had less knowledge of the resources of the orchestra than the composer of the Siegfried's Tod and the *Faust*? But who could doubt that he was equally a master? Dante is not less because Homer is great, and the "morning star" of English song is not extinguished by the Elizabethan constellation of glory.

It is not the most ardent disciples of any master in any department who most truly understand his due relation to others. Yet it is such aggressive enthusiasm that blazes the path of progress. It is an old story that some of Beethoven's orchestral scores were thought to be too wild for performance, and the Easy Chair remembers when it was thought to be rather an affectation of superiority to profess the highest enjoyment of the symphonies. Beethoven's was then the music of the future, and those whose ears and hearts were opened to it were the objects of the good-natured compassion and forbearance of those others who knew that Mrs. Wood's Amina was the highest of musical joys. The ardor of the present conflict of taste and opinion will abate. To enjoy June it will not be necessary to shudder at the chill of May. To delight in Beethoven the listener need not deride Mozart. To recognize the richness and the power of Wagner's genius will not be to insist that he surpasses all others, like a new well which empties all the neighboring springs. Let us plant both the red and the white roses in our gardens, sure that they will make the parterre richer and the air sweeter.

How often has the Easy Chair assured the incredulous writer of poems, or essays, or tales, or sketches of travel, or any of those papers which are the life of a magazine, or of the books which are the prosperity of publishers, that editors are not malignant Quilps who delight to stick forks in the eyes of unresisting wooden figures, and that it is not of publishers that the rhyme is written, "Fee, faw, fum," nor is the word Englishman in the rhyme meant to describe the author whose bones the grisly ogre-publisher yearns to grind to make his bread. Yet the tradition is very tenacious, that, like luxuriant princes who fed on ortolans, so publishers fatten upon the brains of authors.

Doubtless many a young poet gnaws his heart reflecting that publishers conspire not to print his songs, or that the public conspires not to read them. His book is not printed or it is not read. He is therefore the victim of a bitter wrong. How much better is his verse than that of the others whose songs are in all hearts and upon all tongues! It is a cruelly unjust world, thinks the poet, because the editor and the publisher will not own his merit; and he casts a green eye upon the more fortunate who can cajole or corrupt the publisher, and so soar to fame. O poet! said Tennyson to a spiteful letter,

> "Greater than I—isn't that your cry?—
> And I shall live to see it.
> Well, if it be so, so it is, you know:
> And if it be so—so be it."

Will the kind author who can not—and naturally—receive his MS. back again without a pang, reflect that one-half of the books published each year in the United States fail to return their cost, and that one-half of the remainder bring no profit, leaving the cost of supporting the publishing machinery of the country to be borne by the publishers' share of the profits of one-fourth of the books issued?

It was only last month that we mentioned how much Washington Irving owed to his publisher, the late George P. Putnam. In a charming letter which Mr. Irving wrote to Mr. Putnam from Sunnyside at Christmas, 1852, he says: "I never had dealings with any man, whether in the way of business or friendship, more perfectly free from any alloy." And this was not because the writer of the letter was a popular author whom any publisher would willingly propitiate, for he adds: "That these dealings have been profitable is merely owing to your own sagacity and enterprise. You had confidence in the continued vitality of my writings, when —— had almost persuaded me they were defunct. You called them again into active existence, and gave them a circulation that I believe has surprised even yourself. In rejoicing at their success my satisfaction is doubly enhanced by the idea that you share in the benefits derived from it."

This is a charming glimpse of the relations that may subsist between the author and the publisher, and it disposes of the theory that they are natural enemies. What Irving says in this pleasant letter to his publisher many an author could say also from his own experience. But it is none the less true that authors —and in this day of magazines their name is legion — do often feel that they are greatly wronged by publishers, and that the business of publishing books and magazines is conducted by favoritism, and envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. But the business of publishing and editing, like all other business, to be profitable, must be conducted upon business principles, and such principles do not permit the publishing of dull books merely because they were written by personal friends of the publishers, nor the acceptance of articles for magazines because they are the work of the editors' cronies. The fresh genius, the new writer, who shall outstrip Dickens and charm more sweetly than Longfellow, is the hope and anticipation of editor and publisher, and you, young sir or madam, with your modest manu-

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script, are you not, probably, the celestial visitant long awaited, and now newly alighted upon the planet?

But the test of your claim upon a publisher is the probability of your public recognition. You have no right to ask him to pay for the printing and publication of a book which nobody will buy. You may be a great poet or a great prophet—even Wiggins himself—but that does not authorize you to levy upon your neighbor's purse. If your neighbor, being a merchant, decides that he must lose his money should he publish your book, as a good merchant he will decline to publish it. It would be as foolish for him to insist that you should give him money upon the pledge of something that you thought to be valueless as for you to make a similar demand upon him. As a shrewd merchant he will publish your work upon the best terms he can make with you if he sees his advantage in it, and as an honorable merchant he will strictly observe his bargain with you.

The "Fee-faw-fum" theory holds, however, that publishers are less honorable merchants than others; and some honorable publishers, the sons of Irving's friend Putnam, have just issued a manual of *Authors and Publishers*, which is full of valuable information for all authors and writers who have no practical experience of publishing and publishers. This ignorance produces an immense loss of time to authors, editors, and publishers, and this little manual clears up much misunderstanding and apparent mystery. It will show the suspicious writer that editors greatly prefer to find his offering all that he believes it to be, and that publishers are not constantly devoted to outwitting authors. It spreads before the "intending author" the copyright laws, and it fills him with information concerning contracts of every kind, and the details of the manufacture of books. It enlightens him, also, upon the operation of a just international copyright, demonstrating that the present situation is a discrimination against the American author. It is, in fact, a most instructive manual, and the fact that it proceeds from a publisher, and is, of course, entirely trustworthy, should do something to disarm the suspicion in which that hapless personage is held.

The letter of Irving to which we have alluded is printed in fac-simile in this little manual, which frankly acknowledges the traditional ill repute among authors of the publishing craft. But, as the writer of the manual suggests, it is the authors who tell the story. The publisher might say with the rueful lion that his side is not heard, and that if the case were truly stated it would be seen that the interests of authors and publishers are a common business interest, and that much of the suspicion and trouble arises from the forgetfulness or contempt upon the part of authors of the fact that the relation is a business and not a sentimental relation. The authors of school-books, who generally do not take a sentimental view, are usually satisfied with their publishing connections, and the very fact that a successful school-book maker usually receives a large revenue for his work sharpens his perceptions in dealing with business men. Their approval is a credential which should satisfy other dealers; and not the least excellence of this manual of *Authors and Publishers* is the emphasis which it lays upon the truth that an author, when dealing with a publisher, is for that occasion a merchant trader.

THE correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson reveals a noble friendship of which no one can read the commanding record without receiving a blessing from its refinement and invigoration. Two years ago the publication of the *Reminiscences* of Carlyle, followed later by Froude's first volumes of the *Life* of him, produced an indignant reaction of feeling against one of the most striking and powerful of modern authors. He was plainly denounced as a bad husband, a snob; envious, querulous, and morbidly selfish, and the especial sham which he had been so long laboriously decrying. The reaction was immense and largely unreasonable, but one thing remained more clearly evident than ever before, and that was the imperfect sympathy, as Charles Lamb called the intellectual defect which is observable in Carlyle, and which is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in his estimate of Lamb and his feeling for him.

This also appears in the correspondence with Emerson, but nowhere else does the deep and melancholy tenderness of Carlyle's rugged Titanic nature show itself so plainly as in these letters. They are full of an inexpressible melancholy, and the impression they leave upon the mind is that of his misty and mountainous Scotland, forever moaning, with the solitary sea dashing upon stern rocks and sighing along sandy shores. There was a certain colossal grandeur of nature in Carlyle which makes his literary performance, strong and memorable as it is, seem thin and inadequate. His genius appears in them, and their power is undeniable. But it is Michael Angelo turning a sonnet instead of building a cathedral. Emerson evidently felt this from personal contact, as many readers have felt it from the books only. "Carlyle has a hairy strength," wrote Emerson, when staying with his friend, "which makes his literary vocation a mere chance, and what seems very contemptible to him. I could think only of an enormous trip-hammer with an 'Æolian attachment.'"

The beautiful intimacy of these letters, however, dissipates many of the false impressions of the last two years. When Emerson goes to England in 1847 he writes in his diary: "C. and his wife live on beautiful terms. Their ways are very engaging, and in her book-case all his books are inscribed to her, as they came from year to year, each with some significant line." This is a glimpse the truthfulness of which is

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not disturbed by such remarks, attributed to Mrs. Carlyle, as, "My dear, never marry a genius." If Mrs. Carlyle ever said it—of which fact there is no evidence—it by no means follows that she deplored her own marriage. Unquestionably she made great sacrifices. Undoubtedly Carlyle's temperament, his ill health, his engrossing, absolute devotion to his work, and a certain inbred peasant view of woman, made him a difficult husband—indeed, with poverty added, an impossible husband to any woman but Jane Welsh. But in all that has been published we do not recall any real testimony to her unhappiness, although at first we were certainly inclined to feel that his remorse in the *Reminiscences* indicated a bitter self-condemnation.

But read in the light of these letters and of the better knowledge of friends, that remorseful strain becomes only the Carlylean tone. It is the tragic ay, ay, which wails through his works and his life, softened in these letters into an inexpressible pathos. If anybody chooses to see in him only a dyspeptic and selfish misanthrope, so be it. It is not a matter for controversy. But those are surely more fortunate who can perceive in the tremendous outpouring of his talking and writing the overflow of a stupendous humor and the insight of a remarkable intellect and imagination.

But if Carlyle be the misty and sea-washed mountainous Scotland, what is Emerson but the celestial sunlight that floods it all with beauty? Carlyle begins and ends his correspondence by saying, and through forty years continuously reiterates, that Emerson is the one man of his time who, amid the universal jabber, speaks to him intelligibly, and it is plain that he loved him as he loved no other man. He rested his weary head upon that gracious bosom. It was because the marvellous insight of Carlyle detected in Emerson the purest and most penetrating intellect fixed unswervingly upon truth. With a temperament as fortunate as Carlyle's was unhappy, with an infinite courtesy that fascinated the sturdiest dissenter, with perfect moral courage and intellectual fidelity, Emerson put aside tradition and convention and error with the hand of fate and the face of an angel. In these two friends the old fable of the wind and the sun was repeated. Carlyle gayly complained of his friend's flights in the empyrean. He urged him to quit abstractions and generalizations, and write of some historical American who interested him. Nothing was more natural. It was the turbid, tossing, roaring sea, and the clear, sun-lit ether of mid-heaven.

It is long since such a book was published, nor will it be soon matched. It is as intimate a revelation as could be made of two of the most eminent figures of their time, and it leaves them both at once more truly understood and more admirable. Their mutual affection was strong and deep. Their mutual reverence was immense, and the expression of it was unrestrained. But with it all there was no flattery, no sentimentality, no concealment. Their communication was like

"That large utterance of the early gods,"

in which it is delightful to see a friendship not afraid of superlatives in declaring its love, nor of the most positive expression of criticism and dissent. To be the editor of these letters, chosen by the writers of them, is a distinction which Mr. Norton has most happily justified to every reader by the perfect tact, completeness, and modesty with which his task has been discharged.

Editor's Literary Record.

ALTHOUGH the eighteenth century can not be regarded as a creative period in literature, it is an exceedingly interesting subject for study as the era of that stage of transition and improvement when English literature cast off its early robust but prolix and involved forms, together with their rank undergrowth of grandiose extravagance and inflation, and put on its modern, more direct, more simple and lucid, more tasteful and elegant, forms of style and composition. This transition, so far as it was an advance and an improvement, was more apparent in the prose than in the poetry of the century; for, as has been the case with the poetry of all times and peoples, English poetry had liberated itself at a much earlier day than English prose from the crudenesses, and puerilities, and imperfections generally which attach to the infancy and youth of a literature, and had reached a high degree of perfection. But under the influence of the new forces and conditions that were then first set actively in operation, the eighteenth century was literally the era of the birth and development of modern prose, and the processes that preceded and attended its evolution are deeply interesting for the illustration they afford of the principles that are involved in the formation of a literature. This transitional period, and the laws which were operative in producing and permanently affecting it, are ably and clearly traced and described in a volume on *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*,[1] by Mr. Thomas S. Perry, which is not so much a detailed history of the literature of the century as a philosophical exposition and analysis of the influences that contributed to it, of the laws that inspired and

[1] *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century.* By THOMAS S. PERRY, late University Lecturer on English Literature, Harvard College. 12mo, pp. 450. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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governed it at its various stages, and of the causes that led to its declension. Mr. Perry devotes a large portion of his work to an introductory review of the character of the literature of the preceding century both in England and on the Continent, and traces with great affluence of illustration the influence that it and the contemporaneous Continental literature exerted, either directly or by the reactions which they occasioned upon the literature of the eighteenth century. In the course of his review he exhibits the indebtedness of the English literature of this period to particular native and Continental writers of the preceding century, and notes its points of departure, whether for better or worse, from their standards of method and practice. This portion of the volume is peculiarly valuable and interesting for its elaborate sketch of the origins of our modern prose, of the distinctive differences and superiorities that distinguish it from the prose of the earlier period, and of the transitional steps that merged the one into the other. But notwithstanding the fine critical ability that is apparent in parts of this section of his work, we are compelled to the conclusion that Mr. Perry's low estimate of the prose of the preceding century, while having a basis of fact, is not a little extravagant, and must have been formed in forgetfulness of the splendid periods of Raleigh, the elegant essays and descriptions of Sidney, the masculine force and impressive simplicity of Bunyan, the ornate eloquence of Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor and Richard Hooker, and the consummate strength, beauty, purity, and majesty of the authorized version of the Bible. Mr. Perry's view of the literature of the century itself is conducted on the same general plan as his view of the antecedent literature. He invites attention to individual writers only as they illustrate general principles and laws, and does not pretend to present a complete historical résumé of the literature of the period at successive stages as represented by the particular authors who contributed to it. His estimates and criticisms of authors are few but thoughtful, and generally just, though somewhat lacking in enthusiasm, and imbued with the spirit of an iconoclast whose mission is to dispel cherished illusions. More at home in prose than in poetry, his observations on the former are always able and acute, but on the latter they are too purely technical, looking to the form rather than to the spirit, and seldom evince that generous sympathy and perfect delicacy of taste which usually accompany the clearest poetical insight. Mr. Perry's plan necessarily obliged him to pass lightly over many important authors, and to omit all reference to many more; but there are some omissions of names—such as Porson, Bentley, Sir William Jones, and Thomas Warton among scholars, Newton and Herschel among men of science, Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson among historians, Blackstone, Bentham, and Adam Smith among legists and political economists, Bickerstaff, Sheridan, and Garrick among dramatists, Burke and Fox among orators, and Bolingbroke and Bishop Berkeley among men of genius—which are indispensable to any just conception of the scope and spirit and influence of the literature of the century. We venture to express the hope that in a future edition of his interesting and instructive book Mr. Perry will devote to these, and others such as these that might be mentioned, the space that is their due.

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates has been long and justly valued as a reference-book. The extensive range of its stores of precise information and the universality of its usefulness literally adapt it to the needs of all sorts and conditions of men; and its convenient arrangement puts it in the power of whoever may consult it to find instantly, at the moment when most wanted, and to master at a glance, the exact date and all the material particulars of any interesting or important fact or occurrence of the ancient or modern world. Bearing the same relation to *facts* and *things* that a dictionary bears to *words* or a directory to *persons*, it imparts the desired information concerning them with similar brevity and certainty. The great acceptability of the work is attested by the fact that notwithstanding its large and increasing size, sixteen editions of it have been exhausted in England, and another, the seventeenth, has been recently published. The new edition retains all that has proved permanently valuable in its predecessors, with the addition of many new and desirable features; among the principal of which are a dated index—in itself a valuable and convenient collection of references—a chronological table of contemporaneous European sovereigns from the eleventh to the present century, a large fund of recent knowledge pertaining to science, literature, topography, geography, and history, and a body of important details relating to the political, social, commercial, ecclesiastical, and philanthropic movements that have taken place since the completion of the former editions—bringing the general history of the world down to September, 1881. This latest improved English edition has been made the basis of an American[1] edition, now just published by the Messrs. Harper, and prepared under the capable editorial supervision of Mr. George Cary Eggleston. Mr. Eggleston has judiciously confined himself to the correction of errors that have occurred in the English edition with respect to American matters, the addition of American dates to all important titles from which they had been omitted by the English editor, and the insertion of additional

[1] *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates and Universal Information Relating to all Ages and Nations.* Seventeenth Edition. Containing the History of the World to the Autumn of 1881. By BENJAMIN VINCENT, Librarian of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, etc. Royal 8vo, pp. 796. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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titles relating to American subjects having special interest to Americans, including all important matters in American history which readers may expect to find in a work of this kind. A careful inspection of the titles contributed to the work by Mr. Eggleston reveals the prime essentials, in a dictionary of universal information, of simplicity and precision of statement, of strict accuracy with regard to facts and dates, and of the utmost conciseness compatible with clearness. More than ever, he has made the work an invaluable *vade-mecum* for the library, the counting-room, and the book-shelf of men of all professions and pursuits.

It is not to be expected that an impartial history of Jesuitism will be written either by its warm friends and apologists or its bitter enemies. If the tendency of the one is to become its blind panegyrists, it is equally the tendency of the other to become its passionate censors. It is not long since a volume by Mr. Paul Féval, an accomplished French scholar, was laid upon our table, which at the time, from unavoidable causes, failed to receive the attention it deserved, and in which the history of the Jesuits was outlined from the standpoint of an avowed defender and encomiast. Cleverly written in the pungent epigrammatic style so attractive in French writers, Mr. Féval's book won the attention of the reader by its incandescent enthusiasm, and engrossed him by its liveliness, its eloquence, and its dramatic groupings. It opened with a melodramatic scene depicting the meeting of Loyola and his six chosen associates on the heights of Montmartre when they took the first vow originating the Society of Jesus; and this was followed by vivid outline sketches of its founders, and glowing descriptions of its missions, and of the extraordinary successes that attended them in South America, India, China, Japan, and Pombal. These were succeeded by graphic accounts of the rise and progress of the society in Europe, more particularly in France, and of the obstacles that were interposed to arrest its advance and to throw discredit upon its purposes, and by a bitterly denunciatory characterization of the great Frenchmen who were conspicuous in their hostility to it. The historical value of the fascinating volume was impaired, however, by the confession of the author that it was written in a paroxysm of remorse, as a sort of penitential expiation for the "pernicious books" he had composed, and by his extravagant panegyric of the society and all its belongings on the one hand, and his violent and oftentimes palpably unjust arraignment of the motives and character of its most eminent antagonists on the other. It was further weakened in its claims to credit as an authentic page of history by the manifest credulity of its author, especially with reference to the "miraculous gifts" which he believed to have been vouchsafed to, and the "miraculous powers" that were exercised by, Loyola, Xavier, and others among the early pioneers of the society, and by the rose-colored pictures he drew of the "extraordinary prudence" and "delicate manœuvrings" of the early Jesuits—traits which he ingenuously ranked among the most exemplary Christian virtues, but which scrupulous or sensitive minds might consider as bearing an unfortunate resemblance to cunning and duplicity. This was the version of a friend of the order. It was worthless as history in the proportion that its praise and its censure were indiscriminate, extravagant, and unsustained by evidence that would be accepted as satisfactory in the court of common-sense. And now we have the reverse side of the picture by an implacable foe, who travesties all that Mr. Féval worships, who is as earnest in his objurgations as that gentleman was in his commendation, as extravagant and indiscriminating in his invective as the other was in his eulogy, and we regret to say far more affluent of sneers and scoffs, and also of assertions which are often unsupported by satisfactory evidence. *The History of the Jesuits*,[3] by Mr. Theodor Griesinger, of Stuttgart, Germany, professes to give a complete account of the open and secret proceedings of the Society of Jesus from the foundation of the order until the present time, and the author has certainly accumulated a large amount of material concerning the society, its origin and progress, and the lives, acts, and character of its founders, which is highly interesting, and in many instances of such a kind and derived from sources so reliable as to be fairly entitled to credit, while in others the orders and documents cited are not duly authenticated, and contain the strongest internal evidence of their having been fabrications. It should be added that Mr. Griesinger does not always deal ingenuously even with the authentic evidence he adduces. Too frequently he gives it a distorted interpretation unfavorable to the Jesuits not warranted by its real meaning. He habitually disparages Loyola's abilities, even while producing the proof that they must have been great, if not commanding; he persistently sets down the most praiseworthy acts of the early Jesuits in the category of vices; and in like manner he arraigns the entire order for the flagitious acts of an individual or a coterie. As it is difficult to make men of average good sense believe that mankind in the mass are either altogether bad or altogether good, the reader will naturally revolt at the indiscriminate and wholesale charges which Mr. Griesinger brings against the Jesuits as a body. He makes a strong case, but it is clearly *ex parte*, and in the vein of a partisan, or of an attorney who

[3] *The Jesuits.* A Complete History of their Open and Secret Proceedings, from the Foundation of the Order to the Present Time. Told to the German People. By Theodor Griesinger. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 439 and 883. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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is determined to see nothing good on the other side, rather than of an impartial judge who desires to ascertain the exact truth, and to give even "auld hornie" his due. Thus his sweeping charges of evil, and his proscription of whole classes of men by general descriptions and denominations, often offend the sense of fair play and even-handed justice that is so strong with men of the Anglo-Saxon race, and lead even the stanchest Protestant to suspect his accuracy, since it is easy to see that by a similar process even Christianity itself might be put upon its defense. It is to be regretted that this really able writer has permitted his zeal and his aversions to get so greatly the better of his judgment. His book contains much that is unanswerable in exposition of the dangerous devices, tendencies, and policies of this insidious organization; but many of his exaggerations are so patent and so palpably of the bugaboo order as to cast doubt on the reality of his most telling and irrefragable charges. Mr. Griesinger treats the history of the Jesuits very exhaustively, under the following heads: Their origin; their shrewdness as the secret of their rapid and gigantic growth; their morality and obedience to the vow of chastity; their disinterestedness in connection with the vow of poverty; their probity and benevolence; the apparent death of their order, and its ominous revivification by the development of Roman Catholicism into Jesuitism through the successful agency of the Jesuits in procuring the adoption of the dogma of papal infallibility. In dealing with the alleged virtues of the Jesuits Mr. Griesinger interprets them all by their contraries: their vow of morality is described as a pretense for the most inordinate licentiousness; their vow of poverty and disinterestedness is considered a mask for systematic theft, robbery, and extortion; their vow of probity is represented as a mere cover for lying, violence, and fraud; and their vow of benevolence is construed as a charter to murder and assassinate in the gross or in the particular. And although strong evidence is adduced to show that this interpretation is deserved in some cases, yet fair-minded men will hesitate to brand the entire order from its origin until now with the crimes that have been justly ascribed to the ambitious or crafty or fiendish and designing men who belonged to it. The most valuable portions of Mr. Griesinger's work are those which expose the machinations of the Jesuits in political affairs, and which unmask their aim to rivet the fetters of superstition and spiritual thralldom upon the masses of the people in those countries where their organization is most powerful and widely diffused. Despite its partisanship and its exaggerations, however, the book is a rough mine of great value, and it is only necessary, in order to derive substantial information from it, that the reader be dispassionate and intelligent enough to discriminate between the genuine ore and the useless dross with which it is incrusted.

UPON attempting the preparation of a compendious history of Latin literature Mr. Simcox was naturally oppressed both by the magnitude of his subject and the infinity of its details. And realizing that "an ideal history of anything would tend to be a history of everything," and that such a history of Latin literature would be made practically unserviceable by its bulk, he determined that instead of striving to secure organic unity by presenting a detailed account of it in all its parts, he would aim rather to follow its movement as a whole, and to illustrate it by a sort of comparative portrait gallery, and a series of sketches, now slight and now more full, with appropriate contrasts introduced where they were naturally suggested, and so much of background as might be necessary to bring important periods or representative authors into fuller relief. The result is an exceedingly valuable and instructive compendium which he is justified in styling *A History of Latin Literature.*[4] In a brief and suggestive introduction Mr. Simcox describes the early Latin races, and gives a perspicuous account of their literature, whether autochthonous or derived from Greece, and of the actual beginning of later Latin literature with Livius Andronicus and Nævius in the third century before Christ. He then follows with a succession of careful and more elaborate sketches, partly historical and biographical and partly analytical and critical, in which all the more prominent writers and thinkers who flourished from the time of "Father Ennius," in the second and third centuries before Christ, to the time of Boethius, in the sixth century of the Christian era, are passed in leisurely review, the chief incidents of their lives having a bearing on literature are related, their writings are analyzed and epitomized, and their quality appraised, and their influence upon contemporaneous or later literature is considered and estimated. These sketches are methodized and arranged in convenient parts illustrating in chronological sequence related groups of writers and of literary movements and periods, as severally exemplifying the departments of comedy, tragedy, satire, poetry, history, oratory, technical and declamatory composition, fables, annals, and pagan and Christian philosophy and religion; and all combined enable the reader to take a comprehensive view of the entire field of the literature of the nearly eight hundred years covered by the work. Those of the sketches that are devoted to the more eminent Latin poets and writers are very carefully elaborated; and although Mr. Simcox's style is often harsh and intricate, and his meaning hard to catch, he has

[4] *A History of Latin Literature from Ennius to Boethius.* By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SIMCOX, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. In Two Volumes. 12mo, pp. 468 and 481. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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successfully accomplished the object he had in view of producing a history of Latin literature which "should do much toward making it intelligible and interesting as a whole to those of the cultivated laity who may like to realize its literary worth, whether they read Latin or no."

When Professor Lounsbury undertook the preparation of a biographical sketch of our great novelist James Fenimore Cooper,[5] he found that in addition to the usual difficulties involved in such a task, special dilemmas of a very embarrassing and discouraging kind were to be encountered, resulting from the fact that when Cooper lay on his death-bed he enjoined upon his family to permit no authorized account of his life to be prepared. This injunction has been piously obeyed in its exact letter and spirit from that day to this. Not only has no memoir been authorized or attempted by the novelist's family, but the direct and authoritative sources of information contained in the family papers have been kept religiously closed. And in consequence, as Professor Lounsbury remarks, no biography of Cooper has appeared, and the sketches of his career which are to be found either in magazines or encyclopædias are alike unsatisfactory because of their incompleteness, and in a greater or less degree untrustworthy in their details. Professor Lounsbury's sketch, as was unavoidable from the closure to him as to all others of original information in the form of letters, journals, and family papers and records, is accordingly less full than could be wished in its exhibition of the social, family, and personal life of Cooper, and is silent as to many incidents, characteristics, and companionships that diversified and colored his career. Under the circumstances the only side of Cooper's life that was possible to be fully depicted was the side he presented to the public in his writings and controversies, and in certain of his acts growing out of these. Of the more amiable and attractive features of his life and character, as they were exhibited daily and hourly in his family and among his chosen intimates, little could be said, for little could be learned. And yet it is doubtful whether, if Professor Lounsbury had been vouchsafed a nearer view, or had had a larger store of materials to work from, he could have delineated the character of the man with substantially greater accuracy in all its essential traits than his industry and penetration have enabled him to do after a close study of his writings and a careful sifting and scrutiny of so much of his career as has become public property. In his biography Professor Lounsbury does not seek to hide Cooper's foibles and faults, his intolerance and dogmatism, his irascibility and pugnacity, or the illiberality and injustice of many of his opinions, and the imprudence and unreasonableness of the course he often pursued. It would have been stupid as well as disingenuous to have done so. Neither, on the other hand, does he dilate unduly upon these traits, but instead dwells generously and justly upon the essential sweetness of Cooper's nature, his earnest patriotism, his purity of purpose, his inflexible integrity, his courage and truthfulness, his devotion to principle, and his ample excess of all the higher virtues. The greatest value of the sketch lies, however, in its close delineation of Cooper's literary career, in its acute critical analysis and soundly discriminating estimates of his novels and other writings, and in its interesting exhibit of the promptings of time and circumstance and personal or natural feeling that were influential upon Cooper when each was written.

It would not be easy to find two publications that are greater opposites in style and execution than a volume of gleanings from old journals by the late President Quincy, just published under the title of *Figures of the Past*,[6] and a similar volume of *Reminiscences and Memorials*,[7] by Rev. A. B. Muzzey, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Quincy's recollections are the retrospect of a practiced thinker, an elegant scholar, and a polished man of the world, jotted down from time to time in an unstudied but graceful and flowing conversational style. Mr. Muzzey's reminiscences, *per contra*, betoken a man of great simplicity of mind and character, sensible, painstaking, and observant, but provincial, having an irresistible tendency to digression, and not a little given to commonplace in his ideas and style. And yet it is difficult to say which of these very dissimilar volumes is the more interesting. Mr. Quincy's recollections revolve around himself, and are thus invested with a strong personal interest. Whether he recalls and describes such figures of the past as the elder Adams, Lafayette, John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Judge Story, Randolph of Roanoke, General Jackson, and Commodore Stockton, or such characters and incidents as gave color and variety to a Puritan Academy of the last century, and to Harvard from 1817 to 1821; whether he revives the memory of his visits to various parts of the country, and of his impressions of the men and women he met, and the society he mingled with on the road and in the chief cities of the young nation, or whether he describes the public and professional personages, and reproduces the phases of life and manners that passed before his vision—throughout it is the effects wrought upon his own mind, and the distinctiveness of his own personality, of which the reader is most strongly conscious.

[5] *James Fenimore Cooper*. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. "American Men of Letters." 16mo, pp. 306. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[6] *Figures of the Past*. From the Leaves of Old Journals. By Josiah Quincy (Class of 1821 of Harvard College). 16mo, pp. 404. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[7] *Reminiscences and Memorials of the Men of the Revolution and their Families*. By A. B. Muzzey. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 424. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

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Mr. Quincy's recollections comprise a series of interesting sketches of men, society, and politics in the interval from 1800 to 1841, each of which is a lively picture, hasty and off-hand it may be, but nevertheless with the groupings admirably arranged, and their accessories cleverly and effectively handled.—Mr. Muzzey's volume, as its title intimates, is a combination of his own reminiscences and of memorials derived at second-hand; and it covers a much longer period than Mr. Quincy's recollections. His personal reminiscences are interesting, not for any revelations they afford of his own character and noteworthy idiosyncrasies, but for the straightforward directness and fidelity with which they describe the eminent men, mostly of the New England States, of the early part of the century; and his memorials are not only interesting but valuable for the large amount of particular information they impart concerning the chief Revolutionary characters of the New England States, including descriptions of their personal appearance, manners, and traits of character, anecdotes of the more important incidents in their lives, summaries of their services, and quite full accounts of their ancestry and descendants. There is much in Mr. Muzzey's volume that might have been dispensed with without any sensible loss to the reader; but, as it is easy to skip his occasional garrulous commonplaces and rather tiresome minute details, the intelligent reader will be tolerant of them in view of the author's large and pleasing contributions to local and personal history.

Mr. James Hutton has performed an acceptable service by the preparation of a historical sketch[8] vindicating the reputation of the two great Flemings, James and Philip van Arteveld, father and son, from the aspersions that were cast upon their motives and character by contemporaneous annalists, whose versions have been too commonly accepted by later and graver historians. The sympathies and associations of the early chroniclers, Froissart, Le Bel, De Comines, and others, were exclusively with the feudal nobility, and however precise they may have been in relating certain facts that came under their personal observation, their choice of the subjects to be celebrated was too often imposed upon them by their sense of obligation for favor and patronage, and their interpretations of men and events were unavoidably colored by their prepossessions or prejudices, while the facts themselves were frequently derived from the nobles who expected to be panegyrized, and who, seeing no merit or virtue outside of their order, were swift to decry the patriotism and ability of the men of the people, and to pronounce them blatant demagogues or pestilent agitators. Although the old chroniclers' versions and interpretations of the deeds and character of the vigorous popular leaders of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have stamped themselves not only upon our historical but also upon our dramatic and poetical literature, the revelations of recent historical research establish the fact that no opinion could have been more unjust than that which has become current through these agencies, especially as it relates to the Van Artevelds. In his succinct and trustworthy sketch of these worthies Mr. Hutton has carefully sifted all the evidence bearing upon the career of these two great "men of Ghent," and places them and their associates of the communes of Flanders in their true light, not glozing their errors and imperfections, but exhibiting their great services and peculiar virtues with candor and discrimination. In connection with the biography of the Van Artevelds Mr. Hutton gives a clear and compact account of two of the most important episodes in modern history, bearing intimately upon the germination of popular liberty in that portion of Europe which afterward, as the Dutch Republic, became the home and refuge of civil and religious liberty upon the Continent.

There are few books that lads and young men who are engaged in mechanical pursuits may read with greater profit than the *Autobiography of James Nasmyth, Engineer*,[9] edited by Samuel Smiles. The life of a man—told in his own simple, nervous, straightforward, and practical way, with the purpose of aiding and encouraging his more youthful brother toilers—who began at the foot of the ladder as a mechanic, and who finally won distinguished eminence by his thrift and diligence, his studiousness, his patience, his purity of life, his love of and pride in his work, and his unremitting and enthusiastic efforts to excel in it—this sterling autobiography can be read by no clear-headed and aspiring mechanic without exciting in him a laudable pride for his calling, and operating as an incentive to his honorable ambition. Besides the sterling value of the book as the record of a fellow-craftsman's trials and perplexities, methods and studies, of the ingenious plans he devised, of his inventions, contrivances, and workshop "dodges," while living the life of a working mechanic, it is delightful reading, rich in experiences and incidents both grave and gay, and bearing the stamp of reality on every page.

The latest additions to the Messrs. Appleton's beautifully unique "Parchment Library" are a fourth volume of Shakspeare's works,[10]

[8] *James and Philip van Arteveld.* Two Episodes in the History of the Fourteenth Century. By James Hutton. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 62. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[9] *James Nasmyth, Engineer.* An Autobiography. Edited by Samuel Smiles, LL.D. With a Portrait and numerous Illustrations. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 78; also 12mo, pp. 512. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *Shakspere's Works.* Vol. IV., 16mo, pp. 269. New York: Appleton and Co.

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containing *Twelfth Night*, the *Winter's Tale*, and *Life and Death of King John; Of the Imitation of Christ*,[11] by Thomas à Kempis—like the Shakspeare, without note or comment; a new edition of *Keble's Christian Year*,[12] based on that of 1828, which more exactly than any other maintains Keble's own punctuation and spelling, with such variations only as were required by obvious misprints, or that were necessary to restore the Scriptural quotations to exact uniformity with the recognized version; and a selection from the *Letters of Shelley*,[13] with a tasteful introduction comparing and contrasting them with the epistolary performances of other poets and letter-writers, and a select body of explanatory, critical, and illustrative notes, by Mr. Richard Garnett.

PERHAPS no poem of the century has been as variously appraised by critics as Tennyson's "Princess." When it first made its appearance in 1841 the minds of Englishmen were preoccupied by the excitements that attended the Irish famine and the violent agitation that resulted in the repeal of the corn laws and other measures of reform, and they were in an unfavorable mood for the reception of any work of purely imaginative art. Englishmen were then savagely in earnest over what they considered positive and urgent realities, and on these they concentrated their attention to the exclusion of whatever would not directly assist them in their practical warfare. Naturally the literary criticism of the day was tinged with the asperities engendered of the political strifes that were waged. Critics either brought the same methods to bear upon a poem that they employed in their political discussions, or considering all such productions as effeminacies undeserving of waste of time or thought, they were intent upon descrying their defects and imperfections rather than in discovering their excellences—though it must be admitted that they were not wholly insensible to their beauties. It was under this prevailing temper that contemporaneous English criticism came to the consideration of "The Princess," and gave the impulse to the unfavorable impressions concerning it which are gradually yielding, but can not be said to have yet entirely faded out. They quite unanimously pronounced the poem as alike unworthy of its predecessors and of the poet's powers. They variously described it as an elegant trifle, as a brilliant serio-comic *jeu d'esprit*, as a mixture of modern ideas and manners with those of chivalry and romance, as sentimental, incongruous, and having glaring faults inextricably interwoven with inconsiderable beauties, and finally, taking the cue perhaps from the suggestion supplied by its sub-title, "A Medley," as having neither general harmony of design nor unity of purpose and conception. These first depreciatory criticisms, it is true, were afterward gradually modified. Later critics, especially in this country, who brought to the study of the poem a serener judgment and a more genial and poetical temper, began to see deeper and loftier meanings in it than were descried by the earlier critics, and declared that instead of being a mere piece of literary embroidery on which disconnected and incongruous beauties, sentimentalities, and trifles were cleverly wrought, it had a distinct and pervading unity. During the last twenty or thirty years the later construction has been steadily gaining ground, till at length the first severe judgments have been reversed, and the poem is very generally ranked as among the most perfect of Tennyson's productions. The mutations of opinion that have prevailed concerning the poem are ably summed up by Mr. S. E. Dawson, of Montreal, in a tastoful monograph entitled *A Study, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, of Alfred Tennyson's Poem "The Princess,"*[14] as a prelude to an exhaustive examination of the poem in its parts and as a whole. In this examination Mr. Dawson subjects the poem to a careful topical and critical analysis, demonstrating its continuity and the unity of its plan and purpose, and at the same time he introduces an interesting bibliographical account of its various editions, and of the emendations and additions made by the poet from time to time. Mr. Dawson justly conceives that the pervading purpose of the poem is the solution of the problem upon which the future of civilization largely depends, of the true position of woman in society, and love as the key to this position; and that in this its unity consists, and is maintained unbroken throughout. Mr. Dawson is not a mere eulogist. While his delicate and graceful criticism is heartily appreciative, it is always keenly discriminating; and the criteria upon which he relies to show that as a work of art "The Princess" is the most satisfying of all Tennyson's works, are as convincing as they are ingeniously and intelligently marshalled. In his study of the poem Mr. Dawson found, as have most other critical readers of it, that there are many passages in which the allusions are obscure, and others in which the meaning lies beneath the surface, and also that there are occasional peculiarities of versification and quaintnesses or archaisms of diction which present difficulties to some readers; and in a large body of scholarly and interesting notes appended to his monograph he clears up these allusions and dark meanings, and

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[11] *Of the Imitation of Christ.* By THOMAS À KEMPIS. 16mo, pp. 287. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[12] *The Christian Year.* Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year. By JOHN KEBLE. 16mo, pp. 291. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[13] *Select Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* Edited, with an Introduction, by RICHARD GARNETT. 16mo, pp. 254. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[14] *A Study, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, of Alfred Tennyson's Poem "The Princess."* By S. E. DAWSON. 16mo, pp. 120. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

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tracing these peculiarities of versification and diction to their sources, shows how exquisitely they harmonize with the prevailing tone of the poem, and enhance its melody and beauty.

MR. ROLFE concludes his edition of Shakspeare's Plays with *The Two Noble Kinsmen*,[15] which has been usually assigned to Fletcher, but is now very generally considered by critics to have been a play left incomplete by Shakspeare, and afterward filled out by Fletcher after his own fashion. In the preface and in the introduction Mr. Rolfe brings together all that has been written by the most eminent Shakspearean authorities relative to the authorship of the play, the materials thus collected forming an exceedingly interesting chapter in the history of the curiosities of literature. How much of the play really belongs to Shakspeare will always remain insoluble. That he had a hand in it is the extent of the agreement among the critics on the question. Like all the preceding dramas in this edition, the play is admirably annotated.

THE clever tales of Border State, mountain, and rural life, by Sherwood Bonner, which have been collected in an elegant illustrated volume entitled *Dialect Tales*,[16] have much beside the novelty of their provincial dialect to commend them to favor, however faithful and spirited this may be, and however valuable a memento its reproduction may some day prove of the forms of speech and manners of a vanished class. Few American tales are so terse, or so faithfully depict the ruder phases of life of a people who remain primitive in their ways and speech and morals because of their isolation amid wild and primitive scenes, and their practical remoteness from the refining influences that surround but never reach them. Coarse to ears polite as the language may sound, and uncouth as may seem the manners of the people who are photographed from life in these vigorous tales, there is the sterling ring of expressiveness and force in the one and of genuine human kindness in the other; and there is a sweet under-tone of tenderness, purity, and fidelity in both that redeems them from commonness or vulgarity. The fine instinct of the author has discovered that even among such simple and unconventional folk life is to the full as earnest, as complex, and as dramatic as elsewhere, as strong in the passions that vex and the affections that beautify it, as varied and affecting in its incidents and vicissitudes, as inevitably subject to alternations of joy and sorrow, and even quicker in its transitions from comedy to tragedy, and from tragedy back again to comedy.

MR. BLACK'S new novel, *Shandon Bells*,[17] is less rich than some of its predecessors in picturesque descriptions and dramatic incidents, but the comparative absence of these is amply compensated for by its delicate portraitures of character and its genial delineations of the less-known phases of London life, more especially those which are associated with its diurnal and periodical press, and display the principles on which some of its enterprises are projected and conducted, and the objects and methods of their proprietors and editors. The plot of the story is very simple, and merely involves the career of a young Irishman having literary proclivities, his loves and companionships, his sweet and bitter experiences, and his development from embryo to successful authorship. The story has few striking surprises or situations, but nevertheless is sufficiently affluent of interesting transitions to keep the attention of the reader actively alive. It seems to have been Mr. Black's purpose rather to depict the ordinary currents on which the majority of men and women drift, and by which they are brought under the influences that fashion life and character, than to display those exceptional incidents which only a few ever experience, or those violent alternations of emotion and fortune to which fewer still are subject.

A WILL, by which the natural heirs, after a life-long expectation under stress of straitened circumstances, are disappointed of their legitimate hopes by the caprice, or dislike, or newly formed associations of a near relative, and by which the affluence that would have cheered them has been diverted to a stranger, is an old and fruitful device of novelists; but Mrs. Oliphant has demonstrated in her engaging story, *It was a Lover and His Lass*,[18] that it is capable of new and attractive modifications, free from the taint of sordidness and from any admixture of the base intrigues and criminal complications with which themes of this kind are usually invested. A grandfather, estranged but not alienated from his son, passes his life among strangers in a strange land, unmoved by the death of the son, manifesting no interest in or affection for his grandchildren, and exciting neither in them toward himself. Habitually cold and callous, the old man has yet a tender spot in his heart for a friendless orphan lad for whom he stands godfather, and afterward adopts, educates to manhood, and comes to love with genuine affection. The youth is worthy of and returns his affection, and devotes his life to the old man, ignorant of his wealth, knowing nothing of his distant kinsfolk, nursing him assiduously in his last illness, and at his death finding himself his

[15] *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Written by the Memorable Worthies of their Time, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER and Mr. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, Gent. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., with Engravings. 16mo, pp. 203. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Dialect Tales*. By SHERWOOD BONNER. Illustrated. Sq. 8vo, pp. 187. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Shandon Bells*. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. 12mo, pp. 414. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *It was a Lover and His Lass*. A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 96. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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heir. At first his heirship affected the youth lightly, as he believed that his patron's effects consisted only of a collection of knickknacks and gimcracks; but when he discovered that he was heir to a great fortune his sense of honor and justice was aroused for the disinherited kindred of his old friend, and he determined to institute a personal investigation of their circumstances, and to make such restitution as might be possible. Accordingly he visits their home (which is also the scene of his possessions) incognito, and finds that the dispossessed relatives are three Scottish ladies of high social position and many virtues, but with an intensity of family pride that makes his approaches to any plan of restitution difficult, and almost hopeless, unless he can win them to it without revealing his identity. One of the sisters is a sterling and astute old lady, who is the head and manager of the reduced family; another is a quaint, kindly, tender-hearted spinster of forty or fifty, a little sentimental, but possessing a fund of true womanly feeling, which is stirred to its depths by music, in which, by-the-way, our hero is a proficient; and the third is a beautiful and high-spirited girl of eighteen, as richly endowed with mental as with physical gifts and graces. Each is devotedly attached to the others, but the great business in life of the two elder sisters is at every cost of loving self-denial to guard and protect and scheme for the happiness and well-being of their darling young charge. The serio-comic incidents that overtook the hero while preserving his incognito, the plans that he devised to carry out his disinterested project, the amusing *contretemps* that he was responsible for or that befell him, the fine portraitures of the three ladies, with their rich contrasts of character and manners, the spirited delineation of the surrounding society, and of the development of the character and plans of the hero, and the steps by which at last love solves the problem, are woven by Mrs. Oliphant with her accustomed grace and ingenuity into a narrative of sustained interest.

BESIDES the above, the month has been productive of several other very pleasing novels, some of them by favorite authors, which we can only announce by their titles, promising, however, that each of them will reward a perusal. The list comprises *Who is Sylvia?*[19] by A. Price; *An Honorable Surrender*,[20] by Mary Adams; *Portia*,[21] by the author of *Molly Bawn*; *Unspotted from the World*,[22] by Mrs. Godfrey; *A Word, Only a Word*,[23] by George Ebers; *Dust*,[24] by Julian Hawthorne; *Bid Me Discourse*,[25] by Mary Cecil Hay; *The Surgeon's Stories*,[26] by Z. Topelius; *The Colonel's Daughter*,[27] by Captain Charles King; *L'Evangeliste*,[28] by Alphonse Daudet; and *The Gentle Savage*,[29] by Edward King. To these should be added *Character Readings from George Eliot*,[30] a tasteful selection by Mr. Nathan Sheppard from the various novels of Mrs. Lewes, reproducing in small compass some of her most effective portraitures and most graphic delineations of life and character.

NOT only children, but all who have been children, and in whose memories the absorbing sports and games of their childhood still remain fresh and green, will give a cordial welcome to a volume on the *Games and Songs of American Children*,[31] compiled by Mr. William W. Newell, and published in a beautiful octavo by the Messrs. Harper. The collection is not intended to include all the games of children, but only such as are played in connection with words or quaint formulas, with some exceptions in favor of those which possess special interest as a variety of folk-lore. And of these even Mr. Newell admits only that portion of the lore of the nursery which is kept alive by the children themselves, and is transmitted by their traditions from generation to generation without the intervention of their elders, to the exclusion of that which is derived from the traditions of mothers and nurses. Mr. Newell has reproduced these games with all the variations to which they have been subjected by change of time and diversity of locality, as they were played by our ancestors and ourselves, as they are now played by our children and grandchildren, and as they have been modified by the local suggestions and customs of the several States. Not only children but their elders will find great delight in meeting their old favorites, and in tracing the resemblances and differences between them and the favorites of children elsewhere.

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[19] *Who is Sylvia?* A Novel. By A. PRICE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 77. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[20] *An Honorable Surrender.* By MARY ADAMS. 16mo, pp. 323. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[21] *Portia; or, By Passions Rocked.* By the Author of Molly Bawn, etc. 12mo, pp. 299. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[22] *Unspotted from the World.* A Novel. By Mrs. G. W. GODFREY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 68. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *A Word, Only a Word.* A Romance. By GEORGE EBERS. Translated by MARY J. SAFFORD. 18mo, pp. 348. New York: W. S. Gottsberger.

[24] *Dust.* A Novel. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. "Our Continent Library." 12mo, pp. 402. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

[25] *Bid Me Discourse.* A Novel. By MARY CECIL HAY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[26] *The Surgeon's Stories.* Times of Gustav Adolf. By Z. TOPELIUS. From the Original Swedish. 12mo, pp. 341. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, and Co.

[27] *The Colonel's Daughter; or, Winning Its Spurs.* By Captain CHARLES KING, U.S.A. 12mo, pp. 440. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[28] *L'Evangeliste.* A Parisian Novel. By ALPHONSE DAUDET. Translated by MARY N. SHERWOOD. Sq. 12mo, pp. 304. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[29] *The Gentle Savage.* By EDWARD KING. 12mo, pp. 444. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[30] *Character Readings from George Eliot.* Selected and Arranged by NATHAN SHEPPARD. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 84. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[31] *Games and Songs of American Children.* Collected and Compared by WILLIAM WELLS NEWELL. 8vo, pp. 242. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of March. —The Forty-seventh Congress adjourned *sine die* March 4. The following bills were passed: Internal Revenue and Tariff, Senate (42 to 19), February 19; Army Appropriation, Senate, February 21; Fortifications Appropriation, Senate, February 21; Indian Appropriation, both Houses, February 23; Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation, both Houses, February 23; Naval Appropriation, Senate, February 23; Legislative, Executive, and Judicial, Senate, February 24, House, March 2; Sundry Civil Appropriation, House, February 24, Senate, March 4; Pensions Appropriation, Senate, February 28; Deficiency Appropriation, Senate, March 3; River and Harbor, House, March 1 (tabled in Senate, March 3). A joint resolution was adopted by both Houses to provide for the termination of the Treaty of Washington relating to fisheries.

Hon. David Davis retired from the Presidency of the Senate March 3, and Senator Edmunds was chosen to succeed him.

The following appointments were confirmed by the Senate: John W. Foster, Minister to Spain; Dorman B. Eaton, of New York, John M. Gregory, of Illinois, and L. D. Thoman, of Ohio, to be Civil Service Commissioners.

Thomas W. Palmer, of Detroit, was elected United States Senator from Michigan March 1.

The Republicans of Rhode Island nominated Augustus O. Bourn for Governor, and the Independents ex-Governor William Sprague.

The public debt of the United States was reduced in February about $8,000,000.

James S. Boynton, President of the Georgia Senate, was sworn in as Governor in place of A. H. Stephens, deceased, March 5.

An attempt was made, March 15, to blow up the government offices in Westminster. Much damage was done, but no one was injured. The concussion was felt in the House of Commons, and caused much alarm. Sir Charles Dilke, president of the Local Government Board, thinks the attempt was not upon himself or other officials of his department. The evil-doers intended to cause a wide-spread destruction of property. He thinks that the plot originated with the managers of the Skirmishing Fund. Sir William Harcourt and other Home Office officials believe that the attempt was directed against the Criminal Inquiry Department, which is adjacent to the offices of the Local Government Board. The guards have been doubled at the magazines and military centres. Two days afterward Lady Florence Dixie was attacked at Windsor by two men disguised as women. She was slightly cut, and her assailants fled.

The coronation of King Kalakaua took place at Honolulu February 12.

The new French Ministry, completed February 21, was as follows: M. Ferry, Prime Minister and Minister of Public Instruction; M. Challemel-Lacour, Foreign Affairs; M. Waldeck-Rousseau, Interior; M. Martin-Feuillée, Justice; M. Charles Brun, Marine; M. Meline, Agriculture; M. Herisson, Commerce; M. Cochery, Posts and Telegraphs; M. Raynal, Public Works; M. Tirard, Finance; General Thibaudin, War.

A proposal for the revision of the French Constitution was rejected by the Chamber of Deputies March 6. On the 19th the Chamber, by a vote of 399 to 83, rejected a motion granting amnesty to press offenders, and then adjourned for one month.

A ukase was published by the Russian government, February 25, appointing a commission to examine and amend the laws relating to Jews.

The German government has issued a decree prohibiting the importation of American hog products.

The seizure of Swatow by the German consul is disavowed by his government. The consul has been recalled.

A dispatch from Durban says that the whole country on the border of the Transvaal is in a state of anarchy. The natives are arming against the Boers. Chief Mapoch has just defeated the Boers, inflicting severe loss.

DISASTERS.

February 20.—Fifteen children killed during a panic in a German Catholic school, Fourth Street, near Avenue A, New York.

February 21.—Steamer *Morro Castle* burned at Charleston, South Carolina.—United States steamer *Ashuelot* lost. Eleven of the crew drowned.

March 4.—The Mississippi River steamer *Yazoo* sunk at Gypsy Point. Sixteen lives lost.

March 8.—Sixty-five persons drowned by the foundering of the steamer *Navarre*, bound from Copenhagen for Leith.

March 10.—Eleven men burned to death at the Brownsville wood camp, Dakota.

March 17.—Fifteen lives lost by the wreck of a ship on the coast of Aberdeenshire.

OBITUARY.

February 23.—In New York city, Rev. Dr. Paul A. Chadbourne, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, in his sixtieth year.

March 4.—In Atlanta, Georgia, Governor Alexander H. Stephens, aged seventy-one years.

March 7.—At Mentone, Italy, J. R. Green, historian, aged forty-five years.

March 11.—At Baden-Baden, Prince Gortchakoff, ex-Chancellor of the Russian Empire, in his eighty-fifth year.

March 16.—At Argenteuil, Karl Marx, aged sixty-five years.

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Editor's Drawer.

WHATEVER hard things we may say about Congress, we have to confess in our just moments that it differs from the poor in this world in one respect—we can not always have it with us. Congress has risen for good, contrary to a wide-spread opinion that the late body was incapable of rising, and left us only the precious legacy of its records—precious, but disappointing to the historian, for some of its best *mots* are not in the *Congressional Globe*. During the last days a Western member of the House, vindicating himself upon the floor, struck a Henry Clay attitude, and cried out, with all the fervor of original conviction, "Sir, I'd rather be right than be President." "Don't worry yourself about that," shouted another member across the aisle; "you'll never be either."

REMINISCENCES of the Father of his Country, however slight, are always in order, and the Drawer is glad to record the following, related by Mr. James R. Reed, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania:

Shortly after the Revolutionary war, General Washington, having received from the government and other sources (the other source said to be Colonel Croghan, of Kentucky) a large amount of land warrants, located them in Washington County, Pennsylvania. Previous to locating them a large tract had been squatted upon, the squatters from time to time selling their rights to other parties. Among these purchasers was one David Reed (grandfather of the narrator). It should be remarked that at this time Washington County belonged to Virginia, the capital of which being Richmond, the purchasers had necessarily to go there to record their titles. Richmond being at such a great distance, and only to be reached by Indian trails, the purchasers neglected to make the journey to record their titles. About the year 1784 or 1785 General Washington appeared on the scene in Washington County for the purpose of taking possession of his property. Arriving at the house of David Reed, he was entertained, Mrs. Reed cooking the dinner for him. Mrs. Reed remarked that she was sorry that she had nothing better than chickens and green peas to give him. The General replied that it was one of the best dinners he had ever had. While at dinner the question of title came up. The General proposed to give Mr. Reed and others a good title for eight shillings an acre. Mr. Reed retorted that in that event a lawsuit would probably follow, and said besides that they could buy property a few miles off from the government for five shillings. The General, raising his red bandana in his hand, replied, "As sure as this is in my hand, I will beat you." The case was tried, and the General won it. After the lawsuit was determined, all of the squatters excepting Mr. Reed turned their cattle into their fields to destroy their ungathered crops. About this time Mr. Reed meeting the General's agent, Matthew Ritchie, Esq., on the road, asked him what he intended to do with them and their crops. To which the agent replied, "Go home, take care of your crops, and take them with you." Mr. Reed thereupon bought land some three miles distant, now Cecil Township, near Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, of which his son, Mr. Joseph Reed, aged eighty-six, is the present occupant.

THE benefit of the invention of printing is still considered an open question by the pastor and congregation of a church in a neighboring city. The pastor, who is an elderly gentleman of the old school of divines, of uncommon sanctity of manner and sedateness of deportment, had just returned from a foreign tour, and his church, wishing to hear something of his experiences in other civilizations, induced him to deliver a lecture, and inserted an advertisement in the journals that "Dr. —— would exhibit and describe views of Paris and Versailles." To the consternation of the city the announcement appeared that on a certain evening "Dr. —— would *exhibit* and describe the *vices* of Paris and Versailles."

Not so scandalous, but as incomprehensible, was the luck attending the newspaper efforts of Miss Geikie, sister of the author of the *Life of Christ*, who when abroad wrote letters to the Great Barrington *Courier*. In one of them she alluded to the red-tiled cottages in Germany. Months after she found to her horror that the printer had made her say, "In passing through Germany in the cars, I noticed numerous *red biled cabbages!*"

IT is pleasant in these days when the newspapers are full of instances of conjugal infelicities to recall a time of marital tenderness and resignation. In a Virginian parish is filed a will, dated December 25, 1782, which opens in this impressive manner:

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Nathaniel Harrison, of the parish of Bristol, in the county of Prince George, do make, publish, and declare this my last will and testament.

"In the first place, I desire my executors, hereinafter named, will bury me in the plainest manner, by the side of one of my Dear Wives—whichever may be most convenient."

The subject of burials recalls another story that illustrates the fact that not even the most serious circumstances can prevent the incongruous from seeming humorous. A gentleman of our acquaintance was very ill of fever, and lay for some days fluttering between life and death. In his household was his un-

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cle, a man very old, but stalwart in frame, and with a powerful voice. The old gentleman was unfortunately stone-deaf, and under the usual impression that everybody had the same infirmity, he always spoke in stentorian tones. He was also as eccentric as he was hard of hearing, and he had the habit of saying whatever came into his mind in the plainest language. In the critical condition of the sick man great care was taken to exclude his uncle from the room, for the least shock or excitement might be instantly fatal. But one day, in the momentary absence of the nurse, the old gentleman slipped into the chamber, and installed his herculean frame in a chair at the bedside. The invalid, who was unable to speak, opened his eyes and turned them wearily on the stern face of the old Puritan, which seemed to him lighted up with unusual interest and tenderness, and he braced himself up to listen, not doubting that his uncle had something of grave import to say, something indispensable to say about his business, or perhaps about the future life. Up to this time the invalid had not been told of his critical condition, and one reason for excluding the old gentleman from the room was the fear that he would blurt out some announcement of his extreme danger that would be a greater shock than he could endure. It was evident from his manner that the old gentleman had something very important to say. He drew nearer the bed, regarded his nephew with the utmost seriousness, and bending down to the pillow, shouted in the sick man's ear, in a voice that fairly shook the house, "*Augustus, have you ever considered the advantage of being buried in a sandy soil?*" The incongruity of the question to the delicate situation so overcame the invalid that he closed his eyes, and fairly shook with laughter, and the shock gave such a fillip to nature that he seemed to improve from that moment.

We are all familiar in literature with the figure of "death on the pale horse," but we are indebted to a correspondent for a glimpse of "death on a slow horse," which is novel in these days of fast living and fast trotters. We slowly get out of the way, and make room for a horse too slow for a funeral:

In many of the beautiful villages of Western New York the wealthy and benevolent citizens, in cases of death in the families of the poor, are accustomed to send their private carriages to carry the "mourners" and their immediate friends to the cemetery. Both hired hacks and hearse are dispensed with at the funeral of a child. A friend of mine, a private banker, living in one of the most beautiful and benevolent of these villages, is far more interested in his business than in the horse that carries him twice each day to and from his office. Some time since he employed a new "man-of-all-work," who was much more of a horseman than his employer. It was torture to him to be obliged to drive such a slow horse, and he could never find language strong enough to express his contempt for the animal. As his mistress was giving him instructions in regard to attending the funeral of a colored child in the village, he asked her whether he was to carry the "mourners" or the corpse. When told that he was to carry the mourners, he expressed great delight, saying: "I am glad it is not the corpse. If I had to carry that, I am sure I shouldn't get it to the cemetery in time for the Resurrection."

It is from no inclination to add anything to the burdens of a most prosperous class of our artisans, who are perhaps doing more than any other to make our high civilization dangerous, that we insert this little scene from real life. During one of the late Moody and Sankey meetings, when the opportunity was given to any one to converse with the person next him upon personal religion, a man addressed his seat neighbor upon this topic. His overture was repelled; he spoke again, and was again repulsed. He tried a third time, when the man replied that he had no wish to talk with any one: it was a matter confined entirely to his Maker and himself. The inquisitor, however, persisted, saying that it was his duty, and he should perform it. The neighbor then said he wished to know who his questioner was, as he liked to know something of the source of his religious counsel.

"My name is Brown," said the man, "and I am a plumber."

"Stop right there," interrupted the other, "for I am a *landlord*."

There is an old lady living in a neighboring village who makes frantic efforts to keep abreast of the times. Circumscribed, however, in her social sphere, and with limited opportunities of development, this is difficult, and she is compelled sometimes to resort to her imagination. Vain the effort to tell her anything she does not already know, or startle her with information. Last winter she went to the church sociable, and as she entered the room, one of the young ladies said: "Good-evening, auntie. I am very glad you came. We are going to have tableaux this evening."

"Yes, I know, I know," replied the old lady; "I smelt 'em when I first came in."

Some years ago in a village in Western New York lived Mr. P——, a rich old deacon, whose piety had hard work to keep pace with his miserly meanness. Much against his wishes, contribution bags—called "crab nets" by the irreverent—were introduced in his church. He stoutly asserted that he would never put anything in one of them, and never wearied of talking of the annoyance he suffered from having "the red thing stuck under his nose." Sunday after Sunday he contemptuously ignored it; but one day, to the surprise of ev-

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erybody, the old deacon dropped a small paper into the bag; it looked like a check. A brother sitting near noticed it, and all during the long sermon following sat meditating over the action, proud that good influences had at last conquered, and heavy with self-reproach that he had judged the old deacon too harshly. As soon as the congregation dispersed he rushed up to Mr. P——, saying:

"I was glad to see you put something in the bag this morning. I knew you would like the opportunity to be generous."

"Put suthin' in! Guess I did! Guess they won't pass it to me again! Put in that kurresene bill for forty-six cents that this church has owed me more'n two year!"

An acquaintance of ours went into the country last summer to visit friends, and after an interval of a few days she was joined by her husband, Judge H——, an elderly but genial gentleman who has attained his share of prominence at the bar. The judge has of late years given up the use of tobacco, and has been in the habit of solacing himself at night with a few small slivers of slippery elm. Shortly after retiring on the night of his arrival he discovered that he had forgotten his soothing substitute, and as the room was quite dark, and his wife more familiar with their surroundings than himself, she offered to rise and get it for him. He told her it was in his vest pocket, when she proceeded first to find it, and then to strip it into small pieces and hand it to him. He masticated and meditated silently for a few moments, and then exclaimed,

"What have you given me?"

"Why, I gave you slippery elm."

"It can't be possible; this doesn't taste like slippery elm."

"Well, I found it in your vest pocket, anyway, where you told me to look."

"I can't help it if you did; it isn't slippery elm, and I wish you'd get up and light the lamp and investigate."

Which same she did, and the gleam of the kerosene revealed the fact that she had ruthlessly torn up and disbursed for his midnight rumination a package of street-car tickets.

J. W. S.

NORRISTOWN ETCHINGS.

It is declared that the records of the Patent-office at Washington show that "a woman never invented anything useful." This is surprising. It was a woman who conceived the brilliant idea of holding sixty-seven hair-pins in her mouth while doing up her back hair, and carrying on an animated conversation at the same time; and if the records of the Patent-office don't show it, she neglected to have her useful invention patented.

An American lecturer is discoursing on "A Plea for Plain English." If he were to hear the remarks made by the man who falls over his little son's velocipede in a dark entry, he would be apt to change the title of his lecture to "A Plea for a Little Less Plain English."

A paper read before the Biological Society of Paris explained from a scientific point of view "what it is to be dead drunk." In this country, we have been informed, it is generally five dollars fine and costs and a terrible headache next morning. In Paris it appears to be different. There it is simply "when the vital fluid presents the proportion of one of alcohol to one hundred and ninety-five of blood"—which perhaps is less expensive.

A woman author, writing on the strength of man's love, says, "I believe a man really feels the power of love more than a woman when he does feel it at all." She is right. It is a very common thing for love to induce a man to fill his pockets with chocolate caramels and other essential aids to courtship, and walk three miles out into the country on a night as dark as Erebus, and as stormy as a Congressional partisan debate; but instances in which the same power has impelled woman to act in such a ridiculous manner are as rare as honesty in horse-racing.

A news item recently stated that a man in a Western city, "on a wager, killed ten rats with his teeth in three minutes and a half." Genius crops out in the most unexpected places. The new edition of *Eminent Men of America* will be very incomplete if it doesn't give this Western man of talent a prominent place in its pages.

A recent discovery at Pompeii was "a copper helmet containing a curious stone." Those old Romans were strongly addicted to the flowing bowl, and this discovery is no doubt analogous to our modern "hat with a brick in it."

When the telegraph announces that the President of the United States "gave a large reception to-night to the army and navy," it should always be understood that the word "large" is used to convey the idea that there were others present besides the army and navy. On such occasions the President invites a few cabinet officers, members of the diplomatic corps, and several other distinguished persons, in order that the army and navy may not feel lonesome. J. H. W.

Here are a few questions and answers from a recent competitive examination in England. The report is claimed to be official. All the answers were not given by the same individual, but all were by young men supposed to be educated: A student was asked, "Who was Esau?" His reply was, "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash." Another stu-

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dent was asked to give some account of Wolsey. His reply was, "Wolsey was a famous general who fought in the Crimean war, and who, after being *decapitated several times*, said to Cromwell, 'Ah, if I had only served you as you have served me, I would not have been deserted in my old age.'" "What was the Star Chamber?" *Answer:* "An astronomer's room." "What was meant by the 'year of jubilee'?" *Answer:* "Leap-year." "What was the 'Bronze Age?'" *Answer:* "When the new pennies became current coin of the realm." "What are the 'Letters of Junius'?" *Answer:* "Letters written in the month of June." "What is the Age of Reason?" *Answer:* "The time that has elapsed since the person of that name was born."

FORCING HIS HAND.

THE old folks sat by the farm-house door
  In the evening calm and still;
For the toils of the busy day were o'er,
  And the moon climbed over the hill;
And the house cat purred hard by on the floor,
  And the house dog slept on the sill;
    And the goodwife's knitting dropped into her lap,
    And the goodman, nodding, began to gape;
And lustily soon did these old folks snore,
  As old folks sometimes will.

A youth and a maiden under the trees
  Were pacing to and fro,
And much that sound did the maiden please,
  And it made her brown cheek glow;
For she said to herself, "Now surely, if he's
  Not a goose, he'll speak." But no.
    For this youth, you see, was uncommonly shy,
    At least when this one little maid was by,
And the only words that he spoke were these:
  "I reckon it's time I should go."

Now every night for a year or two
  He had said little more than this;
And this for a youth who has come to woo
  Is little enough, I wis.
And so if our little maid finally grew
  Provoked, was it much amiss?
    With pouting lip as he turned to leave,
    She cried, "I really do believe
You're afraid to ask me to marry you,
  Because you know I'd say, Yes."

The evenings come and the evenings go,
  And the moon still climbs the hill,
And the old folks snore by the door, you know,
  As old folks often will;
And the young folks they pace to and fro
  Under the starlight still.
    But the youth has got over his shyness, 'tis clear,
    For what is that but a kiss I hear?
Fie! fie! little maid; if you did say No,
  You are acting exceedingly ill.

W. C.

A CLERGYMAN who was settled some years ago on the northeast coast of England sends us this:

"The way from South Shields, at the mouth of 'the coal-y Tyne,' to Jarrow, the home, centuries ago, of the Venerable Bede, is along the Jarrow Slake—a large tract covered by the sea when the tide is in, but oozy, damp, and desolate when it is out. Along this weary way a class-leader was going one Sunday morning to the place of meeting. The northeast wind was in his face, and often he had to turn his back, while the Enemy whispered him to return and spare himself. But when he came at length to the place of tryst and found some of the class there, and after making known his difficulty in reaching it, and Satan's temptations, he let them into the secret of his perseverance, and declared that he never could have held out but for the encouragement he received from that blessed passage of Scripture which saith, 'A faint heart never won a fair lady'! Praise the Lord for its help!"

LOVE'S VICTORY.

THEY were seated beneath a spreading tree in Central Park one afternoon when autumn was setting its ruby seal on hill and valley.

A timorous gray squirrel skipped across the path, entered the shrubbery, and sat down in the comfortable attitude of the familiar Broadway bear that is nailed on its hind-legs in front of a fur store.

"Oh, isn't he cunning?" she inquired.

"He is—very," replied the young man; "but he isn't a spry regulation squirrel. He has a sort of bird-store flavor about him. He looks as though he might have been born in Chatham Street, and set out in the Park as an ornament after attaining his manhood."

"Well, he *is* an ornament, anyway," said the young lady; "and I'd just like to have one like him to wear on my hat."

"He would be much better for cleaning lamp-chimneys with. He could crawl right through them—"

"Oh, you horrid thing!" broke in the timid creature, as she felt to see if her hair-pins were all right. "You are always saying something like that. I haven't forgotten how you told me the other day that my poodle would make a nice mat if nailed down on the stoop, you mean old thing!"

And she paused, and waited for the penitent reply that didn't arrive. And the wind softly rustled through the wild flowers, and swayed the sumac lightly to and fro, and spilled the fragrance from the nodding lily.

"Oh, see him go up the tree!" she lisped, in an ecstasy of delight. "Does he live up in the tree, or is he taken in for the winter and cared for by the Park authorities?"

"I guess he lives up the tree."

"But where does he find nuts for the winter? I see no nut trees around here."

"I suppose the porters go around with aprons full of nuts, and toss them in the thickets. It can't cost the city more than a quarter a winter to fodder each of its squirrels, because—"

"What is a squirrel worth?" she broke in.

"That depends upon where you get your squirrel. I bought a first-class squirrel once in a store for fifty cents. Another time I gave a dollar and a half for a cooked squirrel at a

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railroad lunch counter; and on another occasion I ruined a new pair of shoes and tore a fine pair of ten-dollar trousers flying through the briers in quest of a squirrel that I couldn't find. Now a stuffed squirrel with turquoise eyes—"

"I wonder if that is his home up there?" she broke in.

"Very likely it is. He looks like a married squirrel, and if he is, it is not at all likely that they board. Only human beings board after marriage."

"Isn't that the best way?" she inquired, as her soft mellow eyes met his, and launched his soul into a delirium of heavenly ecstasy.

"It is," he responded, as he watched the sweet angelic orbs that continued to peep fondly into his from beneath a paradise of mayonnaise bangs; "it is the best way by long odds. And if the squirrel *does* board, it is probably to give his wife a chance to recline in a hammock, and read novels, and go to the matinée, and enjoy all the sweets of life with no responsibility."

"And are we going to board?" she asked, nervously.

"Certainly we are; certainly we are. We are going to board all the time, and I am going to purchase a half-interest in some swell drug-store, and give you a season ticket for the soda-water fountain."

"Will you do that?" she asked, with great emotion.

"I will. I swear it!"

Her head fell upon his bosom in a manner which told him she was irrevocably his, and it was some moments before she sufficiently recovered to be led triumphantly away.

R. K. M.

IN the drawer for December, 1871, appears an extract from a paper published in Seneca County, showing "the possibilities of poetic fancy in that region when spurred on by arrangements of a nuptial character." Here is something in the same vein that recently appeared in a local paper in Southern Ohio, the composition of the minister officiating, or some guest, and sent by him to the newspaper office, where it was printed despite the fact that "the name did not accompany the article":

CARL—AULT.—On the 13th inst., at the bride's home, by Rev. William McMullen, William Carl and Easter Ault. Both of West Union, Ohio.

Easter comes but once a year,
So poets and papers say;
But William, with ingenuity rare,
Has managed to have Easter every day.

AMONG all the neat anecdotes to be found in our modern books of wit and humor, we doubt if one can be found more absolutely perfect in its way than the following, which occurred recently in Washington. Colonel George Catlin, United States Consul at Stuttgart, now on a visit to this country, was going up in the elevator at the State Department with a friend. The elevator was pretty full of nice-looking people as the Colonel and his friend got in.

"All these people want foreign appointments?" whispered he to his friend.

"I guess so," was the response.

"Well, *it's the best collection for foreign missions I ever saw taken up*," said the Colonel, audibly, while the "collection" broke out into a peal of laughter.

MINE SHILDREN.

OH, dose shildren, dose shildren, dey boddher mine life!
Vhy don'd dey keep quiet, like Gretchen, mine vife?
Vot makes dem so shock fool off mischief, I vunder,
A-shumping der room roundt mit noises like dunder?
Hear dot! Vas dere anyding make sooch a noise
As Herman und Otto, mine two leedle poys?

Ven I dake oup mine pipe for a goot qviet shmoke,
Dey crawl me all ofer, und dink id a shoke
To go droo mine bockets to see vot dey find,
Und if mit der latch-key mine vatch dey can vind.
Id takes someding more as dheir fader und moder
To qviet dot Otto und his leedle broder.

Dey shtub oudt dheir boots, und vear holes in der knees
Off dheir drousers, und shtockings, und sooch dings as dese.
I dink if dot Crœsus vas lifing to-tay,
Dose poys make more bills as dot Kaiser could pay:
I find me qvick oudt dot some riches dake vings,
Ven each gouple a tays I must buy dem new dings.

I pring dose two shafers some toys efry tay,
Pecause "Shonny Schwartz has sooch nice dings," dey say,
"Und Shonny Schwartz' barents vas poorer as ve"—
Dot's vot der young rashkells vas saying to me.
Dot oldt Santa Klaus mit a shleigh fool off toys
Don'd gif sadisfactions to dose greedy poys.

Dey kick der clothes off ven ashleep in dheir ped,
Und get so mooch croup dot dey almosdt vas dead;
Budt id don'd make no tifferent: before id vas light
Dey vas oup in der morning mit billows to fight.
I dink id vas beddher you don'd got some ears
Ven dey blay "Holdt der Fort," und den gif dree cheers.

Oh, dose shildren, dose shildren, dey boddher mine life!
Budt shtop shust a leedle. If Gretchen, mine vife,
Und dose leedle shildren dey don'd been around,
Und all droo der house dere vas nefer a sound—
Vell, poys, vy you look oup dot vay mit surbrise?
I guess dey see tears in dheir oldt fader's eyes.

C. F. A.

"ABOVE all, no zeal," is a motto which is not sufficiently laid to heart in the public service. In one of the comparatively great cities of Canada there is an amiable and irascible old gentleman who has devoted his whole life to an energetic but unsuccessful presentation of the claims upon their attention of a wonderful ship-canal, which will infallibly—if it should be constructed, and the water could be induced to climb through its length—remove to Canada all the commerce of New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. He has natural-

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ly written a book on this subject, a volume of some thousand pages, full of maps, diagrams, algebraic calculations, and statistics, that would require at least a week's hard reading on the part of any deluded being anxious to get an idea of its contents.

Once upon a time an eloquent and popular Viceroy of Canada visited the city where this enthusiast resided, and the enthusiast, having had a copy of his book bound in choice morocco and elegantly gilt, waited on the representative of royalty, and presented it to him with a brief but impressive oration. His Excellency bowed, smiled, received the book, handed it to his assistant private secretary, invited the author to take a glass of wine with him, and finally dismissed him in a rapture of delight.

The author sped homeward as fast as his coachman could drive him, and found a letter awaiting him, as follows:

SIR,—I am directed by his Excellency the Governor-General to acknowledge the receipt of your handsome and interesting volume upon the subject of the Trans-Canadian Ship-Canal, and to inform you that he has read it with interest and profit, and hopes that your patriotic enterprise may be conducted to a successful issue.

It was a courteous, indeed, a flattering, note, but somehow or other the author waxed wroth, and ever after at his leisure denounced the Viceroy much as David did "all men" in his haste.

THE Rev. Jesse T——, a good old Presbyterian minister, well known in Central New York fifty years ago, was a man who could enjoy a joke even at his own expense, and when occasion offered showed that the keenness and brightness of his wit was not dulled or dimmed by reason of his age or calling. During certain house-cleaning times when he was engaged in preparing his sermon his good wife (as even now *good* wives will for all of us) made it rather hot for him, and he sadly wended his way to the garret with his writing materials; from thence he sent the following down to his spouse:

When woman rages down below,
Wise Solomon tells us where to go.
I took the hint without replying,
And in the house-top now am sighing.

MANY of the students of Dickinson College will recognize in the following incident the charming humor that formed one of the many fine traits in the character of the late Dr. McClintock, one of its most distinguished professors. The Doctor had just been reviewing an oration of one of the boys for an approaching exhibition. As he returned it to the blushing young orator (who gleefully gave the criticism to the writer) he said: "It's a good speech—a good speech, B——; but there is a little too much" (he very *gently* hinted) "of a certain sort of rhetoric: I find here two 'midnight owls,' two 'midnight wolves,' three 'American eagles,' and four 'unfurled banners.'"

THE champion of the Anti-prohibitionist cause in Upper Canada, Mr. D——, is an orator of much ability, and dresses with some exuberance in the matter of jewelry. Upon one memorable occasion, when he was engaged in a joint debate in a rural constituency, it occurred to his antagonist, Mr. McK——, that it would be an excellent idea to hold the young man up to the scorn of an economical public by ridiculing his display of finger rings and watch chains, and this he did with much vigor and success, concluding with an eloquent adjuration to his young friend to forswear such vanities, and no longer offend with such parades of senseless extravagance the sentiment of an honest, frugal, and horny-handed community—the bone and sinew of the country. (Cheers.)

He thought he had crushed his young opponent, but that gentleman arose, and in a voice choked with tears—the constituency, it may be said, was solidly Scotch, and Highland Scotch at that—began his reply. Had he, he said, worn jewelry simply from a love of display and extravagance, he would indeed have been unworthy of the support of those horny-handed agriculturists who had transplanted to the New World the frugality and simplicity of Auld Scotia. (Applause.) He admitted that he wore jewelry—ay, and he gloried in it (murmurs), because each trifling gawd had been consecrated in his eyes by a deed of Scottish devotion. (Applause.) "The honorable gentleman has derided this watch chain. It is old-fashioned, I know, and its intrinsic worth is small, but I wear it proudly because it was the dying legacy of my uncle, who fell at Lucknow when his comrades of the gallant Seventy-eighth Highlanders swept on to victory amid the maddening music of the slogan heard by Jessie Brown. [Loud and prolonged cheering.] Am I to blame for holding dearer than life itself this trifle telling of a Highlander's heroism and a relative's love?" (Cries of "No, no!")

Then the young orator showed that his breastpin had belonged to another relative who fell when the Ninety-third Highlanders followed Sir Colin Campbell up the slippery heights of the Alma to the music of the bagpipes; and so on down the list, the only exception being his ring, which he had purchased himself because it was a cairngorm from a hill where Wallace had fought gloriously for Scotland; and when at last he turned with a fiery peroration upon the man who could find it in his heart to ridicule these glorious relics, it would only have required a word to lead the justly indignant audience to mob his antagonist.

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